

# THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

**KEN NUGENT**  
Publisher

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## Cancer Society appreciates show's help

Dear editor:

The Spectacular New Age Vaudeville Show for 1994, held on February 4-6, was an outstanding success. The Georgetown unit of the Canadian Cancer Society was the beneficiary of the shows and very grateful thanks are extended to all involved.

Our heartfelt thanks are extended to Edgar Thatcher and Victor J. Hanson; their associate producer, Larry Scott; stage manager, Heather Clarke; and musical director, Paul Thompson for their many talents and the time spent in organizing such a super event.

Sincere thanks to the Men Without Hairs, Cheri Lindsay Dancers, Halton Hills School of Dancing, Rae Ellen Hutley, Jim Broughton, Michelle Faudemer, The Rebounders, Kirk Gable, Laura Thomas and Neil Cotton, for a wonderful show that will last for a long time in our memories.

Special thanks are extended to all the "behind the scenes" workers who, through their many talents, had the show down to a fine art. Many thanks

## Letters to the Editor

to The Kinsmen Club of Georgetown, Pictures and Presents, Globe Productions of Georgetown, Ron and Nancy Nelson, Bruce Thatcher, Joan and Vic Hanson, Sue Hanson, Roseanne and Doug Pattison, Donna Griffith, Laurie Roberts, Doug Reansbury, John Elliott Theatre staff and Audiocraft Sound Co.

We wish to thank you, the public, for your ongoing support of the Cancer Society and for always being there when needed.

We thank our special sponsors: Johnson and Associates; Neilson's; Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce; Goebelle MacAdam Alexander; Carretal Graphics; Paul C. Armstrong Insurance Brokers Ltd.; Georgetown Home Hardware, Haltel Communications Inc.; Halton Commercial Printers; Adams Georgetown Rent All; The Cleaning Man Inc.; Goodlet's Furniture and Appliances; Pignatell Insurance and Investments; Glenn McClure Carpentry; Georgetown Fruit Market; Carl's Catering Company

Limited; Craig's Photo; Young's Pharmacy; Hallmark Greetings and Gifts; Christiane; and Halton School Transit Ltd.

Very special thanks to the following persons who donated raffle items: Elsie Norgrove, original painting; Frennie Santa Ana, wreath; Susanne Scott/John Cargnelli, mobile; Theresa Rodobolski of Pictures and Presents, prints, and Linda Donais Weir of Art Effects, prints. These items were raffled off to make extra money for the Georgetown unit of the Canadian Cancer Society. This is always an extremely successful raffle and the donors' thoughtfulness and support is very much appreciated.

We wish to also thank Jack Pignatell, of Pignatell Insurance and Investments, for hosting the reception, in the Gallery, after the performances. The coffee and delicious desserts at the reception were courtesy of Cakes of Elegance, Main St., Georgetown.

A very special "Thank You" to the Independent/Free Press for its wonderful coverage of this event, as well as the great job they did reporting items leading up to The Spectacular New Age Vaudeville Show for 1994.

Marlene Kelman  
Communications Chairperson,  
Georgetown unit of the Canadian Cancer Society

# The catch-22 of taxes

Hear that? It's the collective sigh of relief by thousands of Halton middle-class taxpayers, who learned Tuesday they won't have to pay more in federal taxes. While some tax loopholes have been closed, for the most part it was a good budget for the average pocketbook.

But wait, hear that? It's the provincial government wailing at yet another federal cut to their transfer payments. Now Floyd "Pass the Buck" Laughren, Ontario's finance minister is saying that the municipalities and school boards will have to make up the difference. But hey, that's no surprise, Laughren has said since last year that he will be demanding more taxes from the middle class. This just gives him an excuse.

Hear that? It's the applause of Halton parents who have succeeded in getting Halton Board of Education to drop a plan to provide full-day-alternate-day kindergarten. A good move, but it may mean the school board trustees will miss their objective of a no-tax-increase budget.

Hear that? It's the collective groan of taxpayers, who have just realized, one way or another, they're paying more in taxes this year.



# Let's beat Mother Nature at her own game

Well the old girl fooled us again. Mother Nature that is.

Just take last weekend. She pumped us up with a warm Friday afternoon to start us into the weekend, and followed through with a super weekend, creating long line-ups at the car washes and getting everyone in spring mode.

I was starting to enjoy the look of the grass outside my window, and even opted to wear shoes in place of my heavy snow boots, Saturday morning.

Our local minor softball association held sign-ups last Saturday, putting the icing on the cake for the coming of warm weather as wannabe sluggers started to twitch at the thought of facing a pitcher, while wannabe coaches thought of the challenge of creating effective lineups to face some other rival team.

And lately, my two oldest daughters have been excited about baseball starting at high school as well, and have been spending their

evenings whiling the night away, oiling their baseball gloves.

But Mother Nature had her fun. She fooled us.

Wednesday morning we awoke to a white blanket covering the ground, driveway and most irritating of all, the car, as we were once again slapped with a dose of reality that we are still in Canada, and we are still in the month of February.

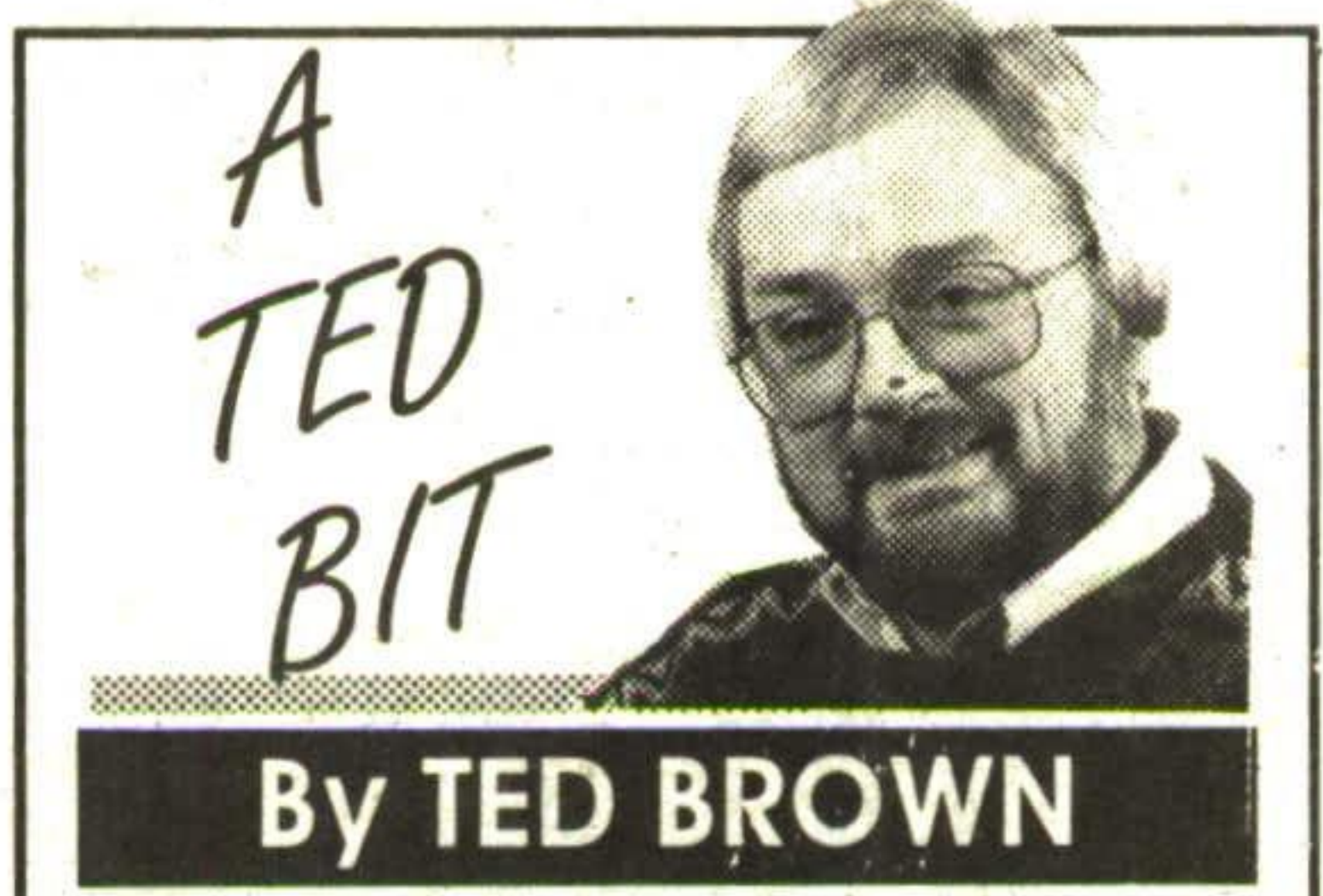
And it's still winter.

I suppose we should just simply forget about longing for those warm rays of sunshine beaming down on us and pick up our T4 and calculate how much more we must send in for our income tax.

Or perhaps we should sit down and work on a fascinating pastime like buying another RRSP.

Whatever the case, old Mother Nature is probably sitting back, smirking about catching us off guard with her little storm.

But I have a plan. We'll outsmart the old biddy. Let's play into her hand; make



her think we hate the warm sunshine, and delight in scraping ice off the windows of the car.

But we must all work together, and no one can mention a word to her about THE PLAN.

For the next two weeks, make a point of saying what a grand day it is, particularly if it is snowing, blowing or even better, freezing rain.

Mother Nature loves the word "grand" when it comes to describing her weather.

Laugh out loud about how gorgeous the ice is on the windshield, and say it out loud how you hope spring never comes, and wish the

ice would last forever.

Mother Nature loves to hear things like that; she will be sure to think we will be upset if she dumps some rotten warm sunshine on us.

Complain bitterly about how ugly the sunshine is, and how it only makes more work, making the grass grow, so we have to cut it.

Sing the praises of bending over to lace those soggy winter boots, and chuckle with delight as you wrap the scarf around your neck and try and find that glove you misplaced.

Mother Nature will be listening, you can bet on that, and it's my theory she'll be a little confused by our reactions and act accordingly.

After all, Mother Nature is fairly predictable.

I'm pretty sure she'll straighten her bonnet, (we all know Mother Nature wears a bonnet) scratch her little gray head and ask herself why all these human beings are so happy with the inclement weather.

And being the vindictive old coot that she is, she'll hatch a plan to

bombard us with sunshine and warmth, just to upset us and make us squirm.

Now we must be strong and act disappointed when the sun shines, and curse the melting snow, and the mud it creates, all the while moaning for more ice and snow.

You can be sure she'll crank up the heat even more to show us she's boss.

Because that's how Mother Nature thinks.

It's my theory, if we can pull it off for about two or three weeks, we can have her so mixed up, she'll be forcing spring down our throat before the end of March.

But don't say a word to her about the plan; just do it. And she won't have a clue what we're doing.

Because Mother Nature can't read.

And once we beat her at her own game, we can start working on a plan for next winter, when that stupid groundhog persists in giving us six weeks more winter.