

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Keeping an eye on our east side

While the hearts and minds of many Halton Hills residents are focussed on opposing the proposed Acton Quarry dump, the Interim Waste Authority (IWA) quietly announced proposed landfill sites for the Metro Toronto area — 118 to be exact — and none in Halton.

So to many here, the announcement meant little, except possibly that with their own landfill sites, Metro may have no need for the proposed Acton dump. But three of those IWA sites are located on Halton Hills' east border, less than 20 kilometres from the heart of our town. The one kilometre impact zone surrounding the three dumps is, in fact, well inside Halton Hills.

Town council has been quietly monitoring developments with staff members appointed to study the proposed sites. And on Monday, two residents, Pam and Dave Soward came to council and the newspapers determined to alert residents to possible dangers, feeling there could be a possible detrimental impact on our environment here. To IWA's credit, they welcome the Sowards' involvement and encourage other citizens to become involved as well.

Public meetings are being held in Bolton, 10 McEwan Dr, Unit 48, 4-9 p.m. Tuesday, Aug. 4, and in Brampton, 2 Fisherman Dr., Suite 4, 4-9 p.m. August 6. People wanting information can call toll free 1-800-361-5448. It couldn't hurt to keep an eye on our east side.

Pay heed to warning

Dear editor:

On July 12 you carried a report of consultant Ray Simpson's warning that Halton needs strong planning policies to prevent the region from becoming like Mississauga and Peel. In the same issue Janet Baine reported on the Ontario Municipal Board hearing into a proposal to develop 62 acres at the edge of the Niagara Escarpment.

Surely one of the most important areas to be protected by town plans is this escarpment, which draws tourists and visitors to the region as well as providing natural parkland for Halton residents to enjoy. Housing developments will destroy our internationally - recognized escarpment.

Halton should pay heed to Simpson's warning and preserve the very features that attract people to the region in the first place.

Yours truly,
Gloria Hildebrandt

Letters

to the Editor

Invading privacy for protection

Dear editor:

When I joined the R.C.N.V.R. some 50 years ago I was finger printed along with everyone else who joined the armed forces. To this day I have never felt it was an invasion of my privacy.

With all the problems that our police have today, anything to help solve a crime is a step in the right direction. So far as I am concerned the sooner we invade the privacy of criminals the better.

Rod Pinkney

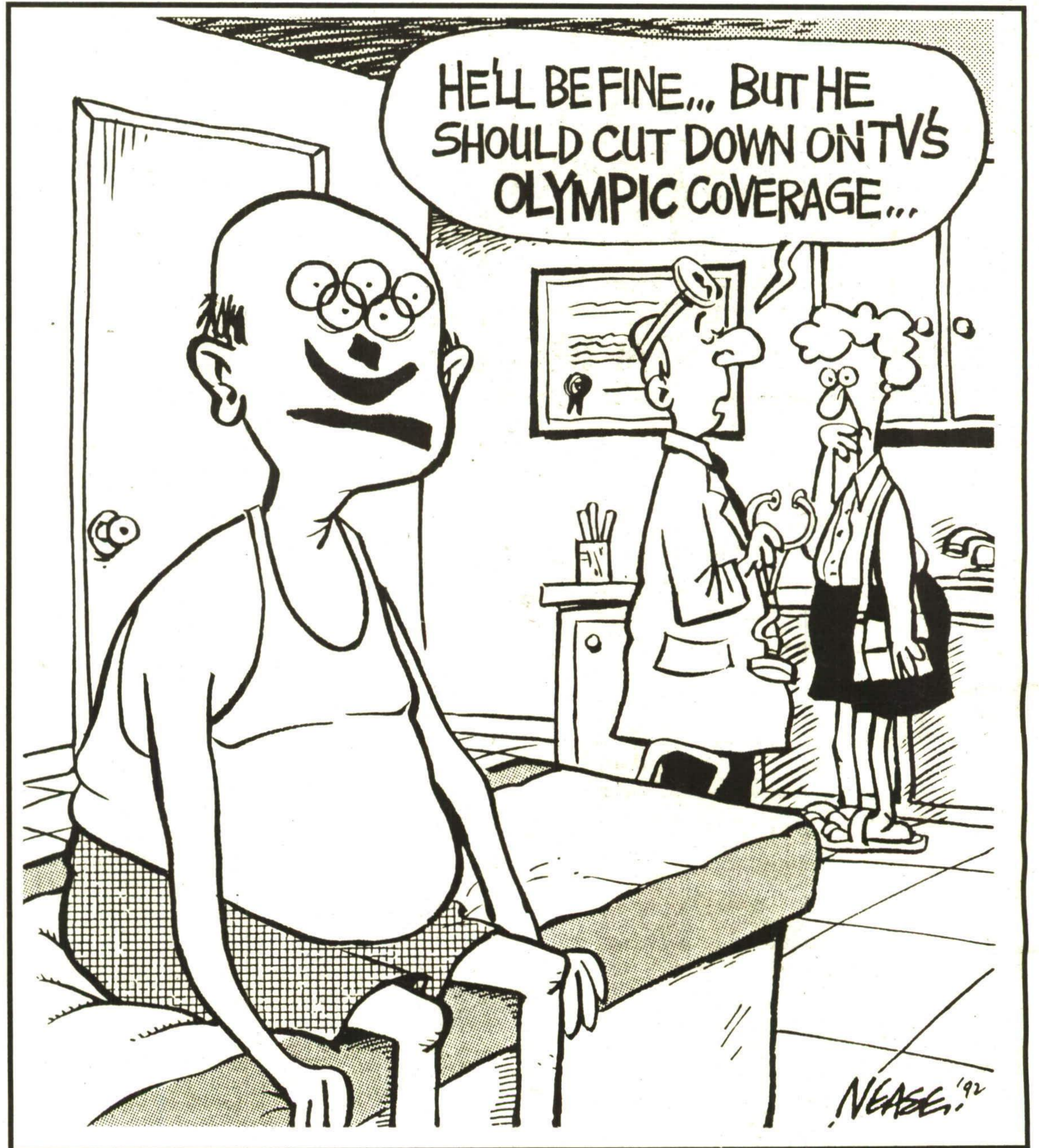
Keeping the world green

Dear editor:

Regarding the environment of Canada and of the world, may I suggest we do not sign an agreement if we really know some countries are really not ready to keep to what they sign. I have the feeling America is not as yet ready to cut down emissions of deadly gasses etc. Being our neighbor, may I suggest the Prime Minister keep his pen in his pocket. Maybe if Canada would let U.S.A. know we have seen the light; no more toying with our lifeline. At least this will make me feel better.

How about Canada using a very strong voice, stand up and be recognized by the whole world, we want a better world, a clean world. Those that do not agree - at least we will know who they are. Could they dare to disagree to having a healthy clean world. Time will tell.

Kathleen (Molly) Crowhurst



Whatever you do, don't misplace 'The Book'

It's always amazing how the well-oiled machine in a newsroom can be disrupted by the smallest of things.

Take last Monday. I had taken a call requesting news coverage of an event, and as usual, went to the desk to write it in "The Book."

Oh, excuse me. For those out there who aren't familiar with *The Book*, I should explain.

It's the one thing that keeps a newsroom operating and running on even keel; it's the lifeblood of a newspaper; it's the nerve center of the entire journalistic universe.

It's the day book we record all our upcoming assignments in.

Anyway, as I went over to the desk, to write in the assignment, I found *The Book* was not in its regular place.

Now occasionally, *The Book* is displaced to the editor's office, to make up assignment sheets, or write in upcoming events, so I wandered in that direction, in search of *The Book*.

"Have you seen the assignment book, Cynthia?" I asked as I derailed her train of thought.

"It's on my desk," she replied, "Somewhere under those papers." After rummaging through the papers, and still coming up "book-less" I returned to the office.

"Are you sure it's not in here?" I asked, "My eyesight must be failing; I can't see it on your desk."

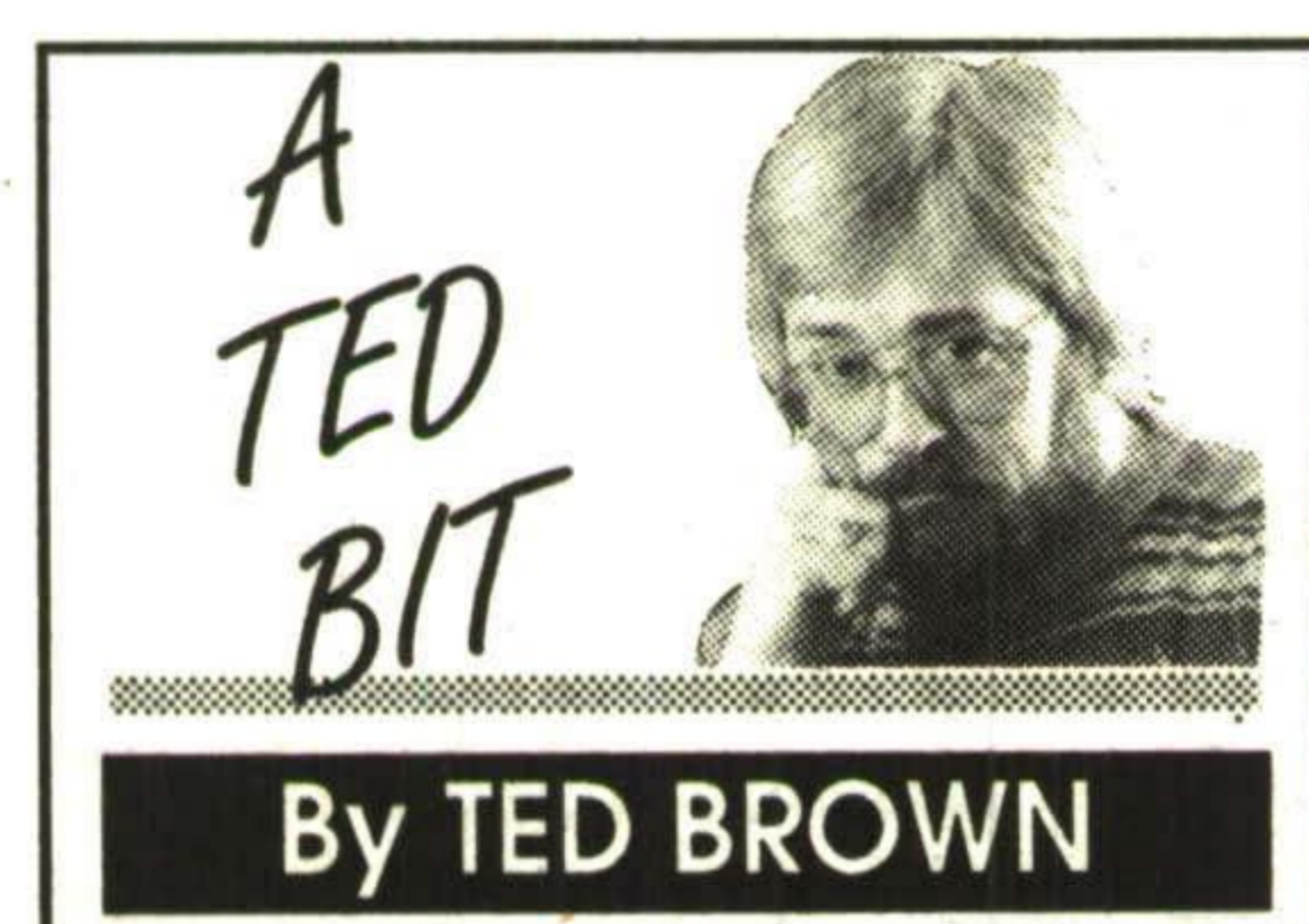
As Cynthia marched out to her desk mumbling something about "people who couldn't see it if it was right under their nose," other members of the newsroom suddenly became involved in the search.

Nothing. *The Book* was nowhere to be found.

A cold, nervous sweat broke out on all the staff.

"Maybe Wendy slipped it into her briefcase by mistake," someone suggested. (And, as luck would have it, Wendy was out of the office for the balance of the day.)

And a search of everyone's desk turned up nothing.



The newsroom was in a state of shock. Where was our beloved *Book* with all the upcoming events etched in the pages for eternity, complete with the names and telephone numbers of the contact persons at each assignment?

A cloud of gloom fell over the office, with editors and reporters looking nervously over their shoulders, feeling naked in the public eye. Without *The Book* we would surely shrivel up and be reduced to dust, because we wouldn't know where we were to go, today, tomorrow or next September.

Should we call in the police? Or seal off the building and conduct

body searches as all employees leave?

Should we panic? Suggestions of hiring a private investigator were met with disapproval. What would the public think, knowing we were so vulnerable without *The Book*?

So what should we do? After one and a half days of tearful reporters looking at the bare spot on the desk where *The Book* had once rested, someone suddenly noticed Editor Robin Incoe was on vacation.

"Vacation, eh?" sneered the rest of the editorial members. *The Book* was here last week, before he left.

After some discussion, it was decided to blame the disappearance of *The Book* on Robin. The next step was to phone him at home.

But who was to make that fateful call?

"I hate it when we have to call him at home," said Managing Editor Cynthia Gamble solemnly.

I agreed, saying it wasn't fair to disrupt his vacation. But Cynthia

was quick to correct me.

"Oh, I don't care about that," she shrugged. "It's just if we call him at home while he's on vacation, he thinks we can't operate without him."

I volunteered to make the call, and left a message on his answering machine, with the hopes he would be home before we self-destructed without *The Book*.

As I hung up the phone, and started to replace some files, I moved a bunch of papers from the desk where *The Book* once sat.

The clouds cleared over the office and the sun poured in through the windows, all was restored to the tranquility and security we once enjoyed.

There it sat, resting under a stack of old files; the object of our search.

The Book was back and the office returned to normal.

Now, has anyone seen that photo that came in a few days ago of the three ladies and a quilt with a green ribbon and.....