

WORD'S WORTH

With Eric Balkind



X marks the spot — *I think!*

Received yet another of those instant 'scratch and win' tickets in the mail the other day. You know the type of thing I mean; scratch three Xs and you're a big winner. I was just about to chuck it in the usual, round file when some devilish sense stopped me. What the H—, I thought, I could win just as easily as anyone else so — you just know what I did.

There were some 16 possibilities on that ticket but I turned up an X on the first attempt and followed it promptly with a second. Wow! One more X and I'm a winner — where should I scratch? That's a big decision to make when there's a goodly prize in the offing. I dickered, but finally I chose bottom corner, far left and lo and behold, another winner. My fortune was changing right there in front of my very own eyes; visions of a new existence and future grandeur floated before me. Lady Luck was dancing for me this time round.

Just then, my eye caught the ominous warning printed bold, bottom right. It read as follows: This ticket invalid if more than three spots scratched. "That's as it should be", whispered that moral, little Englishman inside my head, "cheaters never prosper." But then, that miniscule, character flaw that I try so hard to hide began to exert an influence. I just couldn't help myself and, before I knew it I had scratched another, and another, and another and yet another.

Before you could say "Bob's your uncle", I had scratched no less than 16 spaces and I came up with exactly 16 Xs. It appeared that with this ticket I was meant to be a winner no matter what. Alarm bells began to sound. Perhaps it wasn't such a lucky day! Perhaps corporate largesse wasn't on my side and I would not have received that which I had so richly deserved for lo, these many years of earthly suffering.

What a cruelty it is when one's rejoicing and celebration is cut short; mine had lasted for all of 12 seconds — until I woke to that miserable truth that P.T. Barnum knew so well when he said, "There's a sucker born every minute." I didn't look in the bathroom mirror for the rest of the day! Later, when I went around to Mr. Mugs for a coffee, I didn't walk — I slunk.

Right now, I'm operating in the research mode, which is to say that I'm collecting examples of all those various come-on competitions and invitations that arrive daily and unsolicited at my home. I'm going to do a comparison of sorts; with any luck I'll save the world (or maybe just myself) from the continuous onslaught of 'Come on' advertising which threatens our very existence. I think I'm going to be junk mail's Mr. Clean. I'll have to get back to you on this one.

Wit & Wisdom

A bricklayer's lament

What can we say for the poor fellow who is said to have handed this letter to his employer?

... I needed to lift some bricks so I rigged a pulley at the top of the building and hoisted up some barrels of bricks. When I was finished there were extra bricks left so I hoisted the barrel back up again and secured the line at the bottom. I then filled the barrel with bricks and climbed down and cast off the line.

Unfortunately, the barrel of bricks was heavier than I was and, before I knew what happened, the barrel started down, jerking me off the ground. I hung on and halfway up I met the barrel coming down and received a severe blow to my shoulder. I then continued to the top, thus banging my head against the beam. In the meantime, the barrel hit the ground and the bricks spilled out. I was now heavier than the barrel.

Halfway down, I met the barrel coming up and this resulted in severe injuries to my shins. When I hit bottom I landed on the bricks. At this point, I think I lost my presence of mind because I let go of the line and the barrel started down again... I respectfully request sick leave.



LETTERS

Speak up, Premier Bob

Premier Bob Rae

Queen's Park

Dear Mr. Premier:

On behalf of the Town of Halton Hills, I am urging you to petition your Government to reconsider implementation of Bill 40, Amendments to the Ontario Labour Relations act.

The proposed amendments will severely limit our ability to maintain public safety as prescribed by the Municipal Act. Prohibiting the use of replacement employees will leave our streets in disrepair or unplowed in winter, thus causing concern for public safety.

Amendments requiring disclosure of employee names and addresses directly contravene the Freedom of Information and Privacy Act. In addition, the proposed amendments will cripple the businesses that contribute to our tax base. The investors we so desperately need will not invest in a province where management's rights are less than those of labour.

In conclusion, the proposed amendments are detrimental to public safety, the economy and the general co-operative relationship that exists between labour and management. Your government can restore the faith that we have in our Province by reconsidering the implementation of Bill 40.

I urge you, the Minister of Labour, and your government to stop the implementation of Bill 40.

Yours sincerely,
Russell T. Miller
Mayor

Does Someone You Know Deserve A Pat On The Back?

Write a letter to the editor!

How About A Slap On The Wrist?

Got it down and send it in ...

Acton... forgotten?

To the editor:

I've been waiting with great anticipation for the Halton Hills Parks and Recreation Fall/Winter program book to arrive. What a disappointment! So many programs offered... so few in Acton! I should have known by now, if you want to do or learn anything in your leisure time, you have to go to Georgetown. This also goes for the Halton and Separate School Board programs; they all seem to run in Georgetown, Milton, Oakville or Burlington.

Do we not have any talented people in Acton that could run a class? I'm sure there are many people that feel the same way I do. I don't want to drive out of town to

a class and shouldn't have to. But that always seems to be the way.

Years ago, there used to be classes offered at Acton High School. Someone told me that was before Georgetown and Acton became Halton Hills. Does this mean that Georgetown got the better end of the deal when the two towns were combined? Sounds like it!

Maybe I chose the wrong town to raise my children in. Erin's much smaller than Acton, yet they offer a wide variety of children's and adult's classes. Why don't we?

Signed
An Acton resident
(Name withheld by request)

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