

# WEEKEND

**KEN NUGENT**  
Publisher

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## Thanks Bill and Neil

Dear editor:

Special thanks are extended to both Neil Young, for his Classics Against Cancer Car Show, and Bill Smith, for his Bill Smith Golf Tournament. Each year, Neil and Bill and their committees, spend a great deal of time planning these very worthwhile events. We know they start making plans for next year's show after the current one is finished and always come up with very successful events.

The Georgetown Unit of the Canadian Cancer Society has always been the recipient of the funds raised at both the Bill Smith Golf Tournament and the Classics Against Cancer Car Show. We want Bill, Neil and their hard working committees to know how much we appreciate the job they do in hosting these two special events. Thanks also to everyone who attends and supports our local

## Letters

to the Editor

Canadian Cancer Society office. You are all very much appreciated. Thank you!

Sincerely,  
Marlene Kelman,  
Communications Chairperson  
Canadian Cancer Society  
Georgetown

## Town staff gave great support

(The following was filed with this newspaper for publication.)

Mr. R. Miller, Mayor,  
Town of Halton Hills

Dear Russ:  
On behalf of Sammy's Ice

Cream Shop, I would like to thank all of the staff of Halton Hills for their help and support in making Sammy's Ice Cream Shop on Edward St., Georgetown a reality. Their professionalism was excellent as you are aware, the task of restructuring the small shop into an ice cream shop was no small job and without the help of your staff, it would be impossible.

In these recessionary times, it's people like your staff that really pulls everybody through and help the small businessman.

In closing, I would once again like to thank you and your staff and I hope to see you down at the Ice Cream shop some day.

Yours truly,  
Doug Turner

## Letters are welcome

Please keep them brief, and include your address and telephone number!

# And the party continues ...

July 1 was a very special day for all Canadians and we were very pleased to see so many Halton Hills citizens taking part in our many local activities.

Although the birthday has passed, many still want to show their pride in being Canadian. Across the town, flags are still flying high, windows are still decorated with flags and stickers and residents are still wearing Canadian flag buttons and pins. It's really wonderful to see so many citizens now willing wear their national pride on their sleeves - so to speak.

In this historical year, there are still ways you and your family can celebrate Canada.

- Set a goal to raise \$125 for your local charity - Acton Food Share currently has a challenge on: 125 loonies or 125 pounds of food from local businesses. Or organize a neighborhood get-together and collect 125 different food items to donate to your local food bank.

- Take the family for an old-fashioned picnic in the countryside or a nearby park.

- Have friends over for an afternoon of frisbee throwing and Ontario summertime food fare. Everyone is invited to identify Canada's 125 years on their outfit, for example a button, headband etc.

- Wear T-shirts and sun visors with the 125-year motto.

- Host a special birthday dance at your local community centre (Ballinafad Community Centre held theirs last night) and award prizes for the best 125-year costume.

- Invite friends over for a special 125-year-birthday potluck dinner. To get in the mood, encourage everyone to decorate their dishes with a 125-year birthday decoration.

Join in the fun, celebrate Canada!



# Reeling in the fish stories...hook, line and sinker

I have never understood the fascination and adrenalin rush that some have over the...sport...of fishing.

Now, I'm going to be criticized, perhaps even crucified, over this particular viewpoint, but, to me, fishing holds all of the excitement and attraction of lawn bowling (no offence to the players of that sport).

I have many friends and colleagues who live and breathe fishing, almost like my own dedication to the reel, ahem, real sport of baseball (but, that's another story).

But, for fishing?

Granted, the closest I've ever come to fishing (now, that's a relative term, which will be explained shortly) is impaling a worm on a tiny hook and casting the line into the water, hoping for at least a nibble.

Whoopee.

Maybe my...misunderstanding...of the sport can be contributed to the fact that, well, I have never been that successful in landing even a reasonably sized fish.

A few minnows, the odd weed or

tree branch - even an old shoe - but none of the trout or chinook salmon my fishing friends continually boast about.

A couple of years back, I went for a long canoe trip on the French River, a place (my fishing friends told me excitedly) that is good to go for, well, fish. Okay, after four days of canoeing and fishing, I discovered two things - one: there is absolutely no point in fishing, and two: there are absolutely no fish in the French River.

Hey, but maybe my friends aren't that good at it either. Isn't the prerequisite for getting a fishing licence a promise to lie, no embellish, on how well one does on that lake, stream or river?

How can we, the great unwashed, be sure that "the one that got away" was indeed bigger than the biggest fish ever caught, hmmm?

But, I digress.

Ya see, there is fishing, and then there is Fishing, as those who live for the...sport...will tell you.

What I do isn't Fishing, they say. I pretend to fish, just go through



the motions, because my mind isn't really focussed on what I'm doing. My heart isn't in it, and neither is my soul.

When *They Fish*, every fibre of their beings is tuned into their environment (or so *They* boast); Their bodies, rods, lines, hooks, bait and fish are all at one with each other and nature...a fight to see who is quickest, strongest and most cunning. One of the rare tests of fortitude that Man can endure.

Yeah. Right.

I'm sorry, but I can't get into squeezing into hip waders and standing out in the middle of the Credit River in sub zero tempera-

tures just to catch a fish. Or dig a hole in a frozen lake, huddling inside a hut smaller than my bathroom, to fish.

That's what seafood restaurants and grocery stores are for. You walk in, protected from all the elements, point to what you want, and eat it.

Do you see me wrestling a cow to the ground just to get hamburger? No. You go to McDonalds or somewhere.

Ahhh, but where is the challenge?, some may ask. The Man versus Nature conflict? The juxtaposition of relaxation and excitement all rolled into one?

Sorry.

My mind still cannot grasp the concept of the...sport.

The only description that comes to mind is, well, humdrum.

As I rattle away at my keyboard, my colleague and friend Perry Steel is out on the aforementioned French River, doing his best imitation of Red Fisher. Now, he is a zealot when it comes to fishing. So much so that I had to wait until he went away on vacation just to share my

thoughts on the matter with everyone.

When Perry returns, he'll undoubtedly describe in painstaking detail all of his fishing exploits...probably complete with pictures.

And, as usual, I will smile and nod at the appropriate places, congratulate him on his skill and expertise, and pretend to understand his terminology and names of all the great underwater creatures he exhumed from the depths of the river.

Despite all that, I do listen with great interest to the sheer enthusiasm Perry and other avid fishermen display about one of, if not the, great love of their lives.

It's mind boggling to note how fanatic one can get over such a (I have to be careful here, folks) curious...sport.

I really can't understand it at all.

I mean, it's not like we're talking about golf.

Now, there's a sport I can sink my teeth into.....