

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Earth Summit

To the Editor:

The first week of June is Environment Week. It is also the beginning of the United Nations Earth Summit in Brazil.

POWER has contacted high schools in Halton and has urged them to be part of "Driving is Exhausting", a project to reduce auto emissions during Environment Week. Auto emissions contribute to the greenhouse effect, to air pollution and to acid rain.

Now that you are fresh from Participation please try to walk, bike or car pool when you go to the dump hearing in Acton. Another way to reduce auto emissions is to have your car properly tuned and the correct tire pressure.

By participating during Environment Week you benefit twice. First by saving on gas just by checking your tires or you could have the added benefit of fitness from walking or biking but second, you benefit in the long term from a cleaner atmosphere.

Fortunately, we have raised enough money to send our delegate to Brazil. Next week while POWER's delegate Joan Davison is at the Earth Summit try to do your

Letters

to the Editor

part and get out of your car. Remember, Driving is Exhausting.

Barbara Halsall
POWER president

Get working

Dear editor:

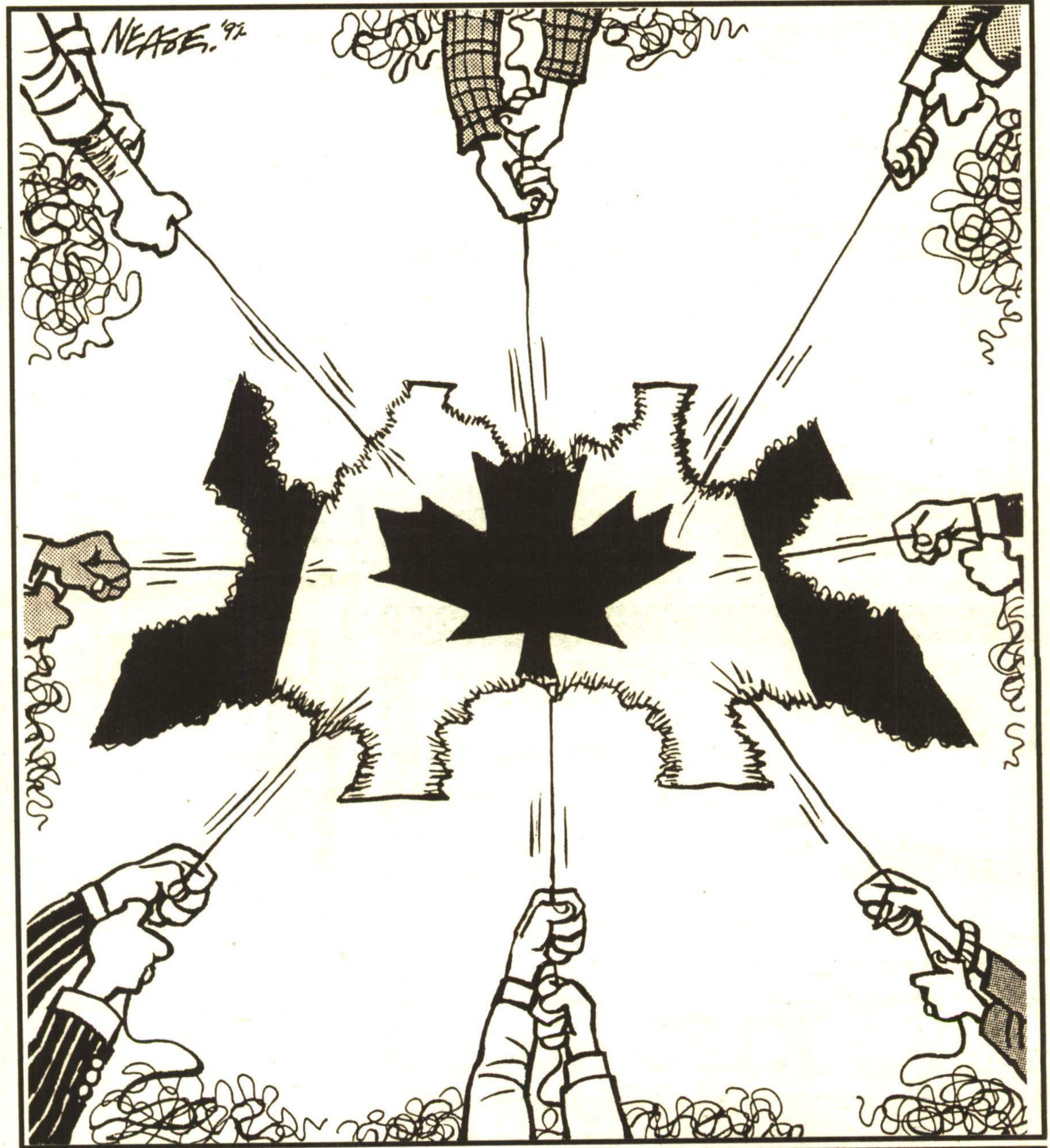
News today is saying recession is coming again. Things are not getting better, we have a big problem with us. I am sure the unemployed are saying we know all of this. I am wondering how much it takes before the provincial government realizes this is actually happening. May I suggest we put off this unnecessary playing with people's lives. Face facts, have Sunday shopping, this will help very much. All the money we have let slip across the border is unbelievable. Shop at home, open up on Sunday. If not, would someone in my provincial government please

tell me the reason for not Sunday shopping. I find it so very hard to understand so I am now looking for a good explanation. This has been one thing that's dragged along so long. Please tell me the reason.

Economy is gone, no one seems to know what the word means. It means we are down the drain because members of the government of Ontario don't know what to do. Don't have any money. May I say, go into debt because this is the only way out. Start to get things working again, bring construction back to working again. Get people making wages again, then shortly all will be able to see the light at the end of the tunnel. Without wages we will still be at a standstill forever.

Face facts, get some work started. Surprising how good this will work. After a few wages and still more work to do, people will decide on that something they needed to get but had no money to buy with, making work for others. A standstill is not the answer. Please start the work going again, let us all see the down and outs picking themselves up and working again. Bring Canada back to what it was.

Sincerely,
Kathleen (Molly) Crowhurst,



We're all involved

The time for sitting back and watching has come and gone, it's time for the people of Halton Hills to show their displeasure with the Reclamation Systems Inc. dump proposal, even if it just means turning up at the preliminary hearings in the Acton Legion next week.

Even those who haven't spoken out on the issue will be directly affected whether RSI gets the approval for the project or not. Those not aware of the situation should be reading up and catching up on what is at stake. Don't think you aren't already involved.

The near \$1-million the Town of Halton Hills is preparing to spend to fight the project makes you involved, even if you don't want to be.

Of course, the Town has applied for intervenor funding to help lessen the load on local taxpayers. But, if that funding is not granted it will mean a hefty hike to your tax bill, and it will probably mean cutting back on some of the services we currently receive. So, like it or not, you are involved.

In fact, if the Town has to go it alone on this one, it could mean that the average tax bill will increase 11 per cent. And that's without any of the normal increases that would take place.

Councillor Rob Heaton also reminded us that it could mean that some of the capital projects currently in place may have to be put on the shelf for awhile, and that plans for the new seniors' centre or the Acton arena might have to wait. And there is no guarantee that services we currently enjoy would not be cut.

Any way you look at this situation you are involved.

The future of Halton Hills could rest on these hearings, and the path that this town takes in the future could well be decided by the dollars that our elected officials have to shell out to continue the fight.

Like it or not, you are involved in the RSI dump proposal hearings. It's time we all realized that.

Old loves are always hard to forget

I ran into an old love last weekend.

It happened at Stone Road Mall in Guelph.

I was shopping with the family, when, there she stood, across the mall. As I looked in her direction, she quietly whispered to me, "Hi Ted, remember me?"

I looked around.

No other members of my family heard it, only me.

Again she beckoned me.

"Why don't you come over and see me," she seemed to say.

My wife and kids were involved in their shopping, so, what the heck, I decided to throw caution to the wind and pursue it.

There she was, attired in red, sitting in the middle of the mall, for all to peruse her pulchritude. The years had been good to her; she was indeed a picture of beauty.

I remembered the many late nights we had spent together, the drives down solitary roads, and those wonderful Sunday afternoons

spent at the beach with her radio blaring, where I could show her off to everyone around.

And I was reminded of the last time we parted, that fateful afternoon, Thanksgiving Sunday, in 1971 when she rolled, lifeless, in the ditch on Highway 7.

But there she stood, in front of me again, in all her splendor. She was so beautiful. Standing again in her presence, I once again felt 20 years of age, young and reckless.

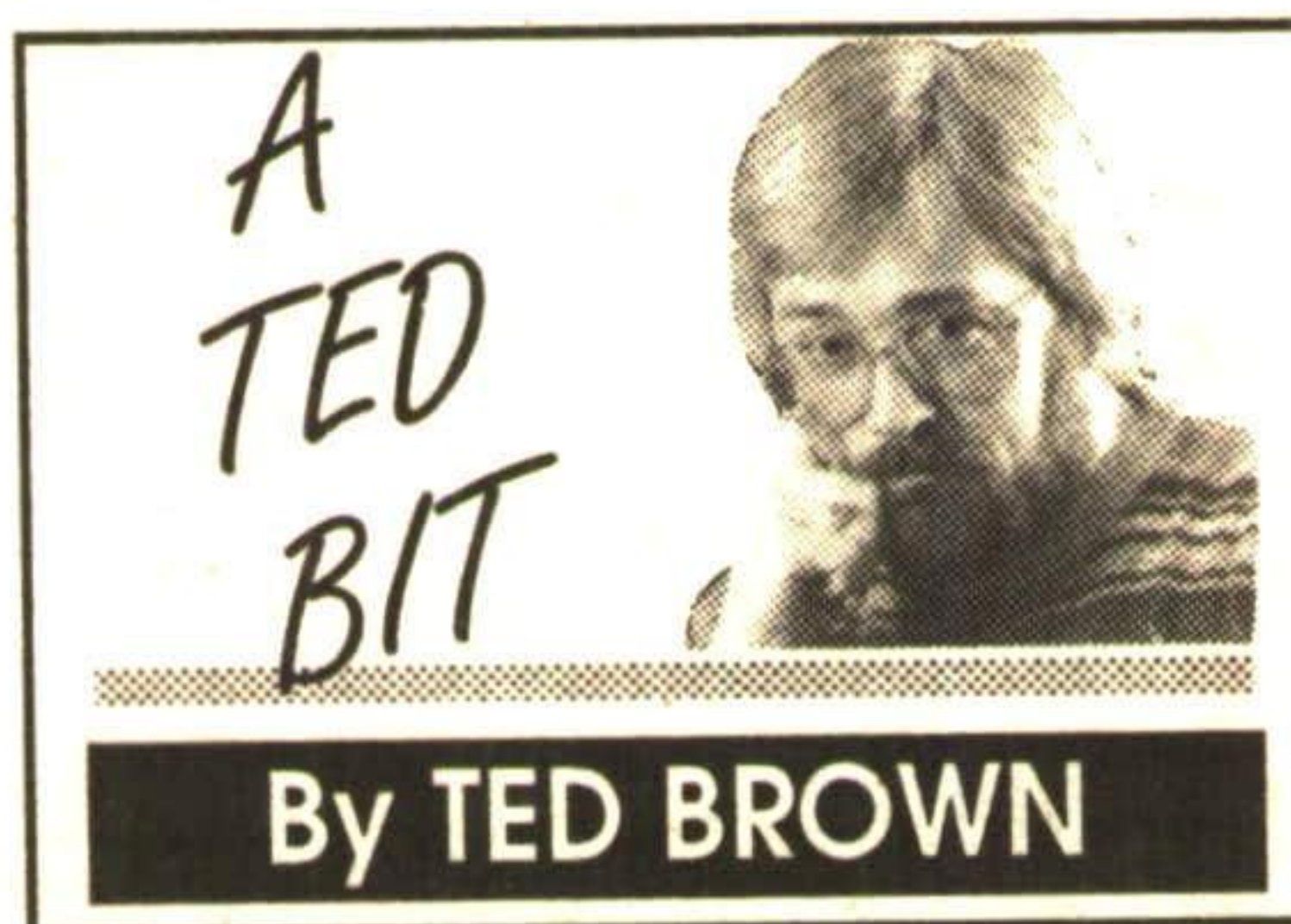
As I looked over her shapely lines, I could only imagine her throaty voice from years gone by.

Yes, she was a vintage Ford Mustang, and I was the proud owner of one, so many years ago.

This fine model was a mint 1964, and I owned a '68, but once a Mustang owner, always a Mustang owner.

And she was being raffled off in a charity draw.

My mind went back to the days of my Mustang, an ivy green fast-back, with a high performance 302



cubic inch motor, four speed transmission and all the trimmings. It was my favorite car of all I've owned.

It's funny how we always have one special car in our life. I kept that car so immaculate, one could eat off the floor. It cost me a fortune at the car wash, and held top priority in everything I did.

A rainy day? I would inch down the road from my home, to avoid getting any mud splattered on the underside of it. And under the hood was as immaculate as the rest of the car. I spent hours cleaning it,

polishing and touching up paint chips.

In short, I was obsessed with my Mustang.

I insisted girl friends dust off their feet before they got in that car and I absolutely, under no circumstances, allowed anyone to eat in "my car!" After all, those "Teenburgers" from A&W could be a real mess.

My car was outfitted with the latest drag racing options, including big fat Goodyear White Letter Polyglass tires, and a set of traction bars. My crowning achievement was adding a Holley 700 c.f.m. carburetor to the engine for that added punch in revs.

I can truthfully say it would blow the doors off any 350 Nova around.

This car also had an eight track tape player, of course.

The eight track was complemented with a complete collection of the finest gear jamming music around, mostly Creedence Clearwater Revival and some

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young thrown in for those "quiet moments."

Yes sir, there was nothing quite like a Saturday night, out on the highway, with John Fogarty belting out "Proud Mary" from those heavy duty speakers in the back seat, mixed with the throaty rumble of a set of dual exhaust and the howl of the secondary jets in the carburetor kicking in.

The final 'high' came with the chirp of those G70 rear tires as the shifter was yanked into second, then third, and on the rare occasion, into fourth.

The cars of today can't come close to those muscle cars of the 60's and early 70's. They're just too tame.

So as I stood looking at this fine '64 Mustang, on display in a charity raffle at Stone Road Mall, I said to myself, "What the heck? Why not?" I bought a ticket.

A ticket for a dream of yesterday.