

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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MPPs' perqs out of line with reality

Dear editor:

I read with interest, the article entitled MPPs' pay cut is fair: Duignan, which was published in the August 4th issue of The Acton Free Press. In this article Mr. Duignan states that the 5.5 per cent yearly pay cut the MPPs must endure is fair as they are asking other people to take similar cuts. He also states that it is a reasonable cut and that the MPPs are taking the same cut as many of their employees.

I ask, who does Mr. Duignan and his cohorts think they are fooling? This 5.5 per cent wage cut per year amounts to tokenism at its best. Unlike the common taxpaying Ontario citizen, these fat cat politi-

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cians can make up this 5.5 per cent yearly wage cut by sitting on one or more extra committees within the year, with each committee participation giving them an extra \$2,000 to \$5,000 tax free dollars. So I ask what are they actually giving up? The obvious answer is absolutely nothing!

Our MPPs basic wage pays well for their services to us and the province and should be sufficient enough pay for any committee time our MPPs may put in. We the taxpayers, should not have to pay extra for our MPPs to sit on a committee.

If the MPPs choose not to sit on any extra committees, I am sure

they can and most likely will add some other tax free perq to their already outrageous repertoire of tax free perqs, to the detriment of the Ontario taxpayer.

The only way our MPPs could be considered to have taken a fair wage cut, would be to give up all the perqs (tax free or otherwise) and the tax free portions of their wages, that they currently receive. No More Tokenism! They should pay their own way, out of what is left of their base salary after taxes, as do all we taxpayers.

In closing, I must say that I live with the reality of which I speak, daily and do not hold any high expectations of our MPPs and/or the current provincial government recognizing reality even if it hit them right in the face. As we all know, only too well, common sense and reality don't mix with politicians.

Sincerely,
John D. McConnell

Listening to the people

With this month's release of the report by the Halton Citizen's Committee on Property Tax Reform, the power of the average citizen to influence their lives were assured.

Without the outraged outcry by hundreds of citizens, Halton Region would certainly have implemented market value assessment using the 1988 base year. That would have meant an average \$289 increase in taxes for Halton Hills homeowners this year.

Instead the citizens demonstrated their power and forced the politicians to defer implementation for one year. At the same time council empowered a citizens' committee to find a better solution.

And they did. The resulting study is recommending using 1992 as the base year, meaning lower taxes for Halton Hills residents, and at the same time recommending a completely new, and fairer way of calculating taxes.

From all reports the committee, including local reps Dave McNally, Molly Monahan and Mac Sprowl, have done an excellent job.

Now let's hope that on September 30, regional council continues to demonstrate its ability to listen to the people of Halton.



Dr. Horatio Brown and the Temple of Levis

Recently I wrote about buying a new pair of jeans and my difficulty finding Levis in my size, specifically 36-30.

It seems I was in for a rude awakening.

A pair of local teens pointed out I was looking for jeans in the wrong places, and told me of a local store where the shelves flowed with Levi's 501s in all sizes. I dismissed it as a fabrication of their young imaginations. Everyone knows there simply isn't a store that has Levi's 36-30s in stock!

I returned to work to find a document on the my desk in a brown envelope from Work World, at 365 Guelph St., Georgetown.

Sent by Work World owner Bob Bonham, the letter told how he read of my problem finding size 36-30 Levi's. After checking his own stock, he reported he had lots of jeans in that size.

The letter suggested I obviously hadn't seen his ads in our newspaper, and invited me to drop by his store the next time I was in the mood to buy a pair of jeans.

Could this be a ploy? Was it possible the two teens and Bonham

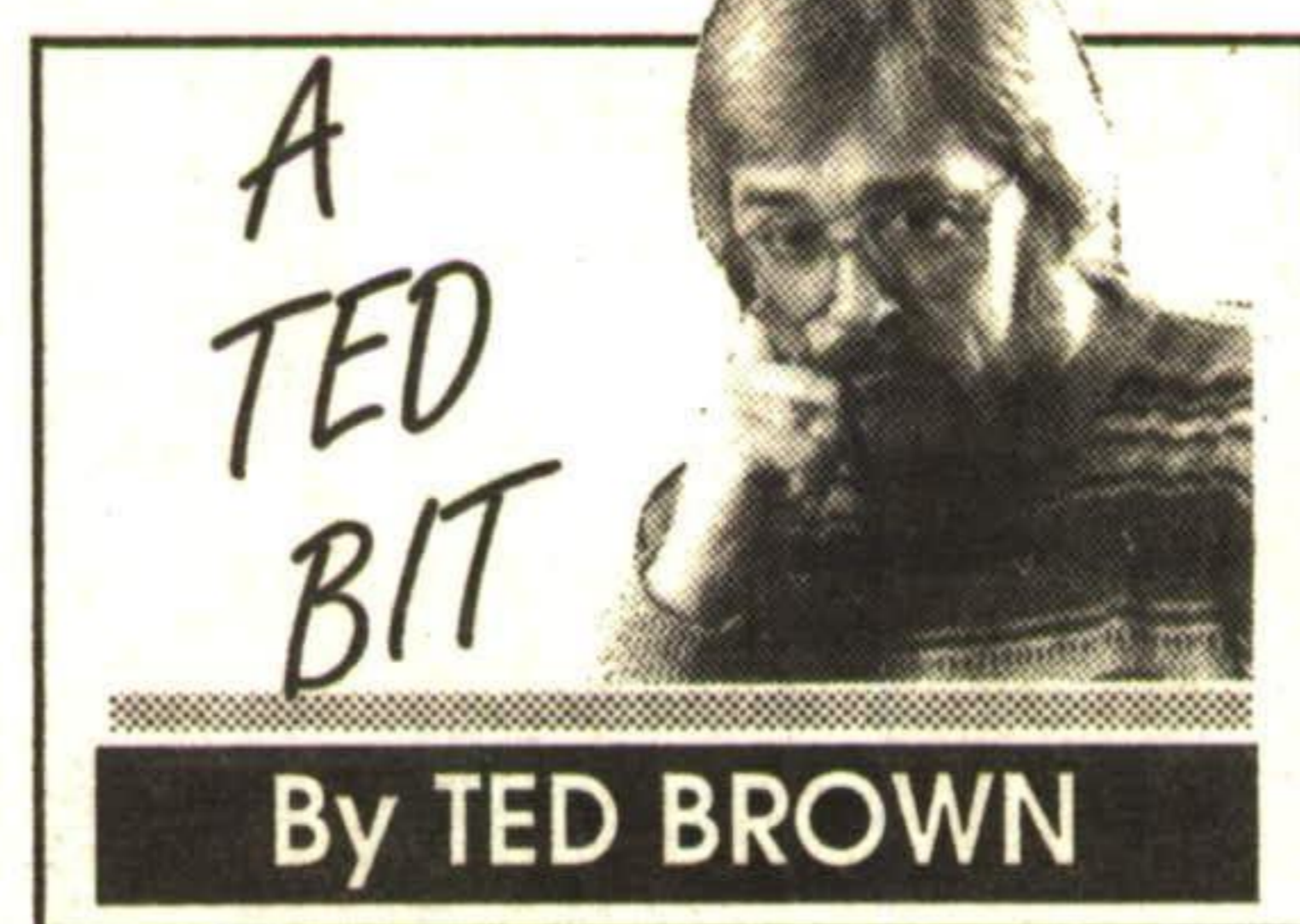
were working together as a team? Could there actually be a store with my size on the shelf?

This challenge called for discrete measures. It was time to call in my famed Indiana Jones look-alike alter ego, Dr. Horatio Brown, the world explorer extraordinaire, to venture, under cover, into the depths of the steamy retail market jungle of Halton Hills, to capture and return with a prize to beat all prizes; a pair of Levi's that fit.

Donning his Tilley hat and tattered leather overcoat, the famous explorer left with his trusty bull whip coiled at his side, prepared for anything those restless natives could throw at him.

Risking life and limb through the sweaty savage conditions of the Guelph St. construction, our fearless explorer expertly piloted his dark blue Topaz, gripping the tattered, yellowed document in his hand as he pulled into the parking lot.

"This must be it," he said quietly to his trusty accomplice and dedicated compatriot, the buxom blonde former damsel in distress from the last fantasy (whom you may recall, was always very



appreciative.)

"I'll go in by myself," he continued, "It could be a trap. Keep the motor running until I return."

"Oh Dr. Brown," she sighed through pouting lips with tears welling up in her baby blue eyes, "Do be careful!"

He ventured to the door of the store and studied the front window.

"Hmmm, Work World," he read to himself, "I wonder what those hieroglyphics are on this polished surface."

Studying the painting, he discovered the Levi's logo on the window was indeed a registered trademark for the Levi Strauss Co.

He carefully opened the door, watching for: booby traps and dart guns.

Nothing. He was suspicious.

Once inside, a courteous store clerk approached him almost immediately.

"Can I help you sir?" she said boldly.

He was cautious. This was certainly a forward move for a store clerk. Asking to help? It could be a trap!

"Yes, I'd like a pair of Levi's 501s," he said slowly, avoiding eye contact, all the while tightening the grip on his bull whip, carefully hidden under his leather overcoat.

"By all means sir," she replied courteously, "In any particular size?"

"I'll cut her down now!" he thought to himself. "Yes, 36-30s."

She didn't even flinch as she directed him to a mountain of 501s in size 36-30.

He could scarcely believe his eyes, as he hesitantly selected a pair.

"Would you like to try them on?" she asked, pointing to the change room.

He was speechless as he entered the change room clutching the 501s in his tight fist. Once inside, he stripped off his leather

coat, the bull whip, Swiss army knife and his ill-fitting pair of 36-32 jeans and slid on the Levi's

A perfect fit.

Impressed, he walked to the sales counter with tears of joy in his eyes, paid the girl and scurried out the door.

Back outside, he warily peered over his shoulder, half expecting to see a large boulder start rolling down on him, but nothing happened. He climbed into the car beside the buxom blonde and sighed with relief.

"Did you get them?" she asked quietly.

"Yep, they're right here under my coat," he replied pulling out the bag.

"Do they fit?" she asked.

"Like a glove," he smiled.

As the Topaz sped out of the parking lot, the duo had seemingly achieved the impossible; they had captured a pair of elusive 36-30 Levi's.

And since I've transformed back from my Dr. Brown alter ego, I'm now the proud owner of a great-fitting pair of Levi's.

Just like all the other people in town who did read the ads.