KEN NUGENT Publisher

The Georgetown Independent and The Acton Free Press is published every Wednesday, at 211 Armstrong Ave. Georgetown Ont. L7G 4X5 and is one of the Metroland Printing, Publishing & Distributing group of suburban newspapers which includes: 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, Orillia Today, Oshawa/Whitby This Week, Peterborough This Week, Richmond Hill/Thornhill/Vaughan Liberal, The Scarborough Mirror, Today's Seniors, The Uxbridge/Stouffville Tribune.

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Price: Store copies 50¢ each; Subscriptions \$26.00 per year by carrier; \$46.25 per year by mail in Canada; \$30.00 Rural Routes; \$65.00 per year in all other countries. Plus G.S.T. G.S.T. NUMBER - R131508855 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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No excuses

This year's RIDE statistics are disappointing to say the least. In past few years, we felt that the battle against drinking and driving was being won — but the number of 1993 impaired driving charges prove us wrong.

The number has risen over last year — and the increase is not isolated to Halton. All centres, east and west of us, are reporting similar increases.

We thought, naively obviously, this stupidity was gradually becoming a bad habit of the past. Yet people persist in getting into a car drunk — and inevitably kill themselves or some innocent passersby.

There's no excuse for driving drunk there's taxis, there's motels, and there's always shank's mare.

And there's no excuse for allowing anyone to drive drunk — don't get in a car with someone who has been drinking, take away their keys and, if they persist, call for help. Is an impaired driving charge the only thing that will smarten up some people?

We can only shake our heads, and despair at the idiocy.

Give the gift of life

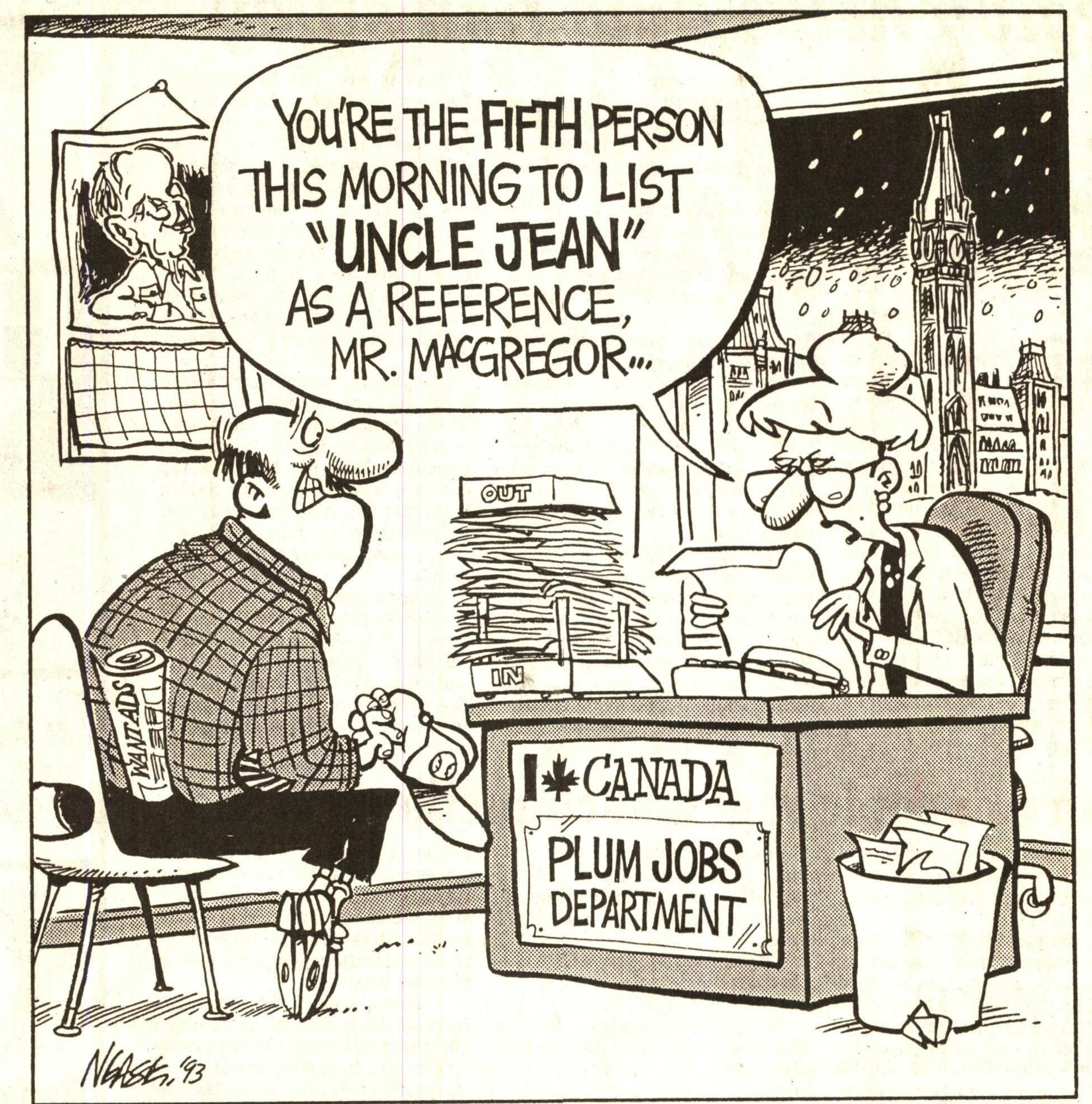
Last year, in '92, Mayor Russ Miller and members of council departed from their yearly ritual of a New Year's Levee. Instead they devoted their time and monies to a Blood Donor Clinic.

The move was a success, and it will be repeated again this year. The Second Annual Mayor's Blood Donor Clinic will be held Wednesday, Dec. 29, 2-7 p.m. at Sacre-Coeur Hall.

Blood at this time of year is critically needed. With the hustle and bustle of the season, there are fewer donors than usual, but at the same time the need is still there — if not more

Give the best gift you could possibly make this year, give the gift of life.

PUD



130 donate blood in Acton

Dear editor:

The Christmas Spirit is alive and well in Acton! December 16, 130 blood donors gave the best gift possible themselves, and as a result up to 520 people may benefit from their dona-

There are so many ways that people can spend time after work at this time of year that we are proud and ankful that our donors make the nic a priority.

Volunteer registrars, phoners, efreshment ladies and walkers all helped to make this clinic run as smoothly as possible. Thanks to each one of you for your commitment of

time and energy. Thanks go to the Walker Masonic Lodge for their generosity as sponsors, to Tim Horton Donuts for a major contribution of refreshments and to all of the local businesses that help in promoting our clinics.

To one and all a Merry Christmas and our best wishes for a rejuvenating holiday season.

Geoffrey Moon Acton Blood Clinic convenor

Calendar is a waste of money

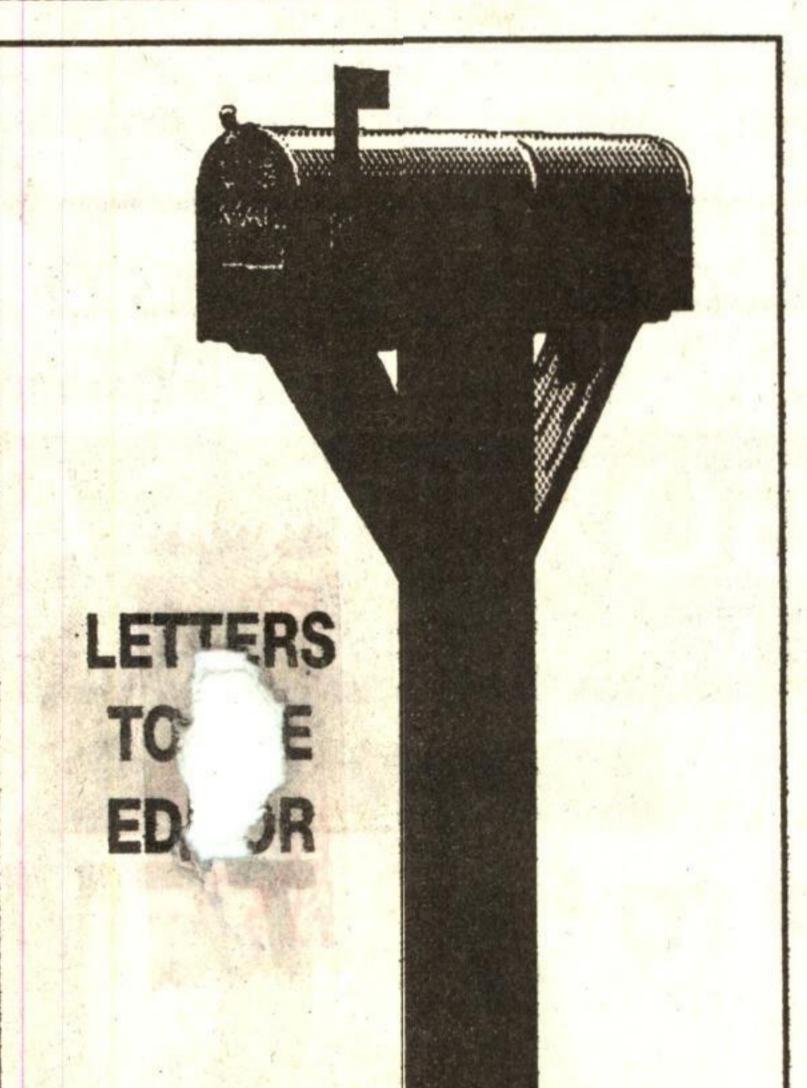
The following letter to Halton North MP Noel Duignan was filed with this newspaper for publication. Mr. Duignan:

Please tell me you did not spend my hard earned tax dollars producing the 1994 Calendar I have just received!

What a waste of money! This shows the total lack of intelligence and respect of your NDP government towards the people of this province.

If indeed this money has not come out of your own personal pocket I challenge you to do so immediately. If I want a calendar I'll go and buy one from a real business (that's if the NDP hasn't put them all out of busi-

OKAY... I GIVE



ness yet.)

This is just yet another appalling act of a Government slowly choking the life out of the once great Province of Ontario. Get your head out of the

> Yours truly, Mike Springer

Disenchanted with govt. intervention

The following letter to Halton North MP Noel Duignan was filed with this newspaper for publication. Dear Mr. Duignan:

I should tell you first of all that I have never been involved in politics to any great extent. However, over the last few years I have become more and more disenchanted with the amount of government intervention and spending at the provincial level and I feel it is now time to voice my

As a member of your constituency recently received your 1994 Calendar entitled, Making wise choices. Upon opening this calendar l became incensed a the fact that you probably used your constituents' hard earned tax dollars to have this calendar printed and distributed.

Your first sentence "in these tough

WALDO?

economic times, you want to use your money wisely" does not appear to have been applied in generating this calendar.

I am fortunate enough to be supplied with ample calendar "free of charge" from other sources and do not appreciate having my tax dollars used for this. I would also be willing to purchase one should I want one.

You are trying to promote information on government services within Ontario and I am sure that most of your constituents could obtain this from other sources. I find it difficult to believe you are using a calendar to tell us how to look after our children, our homes, our gardens etc. More government intervention!

The reply card states no postage needed, but unless I am incorrect the government will have to pay 48 cents per piece to Canada Post to receive the responses. That is 48 cents of my tax dollars you are spending to solicit praise for the Ontario NDP government. You do not leave any space in the reply card to say you are not doing a good job. I guess you don't want to hear that.

I am a partner in a small business where all management and staff work long hard hours to remain competitive in theses tough economic times. I pay municipal business taxes, corporate taxes, employer health tax, workers compensation, unemployment insurance, property taxes, personal income tax, PST and GST (I probably missed a tax) and want to see my money being spent wisely. When will you learn?

I am returning the calendar to you, maybe you can find a supporter who would like it.

Mary Duncan

A Christmas farewell

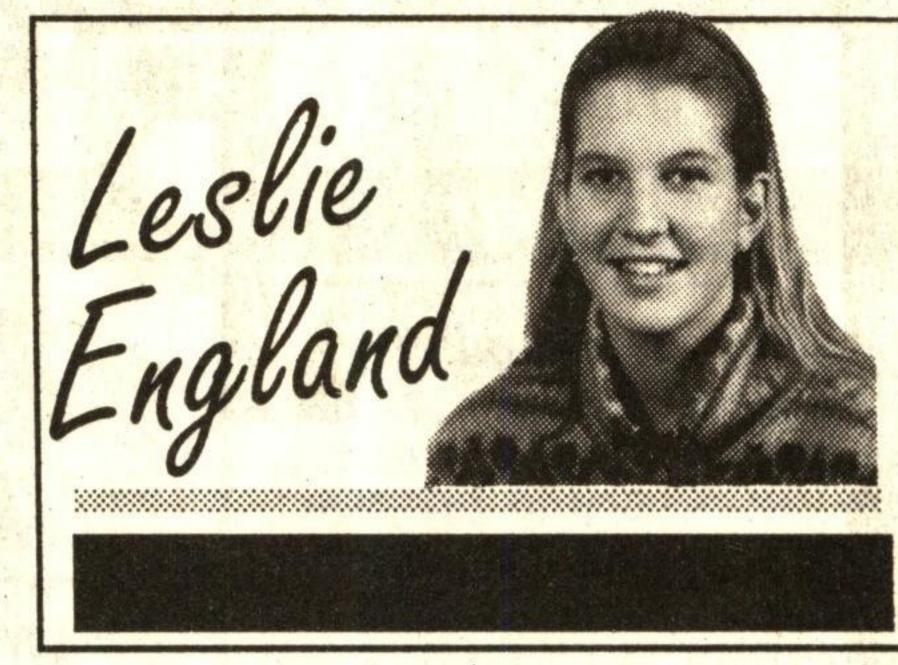
Dear Halton Hills friends:

After a lengthy maternity leave, a leave of absence and much consideration, I have decided to stay at home full-time with my family.

Since September 1984, I worked with many people in Halton Hills in my position as recreation supervisor for the Halton Hills Recreation and Parks Department. I will not name everyone because, inevitably, someone would be missed, but you know who you are; from Seniors to Summer Program staff, participants and parents; along with the Special Needs Drop-In Program; all parttime staff and my fellow colleagues both inside and outside of the department; the Mayor and member of Council; those special service clubs; the newspaper reporters; all who work diligently to make Halton Hills a better place to live; and of course to the friends I met through my association with the Town; you were a pleasure to work with and know and I will miss you all.

Thank you for your support and friendship.

Sincerely, Debbie Miethig, Past Supervisor of Community Programs Halton Hills Recreation and Parks



Christmas break

It was the Christmas of 1983, or was it

Anyways, we were at my aunt's farm for the day, as we always were on Christmas. With a family as big as mine, we needed a farmhouse to meet in - it was the only building big enough to hold all of us.

So on this one occasion, all the kids were all in the living room watching TV and playing with the stash that Santa had brought us that morning. My cousin Steve and I were playfighting (also a tradition) on one of the couches in the room. Now, Steve, at the time, was probably about 17 or 18 years old. No competition for a scrawny nine-year-old girl. But I fought my hardest to try and gain the title of 'Strongest Cousin' that year.

Well, I didn't quite make it. I'm not sure quite how it happened, but all of a sudden I felt my arm being snapped back and slammed into the arm

rest of the couch. It was broken.

There was no doubt in my mind.

You see, being the accident-prone child that I was, I had broken my arm on one other occasion. And for some reason the memory of that pain never quite left

So when I went to report to Mom that once again I had broken my arm, I was quite positive in my self diagnosis.

But my mother, on the other hand, did not have faith in my medical expertise. "What's all this broken bone non-

sense? Give me a break, Les, now I think it's time for you to have a little nap. Yeah, that's right, go lay down until it's So, here I was, Christmas Day, with a

broken arm, being sent off to a quiet room to wait for a few hours, until my family was ready to leave. And absolutely no one believed me.

Except for good ol' cousin Steve, that is, who became my servant out of pure

Finally, we packed up for the two hour drive to our home in Bramalea. That night, upset by the intense throbbing happening in my left wrist and the fact that no one would even believe me, I slept very little.

The next afternoon when my parents realized that the pain I had complained about the day before had not gotten any better, they decided to humor me and take me to the hospital for X-rays, which they assumed would take no more than an hour.

First of all, it took over six hours to make it back home.

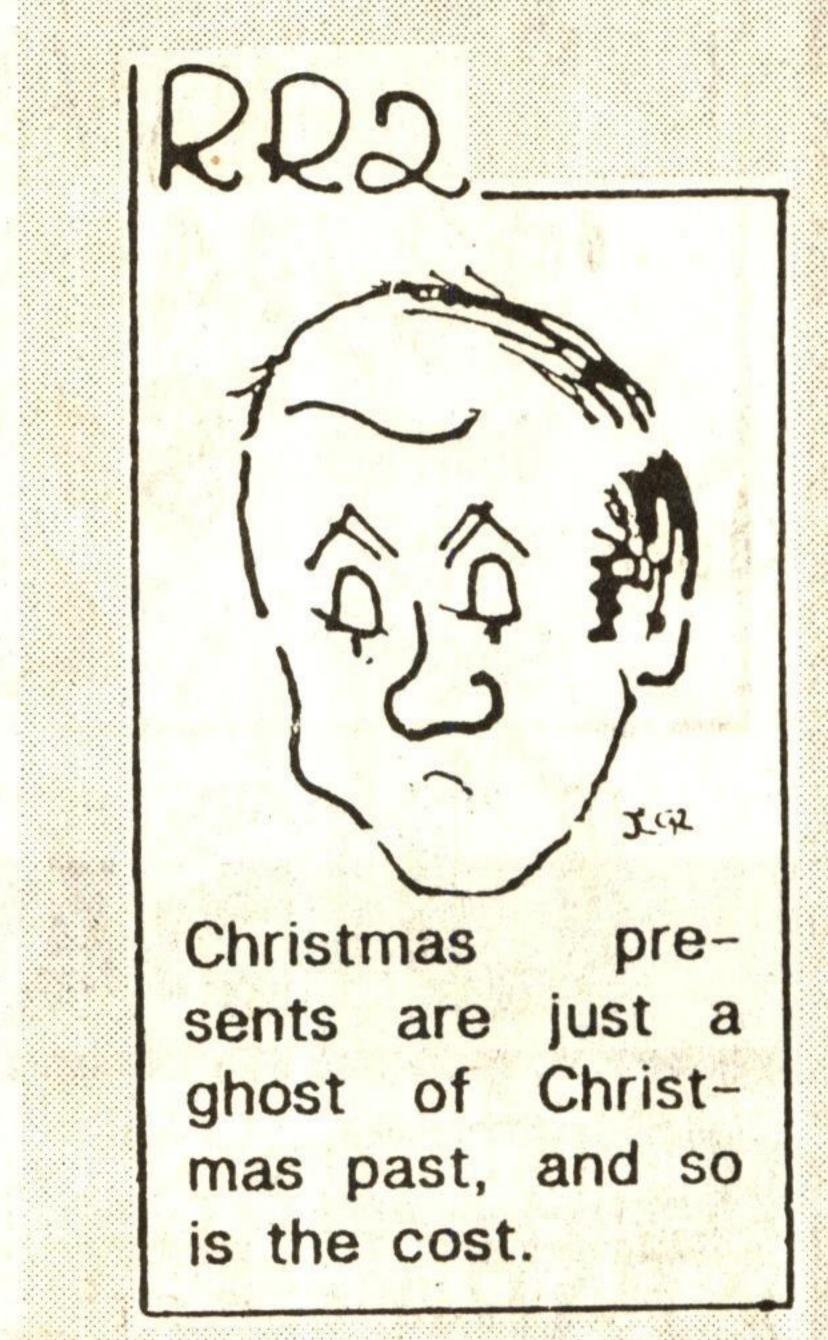
You see, one aspect that we had overlooked was that the Emergency section of Peel Memorial Hospital on Boxing Day, was not something that one just zipped through.

But when finally we did arrive home

to my frantic mother who had called the hospital by this point wondering where we were, I had my cast securely stuck to my arm, a report from the doctor saying I had a greenstick fracture, and a big "I told you so" grin plastered to my face. Boy, was I ever spoiled that

Christmas. (Leslie England is a Georgetown

District High School co-op student working at the Independent/Free Press this



I admit I'm a genuine turkey junkie, but ...

'Tis the season for everyone to celebrate and make merry.

And with that comes overeating. By the time you read this, Christmas will have come and gone and most of us will all be sitting back, stuffed to capacity with the results of over-eating during the holidays.

Now I'll be the first to admit I'm a genuine turkey junkie. There's nothing I enjoy more than picking away at a well-cooked

You can dish me up a platter of white meat, mashed potatoes and turkey dressing, all slathered in gravy, with a little spoonful of cranberries alongside any day of the week. Throw in a serving of candied yams or perhaps some turnip and maybe

some peas and I'm in seventh heaven. The only thing that can match that meal is an equally comparable roast beef

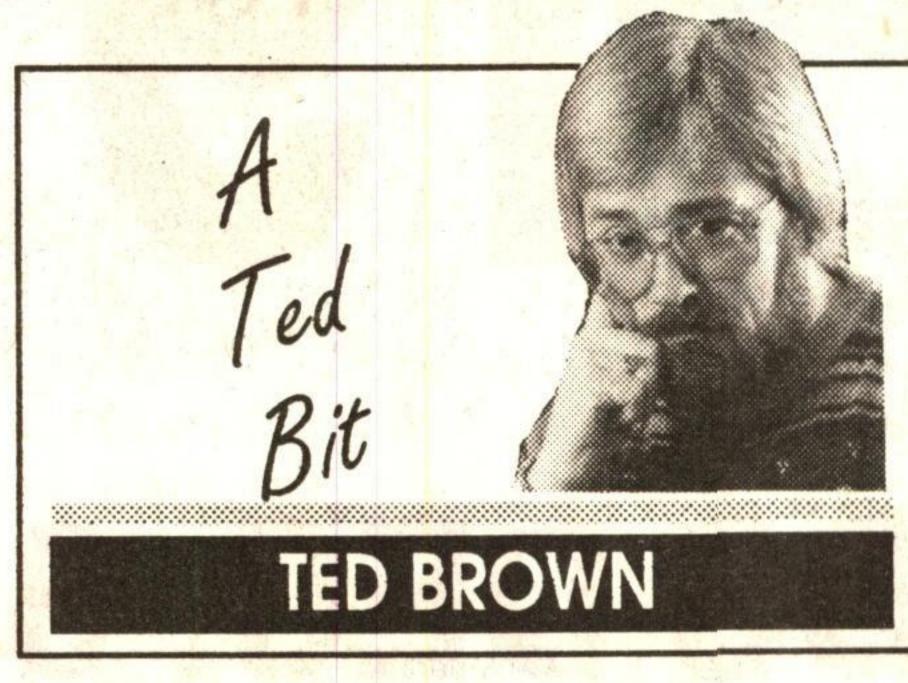
dinner. Top the whole thing off with some good wine and you've pretty well made my day. But today, Boxing Day, I will be sitting down to my fourth turkey dinner in one

And even though I still look forward to a good turkey dinner, the appeal is starting to wear a tad thin. It started last Sunday, when we attended my wife's family Christmas party.

The menu was, what else, turkey. All the 50 odd people in attendance were served from a 42 pound bird that my wife's aunt had fed and fattened for the occasion.

That was one monster of a bird. I swear, when they pulled it out of the oven last Sunday, it was the size of a small calf, or at least like a medium sized

My wife's aunt admitted to having quite a struggle with the thing when she killed and cleaned it, and had to have some help hoisting it into the oven, and



back out again. I was sure it must have taken a fork lift

to move it. But it was a good meal, and I enjoyed

every last morsel of it. That was a week ago, so I've had time to get the old taste buds all pumped up again for the Christmas turkey.

Turkey dinner number two was at my wife's parents' home at noon on Christmas Day, where we once again

gorged ourselves with a gigantic turkey, complete with all the trimmings. Follow that one up with another turkey

dinner at my parents' house Christmas night, and I'm still enjoying my turkey, but with perhaps a little less gusto. Of course, come today, Boxing Day,

and my wife always cooks a turkey for our own little, immediate family.

My wife explains she wants to cook a turkey, just so we have our very own little carcass in the refrigerator, to pick away at, make turkey sandwiches and perhaps finish it off at the end of next week with a turkey stew or turkey fried rice.

And the cat and dog would certainly miss the scraps from the table.

I know, I know; Christmas time wouldn't seem right without the warm smell of turkey cooking in the kitchen, when everyone descends the stairs after a

full night's sleep. But it would be kinda nice to spread

out my major turkey consumption over, say, three weeks, instead of three days. By the time I make it to today, my

appreciation of that fine feathered creature has gone from enjoying it to tolerating it, even though the smell still permeates the kitchen, filling it with a delightful appetizing odor which is second to none.

And I know I'll slice off another big slab of white meat and drowned it and the potatoes in gravy before adding a dusting of salt and pepper to top it off.

Yes, it's Christmas time, and overeating and overindulging one's self become the norm at this time of the year.

So if you see me in the next few days, flapping my arms a bit, scratching in the dirt for some grain, or the occasional "gobble, gobble, gobble" slips into my speech, don't be alarmed, or even con-

cerned. There's nothing wrong. I've just had too much turkey.