

Well, you can't say it hasn't been a hummer of a summer, with all those bright hot days beckoning everybody to the golf course and the beach.

Why is it then, that when I go into the local delicatessen to pick up a bit of grubbery, there are 44 women ahead of me, waving their numbered cards, pushing, jostling, pointing at six kinds of cold meat, and shouting: "A little of that, cut real thin. Half a pound of that, in one-pound chunks. Three-quarter pounds of the potato salad, no more, it makes me fat; two pounds of the pickled beans—well, no—well, OK, I'll have only a spoonful!"

Who's at the beach? Who's at the golf course? Well, I know who's at the beach. The cops, I took the boys out for a swim one blazing afternoon, found what I thought was a fairly legal spot, even

though it said "No Parking" and it cost me 10 bucks. Why aren't our boys in blue out chasing motorcycle gangs, instead of hanging tickets on dotting (doty?) grandfathers? I guess it's fairly simple. They're not going to be beaten up by the odd grandfather.

Who's at the golf course? I don't know. I'm not going to thump around on my tin foot checking what idiots are hitting or missing a little white sphere when the temperature and humidity are up around 100 degrees. F that is.

Just to add to my summer fun is a busted

A hummer of a summer!

by
Bill
Smiley



cardrum that isn't healing. But even that has advantages. If I push my finger into my good ear, I can't hear a word my wife is saying. It drives her woolly, because

I've been pretending for years that I was getting deaf when she went into a tirade.

"Why haven't you trimmed the hedge?" Eh? swept the ledge? "Why don't you get the grass cut?" "Watch your language, lady." "Why aren't you useful about the house, like other husbands?" "Eh, I wouldn't be seen dead in a Mother Hubbard?"

Just to add to my summer fun, my English staff has disintegrated, in almost one swell foop. One lady, an outstanding teacher, has become sick of the system, pulled out and started her own business. Another has gone on half-time, so he can write poetry. Two others are knocked out for some time with heart trouble. Another has been having a baby, with six months leave. Her kid will be ready for Day-Care by the time she gets back.

I'll probably wind up with a couple of jocks who don't know the difference between "I seen the both of them," and "The whole team wore gloves on its right hand," or "Shakespeare wrote in longhand because the typewriter was not yet invented."

However, as summer wanes, don't think we haven't had a swell time.

My wife took a music course, driving 60 miles a day to do it. I had some nice trips, too. To the beach—\$10. Eight miles.

We talk vaguely about going to Stratford or the Shaw Festival, and wind up watching a re-run of "Dallas."

I sit in the backyard trying to get inspiration from the trees and all I can see is dust, and all I can hear is bulldozers.

Speaking of dust, that's all you'll be able

to see of me, even if it's only snow-dust, come Dec. 31.

And I'm sure you had a lovely summer, too, with all those relatives dropping in, just at meal-time.

You're having two slices of ham and a tomato, and a big bowl of canned soup, and a whole carload of friends whom you invited to drop in, six years ago, arrive at the door, friendly as all get out and hungry as hell.

No, no, they wouldn't think of staying for lunch. It would be an imposition, which it is. Half an hour later, they've drunk all your beer, commented on your "lovely" house, and downed the canned ham you were saving for an emergency, gobbled the fresh corn you were saving for supper, and cleaned up your fresh green beans.

You don't even know whether the guy's name is Rob or Rod, or whether the woman's name is Myrtle or Marg. You just sit there in the debris, not caring, and hating their kids for breaking a branch off your lilac tree.

Summers, on the whole, though, are therapeutic. They make you realize how horrible winter is in this country. They make you realize you are too fat and blowy, and that, next winter, you're going to ski and walk in the snow, and not be such a slob, eating pig food and lying around like a eunuch or a harem member.

And, of course, when winter comes, you realize that you must keep up your strength by eating lots of carbohydrates to beat the cold, and watching TV "to keep up with things," and that next summer you're going to exercise and get fit and brown by running down in the car to the supermarket, and jogging all the way from the car to the house with the groceries, and striding angrily across to the boy who cuts your lawn and demanding why he hasn't cut it.

THE CORPORATION OF THE TOWN OF HALTON HILLS

NOTICE TO ELECTORS POSTING OF PRELIMINARY LIST OF ELECTORS — WARD 2

NOTICE is hereby given that a list of persons entitled to vote at the election to fill the vacancy in the Office of Area Councillor, Ward 2 will be posted on September 27th, 1983 in the Office of the Clerk-Administrator, Municipal Administration Building, Trafalgar Road (Halton Road No. 3) for inspection.

A copy of the Preliminary List of Electors will also be posted at the following locations:

Ward 1
(former Town of Acton)

Municipal Office
40 Mill Street East
Acton, Ontario

Public Library
17 River Street
Acton, Ontario

Post Office
53 Bower Avenue
Acton, Ontario

Ward 2
(former Township of Esqueping)

Hornby Post Office
Limehouse Post Office
Norval Post Office

Wards 3 and 4
(former Town of Georgetown)

Municipal Office (Treasury)
38 Main Street South
Georgetown, Ontario

Post Office
112 Guelph Street
Georgetown, Ontario

Halton Hills Library and Cultural Centre
9 Church Street
Georgetown, Ontario

Electors are requested to examine the List to ensure that their names and the relevant information is correctly shown therein.

Attention is drawn to the necessity to complete the required form, available at the Office of the Clerk Administrator and Returning Officer at the Municipal Administration Building Trafalgar Road (Halton Road No. 3) commencing on Tuesday, September 27th, 1983 through to Wednesday, October 5th, 1983 from 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. excluding Saturdays and Sundays.

The last date for filing forms requesting additions, corrections or deletions from the List will be Wednesday, October 5th, 1983 at 4:30 p.m. Dated this 21st day of September, 1983.

K.R. Richardson, A.M.C.T.,
Clerk Administrator and
Returning Officer
Town of Halton Hills
38 Main Street South
Halton Hills (GEORGETOWN)
Ontario
L7G 4X1

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THE CORPORATION OF THE TOWN OF HALTON HILLS

NOMINATION NOTICE

ELECTION TO FILL THE VACANCY OF THE OFFICE OF AREA COUNCILLOR WARD 2

TAKE NOTICE THAT nominations on the proper form will be received by the Returning Officer at the Municipal Administration Building, on Trafalgar Road (Halton Road No. 3) for Area Councillor Ward 2 for a term which expires on November 30th, 1985.

Such nomination paper shall be filed during the period commencing on:

Thursday, September 29th, 1983 and Friday, September 30th, 1983 between the hours of 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.

Monday, October 3rd, 1983 between the hours of 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Candidates are required to submit nominations on the prescribed form only. Information relative to nomination forms and Municipal Ward may be obtained from the Returning Officer for the Town of Halton Hills, Municipal Administration Building, Trafalgar Road (Halton Road No. 3) between the hours of 8:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. Monday to Friday.

The name and address of candidates nominated will be posted at the Municipal Administration Building, Trafalgar Road (Halton Road No. 3).

If more than one candidate is nominated for the Office of Area Councillor Ward 2, an election will be held on Monday, October 24th, 1983.

Dated this 21st day of September, 1983.

K.R. Richardson, A.M.C.T.,
Returning Officer,
Town of Halton Hills,
38 Main Street South,
Halton Hills (GEORGETOWN)
Ontario
L7G 4X1

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NEW YORK STRIPLIN	20.125 lb/4.4 oz. *18.80 cost per portion	99¢ each
NEW YORK STRIPLIN	10.225 lb/8 oz. *18.00 cost per portion	190 each
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