

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Editor: Robin Incoe

Managing Editor: Cynthia Gamble

Staff Writers: Stuart Johnston, Janet Balne,

Photography: Ted Brown

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National Representative: Dal Browne (493-1300)

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CIRCULATION/SUBSCRIPTIONS - 873-0301

Director of Distribution: Ian McAllister

Circulation Manager: Nancy Geisler

Mailing Address: 211 ARMSTRONG AVE. GEORGETOWN, ONT. 873-0301 L7G 4X5

Spend wisely

Dear editor:

Regarding your article in the Halton Hills Weekend, April 5, re "one-stop-shopping centre" for social services that Bev McKee is promoting for Georgetown, 50,000 incest survivors in Halton? Halton Hills has a population of about 30,000! Come on! Are we being asked to fund a resource centre not only for Halton Hills, but also for Milton, Oakville and even Burlington, who have their own social services in place?

While the intent to provide good services is very commendable, it seems unbelievable that Mayor Russ Miller and councillors support an additional service when these already exist, such as the library, the Distress and Information Centre, the Public Health Nurse, Family Guidance Counselling etc. These services get less and less funding and rely heavily on volunteers who do an admirable job providing support where needed. The Drug Abuse Centre had to close its doors for lack of funding and the library had to cut its hours of operation due to funding cuts.

Let's hope Mayor Russ Miller and his councillors do not succumb

Letters

to the Editor

to catchy phrases and use our tax dollars wisely and effectively.

Yours truly,
B. Hassenbach,
Acton

Mom thanks Cancer Society

Dear editor:

It's Cancer Month and many thank yous are due.

Our three-and-a-half year old son, Matthew, completed a year of treatment for neuroblastoma at the end of last September. Matthew is well and busy enjoying nursery school and swimming lessons.

Family and friends were very supportive during this very trying time. Unexpected dashes to the Hospital for Sick Children with

fevers, long treatment stays and four weeks of daily visits to the Regional Cancer Centre at Sunnybrook Hospital for radiation treatments kept a large network of people hopping.

Very special thanks to the new friends we have made through the Acton Unit of the Canadian Cancer Society. Their instant acceptance, understanding and support made life so much easier for our family.

What would we have done without the volunteer drivers that took Matthew and me back and forth to Toronto? Thank you to Jim Gibson, Ivan Kilby, Susan Kuechler, Ian McGillvray, Hugh O'Rourke, Harold Swallow, Frank Van Wick and Rene, Tom and Mary Watson. As well a special thank you to Pat Lane for coordinating all these wonderful folks.

To Susan Kuechler in patient services and all the other cancer society volunteers and members of our community who do everything from fundraising to offering prayers for Matthew's recovery, we thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

Please give to the Canadian Cancer Society. It makes a difference!

Marilyn Forster-LoTurco,
Acton

Sunday shopping

The bell has sounded on yet another round in the Sunday shopping battle.

While the major retailers are redoubling their efforts to change the Sunday shopping law, before the release of the Ontario budget Thursday, the NDP government remains fast in its corner -- against wide-open shopping.

However the constant pummelling seems to have been causing the NDP to waver a bit. While Treasurer Floyd Laughren states emphatically the budget will contain no reference to the issue, he no longer offers a resolute 'no' to changing the law.

He has been quoted as saying this past week "any government that doesn't keep an eye on (support for Sunday shopping) and listen to it very carefully, I think just wouldn't be doing its job."

While we agree with this statement, we must add a government isn't doing its job, if it also doesn't act on what it hears. The clamor of cheers for Sunday shopping grows louder -- not only from the large retail stores, the municipalities straddling the U.S. border, and Metro Toronto, but also from a growing number of the previous silent citizens.

Yes, Sunday shopping, whether the law is changed or not, will always be a bone of contention. But as the recession drags on, it becomes less an issue of choice and more an issue of economic survival.

Quoting Douglas Lawson, vice-chairman of Woolworth and Kinney which represents over 15,000 employees -- the latest retail chains to call for Sunday shopping: "In the face of a recession that has ravaged the economy in general and the retail sector in particular, and in response to growing employee concern and customer requests ... and in view of the cross border shopping problem, we believe that Ontario can no longer afford to ignore the benefits of Sunday shopping."



My quest for the perfect '42 regular'

I experienced an exercise in frustration recently. I went searching for a new spring jacket.

I didn't think I was asking for much; just an ordinary light jacket to bridge the gap between those nippy, cold days when a winter coat is necessary and warm, sunny shirt-sleeve weather.

But it became a learning experience.

Now I don't consider myself an ultra-conservative dresser, perhaps more accurately described as casually low-key. And my tastes in colors don't include the neon pink, green or yellow spectrums.

So I had a quest; find a jacket with lots of pockets, beige, khaki or earth-tone in color, in size 42 regular. (Or Large, usually marked "L," for the more general sized coats.)

In short, something 90 per cent of the Canadian male adult population would wear on a cool spring day.

I perused the racks at all the local stores, and found an abundance of purple ones with bright

yellow trim. Or pink ones with bright blue trim. And even one with neon green and blue together.

Now I want a coat to keep me warm, not use it to stop traffic. These jackets were so loud they didn't make a fashion statement, they screamed it.

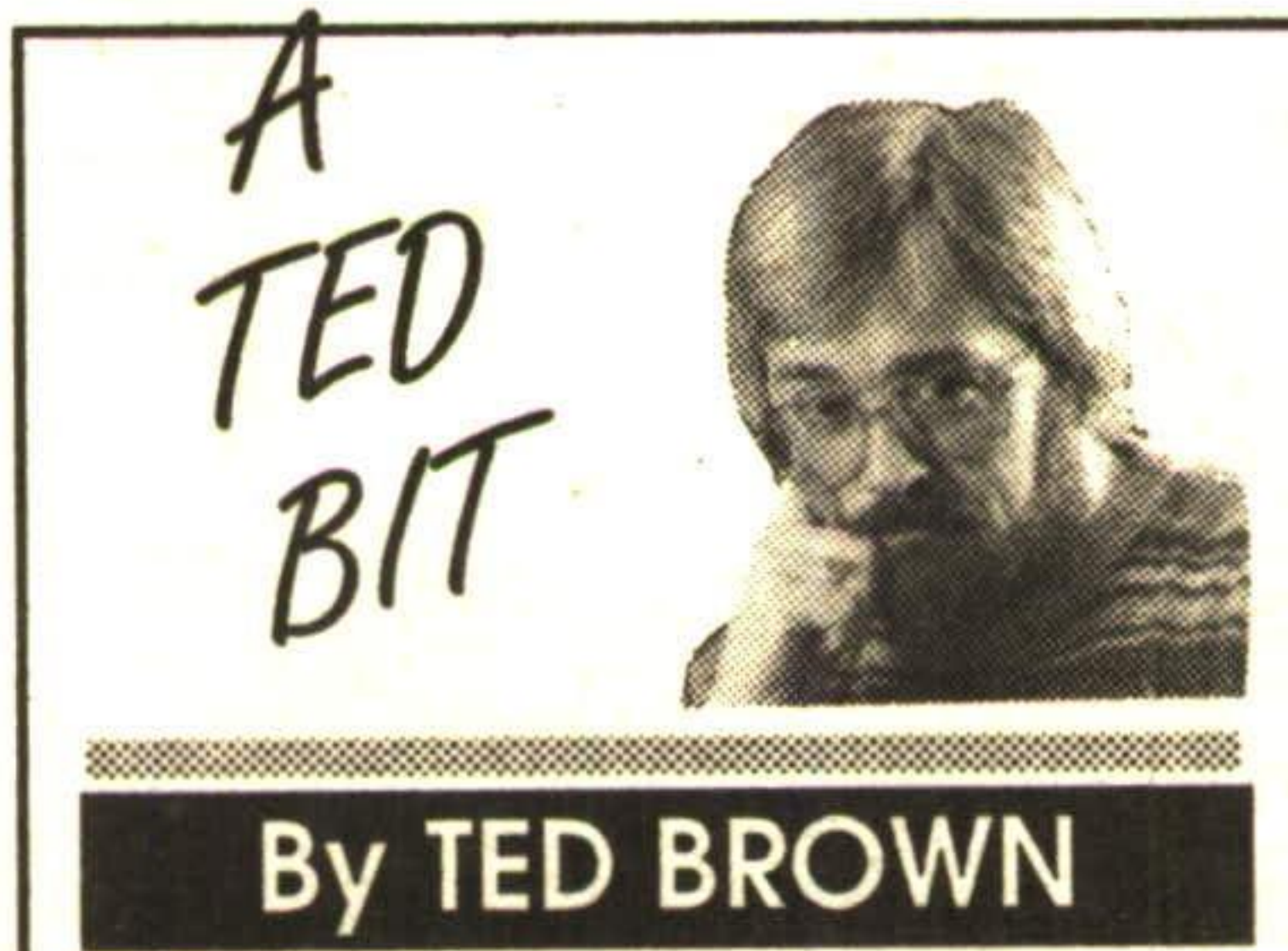
So I continued looking. I thumbed through catalogs, and finally found the jacket of my dreams in a mail order catalog from a Toronto firm. There it was; a bush jacket, olive green in color, with a multitude of pockets.

It was the one for me, and at that same time my wife spotted an ad in the newspaper for a warehouse sale at this outlet.

Perfect. I made the trek to Toronto, and wandered about the store looking for my beloved bush jacket.

Just as I was about to give up hope, I spotted it. On the far side of the store, a rack with five jackets hung on display.

They were dark green in color, with plenty of pockets, inside and



out, and even had zippers and velcro on them, so nothing would fall out.

In short, a work of art in polyester and cotton.

I looked around. Had anyone else noticed them? Could I make it to the rack before some quick-witted shopper grabbed them and made off with my perfect jacket?

I casually wandered over, and pulled one from the hanger.

It was perfect! Wonderful workmanship, and lots of pockets. My search was over. I looked to the label for the size.

XX Small.

I pulled out another.

Again, XXS. In fact, the entire rack was the same size; XXS.

A clerk wandered over to me. "Is there something I can help you with sir?" he asked. (I must have looked perplexed. Or disgusted. Or both.)

"Yes, you can," I replied. "Do you have this jacket in a size Large or even a Medium?" I asked.

"Nope," he answered, "The entire stock came out last week, and they're all hanging on this rack."

"Will you be getting more in?" I asked, in apprehension. It wasn't my idea of fun driving to the far side of Toronto again, but, if it meant getting that jacket, in size L, it would be worth the aggravation.

"I'm afraid not," he said. "We decided to phase out this jacket. These are all that remain."

As I looked at it, I wondered to myself, is there a man out there in this world who actually wears size XXS?

And why does a store carry so many size XXS coats?

Better still, why does a manufacturer make so many in that size?

Holding up my ideal jacket, in size XXS, I tried to imagine the man who would wear it.

After a little thought, I decided he would be about the size of a Grade 1 student, or a really small Grade 2.

It isn't fair. Just because I'm an average size male, with average tastes, I was being punished and discriminated against because I wanted to buy an ordinary coat in a popular size.

I returned to Georgetown, crushed and dejected, but later happen to come across a jacket, in a local store. It isn't my beloved bush jacket, with velcro closing pockets, but it's fairly close.

And after some serious research, I've decided who could use a size XXS.

An organ grinder. With a XXS, he could have the best-dressed monkey on the street.