MEEKEND

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A feeling of optimism

Many economists are now voicing optimism that Canada is slowly pulling itself out of this wrenching recession we've been mired in for two years.

Statistics Canada and Toronto Dominion Bank both reported Wednesday that they expect our economy to grow by 1.8 to 2.2 per cent this year.

But on the downside, while the economy is improving, the job situation isn't. There's 1.6 million unemployed in Canada, a 11.5 per cent jobless rate. It's expected to remain this high for the next couple of years.

Ontario had the most job loss across the country, in part due to provincial NDP policies the past couple of years.

Here in Halton Hills, however, the employment situation will be eased considerably by the opening of the expanded Georgetown Market Place. In addition to the stores already there, 30 stores anchored by Woolco will be hiring local residents and generating millions of dollars in our community

Woolco, for example, will be employing close to 100 local residents. And their management staff have made a point of moving into town.

This mall is supporting our town at a time when we need it badly; let's show our support for our local businesses — shop in Halton Hills.

Offended by food bank criticism

Dear editor:

I have been most offended by the criticism (publicity) that the Love in Christ Food Bank has been receiving recently. I am a Faludon Drive neighbor, my kitchen window, as do most of my windows, gives me a good view of the portable being used. I spend a lot of time at the kitchen sink and when I look out at that portable my first thought is one of thanksgiving that we have a community of people who care enough to try to provide for the less fortunate.

We do have an "eyesore" and that is that in what we see as our prosperous little town there are many people who are hungry; many people who would gladly be working and cannot find work.

I would also like to remind the residents of Faludon Drive that

etters

to the Editor

their homes surround a school yard and they could easily be looking at, as do people in other towns, a number of portables sitting in the school yard.

The Love in Christ Food Bank is a blessing and if anything comes of this criticism, it should be a recognition of their needs - not only for your financial support but for your empathy.

Beryl Matthews

Thanks volunteers

Dear editor:

There are a group of volunteers in Georgetown, who need to be rec-

ognized for the time they donate to drive patients to Toronto, Hamilton, Mississauga Brampton. These ladies and gentlemen are the Cancer Society volunteer drivers, who so patiently wait (sometimes two to four hours) while you are treated.

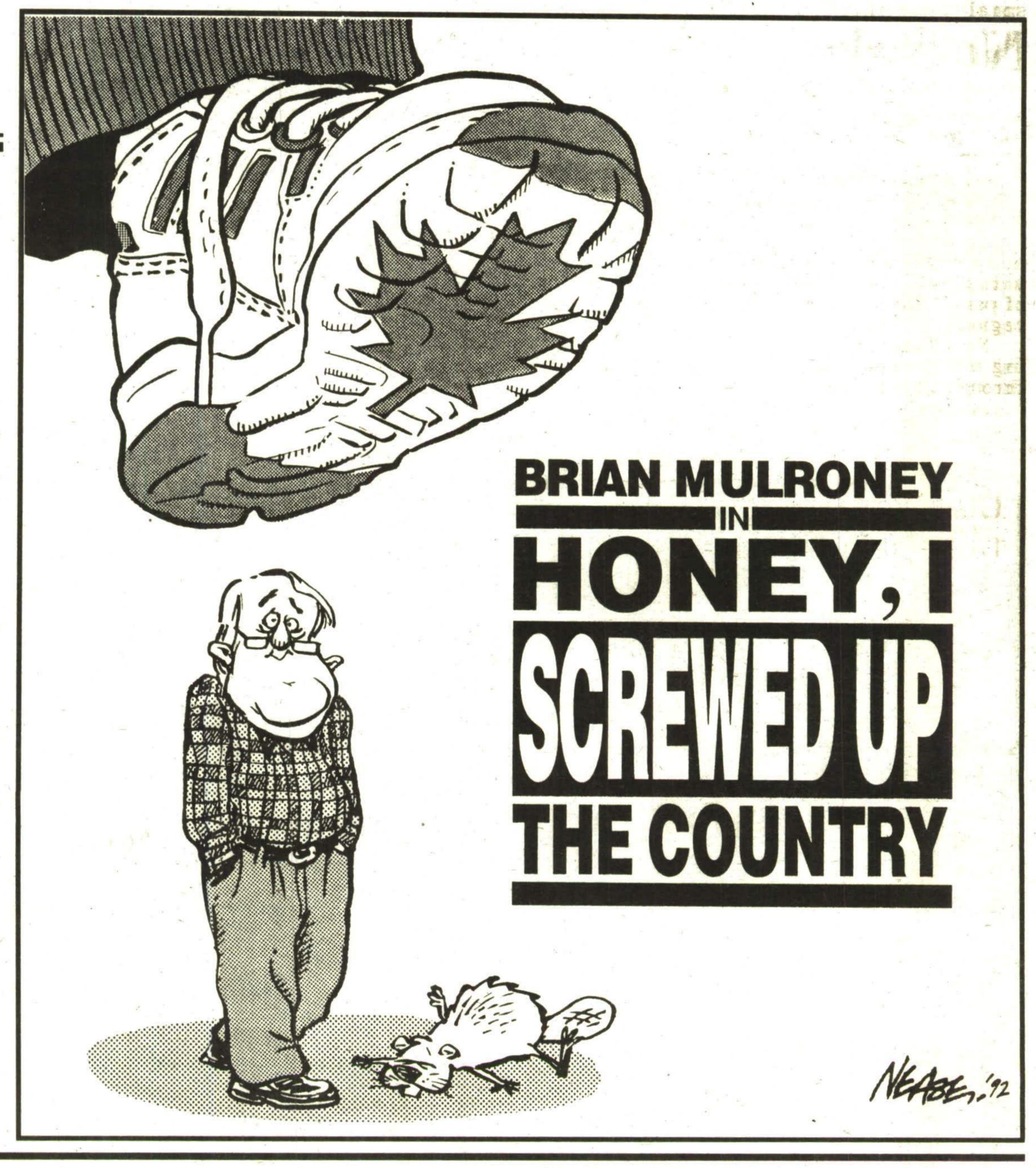
This service is a godsend for the patient to have their transportation arranged. Jenny Tuffin, transportation coordinator, organizes all the rides for the many patients of Georgetown.

I had to accept the fact that I had to depend on other people to help me through this difficult time. These drivers always had a sympathetic ear to listen to your ups and downs during your treatments, as most of these people had dealt with someone close to them having had cancer.

I am so grateful to have volunteer drivers and coordinators of our local Cancer Society — their services are certainly needed in our community.

So if you have a spare day in your week please help out by calling 877-1124.

G. Laroche



Baseball over fishing? How could you Stu?

Remember how July was so wet?

I had two weeks vacation in July, and Mother Nature decided I wasn't going to receive a sunburn this year. If anything, she planned to drown me in rain.

But that's all behind us as we head into August, and I'm certain nothing but warm, sunny weather will befall all of the province for the next few weeks.

It'd better — I'm taking another week's vacation.

Now the last time I departed on vacation, I left Managing Editor Cynthia with nothing to fill this space; no backup columns, no ideas, nothing but a space with which she could turn her imagination loose.

And what did she do?

She turned it over to Stuart Johnston, for him to write in my place.

Now I have come to realize the importance and duty that befalls one writing on the editorial page of

the weekend edition. With it comes a hefty responsibility to write things that are appropriate for family reading, and politically cor-

And what did Stuart write? He had the audacity, the gall, the all out downright nerve to write about fishing in this hallowed

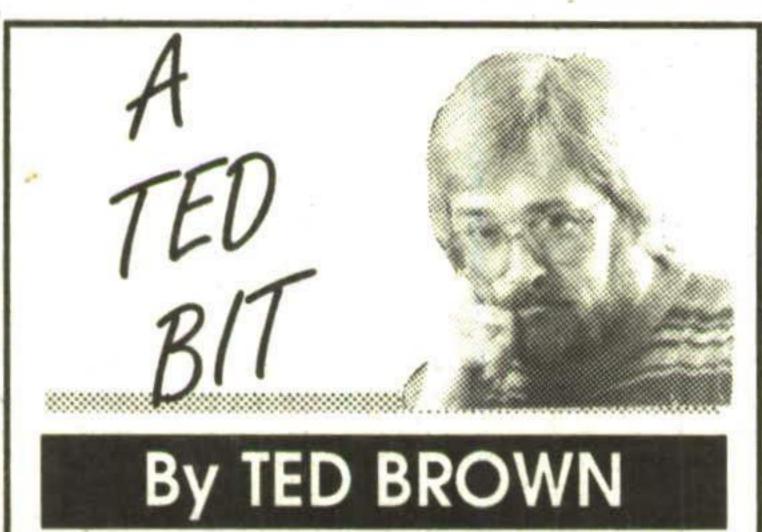
Not that I am against fishing. In fact, I, much to the contrary, enjoying the peaceful quiet solitude of casting a worm out into a still pool of water with the hopes of landing a prize catch.

No sir, I quite enjoy fishing; it's a great pastime.

But when he writes a column slamming that noble sport with a statement like "fishing was a waste of time," I could become

The kid really rattled my tackle box with that one.

And then he turned around and actually said that baseball was more important than fishing any



day of the week. I nearly had a fainting spell.

To spread such blasphemy in this space? I couldn't believe it. So fishing is a waste of time, is

it MR JOHNSTON? After a short conference with The Independent/Free Press' resident fanatic angler, Perry Steel, I decided it was long over due to publicly straighten out the young cub reporter on the finer points of

fishing. Where else could one crawl out of warm bed, at the break of dawn and sit in a freezing wet boat, and stab helpless little worms on

barbed hooks, all the while donating a pint of blood to the ever present and ever hungry mosquitoes?

You sure couldn't find quality time like that at a baseball game.

Or how 'bout the long hours, sitting quietly on the hard seat of the boat, waiting for that elusive hit, when the smallest fish in the pond finally decides to try the hook on for size?

No sir, there's no such satisfaction like that at any baseball game.

And he probably doesn't even know the undeniable, ecstatic joy one can feel climbing out of a canoe when the blood starts flowing down your legs again, washing those pins and needles away from the calves of your cramped legs.

All you can do at a baseball game is scream your head off, sitting in the \$20 seats, about a half mile from the action, all the while paying a fortune for warm beer. Then later wait in line to use the washroom, and turn it back in

again.

And fishing is a waste of time?

This boy's obviously been subjected to a bad experience, while baiting his hook. He's probably never had the joy of snagging a line and losing a brand new \$9 lure, or had the extreme pleasure of causing everyone else in his group to moan in complaint at the least little sideways glance at a tackle

Nope, I think it's time we took Stu away from the diamond, the smelly locker rooms and the dusty infield and introduced him to the beauty, tranquility and serene relaxation one can experience, catching a slimy, wriggling fish to later enjoy on his dinner plate, fried and smothered in high cholesterol butter.

He wouldn't be the same when he came back.

As long as he has a good woman along to clean and cook the darn