

# THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

**KEN NUGENT**  
Publisher

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## United Way unites town

Once again Halton Hills residents have shown their hearts and contributed generously to the United Way, despite the recession and the taxes.

The campaign raised \$195,000 which will be split among 24 local organizations including Open Door, Acton Social Services and Information Centre (ASSIC), Big Brothers and Big Sisters. That's \$15,000 more than what the United Way was hoping for.

We'd like to express our thanks to the over 700 caring volunteers who took the time to canvass door-to-door throughout the town, who stood at the GO station at 7 a.m. passing contribution information packages to commuters, and who worked tirelessly on the business, industrial, school, and professional campaigns. And to Ted Fry, the man who organized the campaign to make it one of the most successful yet.

The United Way is a service to each and every one of us. By being an umbrella fundraising group for a collection of small, but essential, volunteer social services, the United Way stopped the continual parade of canvassers knocking at our doors throughout the year and replaced it with one campaign.

The United Way also fairly distributes the donations to the participating agencies ensuring the survival of all to continue on their good work in this community.

We salute the United Way and its effort this year.

## Immigration equals votes

Dear editor:

I doubt if most people realize the cost of our present immigration policies. Not only the direct costs, but the indirect costs are also horrendous.

Our original settlers had no government help, yet their families survived and built a strong nation. Immigration was pretty well under control until the 1960's when a strange irresponsible attitude became fashionable among many so called intellectuals and governments.

The politicians also realized that importing people was importing votes for those in power. Both the Liberals and the Conservatives have bent the rules many ways to gain votes.

Look at some of the costs we pay for! The Supreme Court of Canada; when convicted murderers want to remain in Canada rather than be extradited to the scene of their crimes. Not only court costs but

## Letters

to the Editor

police and institutional cost. We pay for the criminal's lawyers as well as the crown's lawyers.

Security at airports, etc: Disturbers from both sides of a fight in some far away country came here claiming refugee status and continue to try and blow each other up here. Why not let them finish off their fighting in their homeland.

We pay for expensive lawyers to tell so-called refugees what to say at immigrations hearings. If these so called refugees were not so well coached, our immigration boards might hear more of the truth.

Then we have the medical, dental, and housing costs when these people arrive.

When they become old enough, our old age programs look after

them, even if they have contributed very little to our economy.

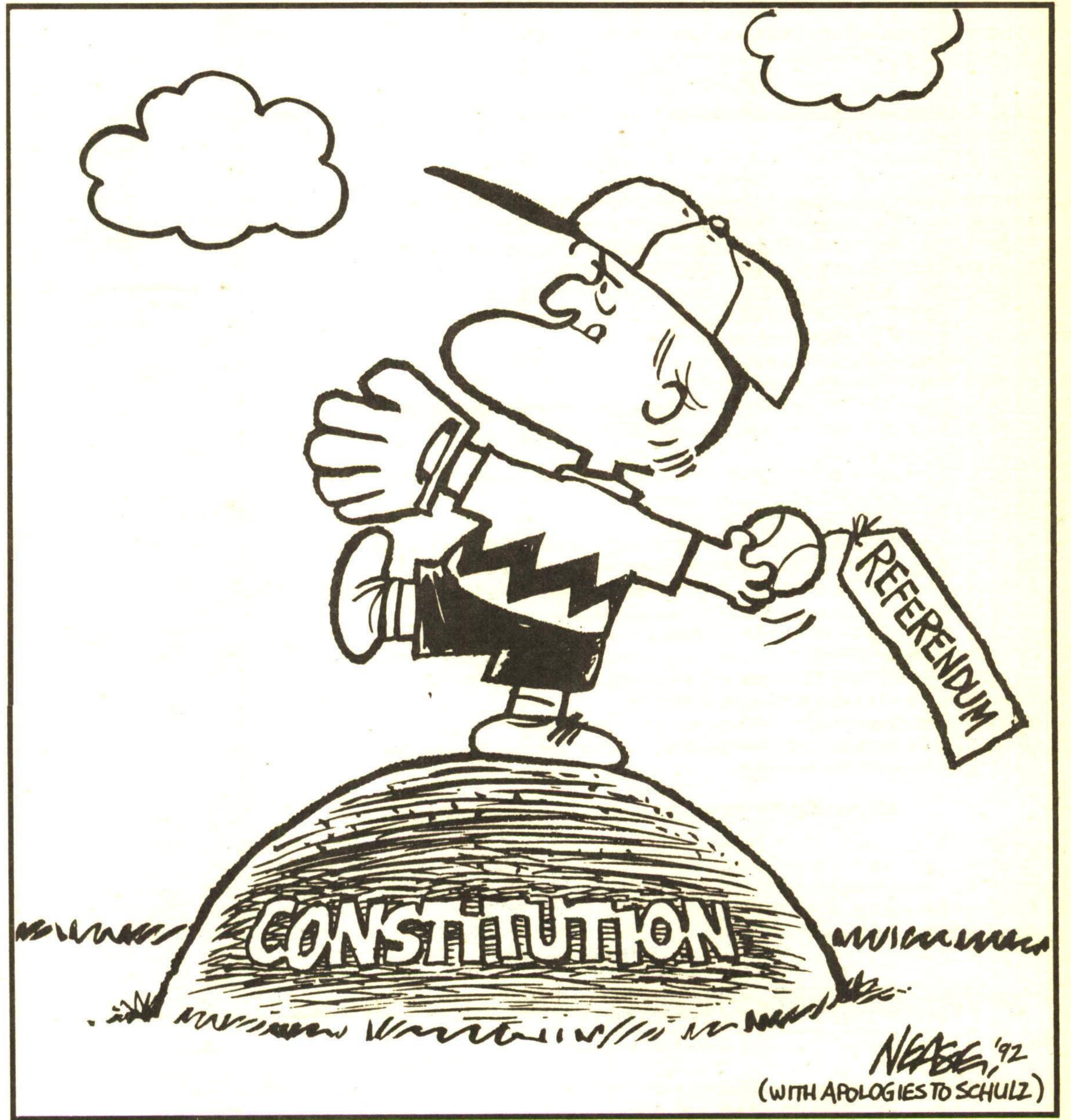
Many third, fourth, fifth generation Canadians can't get into universities of their choice - or at all - not because of their high school marks, but because large quotas of visible minorities have been given preference.

The above system applies to employment in government and government agencies, but is being forced upon private enterprise. A person's qualifications for the job are secondary. Little wonder both Ontario and Canada are bankrupt by any economic standard you think of.

I am not saying all immigrants are not desirable by any stretch of the imagination. Many of the visible minorities are delightful people and quite competent. What I am saying is, why not select the people who will be honest citizens and an asset to the country.

There are more good people who would like to come to Canada than we can accommodate, so why do we continue to welcome the undesirables? Votes!

Yours truly  
Rod Pinkney



## A holiday weekend; there's nothing like it

Ah, there's nothing quite like a holiday weekend.

And this past weekend was the first of the summer.

Last Friday we loaded the car and headed up to our retreat at Sauble Falls, to fight traffic, stand in line at the beer store and donate blood to hordes of black flies the size of sparrows.

In short, have a fun-filled weekend.

During the two and a half hour trip, my wife and I endured less than a dozen fights in the back seat, and not more than a hundred complaints. In fact, I would say the trip was almost pleasant.

The car became silent only when I pulled up to an OPP spot check outside Sauble.

The cop was regular Sauble Beach OPP issue; about six foot three, 225 pounds, with slightly grey temples, around 45 years of age.

He was the type that makes anyone under 19 feel very uncomfortable, especially if they have something a trifle illegal stashed

in the trunk.

Normally, I'm not a target in spot checks. When I pull up in our nine passenger station wagon with a canoe tied on the top and a tribe of four exuberant kids in the back, most cops give me a wide berth.

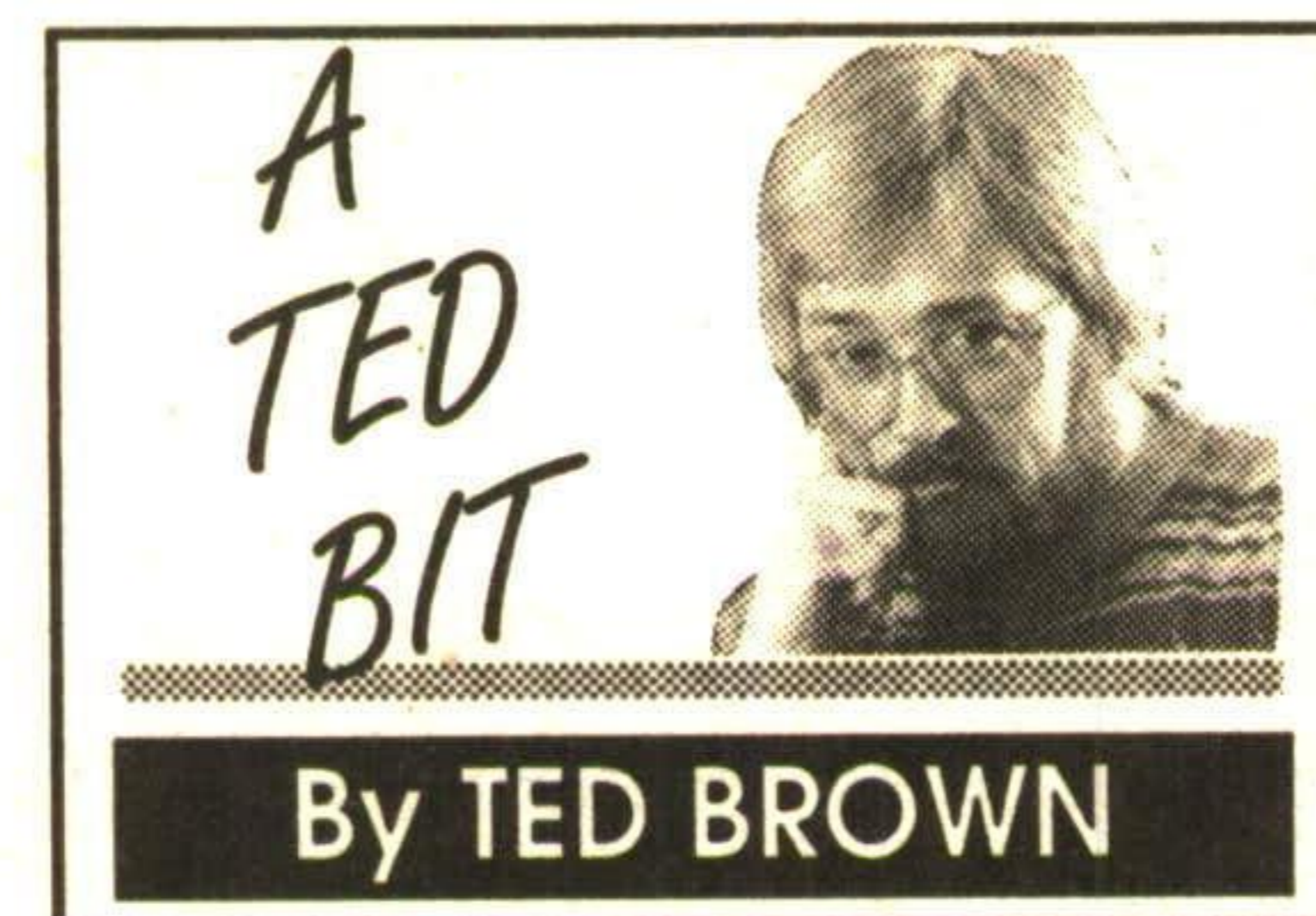
But this guy was brave, and started into his regulation greeting.

"Good evening sir," he began, in typical no nonsense OPP RIDE program style, "We're checking for impaired drivers. Have you been drinking by any chance, sir?"

Maybe it was my tired look. Or perhaps it was the bedraggled expression on my face.

But when I quipped "No, but if I spend another 15 minutes in this car with this bunch of screaming kids, I could be driven to it," he grinned and told me to proceed and enjoy my weekend.

After arriving at the trailer, we unloaded the car and I took up my position on the couch, cold drink in hand, where I intended to spend the balance of the weekend.



A  
TED  
BIT

By TED BROWN

It wasn't to be.

"Dad, can we go shopping?"

"Later."

"Daddy, I want to go swimming at the beach."

"The water's too cold."

"Dad, can I get the bikes out of the shed?"

"Later."

"Dad, will you blow up the tires on the bikes?"

"Later."

"Dad, I'm bored."

"Go read a book."

I could ignore it for some time, but when my wife said, "Ted, I think the water heater is leaking on the floor of the trailer,"

I knew it was time to abandon

the couch.

Saturday morning we went canoeing, and loaded all the kids, along with their fishing poles, for a relaxing morning of solitude on the water, in close contact with Mother Nature.

After a million black fly bites and no fish nibbles, we decided Mother Nature had had her way with us long enough and paddled back to shore.

Two fishermen walked down to the bank as I lashed the canoe to the roof top carrier. The first fellow cast into the river and promptly pulled out a fish. It was a bass, so he released it, then pulled out another.

I decided it was time to return to the trailer.

We tried our luck fishing from the shore later that day, and my daughter was the only one who caught anything, then fell into the river, and lost our bug spray in the process.

I was standing on the bridge when it happened. I heard the splash, followed by a scream that was audible for 10 miles.

While I watched our only can of "Deep Woods Off" slowly drifting down the Rankin River, my daughter continued screaming at the top of her lungs until she realized she was standing in 18 inches of water.

I remained cool and calm.

As she stood in the shower back at the trailer, I took up my position back on the couch, determined to only move to the bed at midnight.

The balance of the weekend saw the Browns' endure a furnace that wouldn't stay lit during 10 degree nights, and a thunderstorm Sunday afternoon that blew into a tornado at Point Clarke, just south of Kincardine.

It was all so much fun, I almost forgot about the hydro being off for a few hours.

But we returned home, safe and sound, Monday afternoon and had a great night's sleep in our own beds that night.

Yes sir, there's nothing quite like a holiday weekend.

And this past weekend was nothing like a holiday weekend.