

Opinion Page

30 years ago

William McNally and Rex W. Heslop formed a new construction firm in Georgetown this week. Rexwill Construction Ltd. has already started three contracts in the month it has been opened: a 5,000 sq.ft. extension to the Varian Associates plant, the construction of a hydro substation on Mountainview Road, and the Abby Road public school in Brampton. The general manager of the company is Harold Baird.

The organizational meeting for the Delrex Businessmen's Association was held last Thursday, Oct. 7, at the home of Rex Heslop and Jim Gardiner. Mr. Gardiner is the president of the organization. Also attending were Muriel Gunn, Janet Dean and H. Van Lith. Meetings are to be held the first Wednesday of every month.

15 years ago

The Halton 4-H Sheep Club showed their lambs at the Georgetown fair. Judge Joe Willmott of Milton handed out numerous awards. The winners for showmanship were Stephen Stanley, Joseph Weeden, Lindsay Knight and Richard Stanley. Other winners included Leslie Knight, David Stanley and Jamie Couper.

Hazen Allan, principal at the Robert Little Public School, and Lorene Jones, special teacher in home instruction, were praised in a letter to the board from Dennis Walker, senior social worker of the Joseph Brant Memorial Hospital.

The Hasting brothers enjoyed a remarkable year in soccer as they and their dad, Dave, won seven out of a possible 10 trophies. Mike, Brian, Dougie, Rickey, and Tom are after more next year.

10 years ago

Nghiep Cun Tsah and Thu Van Tieu are the first members of a family of refugees from Vietnam to arrive in Acton, Cun's parents, Senh Thong Tsan and Nhit Chan Vong, and her cousin Ai Anh Tang, are expected to arrive today. The

Halton's History from our files

family was sponsored by the Christian Reform Church. Rev. and Mrs. John De Jong are accommodating the family temporarily and Ivan Vander Deen has given Cun a job at the Canada Packers plant outside town.

The Georgetown branch of the Red Cross elected its new executive for the coming year at the society's annual meeting. Tina Yaremy became president, taking over from Marg Pope. Vice-president is now Crystal Thorogood, Acton co-ordinator is Henry Kroes and vice-president Erica Thompson.

The Little Theatre's production "There Goes the Bride" opened at Sacre Coeur Hall. The cast included Ron Hunt, John Roe, and Melissa Bell.

5 years ago

The Tanning Centre on Mill Street held an open house. Owner Bill Taylor showed people around. Paul Armstrong, regional chairman Peter Pomeroy, and Halton Hills Mayor Russ Miller were among those who attended.

Halton Regional Police inspector Matt MacPherson has been transferred to Burlington. The transfer was made by Police Chief James Harding to make sure a senior officer is on duty during peak periods.

The Optimist Club of Georgetown elected a new executive. The members included Bruce Totten, Dan Scarborough, Gerry Getty, Sandy Booth, Stan Nolan, Kirk Manifold, and David Rutherford.

Run like a deer



Donna Kell
Kell's Kurrier

Nothing runs like a deer, they say.

This is the jingle that gets thrown around, but it takes on a more significant meaning when you realize what the deer are running from. Shotguns, bows and arrows, hunters who may or may not be wearing blaze orange. Heck, I don't blame the deer for running.

And I don't blame the hunters for shooting. It's going to happen here or 100 km north of here.

The Ministry of Natural Resources holds a four-day shotgun hunt and a two-month archery hunt in the fall to kill deer.

Some accounts of shotgun field days haven't been published but should be. One man in Milton was shot while on his tractor decades ago. One woman in Campbellville said holes were shot through her laundry years ago. People in Halton Hills and Milton that I talked to last week said they put up with the deer hunt because they thought it was necessary. But they don't relish the bullets that fly every November in the agreement forests in Halton for the "controlled" deer hunt.

Sometimes these deer hunts do get out of control. One man was

killed by a friend while hunting in the woods.

He became the "human harvest," one Regional councillor said recently.

The bagging of deer is called a "harvest."

I understand that the wolf population (the natural predator of the deer) is depleted, and that some form of control must replace natural control, but a woman I spoke to on Highway 25 last week said that the wolf population is returning to that area near Chudleigh's apple farm. Chudleigh's apparently had problems with deer nipping in for a bite of the MacIntosh or the Northern Spry. Who can blame the creatures?

The answer seems to be that any animal sacrifice is easier than a human sacrifice. No, I don't mean killing a human. I'm talking about the type of sacrifice where a grower harvests a few less apples to allow for a population of wild animals.

Oakville Regional Councillor Janet Mitchell suggested last week that animals and humans could strike some kind of harmony, could maybe live together on the same planet.

It was no dice. The four-day hunt stays. And so do the bullets whistling past neighboring houses.

They don't understand us in south Halton, one woman who lives in Campbellville said. They make decisions in the south for what they think is a completely rural area.

Maybe some of those people - those closet-opponents of the deer hunt - should speak out and be counted.

Maybe they should go running to their nearest Regional councillor.

LETTERS

POWER to go to Queen's Park

Dear Sir,
In its Sept. 27 edition this paper reported on a resolution passed by Halton Hills councillors on Monday, Sept. 25. At that meeting, council endorsed a proclamation written by POWER residents group to Premier David Peterson, opposing the GTA (Greater Toronto Authority) and its methods of dealing with the waste management crisis. POWER is very encouraged by the gumption, and originality shown by our local council in taking this stand on the issue.

Now we are asking for support from the 35,000 members of our community at large. Please attend our march on Queen's Park on Saturday, Oct. 14. We will be providing free bus service for any members of our community who wish to come out and join us. Buses will be leaving Acton High School on Cedar Road and Georgetown Zellers Plaza at 9 a.m. on Saturday morning. Buses will return to Georgetown by 2 p.m. Just call one of the following people to reserve a seat. Barbara 873-0344, Rita 878-7817 or Marj 853-1328.

Last October, our Queen's Park march made all four Toronto newscasts and was a resounding success. This year we are expecting even more response. So come on Halton Hills! Let's show Queen's Park what we think of the Acton quarry landfill proposal.

Bring your original signs, voices, and if you can't get a babysitter bring your kids too! (We will provide signs and balloons as well!) Let's make this a demonstration to remember.

Ruth French
POWER Residents Group

Local soccer is ignored...

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letter to Georgetown Youth Soccer, acting president Paul Stubbens was filed with the Herald for publication.

Dear Mr. Stubbens,
Soccer is finally over after an exciting and mostly rewarding year.

The mosquito boys battled right to the end for first place which was finally won by Consumers Distributing with a narrow margin of two points over Steak Express.

As in most sports, the season ended with playoffs and a day of champions, where all the final games were played. Once again it was between Consumers Distributing and Steak Express; this time with Steak Express winning the trophy.

Both teams worked hard for their successes. All the boys were justly proud and deserving not only

of their trophies, but of recognition of their accomplishments.

Unfortunately, this did not happen. The local papers, likely because of the time element, had little more than the numbers of winning teams in the following edition, although one paper did have several good action shots of final day.

What did happen, however, was a team picture of Consumers Distributing appearing first in one paper, which said they "claimed top honors at the annual Day of Champions" and the following week in the other paper which simply named them "1989 Mosquito Champions."

One of the things I hope soccer attempts to teach is sportsmanship and a sense of fair play, both on and off the field. I am both angry

and disgusted that this code was completely disregarded by those responsible.

Not only were the captions on the pictures misleading, but the accomplishments of Steak Express were ignored.

I have been assured by the soccer club that they had nothing to do with the pictures being submitted. However, as those in charge of Consumers are present or very recent soccer executive members, it's difficult to see the distinction.

Perhaps the soccer club, although not directly responsible for this incident, should see that someone is in charge of publicity, so that all teams, boys and girls of all age levels, get proper recognition for their hard work.

Yours truly,

Elaine Robinson Bertrand

...but soccer execs try hard

Dear Sir,
I feel I must respond to a letter from Elaine Robinson Bertrand and put her straight on one or two facts about "finals day" of Georgetown Soccer Club:

- 1) It is not a day of champions;
- 2) It is "cup" final day.

The cup is played for by having the teams draw out of a hat for their opponents in the first round and then it becomes a one game knock out. It then becomes possible for the bottom team of the normal league to go on and win the "cup final" which sometimes happens.

So in fact, The Consumers team was the league "champions" and received trophies as such and not as playoff champions, we do not have playoffs. Steak Express received their cup as cup winners.

As far as publicity goes, we would love to have a public relations person, but due to the lack of volunteers, everyone on the committee were doing two jobs as it is. On finals day, I myself was there from 7:45 a.m. to 6:45 p.m. I had to look after equipment, uniforms, facilities and coach directorship, and I feel surely that if the coach or manager or a "parent" felt slighted there was nothing to stop them from taking a team picture to the newspapers themselves and state that Steak Express were the cup final winners.

The Steak Express owner was present to hand out the trophies to the boys and was very pleased to do so. His sponsorship was greatly appreciated and there was no intent to down play the achievement

of the team with his name on it.

After being involved at one level or another for the past 20 years, in Georgetown and spent thousands of hours as volunteer, I have never come across a year with as many petty letters sent on one thing or another, as this last one.

I like to see faces and bodies (two heads are better than one) and at the general meetings when there are only the executive present one tends to get a little frustrated. The executive cannot be all things to all people and must simply do the best they can.

Yours in sport,

George R. Baines

P.S. This is my personal response and not the opinion of the club committee.

Little Red Riding who?



Ian Weir
Weir's View
Thames News Service

News item: A university researcher has just published an article claiming that the familiar version of Little Red Riding Hood is a total corruption of the original story and an insult to women.

According to the article, the original Red Riding Hood was not a well-meaning but slightly dim girl who must be saved from the Big Bad Wolf by a Woodsman, but a nonsense young woman who is thoroughly capable of looking after herself.

Well, by a happy coincidence, this column has managed to unearth the original version of the story. Please send the children from the room...

Once upon a time, there lived a young woman who was not a little girl and who would give you a look that would make your toes curl if you called her one. Her name was Red Riding Hood.

Ms. Hood lived all by herself in a tiny cottage in the woods. She lived in the woods because she was a logger, and she lived all alone because she had given up on men.

One day, Red Riding Hood decided to visit her grandmother, a wonderfully strong-minded woman who sat on 14 feminist committees and had absolutely no sense of humor at all. Red Riding Hood like her immensely.

But as Red Riding Hood strode purposefully down the forest path to Granny's house, she met the Big Bad Wolf.

He was a short-ish sort of wolf who wore white shoes and a large medallion on a gold chain, and who introduced himself as "Bib B" at singles bars, he liked to lurk on the forest path because it was an excellent place to meet girls. And when he met them, he bored them silly with descriptions of his BMW, his condominium and his ski chalet, and then he ate them all up.

"Hello, little girl," said the Big Bad Wolf with a toothy grin. "So, how do you like me so far?"

"Don't be pathetic," said Red Riding Hood, striding past him with a glare that curled his toes and twisted his tail into a pretzel.

The Wolf snarled a fearful snarl as Red Riding Hood disappeared around a bend.

"Spiteful little girl," he muttered, reaching behind him to untwist his tail. "I shall take the short-

cut t Granny's House and arrive there ahead of her, and then I shall fix her little red wadd."

"Tee-hee," he added darkly.

The Wolf arrived at Granny's House just moments after Granny had left for the gym. Which was a very good thing for him, since she would otherwise have shot him, skinned him, stuffed him and had his guts for garters.

Quickly, he put on Granny's nightdress and nightcap and climbed into her bed just as Red Riding Hood came through the door.

"Hello dearie!" the Wolf exclaimed in his best falsetto voice. "Step closer, and ask my why old Granny has such big teeth."

Red Riding Hood glanced at the Wolf, and at the nightdress and nightcap, and replied: "Psychologists insist cross-dressing is not necessarily a sign of latent homosexuality. But I have my doubts."

This was the wrong thing to say, since the Big Bad Wolf had always had some nasty worries about his masculinity himself. Roaring with rage, he leaped at Red Riding Hood.

She doubled him over with a short, sharp punch to the kidney, and was preparing to shift his teeth southwards when a brave Woodsman burst through the door, brandishing his mighty axe.

"Fear not, little girl!" he cried. "I shall save you!"

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