

LETTERS

Libertarian says views muzzled

Dear Editor,

The Halton Hills Chamber of Commerce has invited various parties to discuss the socialist Labor Relations Act on June 30. Parties invited are: NDP, PC, Liberal, Ontario Chamber, Federation of Labor and the Federation of Independent Business.

Just for the record, the Libertarian Party has asked on several occasions to be 'allowed' to speak to the chamber. Turned down, of course.

Look at the last election — minority parties picked up about 7 per cent of the vote while our masters, the NDP, were elected on a 25 per cent vote. Of course, the politics of the executive of the

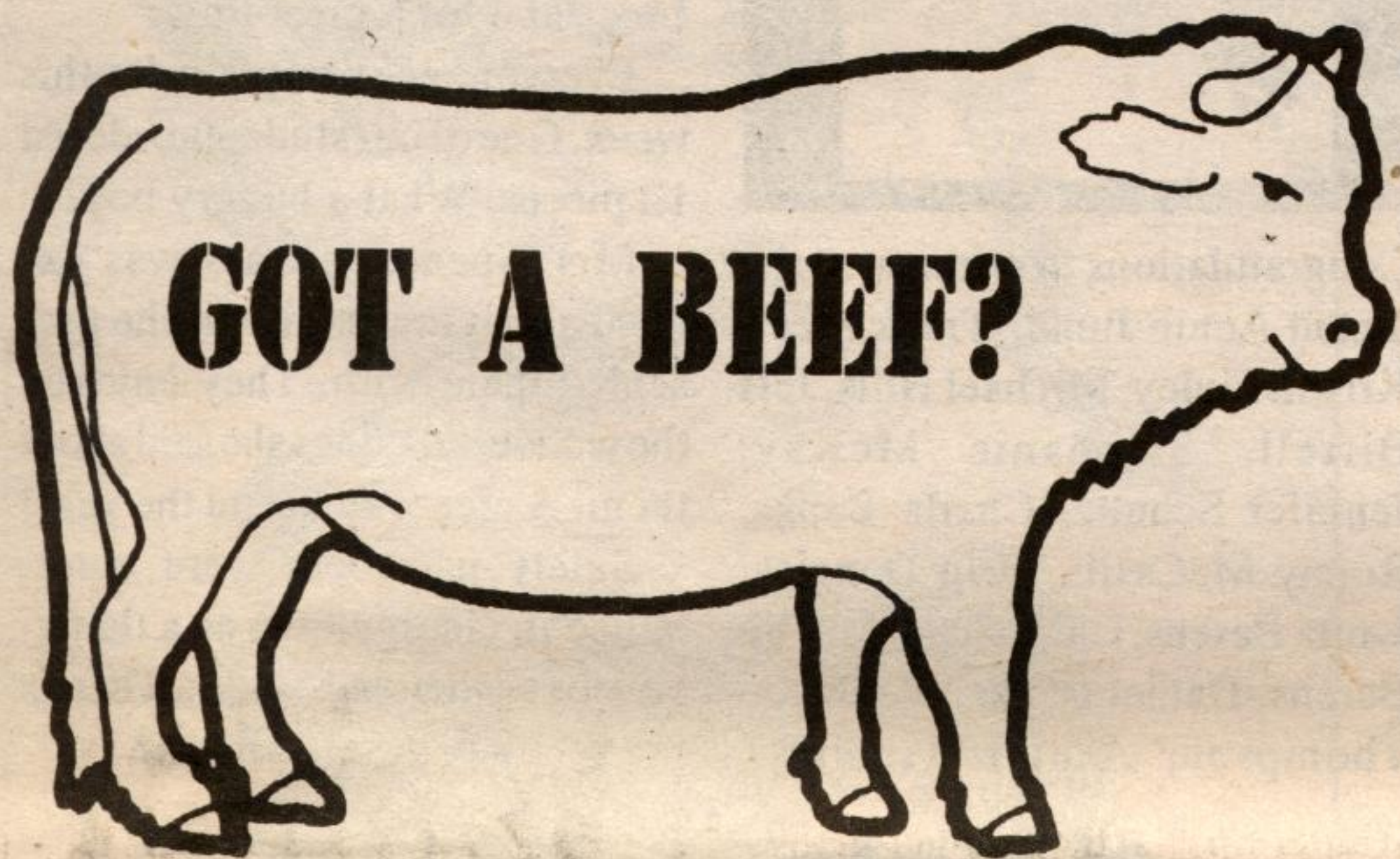
Chamber members may have something to do with this. Funny thing, I was president of the Chamber and did not have the problem.

The joys of GST go marching on. This week, I found out that my house insurance had gone up. Do not blame the insurance people — blame the GST, old Garth's pride and joy. Why? Let us assume you own a house worth \$100,000. Prior to Garth's folly, you insured for that amount. Now, thanks to Garth and his merry men, if your \$100,000 property burns down, it will cost \$100,000 plus GST, or \$107,000. So, you now have to cover \$107,000, even though no transaction has taken place.

Thanks, Garth. We really love your GST. Should write a song about the benefits of GST.

Thanks,
John Shadbolt,
Deputy Leader,
Ontario Libertarian Party

P.S. Does "G" in GST stand for Garth, "S" for special and "T" for tax — Garth's Special Tax?



Write a Letter to the Editor. All letters must be signed.

HEY!

Are our political leaders doing enough to save our environment?



"No. When it comes to money versus the environment, our environment will always come second. That's politics. I do worry about my son's generation."

WENDY HOLMES
Rosemary Road, Acton

"No. Things seem to be getting better, but there has to be more of an effort, especially from the industrial sector. There has to be more recycling."

JIM HAGGETT
Churchill Road, Acton



"No. They have to go after big business. You can't even swim in Lake Ontario any more without getting an infection."

ANGELA YAWORSKI
Kingham Road, Acton

"I don't get into political issues very much, but I'm quite contented living here in town. There really is pollution everywhere, though."

VICTOR DYKE
Willow Street, Acton



Old time shennanigans at Henderson's Pond

You won't find Henderson's Pond on a map of Acton; it exists only in memory.

On a pilgrimage last week trying to retrace a childhood path to the Old Swimming Hole, I fell twice crossing the school creek and lost a shoe that floated six feet before I could retrieve it. Language! Language! Sometimes, it's a mistake to back-pedal down Memory Lane.

However, puffing and panting, I did locate the site of the old dam, where one devilish summer afternoon, my chums and I frolicked in the buff. Until hours after, I failed to realize that we four gleeful 12-year-olds were in plain view of Mason Knitting's wide windows. For weeks, I lived with the cold nightmare of seeing the village constable Bob McPherson at our modest front door.

The escapade was sparked by a "dare" from a reckless companion after we had paddled for the first time across the pond to the dam. Triumphant at our feat, we were ripe for hellery. We wriggled out of our swimming togs in the water, experiencing for the first (and for me) the last time, the bliss of swimming in the nude. Another dare speeded us to the dam where we sported like water babies on the slippery concrete. Weeks of worry cured me of swimming starkers. It was my initial brush with a kink of human nature; sin first and worry later.

Continuing my back-when pilgrimage, I reached Alice Street which must have formed part of the grassy shoreline to the pond. At the edge of the Raymond Thornhill property, the owner pointed to the site of a huge old elm, now only a memory. That tree was a vital part of Henderson pond scenery, as it served as partial shelter for kids dressing and

undressing in the shade. It was also a popular lovers' rendezvous in the mosquito-riddled nights of summer.

Crossing to the Hydro building, I looked long and longingly at the work yard, now filled with machinery instead of young splashing bodies in love with life and summer.

If it had been the old days, I would have been standing in waist-high water, approaching a long concrete slab known to all would-be splashers as First Path. To the left and farther out, First Log was the next milestone for aquatic daredevils whose ultimate goal was deep water below the dam. It was a proud day when dog-paddlers reached Second Log at the half-way mark. From Third Log, the very brave struck out for the final stop. Often it took kids all summer to complete the route but, each try after, the marathon became easier. Nothing in later years brought more pride than being able to boast: "We made it across."

Swimming lessons for the average youngster were unheard of, although a few of us learned the basics of the breast-stroke from Mrs. Cora Mason, wife of Acton's first mayor. None of our water-mad gang had ever heard of the Crawl. Many years later, when we graduated to Fairy Lake after our swimming hole was drained, we attempted the Australian Crawl, with indifferent success.

Swim suits? Ha. How today's sophisticated young would chortle in disbelief if they could picture

what earlier generations wore to Henderson's Pond. Old cotton dresses modestly pinned were favoured by girls, while their brothers sported tattered pants or nothing at all, the latter style after dusk.

To own a "boughten" bathing suit was a status symbol much coveted. With berry-picking pennies, I bought my first suit for a quarter. It was navy cotton jersey, piped with red, reaching to my knobby, 13-year-old knees. The damned thing floated around my lean frame, but I loved it.

When swimming palled, rival gangs built terrible leaky rafts and engaged in ferocious mud fights, far out in murky water near the railway tracks. On the day of my Confirmation, I sneaked down to the pond, from which I was hauled out in disgrace at six o'clock, mud splattered and hot with battle fury. Our gang had spent the afternoon beating off the attacks on our craft by a mob of boy bullies. We won, which compensated for the walloping I got while being dressed for the 7:00 pm Confirmation service. I remember the saintly old bishop, who accompanied the laying-on of hands with personal words to the candidates. Laying his hand on my veil, from which wet bangs sprouted, he murmured smilingly: "With a name like yours, it should be easy to be good." Little the Bishop knew!

For the kids of my generation, Henderson's Pond in the summer was a haven, a glorious expanse of fun, adventure and wonderment. How lucky we were! ■



PETUNIA PATCH

With Esther Taylor

Field of dreams

The Acton Minor Softball Association would like to thank our many, dedicated volunteers for hours of assistance in helping to make a dream into a reality. The new batting cage (located in Prospect Park) cost a total of \$35,000.

Thanks to the Acton Lions Club for their \$7,500 donation; most of the money was raised selling draw tickets and in running bingos.

Thanks also to Glen Pembleton of Skyking for the use of the scissorlift, to James Dick for donating cement, to Tim Price and again the Lions and friends for hours of assistance. As well, our appreciation to the many parents who helped by running bingos in support of this special project.

We know that the youth of Acton will enjoy this facility for years to come and will play their part in keeping it in top shape.

Sincerely,
Cornelia Turpin, President

LETTERS

Ethel Gardiner bids adieu

Dear People of Acton:

For the past 18 years, it has been my pleasure to teach in the Acton community. Special Education is so aptly named! Indeed, the children I have taught were all special, so much so that I don't think I have forgotten a single one. It may take me a while to put a name to a face these days when former students drop in to visit; some of my kids are now 28 - 30 years old. (I, on the other hand, have not aged one bit!)

I have accepted a position teaching a Special Education class at Centennial Middle School in Georgetown. It certainly will be a

new challenge and a new learning experience for me. It took a long time for me to reach the decision to move, because it's difficult to leave the special kids, parents, friends and colleagues in Acton. It's so hard for me to break those ties — but I am focussing on the future and the excitement of trying new things.

For the students who are currently at Robert Little — I will truly miss you. To all those I have taught over the years, I often smile when I think of you and the time we shared together. Thank you all for giving me so much pleasure.

My undying gratitude goes out to the parents of this community. Your support, cooperation and friendship have been treasured. As a teacher, I have been truly blessed by such positive relationships. It definitely was "Worth the drive to Acton."

Sincerely,
Ethel Gardiner,
Robert Little Public School