

Opinion

Halton Hills THIS WEEK

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Reality will rule '94

Ring out the old! Ring in the new!

Here we are just a few burps past New Year's Eve and at this point, I'm expected to come up with some neat little ditty to introduce 1994 - Don't hold your breath.

I loved the recent local rival newspaper's treatment concerning what we can look forward to in 1994.

I don't think I've read so much crap since I was forced to clean out a former girlfriend's birdcage.

So, carrying on in the same vein, our rival interviewed local politicians and other odds and sods regarding what we poor humble souls can expect in the year AD 1994.

Did any of the bright and shining local political and sundry lights predict Armageddon? Of course not!

We have municipal elections coming up this fall, so tumbling into the predictable pattern, the interviewees provided nearly enough real information to perhaps fill the bag of someone who suffers from flatulence.

Having noted this, let's perhaps borrow from the wordsmith Alfred Tennyson, who wrote: "Ring out the old, ring in the new, ring happy bells across the snow: the year is going, let him go; ring out the false, ring in the true."

Which begs the question, as it pertains to 1994 - What really is true in our present helter-skelter scuffle to survive?

Or, put another way, do we helter-skelter? or do we survive?

For those who either falsely assume 1994 is going to be better than 1993, or who are purely dreaming in technicolor: take a reality pill. I'm sure your doctor and pharmacist, who have routinely been prescribing and doling out placebos for your hypocondriatic ailments over the years, will once again rally to your cause.

I mean, how do you think OHIP costs got so high? Think about it! And try an ice cube instead! Either that, or make love to your mate. This activity is one great stress reliever and also helps the ego. It also beats punching-out your doctor, who wasn't really interested in your personal problems anyway, because he/she has enough of their own.

If you think the above is rather negative; to borrow from Walter Matthau, "Eat my shorts".

When is reality going to kick in?

We have what? two and three car garages when we can't even afford the loan payments on one car!

Three bedrooms and a recreation room; six televisions (one in the kitchen, of course) three VCRs, five telephones with the handy-dandy stretch cord which allows you to walk to Saskatchewan while still phoning from your own place and an anti-mugger device which so far has killed three pets.

And this is the playpen of a couple just thinking about getting married after playing with each other's libido for about six months!

Credit cards! Plastic money!

Pig-outs, pigs-in-a-poke, which anyone who holds one knows they can't really afford and shouldn't have; but they're status symbols and just stave off reality for that little bit longer. And you got to have them - don't you know.

Before 1994 really gets rolling, here's a suggestion! Strip naked, stand in front of a mirror and have a real bitch session.

Complain about the politicians; your job; your boss; your bankers; your body; your favorite sports team which is on a losing streak; your wife/husband/lover; your kids - wherever they are!

Then take a long look at yourself.

Could be scary, eh! We are our own worst enemy!

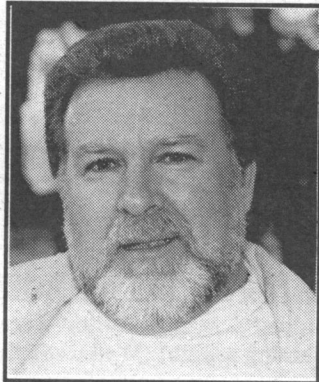
Let's face the present reality in 1994.

Colin Gibson

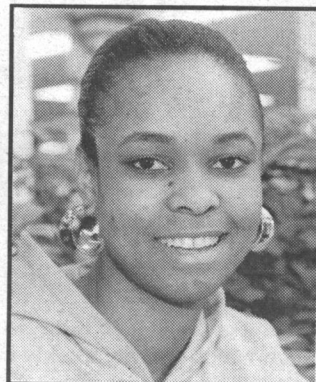
The People's Corner

People's Forum

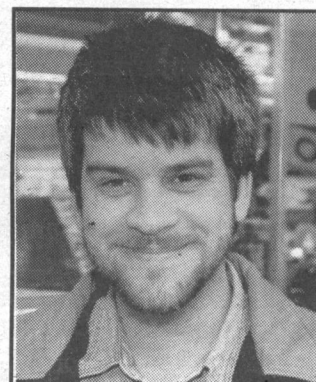
What was the best thing that happened to you in 1993?



Bob Searl, Georgetown - "Nothing. I was robbed, I have no place to live, no job, and I've lost my family."



Analee Smith, Georgetown - "The best thing that happened to me this year is that I decided what my career choice should be."



Gary Medland, Acton - "It would have to be my girlfriend moving in with me."



Cindy Coles, Georgetown - "The best thing this year has been that the recession has helped me and my family realize a greater sense of family values. It's not what you have, it's who you have in your life."

Waste management answers demanded from region

To the Editor:

I would like some straight answers concerning the funding of waste management in this region.

We have heard that rural residents haven't been contributing to waste manage-

ment in Halton. Now many urban residents will be paying only a small fraction of what rural residents have to pay for weekly visits to the container station. Do two wrongs make a right in Halton Region?

Why does the region receive hundreds of thousands of dollars for recycling from the Province but rural residents have to pay \$5 to drop off their recyclable items?

Why is the region look-

ing to hire additional part-time staff for the container station when the traffic is forecasted to drop in half?

Why is the container station open six days a week when as much as three-quarters of the traffic is on Saturdays?

What portion of the users of the container station were from out of the region or trade people?

I recall that a study was proposed last year to look at the cost of rural waste collection. Was this proposal passed? What were the results?

Why is the region looking to make \$500,000 in revenue from the container station when by my estimates it should cost less than \$250,000 to run next year?

R. Hart Dibbitts,
Georgetown

Tom Bradshaw,

Christmas story not appreciated

To the Editor:

The children are all out of school for the Christmas holidays, the house decorated, gifts wrapped and organized, reorganized and organized again under the tree, by my three children.

The Nativity scene well-played with - hay all over the place.

Now, along with many other cozy traditions, we gather round the advent wreath at the kitchen table to read aloud a few Christmas stories.

We always begin with the Bible story of the birth of our Savior, Jesus Christ, then stories of Christmas in other lands. Something we all look forward to is the special Christmas story from our local newspaper.

As I pick up the Dec. 21 issue of Halton Hills This Week, my son yells "Yes!...the newspaper story, The Last Christmas Pageant" written by Robert Biddle, a retired school principal.

As I began reading, after the intro "those miserable kids forced me into retirement", my first red flag went up. Had I acted on my initial bad feeling, I would have stopped right there. Good ol' hindsight!

On the insistence of my three children, I read on, only to find that in the Nativity play the students performed, the true meaning of Christmas was completely distorted. Robert Biddle referred to his students as

"miserable" four times, the Lord's name was taken in vain, there was profanity throughout and the children's lines in the play were not suitable to read out loud.

You know, the public complains regularly of students in our Ontario school system, being disrespectful and of having bad attitudes. Biddle had a bad attitude toward his students, poor language and, it seems, little respect for students way back in his one room school house.

So, now we know this

whole bad attitude and disrespect things is nothing new. What can we expect from our students when their mentor behaves this way.

Just one question, Robert Biddle - why did you hope "God was watching your last Christmas pageant?"

Comment from my son on completion of this article... "too bad they had to wreck it, eh Mom?"

Let us all remember, Jesus is the reason for the season.

R. Hart Dibbitts,
Georgetown

Tom Bradshaw,

