

# THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

**KEN NUGENT**  
Publisher

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## Major hurdle for Duignan's bill

Valentine's Day could very well be a historic date for Halton Hills dump opponents as public hearings will be held Feb. 14 and 15 to review MPP Noel Duignan's private member's bill to halt landfilling on the Niagara Escarpment.

It is encouraging to see the bill has progressed this far, as most private member's bills tend to fall on deaf ears as far as the government is concerned.

Duignan himself was delighted with his bill receiving second reading last April and now views the public hearings as "a really major hurdle, for the bill to go to a public hearing is a major, major step."

From that point, the bill will go to the third and final reading, but no date has been set as yet.

We applaud Duignan's initiative and foresight in presenting the bill, as it could very well be the final straw in eliminating any future proposals to establish dump sites along the scenic and environmentally sensitive Niagara Escarpment.

If the bill becomes law, every resident living along the escarpment, as well as the people of Halton Hills, should benefit from his actions with their lifestyle and environment protected from the possible hazards of dump sites.

This is also your opportunity to speak up and be heard on an issue close to our hearts — and homes.

## History lessons

The following letter was filed with this newspaper for publication.

Mr. J. Reed,  
MP Halton-Peel  
Sir:

Somebody once said that if we do not learn from history, we will just repeat it. We would like to define "it" as "errors" as it applies to the "late" PC government.

Some of these errors include the following:

Extending your stay in parliament for five years because your popularity is at an all time low. The PCs and Garth Turner are gone!

Stating you want the GST on everything including food. The PCs and Garth are gone!

Holding town hall meeting (old time direct democracy?) to listen to the people and then voting in Ottawa how the party tells you to vote ignoring how the people back home at the town hall meeting told

## Letters to the Editor

you to vote. The PCs and G.T. are gone.

Lowering the federal grants to Ontario while increasing or at least giving the same grants to other provinces. But they are gone now!

Other areas in which the PCs and Garth made major errors include poor immigration policies which allow people into our country but will not allow them to work for

## Letters are welcome

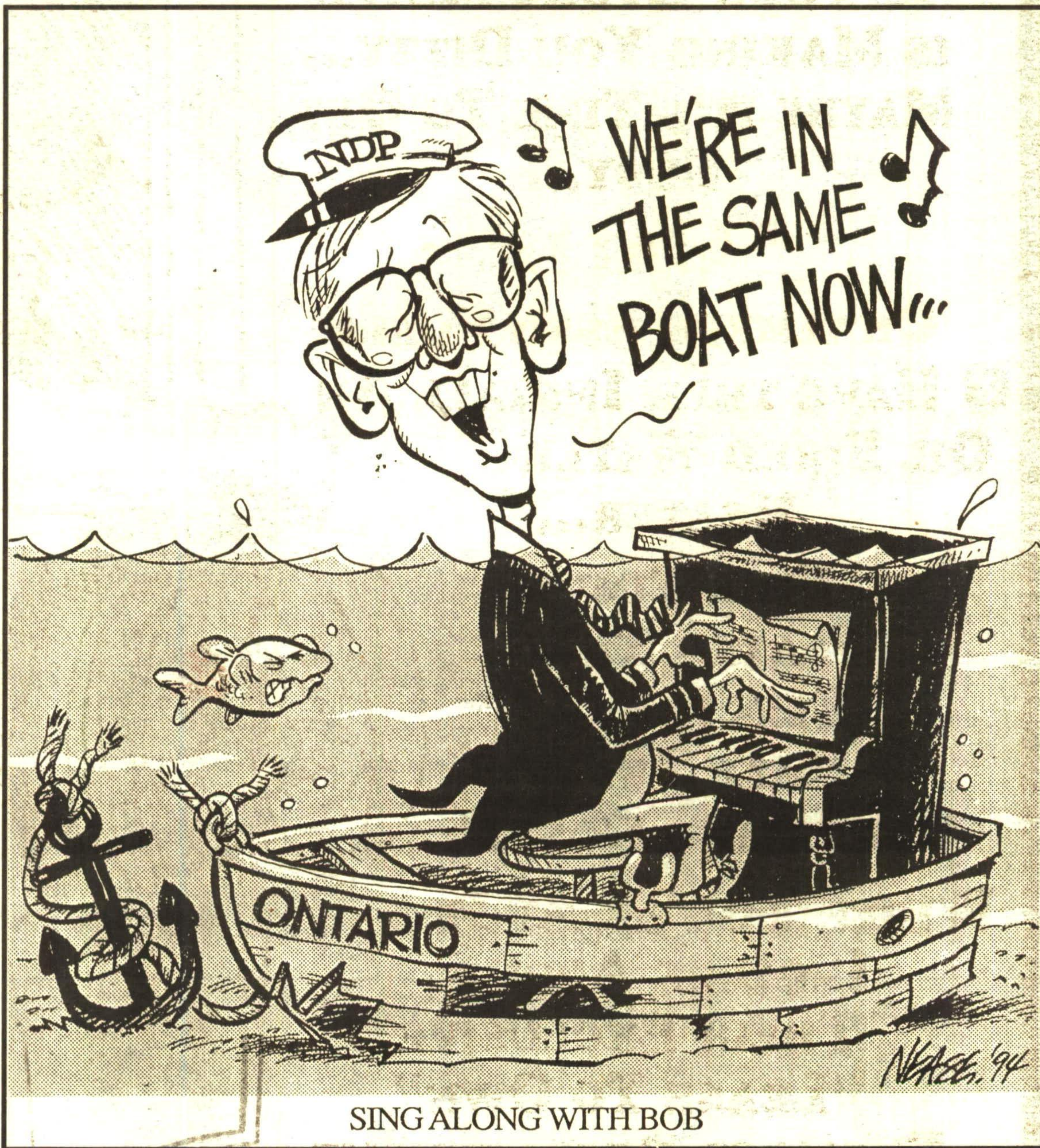
According to newspaper policy all letters must be accompanied by signature, address and phone number.

a year and these same policies are giving benefits to newcomers that our own Canadians do not receive; terrible parole policies; filling jobs with friends and relatives and not the best one trained and experienced for the job; giving away millions of our dollars to other countries and cutting back on our Canadian life standards such as health care and the education of our young; outrageous pensions for MPs that start, after six years in office (G.T. missed by one year!) when they no longer hold a seat in government, at any age; taking holidays at the Canadian taxpayers expense; trying to rewrite the constitution to satisfy the prime minister's ego; ignoring the needs of Canadians for jobs, jobs, jobs; bringing in NAFTA which will hurt our manufacturing companies etc., etc., etc.,

However, the perpetrators of the errors outlined above, the PCs and Garth Turner are gone!

Julian, we hope you and the Liberal party will learn from the errors of others. Listen to us as we do not always forget.

Yours sincerely,  
B. Kennedy, J. Kennedy



SING ALONG WITH BOB

## That blue sky and blue water is always the toughest

I hold Rev. Peter Barrow responsible.

Peter is the minister at our church, and every week he enters into the part of the service known as the "Children's Story."

Now I can't for the life of me imagine why anyone ever decided to call it "The Children's Story." Sure, the kids are all invited to the front of the church, and the minister usually tells them a story about good and bad, or how they should get along with others.

But it's certainly not just for children. All the adults, (although they would never admit it) look forward with anticipation to Peter's words of wisdom in the guise of a "Children's Story."

Over the years, Peter has talked about his childhood in England with lots of amusing anecdotes. His childhood actions, stories and games have all been used quite effectively as a means of conveying a message.

And they're always entertaining.

But last week the subject of his story planted a seed, which could have almost been called a nuisance.

It was simple; a jigsaw puzzle. Yep, a lowly jigsaw puzzle was the subject of his story.

And he got my wife hooked.

It only took a short time for the seed to sprout. She walked by a display of puzzles at a local department store, and motioned me over.

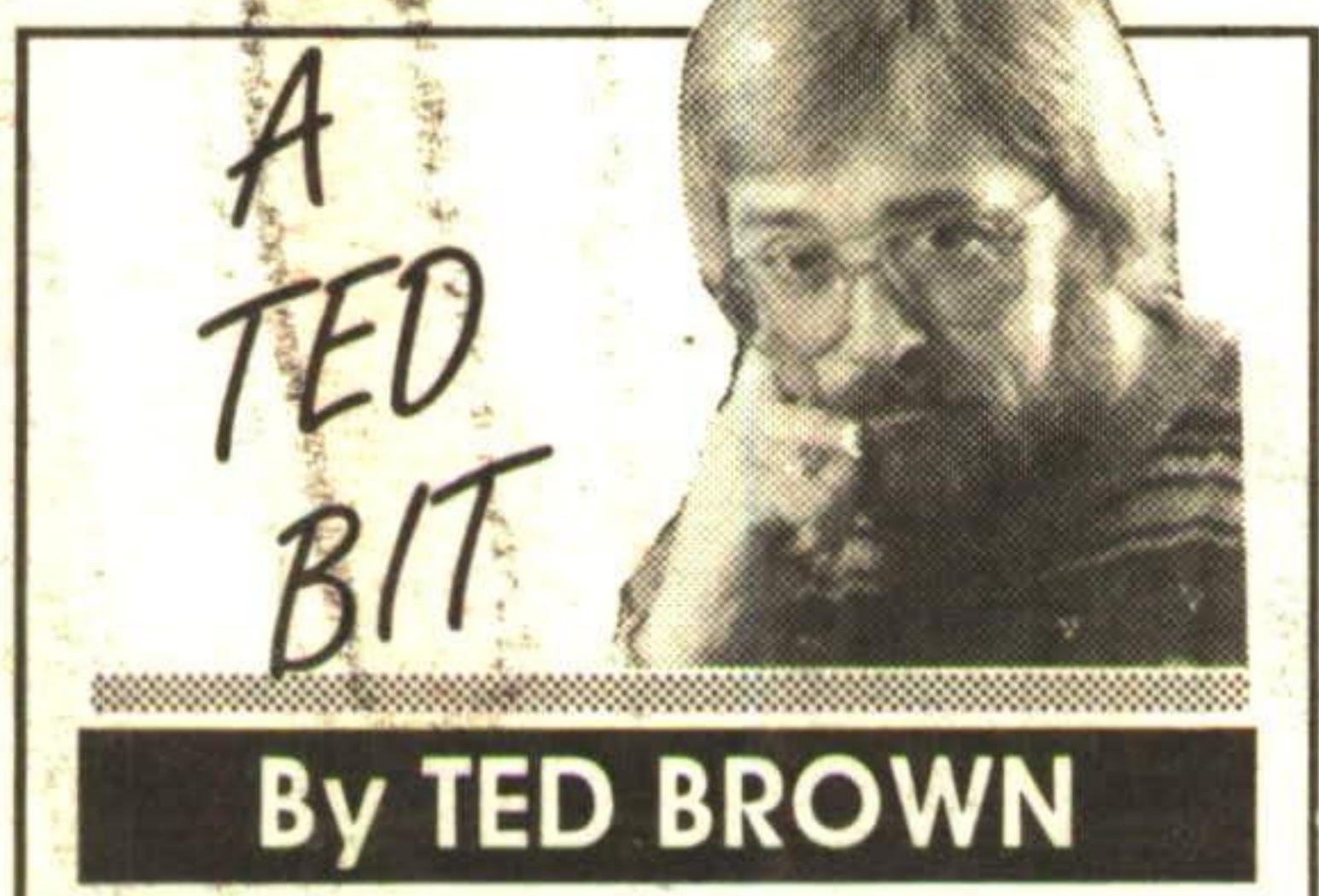
"Look at these puzzles," she said, "After Peter's story, it would be fun to 'do' a puzzle, wouldn't it?"

I think I said something like I couldn't think of anything else in the world I would rather do at that moment.

She ignored the sarcasm while digging through the boxes.

"This is a nice one," she said, holding up a harbor scene, "It reminds me of when we visited Prince Edward Island last summer."

I looked at the picture and pointed out to her the puzzle would indeed be 'fun' with the wide



expanse of blue sky and blue water in the picture.

She ignored me again.

Later at home, the puzzle box was cut open with a sharp knife, and all 500 tiny pieces were spread out on a flat surface, for the entire Brown family to stare at.

True to form, she started with all the edge pieces, just like in Peter's story, and she soon had a frame in which to complete the puzzle.

And within a few minutes, the obsession spread, with the table surrounded by numerous Brown family womenfolk, in varying ages, all trying to assemble a picture of what

later turned out to be a Nova Scotia harbor.

"I've got part of the boat," said one, as they jockeyed for positions and pieces while another tried to complete something else in the picture.

I wonder what it is about a jigsaw puzzle, that draws people together with an obsession to force little pieces into an accompanying notch in an unspoken challenge to finish their part first.

It went on for hours, as I wandered back into the kitchen a few times, to refill my teacup or grab a snack. The den was all mine, as the rest of the action centered around the kitchen table.

As the evening wore on, the kids had to give up and go to bed, so my wife continued her attack on the clear blue sky and equally clear blue water, while completing the boat and wharf in the picture.

When 11 o'clock news came on, she moved the puzzle, spread out on a small TV table, to the den, so she

could catch up on what the rest of the world was doing outside of the puzzle circle.

I went to bed.

The next morning, I surveyed a partially completed harbor with a half zillion blue pieces scattered around the edges.

"That sky's tough," she said through half closed eyes. "I stayed up for hours trying to finish it."

That evening, the puzzle received less attention, simply because everyone was exhausted.

As I turned off the lights and headed for bed, I walked past it, staring up at me with a gaping hole in the blue water.

"I wonder where that piece is," I thought to myself. "The water has a pattern; it shouldn't be too hard to find."

When I crawled into bed at 1 a.m., my wife roused up, asking me what had kept me.

"I got the water done," I yawned in the darkness.

"But the sky is still waiting."