

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

What's another \$2 million?

Halton Hills Council should feel they are in sort of a bind since they found out bids for twinning the Alcott arena in Georgetown came in over \$1 million over budget. Add consulting fees and other costs and that brings the \$4.1 million project almost \$2 million over budget.

This is the same council that thought half-a-million dollars to renovate the old Acton arena was a waste of money, although it would probably have lasted another 50 years. However, they were not fazed by the \$1 million overrun or the possible overrun on the new leisure centre in Georgetown. They are looking for cost savings from four bidders the bill isn't as high.

Acton Councillor Norm Elliott questioned if they could afford both projects. "Council has to pay the freight for the entire operation of the community and I think this council has to sit down once the numbers are in," a reasonable suggestion.

His comments were lost as council decided to go ahead with the arena project by cutting cosmetic and relatively minor cost-cutting charges.

Their attitude has certainly changed since they tore down Acton's old arena. We're not suggesting the arena project should not go ahead. We are suggesting that geography has a lot to do with their decision.

So who let the dog out?

Prime Minister Jean Chretien, of course, by pulling an early election out of his bag of tricks last Sunday. No one should really be surprised. He slyly let the cat out of the bag earlier in the week and had hinted at the fact he might call an early trip to the polls over the last few weeks.

But no one, or hardly anyone, believed he'd have the nerve to call a fall election when he and his government were only three and a half years into their second term.

But he did. And there is.

And it kind of takes the steam out of the municipal elections which are only a scant two weeks away. And they should be our first concern.

There are contests in Halton Hills for the mayor's post, regional council, local councillors, Catholic school board and for the first time in history we'll be electing a regional chair.

We all know there's really not a good reason for a federal election. Local, yes, after all we have one every three years. But a trip to the federal polls, why? There's a majority government and the Liberals stole a lot of Stockwell Day's Alliance thunder with promises of big tax cuts.

Some have accused the Prime Minister of vanity, the desire to carve a name for himself in the history books, with a "threepeat." Personally, we favour another reason for the early call—the fact the small conservative vote of the country is in disarray. With the Canadian Alliance making large inroads into the traditional Tory vote, it gives little time for Joe Clark and his party to regroup and recapture bastions of strength they once had all over Canada.

So whether you're fed up with the Liberals or not, you can show your disfavour or approbation at the ballot box on November 27th. That's where the real test is. But there's a nagging suspicion that some staunch Liberals will be voting while holding their noses.



FALL FUN: A warm, sunny Saturday in October provided the perfect setting for these three to have hours of old fashioned fun playing in the leaves. Left to right, Matthew Rochester, 9, Andrea Ramsey, 9 and Megan Rusisi, 7. — Angela Tyler photo

Revving up for a reunion

BY ANGELA TYLER
The New Tanner

Tuesday night just before 6 p.m., I was driving over to Acton High School for a meeting. A meeting to 'brain storm' for the upcoming 25th anniversary of the 'new' school.

Two weeks prior to this I had received a phone call from the current Principal at the school. He asked me to attend the meeting along with some other alumni and former staff. For two weeks I tried to think of ideas for a reunion, however nothing exciting came to mind. To me, I was too young to have thoughts of reunions.

Then at the stop sign at Wallace Street and McDonald Blvd my first Acton High School memory reappeared. It wasn't of me or any of my schooling. It was of my cousin Javette.

It was the summer of 1977, just before the school was about to open. My cousin had travelled from Phoenix with her dad. My sister was to attend the new school that fall. There we were, the three of us walking up to Acton High School to check it out, Tracey and Javette ahead and me tagging along behind. In my head I can still see Javette, the cool American cousin. She was wearing white, painter pants with a black, wide tooth

comb in the painter brush pocket and a Farrah Fawcett hair cut. I would have given anything to have a pair of painter pants back then.

Tuesday, we were to meet in the foyer of the school. By the time I got there, most of the others had arrived. When I walked through the front doors, in my head I was emotionally in high school again. There was my grade nine history teacher, the school librarian, my math teacher and my geography teacher. My math teacher hollered out to me, "Hi Tracey." I looked at him blankly and said, "Angela. Right family, wrong sister." Yep, just like high school all over again.

During an informal dinner before the 'brain storming' it was hard for me not to stare. I wasn't trying to be rude but surrounding me were people that helped, taught and guided me through five years of my life. We were all a little older. Some had put on a few pounds, some lost a little hair, but they really hadn't changed.

Many of them aren't teachers any more. Some have retired. One sells real estate. My sister told me about another one who is in quite a few television commercials. It's really odd because even if they have changed occupations or if I now know them as acquaintances, and soon as you go

through those front doors of the school, they quickly revert back to being the teacher.

Their teaching skills and background really shone during the idea session. Equipped with pens and schedule planners (I carried my cell phone and gum) we headed off into little mini groups. The former staff spearheaded (thankfully) and began jotting down and itemizing reunion ideas with little asides and any extra pertinent information. I was busy staring at the library. It had the same orange carpet and orange doors it did years ago. The study room has been changed into a computer looking classroom. The books were lined up on the shelves at the back. They were the same shelves Dawn Hilton and I sat on the floor, hiding behind them painting our finger nails one day years ago. These were the tables that Megan, Maria, Dawn, Susan and I would sit at every afternoon trying to study, but instead talking about all the things that teens do. It was hard for me to focus on the task at hand. I felt like I just got an incomplete for not doing my homework.

Forty-five minutes later each group spokesperson was reviewing their ideas with the other groups. There were the typical, or what I assume is the typical reunion ideas.

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Distributed to every home in Acton and area as well as adjoining communities.

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