

# THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

**KEN NUGENT**  
Publisher

The Halton Hills Weekend, published every Wednesday, at 211 Armstrong Ave. Georgetown Ont., L7G 4X5 is one of the Metroland Printing, Publishing & Distributing group of suburban newspapers which includes: The Georgetown Independent and The Acton Free Press, Ajax/Pickering News Advertiser, The Aurora Banner, The Barrie Advance, The Brampton Guardian, The Burlington Post, The Collingwood Connection, The Etobicoke Guardian/Lakeshore Advertiser, Halton Hills Week End, Kingston This Week, Lindsay This Week, Markham Economist & Sun, The Milton Champion, The Mississauga News, The Newmarket Era, The Oakville Beaver, Orilla Today, Oshawa/Whitby This Week, Peterborough This Week, Richmond Hill/Thornhill/Vaughan Liberal, The Scarborough Mirror, Today's Seniors, The Uxbridge/Stouffville Tribune. Metroland Printing, Publishing & Distributing is a division of Harlequin Enterprises Ltd.

Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of a typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature will not be charged for, but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the acceptable rate.

In the event of typographical error advertising goods or services at wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell which may be withdrawn at any time.

Editorial and advertising content of The Georgetown Independent is protected by copyright. Unauthorized use is prohibited.

Price: Store copies 50c each; Subscriptions \$26.00 per year by carrier; \$46.25 per year by mail in Canada; Rural Routes \$30.00; \$65.00 per year in all other countries. Plus G.S.T.  
Second Class Mail Registration Number 6869. The Georgetown Independent is a member of The Canadian Community Newspaper Association and The Ontario Community Newspaper Association.

**EDITORIAL -- 873-0301**

Editor-in-Chief: Lorne Drury  
Editor: Robin Inscio  
Managing Editor: Cynthia Gamble

Staff Writers: Janet Baine, Lisa Tallyn, Steve LeBlanc

Photography: Ted Brown

**BUSINESS OFFICE - 873-0301**

Manager: Carol O'Grady  
Accounting: Pat Kentner

Composing Manager: Steve Foreman  
Composing: Perry Steel, Sharon Pinkney, Mary Lou Foreman, Dolores Black, Shell Harrison, Debbie McDougall, Kevin Powell, Annie Olsen.

**ADVERTISING -- 873-0301**

Director of Advertising: Shaun Sauve  
Advertising Manager: Sandra Dorsey  
Classified Manager: Carol Hall  
Display Sales: Carol Ann Roberts, Arlene Bowman, Janie Smith, Jeanette Cox, Charmaine Letts, Michelle Nolan, Lana Walsma, Jane Coutts

National Representative: Dal Browne (493-1300)

**DISTRIBUTION**  
CIRCULATION/SUBSCRIPTIONS - 873-0301  
Director of Distribution: Dave Coleman  
Circulation Manager: Nancy Geissler

Mailing Address: 211 ARMSTRONG AVE. GEORGETOWN, ONT. 873-0301 L7G 4X5

## The right time

There is a time and a place for everything. Mayor Russ Miller and Esquesing councillor Robert Heaton squared off at a public meeting Monday night, perhaps because the councillor does not fully realize this.

The incident occurred during a public meeting, held before the regular council meeting. The time was set aside for the public who may wish to enquire about zoning bylaw amendments proposed for Acton. No one from the public appeared at the meeting to request the staff presentation.

But Mr. Heaton, who does not favor the amendments, wanted to see the presentation anyway. As a councillor he was ruled out of order - the meeting was for the public. Mr. Heaton made a show of jumping up from his chair, and making his way to the citizen's podium, claiming he was a member of the public. That is true, but as a member of council he is privy to information accessible from staff at any time and as a councillor, he would have heard that information presented formally to council at a later date.

While we acknowledge Mr. Heaton's zealotry in attempting to serve his constituents, part of that service is in knowing the right time and the right place to debate issues.

His outburst that evening only served to delay and disrupt the regular proceedings; it served no one's purpose. This is not the first time Mr. Heaton has disrupted council proceedings and it has created friction and frustration among council members.

Perhaps this would ease if everyone remembers that there is a proper time and place for everything.

## No to Market St. extension

Dear editor:

Two years ago, after researching towns from Bolton to Milton, we chose Georgetown as an ideal place to raise our family. We chose it for a quality of life, of air, and of parklands and wide open spaces. We chose it to escape the hustle, the congestion, and the dehumanizing 'progress-before-people' approach to city expansion.

As a homeowner on Market Street, I would like to express my upset over the possibility that my street become a busy artery. I would like to ask councillor Gail Rutherford this question: "Would she like to see her own street become 'lively and profitable' or just mine?"

I wish to thank councillor Pam Johnston and her associates for speaking on my behalf when she said publicly, "I don't believe the people on Market Street want the extension."

Thank you for your consideration!

Mrs. Cindy Coles

## Letters

to the Editor

### Thanks firefighters

Dear editor:

On behalf of Robert Little Public School students, staff and parents let me take this opportunity to thank the Acton Fire Fighters Association for organizing the Santa Claus Parade. We certainly enjoyed the fun. Each year the parade is well organized through the capable work of the volunteers. Special thanks goes to William Spielvogel who heads up this group.

Each year we look forward to the parade. Each year we take their efforts for granted. Many thanks.

By the way, the prize money was used to give the children a Christmas present of a movie, popcorn and pop.

Community events like a parade help us to weather life's storms.

Sincerely,  
P. Hynds

## Say nay to free trade

Dear editor:

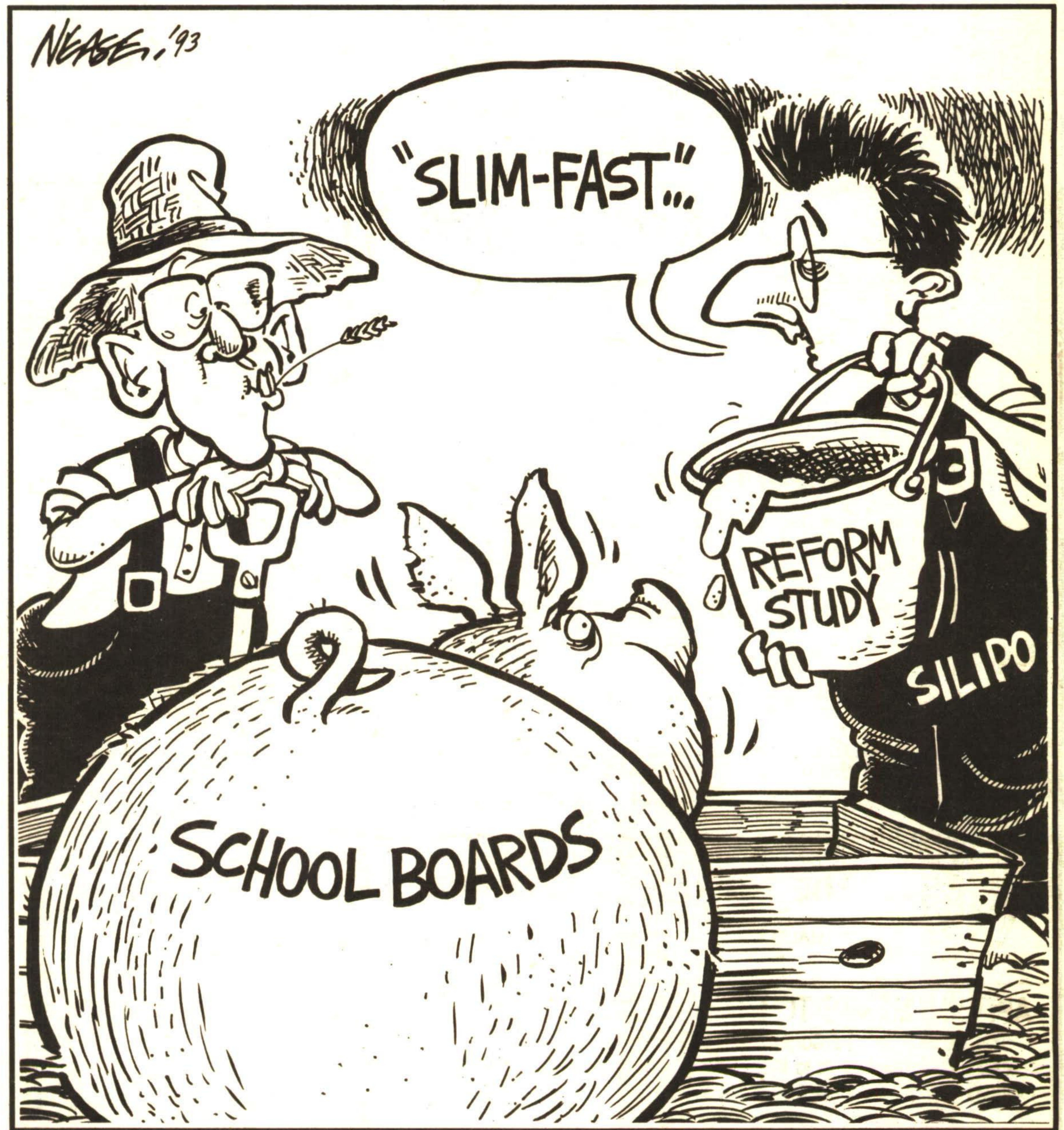
I read about another reason for me to tell the prime minister I do not want free trade. Here in Ontario another plant has laid off 164 workers from a local auto parts plant because these jobs have been exported to Mexico and southern states.

The big signing by Mr. Mulroney, Mr. Bush and the head man of Mexico will not go into force until January 1, 1994. Now is a good time to tell them to tear up these papers. Hopefully we the people of Canada can get that across before January 1, 1994. Think about it, Mexico, USA wages much less than Canada's; how on earth can we compete?

Free trade is already breaking Canada down. With Mexico it will completely cut Canada to pieces. We do have to speak up for our rights. We have a year to let it be known how we feel.

For the love of my country, your country, let's say NAY.

Sincerely,  
Kathleen (Molly) Crowhurst



## Just what are those little things at the bottom of my mug?

Our office has been invaded. Okay, okay, perhaps the word "invaded" is a little strong; maybe I should say "infiltrated."

The culprit has been leaving his signs behind, and the trail leads right into the photographic darkroom.

More specifically, right to my coffee mug, which sits in the darkroom.

It seems, a small rodent, namely a mouse, has found great delight in raising pure hell in the darkroom. And he has gone to great lengths to annoy me.

It wouldn't be so bad if the damage was contained to the film drawer, where he's had a veritable picnic chewing up film boxes. The plastic containers are untouched, so I only have a pile of little shredded cardboard boxes which have the consistency of confetti to deal with.

I can even ignore the trail of little specks of a.. er.. mouse drop-

pings that have appeared mysteriously on the counter overnight.

But it's the other thing, he has been doing that bothers me.

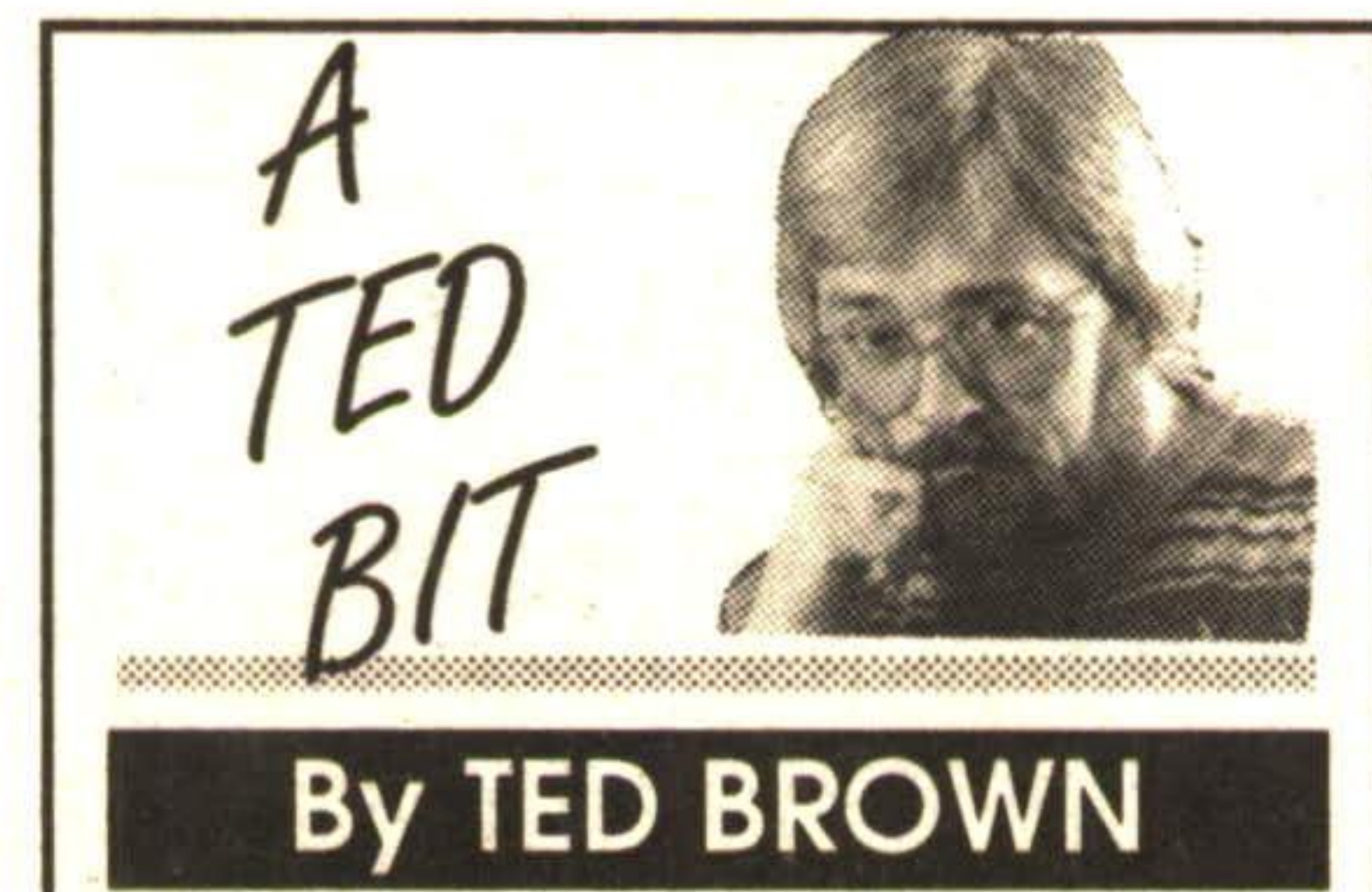
Namely, using my coffee mug as a potty.

Now I take exception to anyone using my mug for anything, but when I find tiny little mouse calling cards, stuck to the bottom of my mug, I become a tad annoyed.

I thought I could outsmart this rodent, and started storing my coffee mug on my desk, rather than in the darkroom.

Next morning, my desk was littered with a number of his droppings, and the bottom of my mug was once again "violated."

Other members of the editorial department found the whole scenario amusing, and the subject even prompted one of my co-workers into a discussion of whether the little devil climbed right inside the mug to do his little body function, or just hung his little bottom over



the edge and let 'er rip, while perhaps reading a copy of the local mouse news.

I didn't find it at all as hilarious as he. (After all, it wasn't his coffee mug that was being dumped in.)

As the discussion made its way through the office, I learned the composing department was having mouse problems as well.

It was time to take action, set up a game plan, and do battle with the army of guerrilla rodents.

In short, buy some mousetraps. The battle lines were drawn,

and Steve Foreman of the composing department set the first volley of traps.

Armed and baited with some chocolate and peanut butter from Reese's Peanut Butter Cups, the first attack netted three kills out of four traps, and Foreman was instantly vaulted to fame as Chief Mouse Killer of the office.

His subsequent attack the following night, delivered two more casualties for the mouse side.

It was my turn to set some traps and get MY mouse.

The first was armed and hidden in the drawer where the little furry critters had chewed some film boxes. The second was set on the counter top, where I had found the most "evidence," right beside my coffee mug, which I intentionally left with a little coffee residue in the bottom, just to draw the little fella out.

No mouse was going to get the better of me, as I set the traps, late

Friday afternoon.

Monday morning, I arrived early, all set to dispose of the bodies, and claim my victory. As I opened the darkroom door, I noticed the trap on the counter top was untouched. Further investigation found the second trap the same, also untouched.

"Hmm," I thought to myself, "Steve must have caught all the mice in the office with his traps."

As I picked up my mug, to fill it with coffee, I peered into it. Once again, a number of droppings were stuck to the bottom.

It seems my mouse was smarter than I thought, but that was the last trace of anything in my mug. I guess it was his "parting gesture," and he decided to leave after seeing the carnage Steve had inflicted in the composing room.

But the whole adventure has had one definite affect on me.

Since then, I seem to wash that mug a lot more.