

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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EDITORIAL - 873-0301
Editor-in-Chief: Lorne Drury
Editor: Robin Inscoc
Managing Editor: Cynthia Gamble

Staff Writers: Janet Baine, Lisa Tallyn, Steve LeBlanc

Photography: Ted Brown

BUSINESS OFFICE - 873-0301

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Accounting: Pat Kentner

Composing Manager: Steve Foreman
Composing: Perry Steel, Sharon Pinkney,
Mary Lou Foreman, Dolores Black, Shell Harrison,
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Mailing Address: 211 ARMSTRONG AVE. GEORGETOWN, ONT. 873-0301 L7G 4X5

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Town should rectify problems

The following letter was filed with the Independent/Free Press for publication

Dear Mayor Miller:

My presentation to council on March 22, 1993, regarding collection of blue box materials from Wastewise resulted in the identification of two areas of concern: jurisdiction and cost.

Regarding jurisdiction: the Town handled collection of blue box materials on behalf of Wastewise since April 1991. A letter from Mr. T.A. Drewlo, the Town's Manager of Operations, dated October 26, 1992, states that the Town agrees to continue collecting blue box materials.

The Regional Planning and Public Works Committee, chaired by Councillor Serjeantson, was informed of Regional staff's recommendation to exclude non-profit organizations, municipal offices and local hospitals from collection through a report dated October 21, 1992.

Letters

to the Editor

The Town failed to address the changes to their program that would occur in passing management to the Region before Town Council's decision to do so. Failing an adequate review of implications prior to implementation, the Town remains responsible for rectifying the problems which have arisen.

Regarding cost: I would like to remind you of the economic benefits resulting from Wastewise. The centre employs three people full-time and two people part-time.

Two years of operation have injected \$506,000 primarily into the local economy. At \$150/tonne, the flea market and non-blue box services have saved the Town \$28,500 in disposal fees during 1992.

As far as the cost of providing this service to Wastewise, the Town may wish to discuss cost sharing

with the Region. The Region has more than \$8 million in reserve for 3Rs projects.

I hope this clarifies some of the concerns raised. Please call if you have any questions.

Sincerely,
Diane van de Valk,
Project Manager

Searching roots in Georgetown

Dear editor:

I am trying to locate any descendants of Katherine Wrighton of Peterborough.

It is known that at the time of her death in 1917, a daughter, Mrs. Ella Louise Ross, resided in the Village of Georgetown. Mrs. Ross had a daughter, Helen Isabel Ross at this time.

I have family pictures and papers which might be of interest. Please contact Mrs. J. Forbes, 43 Poplar Rd., West Hill, Ont. M1E 1Z2.

Yours truly,
Jill Forbes

Enjoy spring — but be careful

It seems it has finally arrived.

Spring has finally sprung after a long, cold winter and everyone is basking in the sunshine, eyeing their garden with renewed enthusiasm, all the while planning for summer vacation.

But with the arrival of spring, there are a few hazards that tag along.

Since the snow has melted and the rain has followed behind to wash down the streets of Halton Hills, it seems we must keep an alert eye open for our young people.

With the warmth of spring, the youth of Halton Hills are out in droves on bicycles, as well as walking, talking, and enjoying the warm spring weather.

Many things are on their minds.

As a result, motorists must be a little more attentive as they drive by schools, parks and shopping centres, to watch for cyclists and pedestrians, both young as old as they travel about town.

Other hazards exist.

Local creeks, swollen with the spring runoff, are always a temptation to little ones, unaware of the danger they pose. We must keep an eye on our children, making sure we have no accidents around our creeks and ponds.

And with the spring comes the mud, an annual nuisance we must endure on our rural roads and in our parks and playing fields, until the sunshine can dry up the moisture, and get on with growing.

Spring has sprung; that's for sure.

Let's make it a safe one.



Surviving a march through hell at the Legion

I've always enjoyed my visits to our local Legion.

Be it covering special events like Remembrance Day, or a social call, I've found the Legion has always been a warm, friendly place to visit.

And last weekend was no exception. I attended the annual awards night celebration at Branch 120 in Georgetown. My reason for attending was to accept a national Royal Canadian Legion media award on behalf of this newspaper.

A number of longtime members were honored. A friend of mine, Tom Given, received his 50 year medal and Harry Bottoms was presented with his life membership. Sergeant at Arms Keith Ewing marched all the recipients to the podium to receive their awards.

I watched, thinking to myself, how they were keeping perfect time as they marched. Of course, I was sure I wouldn't be marched in, as I was only a visitor, not a member.

The moment finally came.

President Bob McNeilly request-

ed the Sergeant at Arms escort me to the podium.

"Oh no," I thought, "I wasn't supposed to march."

I took my position beside him as he snapped, "Quick march."

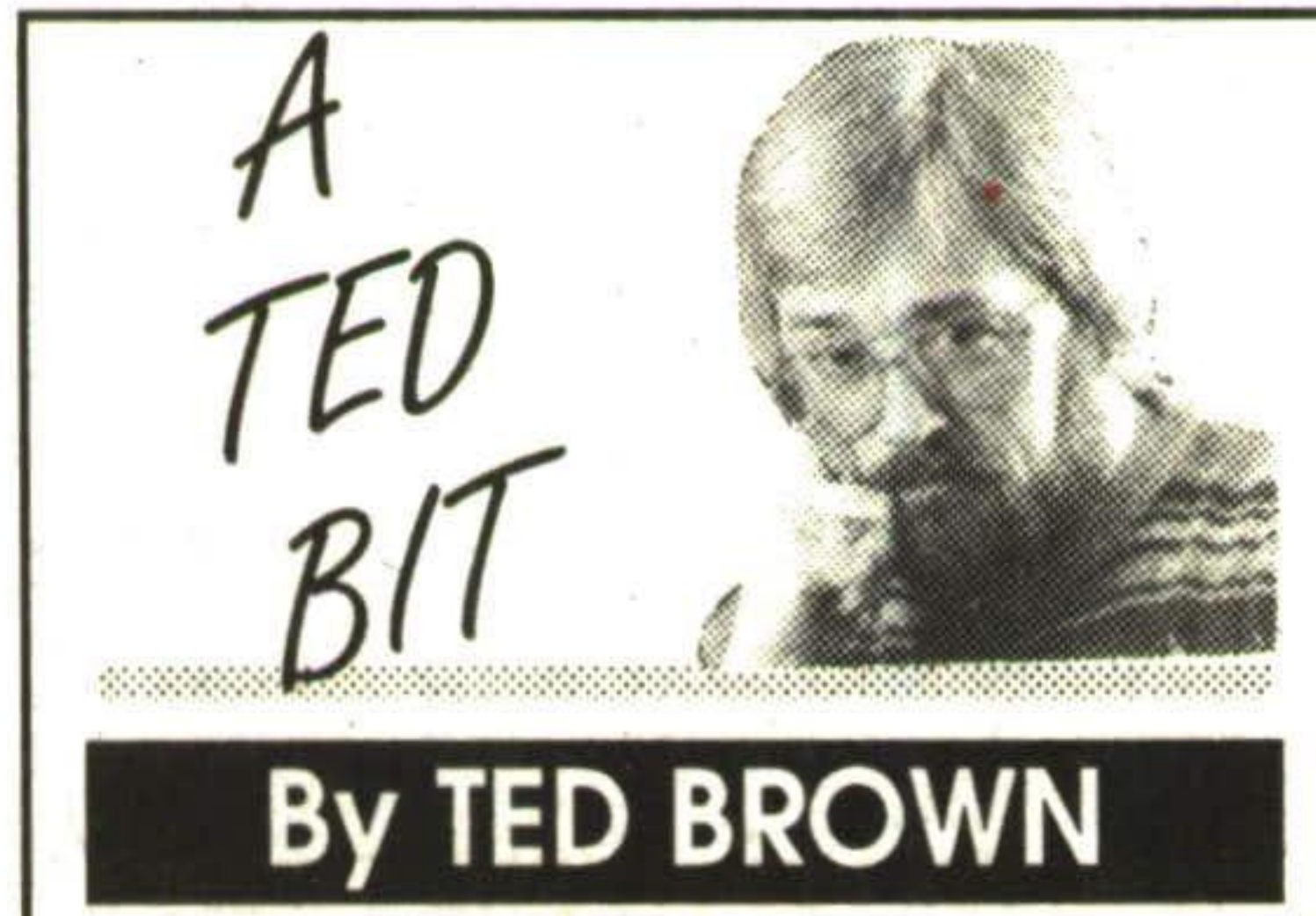
I tried to remember which foot I was to put forward first. Was it the left? Or the right?

The Sergeant at Arms certainly marched quickly, as he said, and I was in a cloud as we covered that length of the Legion hall in what seemed like hours. We could have marched across town and back, for all I knew.

Finally, we arrived at our destination, at the opposite end of the hall, and I faced Branch president Bob McNeilly and Zone Commander Hank Russell, as Bob read the words on the plaque.

It was a glowing recognition to receive for the newspaper.

I was impressed, and soaked up the compliments being heaped upon this newspaper, and was somewhat humbled by Bob's praises.



I was equally impressed as Hank Russell presented me with the beautiful plaque, while Legion member Jim Hayes photographed the event.

And I suddenly was jolted back to reality as I realized I had to march to the other end of the hall again.

"About face!" sang out the Sergeant at Arms, and I panicked.

Which way was I to turn? Clockwise? Counterclockwise?

I decided to go with my gut feeling, and swung counterclockwise. Naturally, I was wrong.

"Oh well," I thought to myself, "No one probably noticed."

We returned marching back to

the other end in what seemed like, oh, perhaps three days, and I listened for the command.

"How many steps do I take now?" I wondered, "How do I mark time? Do I stomp my foot down when I halt?"

I figured the Sergeant at Arms was about to halt so I readied myself to slam my foot on the floor, just like I had seen air and army cadets and countless others do at inspections and Remembrance Day ceremonies.

Which foot I was to stomp?

I waited. He marched.

I waited a little longer. It was taking eternity.

"It must be now," I thought.

Down went my foot!

Just a little too soon.

I secretly thanked God for my soft-soled shoes at that moment.

The Sergeant at Arms must have figured he had a total idiot at his side, and continued nonplused as he completed his march.

"Halt!" he ordered.

I was already stopped.

"Fall out!" he snapped.

I returned to my table totally relieved, with the plaque tucked under my arm. It was over.

"Whew!" I thought to myself, "I made it, and not really half bad either. I had marched at the Legion and returned from my very own 'march through hell,' unscathed. And I was sure no one (outside of the Sergeant at Arms) had really noticed my lack of timing.

The presentations were completed, and I had a few well wishers stop at my table to offer congratulations.

One woman, whom I attended school with, (and who also is a Legion member,) walked over to me.

"Congratulations Ted," she smiled, "That's quite a nice honor.

"Of course, you deserve it," she continued, patting my shoulder. "You really do good work for us."

I thanked her.

"There is just one thing, Ted," she smiled, departing.

"Oh, what's that?" I asked.

"We GOTTA teach you to march!"