

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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It's our 'Turn'er

Today (Sunday) could prove to be an evolutionary step in the history of politicking, especially for the riding of Halton-Peel. This is the day Garth Turner, MP for this riding, takes a run for the leadership of the Progressive Conservative Party of Canada. If he wins, he would become our new Prime Minister.

But more importantly, Turner's campaign for leader could mark a turn in big party politicking. Like the gunslinger image he's known for, Turner has stuck to his guns, and maintained that reducing the deficit is his top priority. To emphasize his point he ran a pay-as-you-go campaign, relying on contributions and voluntary donations to finance his run, rather than get himself in debt. His theory: if he could manage a no deficit campaign, he could manage a no deficit country.

His feat, if accomplished, could encourage more non-politicians to take a chance on entering the democratic process and perhaps invigorating the current political scene.

Turner's chances of becoming Prime Minister today are slim, but the important fact is that he tried to become Prime Minister. Turner has been a politician for four years and in politician years that's a relative newcomer — so he's just like one of us. It should give people a sense of renewal that anyone can become Prime Minister; they don't need a lot of bucks behind them to do it.

They just need to try.

Burn it!

Dear editor:

As a Reformer interested in common sense government, the failure of this NDP government to address incineration as a method of handling our garbage problems is difficult to comprehend.

A brief discussion with Caledon regional councilman Richard Whitehead (who seems to have a firm grasp on all the facts and figures), revealed that incineration would appear to address all the problems created by the NDP's insistence on destroying our local environment with new landfill sites.

So last week, when I was in Brampton, I decided to have a look at Brampton's new incineration plant.

The first thing I discovered was that everyone knew there was one, but nobody knew where it was. I was looking for a large area with big two or three hundred foot smoke stacks.

Finally, after two or three phone calls, I found it - right in the heart of the Brampton industrial area.

Letters

to the Editor

And guess what? No enormous smoke stacks. No seagulls. No smell. And located on only 15 acres of land. Nice lawns out front. Looked like any of the other industrial plants next to it. The thousands of drivers who pass by it every day probably don't even know what it is.

I further understand that it produces electric power which is sold to Ontario Hydro. And that the fine ash it produces can be used to make asphalt for our roads. It apparently recycles virtually everything, not just part of the garbage as landfills do. There's no possibility of toxic chemicals leaching into the water table. And any toxic fumes emitted are considerably less than those produced by the cars that go by on Bramalea Road.

If there are negatives, I haven't been able to discover what they are.

Maybe landfills make more money for the government than incinerators do? If this is the case, perhaps it's time government got the message that they're working for us, not the other way around.

Dick MacDuffee,
Halton-Peel Reform Party
candidate

Women essays

Dear editor:

I am collecting essays or anecdotes from Canadian women which tell about the circumstances surrounding their most memorable laughs. In order to record more about this enjoyable and fun aspect of female lives, I need to hear about a large number of amusing to hilarious, personal laughter occasions.

If as hoped, the result is a book with cross-Canada representation, correspondents whose letter content is included, will receive acknowledgement (unless they request otherwise). I look forward to mail from your area; anyone interested, please write me:

Joyce Hibbert (Mrs.)
867 Pembroke Crescent
Kingston, Ontario



Talking about music can really date you

Sometimes during a conversation, I tend to date myself. Take earlier this week.

One of my co-workers, Perry Steel, was discussing a number of 'good old rock 'n roll' bands with me, and I happen to make the mistake of mentioning attending a dance at Georgetown High School, where rock vocalist David Clayton Thomas performed with a group called the Rogues. (I might add this was back in the days when high school dances featured live bands, instead of the disc jockeys of today.)

Anyway, I reminisced about watching David Clayton Thomas (now of Blood, Sweat and Tears fame) performing alongside a little guy who sang with the Rogues. His name was George Oliver.

"So who was George Oliver?" says Perry.

I was a little taken back, and

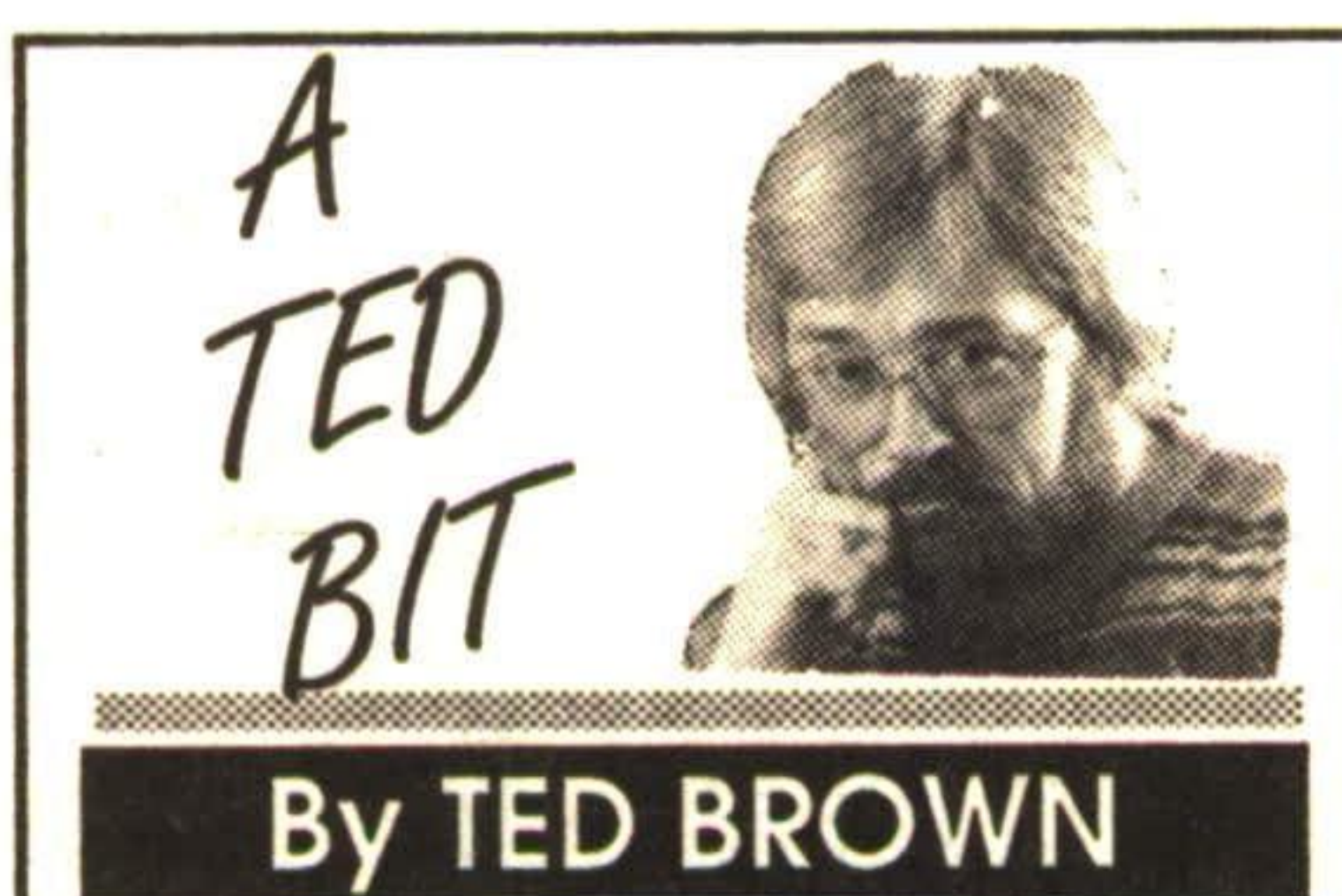
went on to tell Perry how the Rogues later changed their name to Mandella, and were a famous Toronto-based group.

"Gawd Ted, Mandella?" he grinned, "Now that's going a waaaay back. I wasn't very old when they were around. I guess you're just that much older than me."

Well at least he'd heard of the group's name before.

There were other concerts. Memories of Gordon Lightfoot on stage at GDHS with Red Shea playing lead guitar and John Stockfish on bass went through my mind. I was in Grade 10 at the time, and was thoroughly impressed with Lightfoot visiting my school for a concert. In later years, I regularly made the spring trek down to Massey Hall in Toronto to see Lightfoot when he played his annual mid-March concert series.

The conversation continued.



"You know Ted," Perry went on, "I always laugh when I run into young kids who tell me they enjoy 'the old stuff' by groups like Max Webster. They just can't believe it when I tell them I used to attend school concerts where Max Webster opened for Rush at John F. Ross High School, in Guelph."

I didn't bother to tell Perry how I was sure both Max Webster and Rush were in their heyday around the year I got married.

The discussion carried on as I

told Perry of attending a rock concert at Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto to hear a British group by the name of The Small Faces perform. The lead singer of that group was someone by the name of Rod Stewart, and he performed a new song, called Maggie May.

I reminisced further.

"I think the concert that made the greatest impression on me was at Massey Hall," I continued, "Back in December of 1970, I bought tickets to see a young upcoming folk artist who called himself James Taylor.

"Course that was back in the days when he still had a full head of hair."

I was pleased Perry knew who James Taylor was.

I told of the informal concert with Taylor singing such favorites as Fire and Rain, and Sweet Baby James in the near perfect acoustics of the old

Massey Hall.

"Yep," I continued, "It was really neat, because at the end of the concert, he introduced his band. A young girl with long flowing hair sat playing the piano. She was someone by the name of Carole King, and had written a bunch of songs for other singing artists."

"That was the same Carole King who's famous today?" asked Perry.

"Yep, sure was," I replied, "And shortly after that, she released a new album, called Tapestry, which was pretty successful in its day."

At that point, I made my greatest mistake of the conversation, and dated myself horribly.

"Tapestry was a great album," said Perry. "As a matter of fact, I still have it at home."

"Yeah, me too," I replied. "Only problem, mine is on eight track."