

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Fall fair time

The passing of the Labor Day long weekend can mean only one thing to Halton Hills resident—it's fall fair time.

It's a time for family and friends to gather for a day or two of enjoyment. You can take in the displays, rides and games and enjoy lots of entertainment and friendly competition.

The festivities kick off next weekend (September 11, 12 and 13) with the 145th edition of the Georgetown Fall Fair.

The fall classic will kick off with a special concert on the Friday evening with Grapes of Wrath performing.

On Saturday the horse and all-terrain vehicle pulls should draw large crowds while competitors will compete in variety of cattle shows. Saturday will wind down with a country hoedown featuring the music of Wayne Rostad.

On the Sunday, the Farm Olympics and many of the horse events will take place.

The following weekend (September 18, 19 and 20) it will be Acton's turn in the spotlight, for the 79th year.

On Friday evening the Guse family will entertain while judges go about their business of choosing Miss Acton for 1992.

The annual fall fair parade kicks off Saturday's events in Acton, which include the popular baby show and tractor pulls.

On Sunday motorcycle stunt driver Tom Farr is scheduled to entertain along with the Torchmen gospel singers.

These are your fairs, to show off local talent, to entertain. A lot of hard work goes in to putting these events on each year. Those involved get nothing out of working 12 months to see things come together, only the satisfaction in a job well done.

Take the time to venture down to the Georgetown Fairgrounds next weekend, or Prospect Park the weekend after. Or both. You just might enjoy the festivities.

A success

Dear editor:

The Normandy Blvd. Revisited Committee would like to thank all of the following people and organizations, who in some way helped make this reunion a success - We thank you:

Georgetown Independent/Acton Free Press, Cable 4, Northern Telecom, St. John's Ambulance, Bob Holmes, Young's Pharmacy, R.E. McCall, Knechtel's, Paper Factory, Millers Bakery, Rotary Club, Georgetown Firefighters, Maple Lodge Farms, Steens' Dairy, Sleeman's Brewery, Al Tarzwell, Hanman Electric, Peg Lewis, Graeme Goebelle, March of Dimes, Emerald Isle Bedroom Gallery, C and S Printing, Fendley Florists, Barry Lewis, Councillor Anne Currie, Aileen King, Chantler Portable Services, Royal Canadian Legion Br. 120, Raintree Promotions, Town of Halton Hills, The Docs, Moore Computer Consultants, Barry Timleck C.A., Bob McMenemy, Jean Lane, J.S. Jones and Son Funeral Home, Curwood Packaging, Paul C. Armstrong Insurance, Varian Canada, Andrew Murray Motors,

Letters

to the Editor

Bill Collier, J.V. Clothing, Moore Painting Contractors Inc., Shirley Andrews, Sid Silver, Chris Edwards, Shoppers Drug Mart, Bob McNeilly - Br. 120 Legion President, Halton Hills Taxi, National Hockey League, Mayor Russell Miller, Councillor Pam Johnston, Halton Regional Police, Georgetown Autohaus - Conrad Buy.

Special thanks to the people who presently live on Normandy Blvd. for allowing this event to take place, and also to the children who made the signs for the reunion, a special thank you.

Normandy Blvd.
Revisited Committee

Thank you

Dear editor:

On August 15, I had the opportunity like many other people to go back in time to Normandy Blvd.

Revisited Reunion in Georgetown.

First I would like to thank Jack Gudgeon for talking to me; if it wasn't for Jack I am afraid I would have missed the most wonderful time.

After returning 30 years later to see old friends and neighbors and the home I spent my childhood in you remember bad and good memories.

This day was wonderful. I would like to thank the residents of Normandy Blvd. for allowing the boulevard to be closed for the day, what a feeling walking down your old street and meeting friends after 30 years. Words can never describe the looks of excitement on everyone's face—a few tears of joy fell.

And the most special thanks to the executive who took this big day on and what a wonderful day this was; games for the children, draws for adults. The food was lovely, the street dance. I could go on and on. And to all the people that gave of their time to volunteer. I as one of the old neighbors, thank you for bringing me back in time.

I hope you all the best in coming years. And thank you again for the most wonderful reunion.

Gail (Lloyd) Ermell,
Hanover,



Danger — I guess it just goes with the territory

I've decided I should receive danger pay in this job.

Over the years, I have risked life and limb for this newspaper, covering everything from late night fires and car accidents in the middle of snow storms to hanging off cliffs for fire department training sessions.

I've even been crushed at a political rally in the Toronto Convention Centre, chasing after leadership delegates.

And not a complaint. Not one in all these years.

Until now.

Recently, I was sent to an assignment that would make the most seasoned war correspondent cringe in his or her boots; the assignment that could render a brave, courageous photojournalist into a quivering lump of jelly, rolled up in the protective fetal position out of sheer terror.

It was a half hour performance of The Polka-Dot Door at the newly opened Georgetown Marketplace

Mall.

Let me tell you, the saying "War is Hell," doesn't even come close.

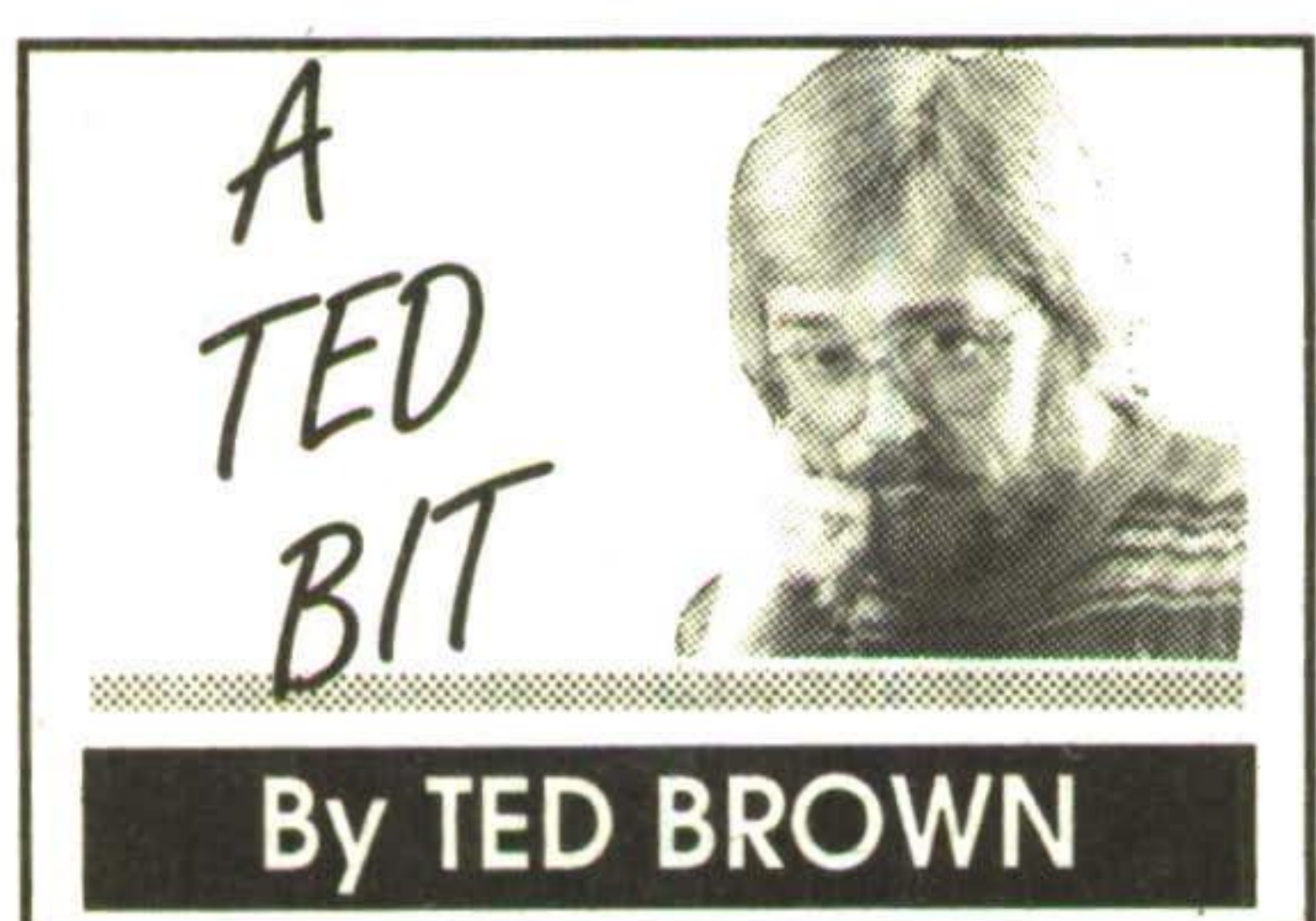
Imagine for a moment, a sea of at least a million people, all under three feet in height, anxious to see their favorite television character "Polkaroo" in the centre area of the mall.

They were less than patient. And their moms and dads were quickly wearing down under the pressure.

Where was he? Where was that famed green creature that captured their little hearts?

Regular Polka-Dot Door hosts, Eva Johns and Gary Richardson were introduced to a horde of screaming, cheering kids, who nearly deafened me. I was sure I would have blood running from my ears when I returned, that is, if I returned to the office.

Would I be found on the floor of the mall after the performance, covered in size 3 footprints, battered, bruised and strangled with



my own camera strap?

Would the newspaper look after my wife and kids?

As my entire life flashed before my eyes, I wondered, "Why me?"

I envisioned my tombstone, with an inscription something like, "Here lies Ted Brown, who gave his life in the perilous line of duty, capturing that earth-shattering event on film for The Independent/Free Press. May his memory and actions be an inspiration to all would-be photographers out there who live on the edge of danger." It was fitting.

As Gary and Eva started into the show, the kids' screaming subsided somewhat with the little sweethearts clapping their tiny hands in glee, or waving to the performers.

I was continually assaulted with balloons slapping my face and in front of my camera, and countless little bodies ran into my camera bag and cameras as they tried to jockey for better positions.

Mothers apologized for their kids, as I was doubled over by little heads and fists accidentally ramming into my midriff, while they cheered for the show.

As I expected the final coup de grace, I looked up to the far end of the mall. There he was, Polkaroo, in all his finest, sneaking in past the crowds, to enter the stage area.

The show was nearly over! I had survived it!

Polkaroo was the centre of attention, as he played tricks on Gary and Eva, and had the kids nearly eating out of his hand.

"Storytime! The kids would settle down!" I thought to myself. Now was the chance to get that shot, with Polkaroo and his friends, surrounded by little admirers.

Flash, flash! It was on film! Now like every perilous assignment, I had to get out alive. With the film.

After all, the content of the next issue of The Independent/Free Press depended on that roll of film making it back to the office.

I backed out of the crowd, as parents and children flowed into the vacancy created by my departure. I had made it, heading to the west end of the mall; cameras, flash and film, battered, but still intact.

As I later collapsed into my chair in the safety of the office, I breathed a sigh of relief, with the realization I had indeed survived another perilous one.

I was once again safe, albeit ruffled, until next time;

When the circus comes to town.