

# THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

**KEN NUGENT**  
Publisher

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## GST equals Garth's Stupid Tax

Dear editor:

I used to think that Halton Hills Weekend was a newspaper, not a comic newspaper.

At first glance I could not believe my eyes - an editorial telling us that Garth Turner has come up with a Turner plan. It also states he gets results addressing people's concerns. The article also cries about poor old Garth being ignored by the media.

Then I looked at page one - one of his aims - have the provinces jump on the GST bandwagon. Eek!

I have seen enough - my mind is confused. Can this be the start of a new comic book - if so, I must keep a copy.

But let me make a few comments. The first item in The Turner Plan - eliminate pension payments to former MPs, who are under 55 years old. Not many months ago Mr. Turner was saying that if the pension was taken away, so would the incentive to be an MP - Mr. Turner should look up published records. Has he such a short memo-

## Letters to the Editor

ry? Then there is the complaint about lack of media coverage. If he was a Libertarian he would be used to this. For 17 years we have been ignored.

As far as Garth's getting results, please publish a list, since I seem to have missed them.

The idea the provinces will jump on the GST bandwagon is a big joke. The only reason Garth wants the GST extended is because it would make him famous - as I hear it when the idea of a new tax came up, Garth, who people thought at that time was against tax increases, because of his Sun columns, was consulted. Garth said, Oh, these peasants will not notice a new tax, so the powers said we will name this Garth's Tax, stupid. Then they had to come up with something better - Garth's Stupid Tax. This may well be Garth's only claim to fame.

So long Garth. No pension for you.

John Shadbolt, director, Libertarian Party of Canada

## Good job by Halton police

Dear editor:

Watching the news on TV I was pleased to see the Halton police stop a car and told the driver he wasn't wearing his seat belt. He had a choice, a fine of \$90 or watch a film on the danger of not wearing a seat belt. It showed two different drivers, the same offence; both decided to watch the film. After seeing the film they both decided they would wear their seat belts. One man said he delivers, so makes many stops, so didn't bother with his seat belt but after seeing that film will always wear his seat belt.

I feel after given the choice these two men will always buckle up, hopefully they will tell family and friends. Thank you Halton police persons.

Sincerely,  
Kathleen (Molly) Crowhurst

# Supporting the community

Nobody like to pay taxes, and it seems there are some people in this community that don't.

As a result, Halton Hills councillors have been forced to support actions to get tougher on tax evaders.

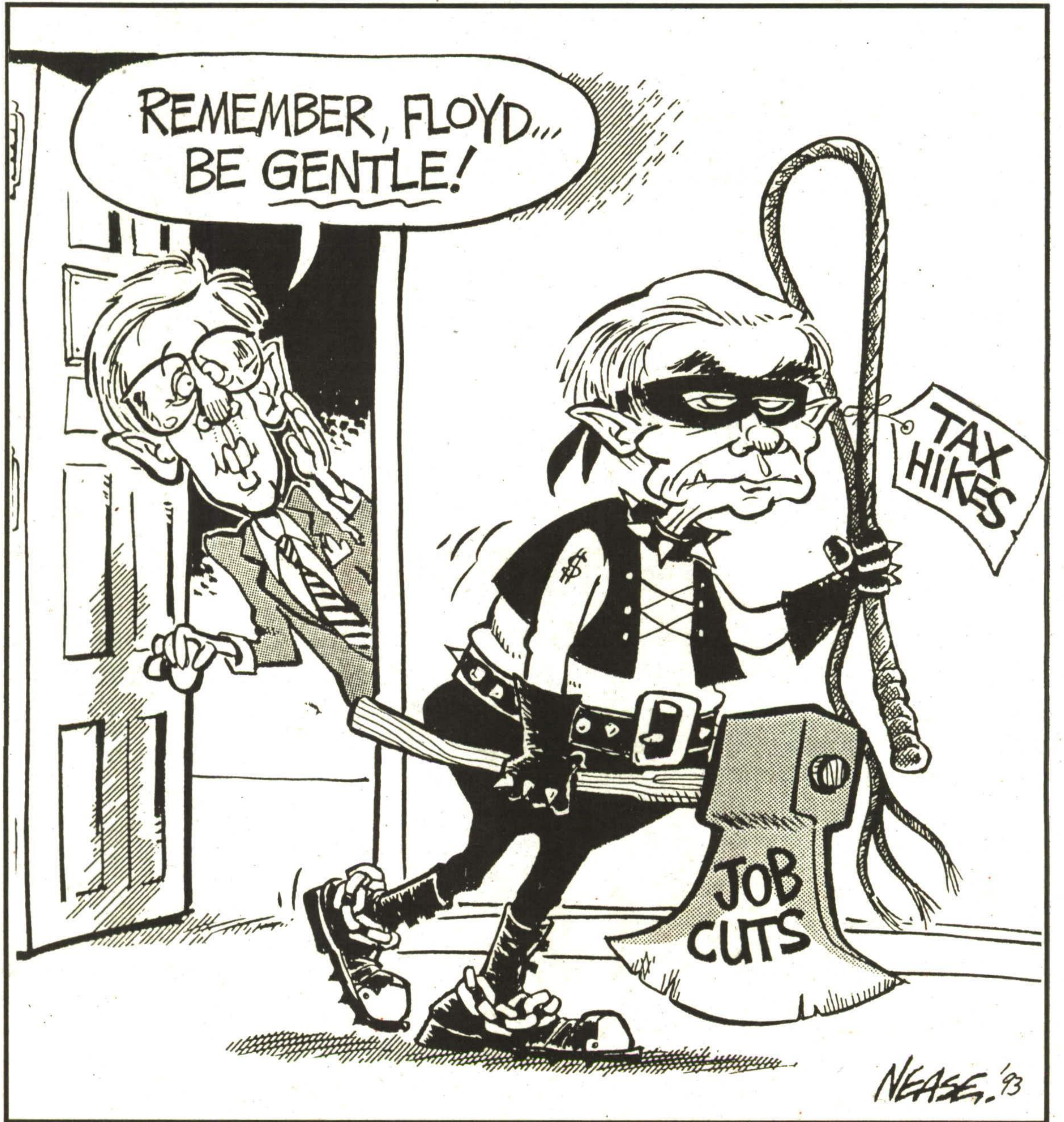
We acknowledge that it is hard economic times and the ability to pay stretches the budget to the maximum. But everyone, residents and business owners alike, share in the amenities the town provides, and they alike should share in the costs.

In past years, the town has been lenient, allowing as much as a year go by before taking stronger actions to claim due taxes. Even in 1993, the town has allotted \$190,000 in the budget for write-off of taxes.

But it can't continue, not if the town wants to keep tax bills for all citizens as low as possible. What was the point of wrestling with the town budget this year to keep tax increases at zero per cent, if some people decide not to pay.

Also in past years, the town has been conciliatory and has attempted to work out payment plans for the the harder hit. We see no reason, despite this new action, that they won't continue this policy. The 21-day rule, however, sends a signal to those in the community that taxes must be paid, and will be collected.

After all, to share in the wealth of this community, everyone must contribute to its wealth.



# Next time I'll get in shape before opening my mouth

I guess I should learn to keep my mouth shut.

About a month ago, when my wife and I registered our girls for baseball at Limehouse, I chatted with Gord, our older daughters' coach.

We've been friends for some time now, having had kids on the same ball team since their T-ball days.

Anyway, in the course of the conversation, he mentioned he was short one coach for our daughters' bantam team.

Without thinking, I innocently said something like, "Well if you need any help transporting the girls to games, let me know. I'll lend a hand and take a few in our van."

When we left, my wife was quick to corner me.

"I didn't know you were going to coach baseball this year," she said.

"Coach? Me? No, no, no, I'm not coaching," I replied, "Where on earth did you get that idea?"

"I heard you volunteer to Gord,"

she replied, "You told him you would coach with him."

"No, no, you've got it all wrong," I said, "I only offered to help with the team. You know, drive the kids to games, stuff like that."

"You're coaching," she returned, "And that's that! I just know it."

End of discussion.

A week passed.

The phone rang late one evening as the familiar voice of the bantam coach jovially greeted me from the other end of the line.

"Ted, I just wanted to touch bases with you about the girl's ball season," he started, "First things first; what number do you want?"

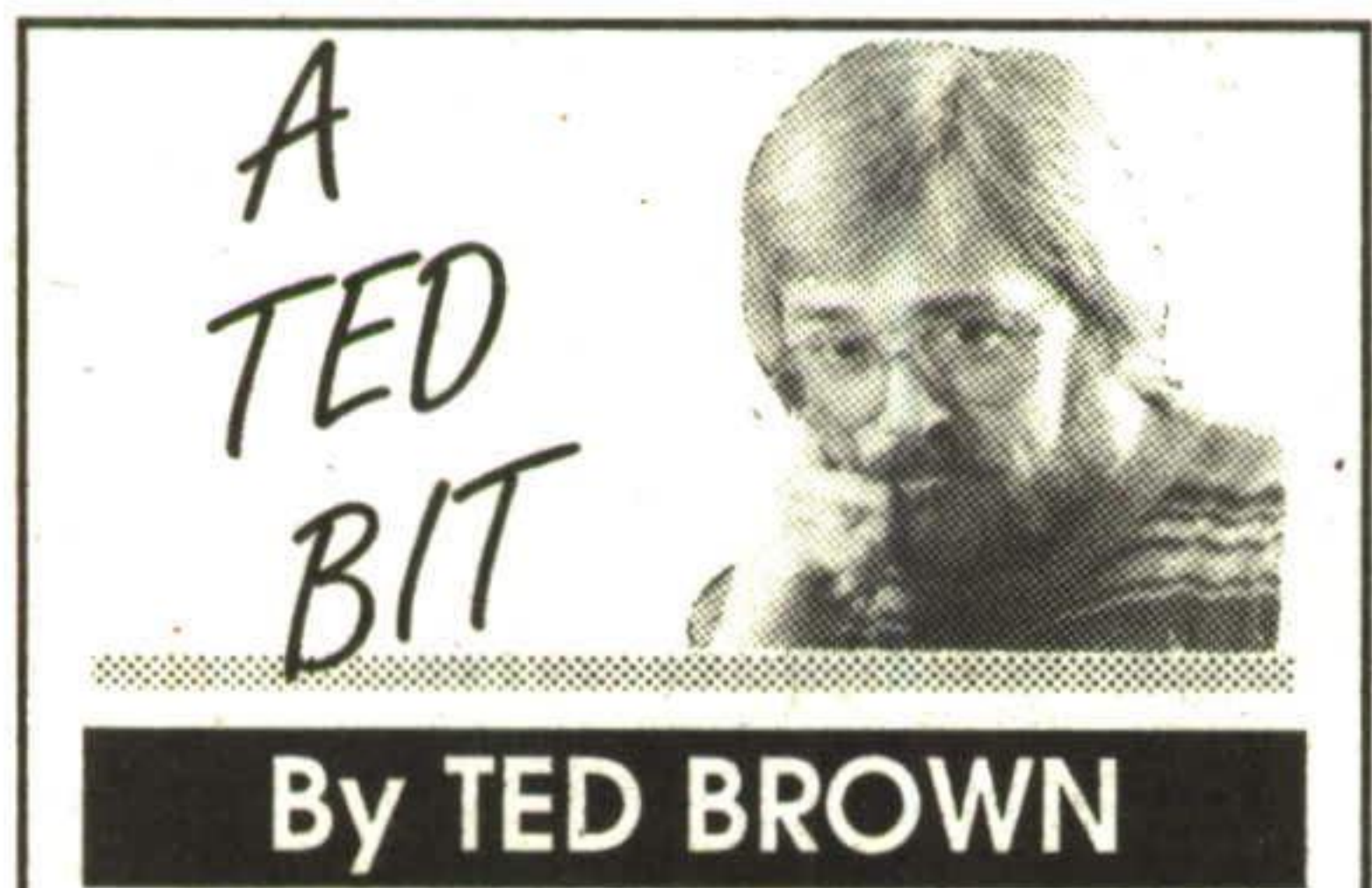
"Number? What number? Why do I need a number?" I asked.

"For your shirt, what else?" he returned. "You need a number for your shirt; all the coaches have numbers."

"Coaches?"

"Yep, I took you up on your offer Ted, and put you down as a coach."

Me? A coach?



By TED BROWN

The conversation continued with a discussion of practice times, and a few suggestions about the team. After I hung up, the greatest task was at hand.

I had to face my wife.

"I told you so!" she grinned. (I hate it when she says that.) "I said you had volunteered, and now you see that I'm right!"

Thoughts went through my mind as I contemplated the situation.

It suddenly occurred to me why some parents drive to the ball park, kick their kids out of the car, and beat a hasty retreat. It's tough to be pressed into service as a coach

if they can't catch you.

So I was now a coach.

We decided to hold a practice last Thursday, and arrived at the ball park with everyone eager to play that wonderful game of summer.

Gord and I ran a few drills, and after an hour, we had the girls throwing, catching, fielding and running.

All was going well, except for one thing.

I noticed this tightening in the back of my legs.

Yes, the old thigh muscles were sending me a short, subtle message.

"You're pushing it, you know."

I hate it when muscles talk back to you that way.

The practice continued, and we finished up about an hour later.

We piled into the car, and I drove the kids home. They were ecstatic. Ball season had finally started.

And my thigh muscles were still talking back.

The girls finally got ready for bed and my wife and I sipped a cup of tea, while discussing practice.

I admitted my legs were a er... little, stiff.

"Oh, a little out of shape, are we?" she mocked.

"Well, maybe a little," I casually remarked, trying to NOT look like I was in agonizing pain. "But I'm sure a hot bath will help."

As I soaked in the steaming tub, the muscles relaxed, and I was pretty well back to normal as I crawled into bed.

Until morning.

My thigh muscles had declared war on me.

But the pain faded as the day went by, and I was ready for practice again this Thursday. This exercise certainly does pay off.

So now I'm entering into a weekly routine, and hopefully will be in better shape by the time baseball season is over.

As long as the old leg muscles hold out.