

# THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

**KEN NUGENT**  
Publisher

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## Scrap the new labor laws

(The following letter was filed by Halton Hills Chamber of Commerce with this newspaper for publication.)

**Mr. Noel Dignan, MPP  
Halton North**  
Dear Sir,

I wish to make the following comments and representations with respect to proposed changes in the labor laws of Ontario:

1. I am worried what the government's plan will do to the economy, my firm and the jobs of my employees. The NDP government has tried to label legitimate and intense business opposition as a "big business conspiracy." This legislation is really anti-small business and therefore anti-job creation.

2. You should stimulate business and consumer confidence not destroy it by forcing this labor law legislation down our throats.

3. These radical labor laws will destroy confidence and kill jobs and investment. It is the smaller firms,

## Letters

to the Editor

such as mine, which instill confidence, create jobs and increase investment. You just don't get it.

4. Scrap the new labor laws!

Sincerely,  
**Barry D. Timleck,**  
Chartered accountant

## Cancer Society thanks Wendy's for cleaning up

Dear editor:

Special thanks are extended to Wendy's of Georgetown for the car wash they held on Saturday, Aug. 22, in aid of the local unit of the Canadian Cancer Society.

Scott McCullum organized the

special event and we wish to extend our deepest thanks to all those fantastic people who volunteered their time and effort by washing the many cars which came into Wendy's parking lot. Those volunteers were Dan Wagstaff of Cable 4 TV, who announced the car wash from his Special Events Van, Leona Poot, Darlene Kuhn, Trudy Poot, Steve Barrie, Patti Vandenden, Jenny Kuhn, Vince Allen, Jason Soper, Carmen Chiovitti, Dietmar Kuhn, Cherie Poot, Mr. Vandenden, Helen and Wayne Pratt, Doug Matthews, Karen and Elaine, Mel, Ann B., Heather MacEachern, and Councillors Anne Currie and Ron Chatten.

Thanks, also, to the many patrons who had their cars washed and special thanks is extended to Wendy's who also donated money from each burger purchased. In all, over \$500 was raised and is very much appreciated by the Georgetown Unit of the Canadian Cancer Society. Sincere thanks to all!

**Marlene Kelman,**  
Communications Chairperson  
Georgetown Unit  
Canadian Cancer Society

# Thanksgiving blessings

The first Thanksgiving, as legend tells it, was between the white settlers and aboriginal people. The Indians came with food and gifts after harvest to aid the inexperienced starving settlers. This act of charity forever remains a part of the Canadian psyche and is a North American tradition which remains unique in the world.

So as we sit down this weekend with family and friends to enjoy a Thanksgiving repast, let us count our many blessings.

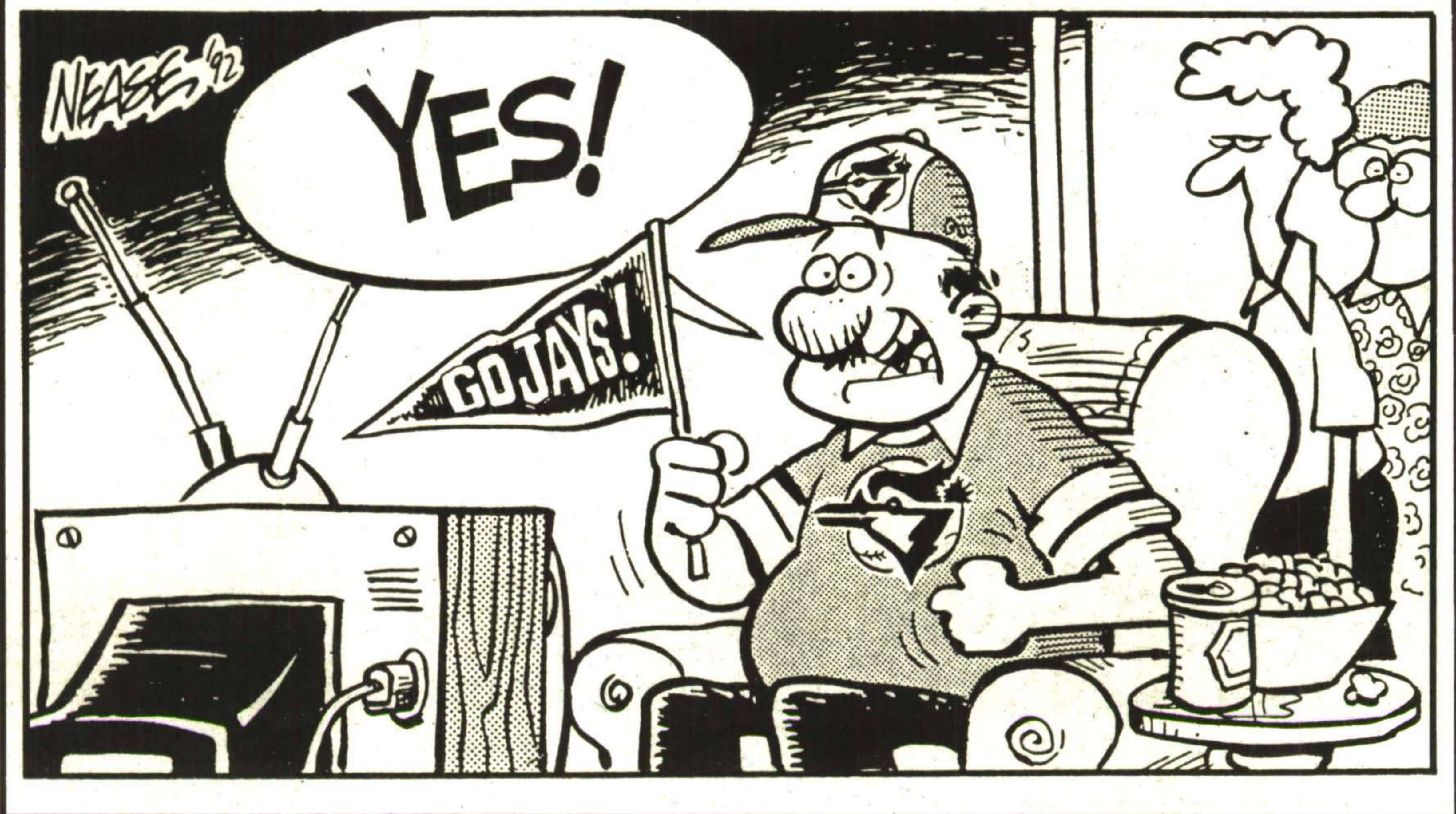
Let's give thanks for the food we are about to eat. Most people in Halton Hills can still put a bountiful feast on their tables Thanksgiving Day and those that can't, are helped kindly by the two food banks in the area supplied by a concerned community.

Let's give thanks that the water we drink is clean and unpolluted (so far).

Let's give thanks that here in Canada, constitutional disputes are settled with a war of words and a vote, not with guns and mortar bombs.

Let's give thanks that we live in a community where hope, faith and charity is a way of life, not a dream to never be realized.

Let's give thanks for many blessings we have now. As bad as it might seem to some, it's much worse elsewhere.



# The best turkey is the one on your plate

Well, this is it — Thanksgiving Weekend.

It's the weekend we are thankful for all good things around us. And it's also the weekend we gorge ourselves with turkey.

This past week everyone has been checking sale flyers to buy a turkey on sale.

We're no exception. But every time I walk past a pile of frozen turkeys in the freezer, I'm reminded of our "turkey" experience.

A few years back, my wife and I decided to grow our own turkeys. She called it "a learning experience."

I think of it more as temporary insanity.

Years ago, Lang's Feed Mill in Ballinacree took orders for day-old chicks and turkey poults in early spring. (For those who don't know, 'poults' are baby turkeys, just as cygnets are baby swans, goslings are baby geese and ducklings are baby ducks.)

Anyway, we had a brainstorm to raise our own Thanksgiving turkey, so

I ordered 20 poults from Lang's Feed Mill.

The little peepers arrived in a cardboard box with breathing holes cut in the sides. The office at Lang's was peeping and chirping from one end to the other with chicks and poults.

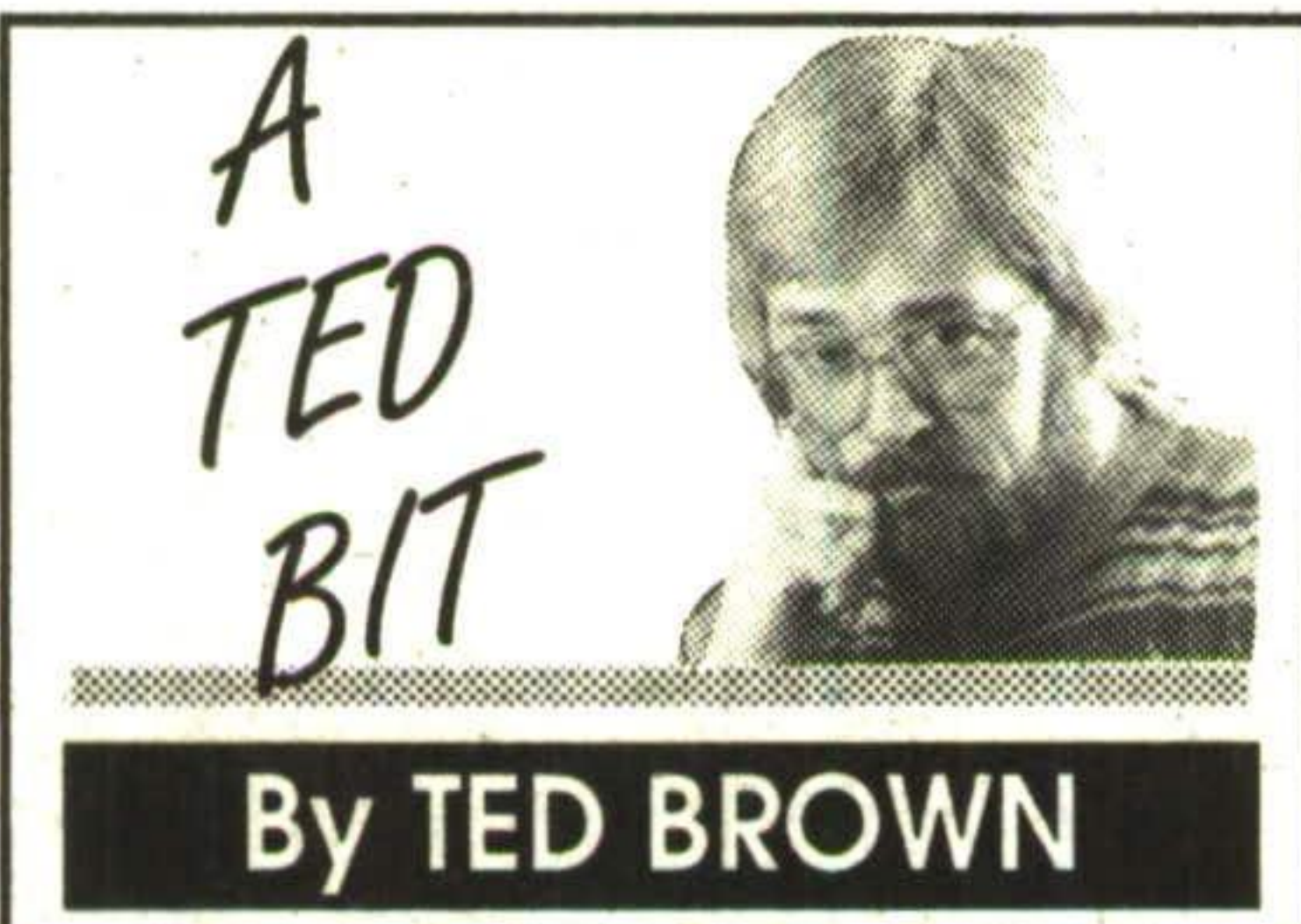
I rushed home with my poults, feeling somewhat like a new father. Here, in this box were my new 'babies' (The only difference between them and my own kids was I didn't intend to eat my kids.)

Day-old poults are pretty fragile, and require lots of care for the first weeks of their life.

To keep these little guys warm, we set them up in the basement of our house, where my wife and I could keep a close eye on them.

As they huddled under the heat lamp, they peeped and crowded at the dish of pelleted feed, happily pecking away.

They were so cute as we watched them spill their water, and it ran across the floor....



And within two hours, they had the newspaper in the bottom of their little pen absolutely covered with ah... er.... turkey doo.

But they were a novelty, and we diligently cleaned up after them, all the while thinking of Thanksgiving, months down the road.

We resisted the urge to give them names. After all, who would want to carve "Chirpy" in October?

In a very short time, we learned there was an unmistakable odor emitted from a pen of turkeys, no matter how tiny they might be. And after a day it was filtering through our house. Two weeks passed.

It was time to move. (Them, not us.)

Their next home was a small chicken coop. We moved them in, and once again they huddled around the heat lamps. It wasn't as convenient, but our house stopped stinking.

As weeks passed, the little balls of fluff grew into white feathered birds, who started to 'gobble' instead of 'peep.'

And gobble they did, as they attacked their feed like a bunch of maniacs.

It was around that time we learned about turkeys fighting.

They were worse than a bunch of kids when it came to scraps. They fought if the feed was at one end of their tray, they fought over their water, and if nothing was wrong, they fought over nothing. These birds had one mean attitude.

And the moment one had a speck of blood on its white feathers, the others would gang up, and peck the thing until it was bleeding profusely.

I wondered to myself how much

It was time to move. (Them, not us.)

As Thanksgiving approached, I watched our turkeys grow bigger and bigger, and imagined each one sitting on a platter, steaming, waiting to be carved, as they waddled away and gobbled while I cleaned their water pail for the umpteenth time. Or filled their feed hopper again. Or carried in more straw bedding.

The day finally arrived. We had them cleaned, and my sisters and parents helped as we filled their freezers with turkeys.

But we kept "the big one" for Thanksgiving dinner, at which all family members joined us.

The house was filled with the aroma of cooked turkey, as that magnificent bird sat steaming on the platter. Adults and kids alike "ooed and ahed" as they commented on the flavor of "that bird."

But myself, I sat back and quietly gave thanks.

Thanks that there were no more stupid turkeys to look after.