

# THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

**KEN NUGENT**  
Publisher

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## Living within means

"I don't propose to go to the taxpayer with a tax increase next year."

Halton regional chairman Peter Pomeroy made this statement in our page 3 story on pending budget cuts. He says raising property taxes in 1994 is not being considered as an alternative to spending cuts.

That is certainly good news for all taxpaying citizens of this region because the wallets are empty.

But it's not good news to all the boards and agencies from whom the region is now looking to claw back approximately \$68,000. Giving the lion's share of the money is the Halton Region Conservation Authority (HRCA).

The HRCA argues they've been hit with a double whammy — expenditure control plan cuts from the provincial Ministry of Natural Resources and now still more from Halton Region. The region is asking the HRCA to cut \$43,500; they will still get \$1.94 million of Halton taxpayers' money.

Cuts are hard, but they are now an economic reality. We realize that the HRCA does important work in this community, and that we benefit richly from it .... but the money is not there, and the HRCA will have to learn like everyone else from the homeowner to the politicians — to work with what money they do get.

We support Pomeroy's assertiveness in this matter — a 2.2 per cent across-the-board reduction of all regional budgets should be shared by all.

This is a mean world economically and everyone should start living within everyone's means.

## Teach parenting

Dear editor:

It was recently said that the people conducting the business of the country are pathological narcissists. Assuming that they too, had (or still have) parents — what have we done, and what are we doing to our children? Life is so fragile, and children are so precious.

This I have said before, and I repeat, when there is a formal education for all professions (or vocations), why is parenting treated as simply something that just happens, out of necessity to procreate, or, to legalize a potential physical union.

Let's hope at some stage, preferably the first stage, there is in fact, a spiritual union which will ultimately provide the basis for a lasting marriage, as opposed to the present day thinking — "If it doesn't work, so what, we'll split." And there goes 15 (hundred) more "street-wise" (cool) kids, left to the cultures of society.

Need I say more?

Without Malice  
Name Withheld

## Letters

to the Editor

### Pups are sorry

To the residents of Thompson Drive  
Rebecca and Thumper, our two miniature wire-haired dachshund

puppies, are very sorry if they disturbed anyone on Saturday evening, August 28th, between the hours of 7:30 and 8:30. Their garden had had a visit from the Weed Man, and their playground had been sprayed. Because of this, they were invited by our next door neighbor to use his fenced-in yard for a couple of days. Next door to our neighbor are two large cats who drive our little guys up the wall every day when



they come to our place to hunt our friendly birds and pet chipmunks, and they were barking at them.

I was not aware anything was wrong until our little doggies came running home very upset because they had been chased from the garden they had been invited to use — so you see they were only protecting their own turf. I brought them home anyway, and safely secured them behind the fence on their concrete walk. They continued to voice their disapproval at having been chased from their playground. At

about 8:30, I brought them in for the evening.

I am sure that the two police officers who arrived in our driveway in separate cruisers must have had better things to do than answer a complaint call about our doggies. These days, their

time could be better spent ensuring that our town become a safer and better place in which to live.

Yours very truly,  
Margaret E. Helson



## We fought the bed and the bed won

There comes a time in every couple's life when they must replace a coveted possession.

The mattress.

My wife and I recently decided to take the plunge so to speak, and buy a new box spring and mattress, since the old one was long overdue for retirement.

We dropped into Goodlet's on Main St., and after curling up together on a few different models in the front window, we decided on the one we wanted to buy.

"What size would you like?" asked Doris Goodlet, "Double or queen size?"

Now we've always had a double bed, but our four poster bed will accept either double or queen by moving out the rails. And as my wife observed, there was now more of us to fill that bed than when we bought it. So we threw caution to the wind and opted for the queen size.

It was delivered Friday evening, and we threw our old mattress and box springs on a truck to the dump.

"Let's move it upstairs right now," I suggested, as the old mattress headed out the lane. I gath-

ered my wife and one of my stronger daughters around the box spring, and headed for the stairs.

First obstacle — the front door of the house had to come off, as it swung the wrong way against the bottom of the stairs.

No problem.

The hinge pins were knocked out, the door came off and we started up the stairs, only to find the box spring stopped about halfway, hitting the top of the door. After a little investigating, I was sure we would be on our way by removing a little bit of trim off the door. Off came the trim

Wrong.

"The old one fit," I mused, "So this one should; it's only three inches wider."

After some measuring, I discovered I was half right — three inches per side, for a total width of 60 inches.

The struggle continued as my wife suggested compressing the corner of the box spring, where it hit the step, as we shoved it up.

Wrong again, only this time it was stuck.

A  
TED  
BIT



By TED BROWN

Our youngest daughter was upstairs in her room at the time, and walked to the top of the stairs to yell down at my sweating form.

"How are we supposed to get downstairs if you leave that stupid thing stuck on the stairs like that?"

And at the same time, eldest daughter yelled from the kitchen, while chatting to a friend on the phone, to ask if I would give her and her friend a ride somewhere. Now!

Their mistake.

It was reflex, I admit, as I dusted off two kids in one verbal assault.

As the dust settled and the kids retreated to nurse their hurt egos, my slightly frantic wife calmly asked what we should do.

Another battle with the box spring and we managed to dislodge it from the stairwell, freeing youngest daughter from her upstairs prison.

My parents dropped by, and my dad, with his sage advice, made what would have been the smartest suggestion of the night — return it for a double.

Of course that would be admitting defeat.

We were going out for the evening, so I suggested looking at other possibilities — in the morning.

Night number one on our new mattress and box spring was spent on the floor of the living room. The following day, both my wife and I left for work, so it was too late when we got home to attempt another struggle.

Night number two was also spent in the living room.

That night, I suggested to my wife this would be the perfect time to transform our dining room into a master bedroom, and just leave the mattress and box spring downstairs.

Not even an option.

I started measuring our bedroom

windows. This box spring incident was quickly becoming a battle I wasn't about to lose. But it came as no surprise to learn all the windows measured less than the required 60 inches.

I checked one window that had recently been installed, and decided to remove it from the house. After taking off the wooden trim inside the house, and pulling the window frame out, the rough opening allowed the box spring to just squeak through, after we hoisted it up on the roof of the veranda with a front end loader on a tractor.

Victory! We had overcome the odds.

We grinned as we hauled the box spring into the bedroom, and were almost delirious as we lifted it up on the expanded frame of our four poster.

We've all had those times, when frustration is replaced by laughter. And that moment was no exception, as we both laughed in the bedroom, with the window ripped out, and the house in total disarray.

You see, the side rails of the bed were about six inches too short.