

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Second Class Mail Registration Number 6869. The Georgetown Independent is a member of The Canadian Community Newspaper Association and The Ontario Community Newspaper Association.

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Forget the comic book heroics

Mr. Premier, FOAD does not speak for the rest of us in Halton Hills.

We hope that Premier Bob Rae knows that and does not consider that all Halton Hills residents are mask-wearing, screaming citizens.

We in Halton Hills are just as concerned as members of FOAD (Furiously Opposed to Acton Dumping) about the possibility of the Acton Quarry being turned into a landfill site. We're just as concerned about the possibility of getting landfill sites on our Norval border. But, to lunge at the premier of this province with masks on, and rape sirens, will not get him to listen to our concerns then or in the future, nor would it gain us any credibility or strength in political and media circles.

Diane van de Valk and Rita Landry say they went to the Queen's Park press conference to ask Rae if he planned to kill the RSI proposal. Fortright action is often called for in frustrating situations, but as we said in last week's editorial, there is a time and a place for everything.

However through their shenanigans little had been accomplished other than their own notoriety and we learn through our daily contact with our readers some embarrassment to the general public of Halton Hills.

We will win these fights against the government and the private interests pursuing these landfills, but we will do so with intelligent information gathering by a committed citizenry not with comic book heroics.

Uneasy about NEC future

Dear editor:

I have felt uneasy about the future of the Niagara Escarpment ever since the Niagara Escarpment Landowners' Coalition (NELC) started asking for the abolition of the Niagara Escarpment Commission and suspension of the U.N.'s "World Biosphere Reserve" designation.

Now, the truth of the matter has finally come out! In her recent column in the Toronto Star (Does coalition have interests of escarpment at heart? Saturday, Jan. 30, 1993, page H1), Michele Landsberg explains the forces behind the NELC. The landowners' group includes an aggregate company, golf course owners, land developers and real estate interests.

These groups have had most, but not all, of their plans for development approved by the Niagara Escarpment Commission. Naturally, if there were no NEC, it would be easier to get approvals since they would have to deal only with local governments. However, in

Letters

to the Editor

some areas along the escarpment, the local governments seem to have very little interest in protecting our natural heritage.

Preservation of the escarpment for ourselves and future generations is worth fighting for. Development will continue, but it must be properly controlled. Let us urge our representatives, in local and provincial government, to fight for the continued protection of the Niagara Escarpment so that it remains "Ours to Enjoy."

Read Whatmough

Unhappy with customer service

Dear editor:

My sister and I and our husbands went to Santo Domingo recently for a week's vacation. We decided to take the airport service

offered to us by a local bus line that offers that service. Pick up from our homes was perfect, we were at the airport in lots of time. However, our trip home was another story.

Our flight time was changed to arrive at Toronto at 4:30 p.m. instead of 11:40 p.m. We were notified in Santo Domingo that our flight was changed on Thursday. Since we had booked through our local bus line, we just assumed that they would phone to the airport and make sure that our flight was arriving on time. We got to Toronto and no one was there to pick us up. My husband promptly phoned the bus line and the answering service didn't know anything about us getting picked up. She said for us to phone back in 15 minutes and she would try and find out what was going on. So we phoned back in 15 minutes and were told "Find your own way home!"

Well, I'm really glad that we could find our way home, but I really think that is a poor attitude to have. And you wonder why us town folks like to deal with our local businesses.

P.S. Good customer service makes a successful company!

Name withheld



We sleep easier when the cat is working the night shift

I'm beginning to feel like my life is being run by rodents.

Last week, I wrote about how my coffee cup in the office was targeted by a certain mouse as he went about his daily bodily functions.

This week it's my home that was hit.

It happened early Thursday morning, as the Brown family slept. (Ever notice that about mice? It's always while everyone is asleep.)

Anyway, my wife was awakened around 1:30 a.m. to a scratching sound. She was sure she could hear it in the hall, outside our bedroom.

Curiosity got the better of her and she got up and turned on a light.

Nothing. Not a thing in sight. Of course, I slept through the whole event.

She was awakened again and again as the night wore on, but every time she turned on a light, there was nothing to be seen.

Finally, at 5 a.m. she bolted from the bed and threw on the light. Bed covers went flying and I almost vaulted through the ceiling.

"What on earth are you doing?" I asked while administering CPR to myself to get my heart going again. (Actually, I might have said something a little more graphic, but this is a family publication, so I must show good taste and restraint.)

"It was that mouse again," she shrieked. "He started to climb up the side of the mattress!"

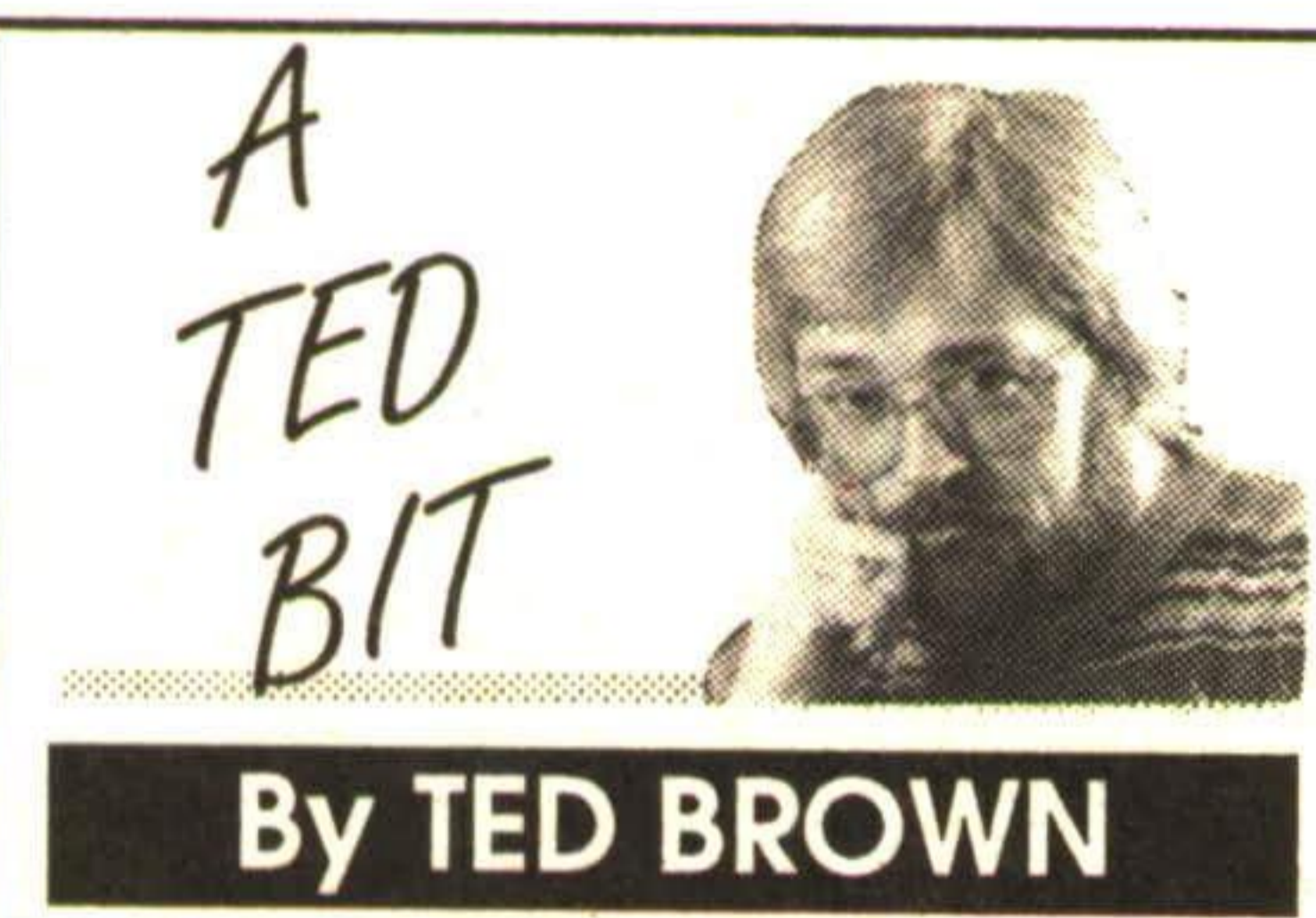
"What mouse?" I asked, having slept through the previous so-called attacks.

"That mouse that's been running around the hall all night!" she replied, "Didn't you hear it?"

"Nope," I replied, "But why didn't you let the cat up if you could hear it? She would make short work of a mouse."

"Oh... I never thought of that," she replied sheepishly.

"I guess that would be a good idea."



A TED BIT

By TED BROWN

Our cat sleeps in the basement and is rarely allowed to sleep upstairs, mainly because she rooms with one of our daughters, and gets cat hairs all over the bed.

Enter the cat. My wife assumed the fate of the household was in the capable hands, er... paws of the cat, so she climbed back into bed, attempting to salvage what was left of her night's sleep.

As I started to drift off, she explained how she had heard this mouse repeatedly roaming the hall, and its rustling as it scampered across a magazine she had left on

the floor by the bed. It was when she heard it starting to climb the side of the bed she sounded the alarm.

In my half sleep, I remember saying something like, "It must have been one helluva mouse if you could hear it. Usually they're so quiet no one hears them. If it made that much noise, maybe it was a rat."

In retrospect, I wish I'd kept that last fact to myself.

In the darkness, I'm sure I felt the chills running right up her back, through her nightgown.

"A rat?" she whispered.

In a state of near panic, my wife spent the balance of the night, on my side of the bed, alerted to the most minuscule sound, in case it was something furry, attempting the climb the bed.

I assured her the cat was on patrol, and would keep any mice (okay, or rats) at bay for the remainder of the night.

Anyway, as daylight crept in the

window, we got up and went to work, while the cat remained in charge of the house for the day.

When I returned home that night, I was ordered to give the entire upstairs a thorough going over and check for any mouse holes.

At the front of the house, we have a window that I installed some time ago, which I have neglected to put the finishing wood trim around. Beside the window, I discovered a little hole, where something had worked its way through the insulation. I nailed a piece of wood over the hole, and we've heard nothing in the night since.

But the cat is still working the night shift, patrolling the house while we sleep, keeping watch over her brood of humans. We all sleep easier that way.

And, after all's said and done, I'll be the first to admit it.

That newly trimmed window looks great.