

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

The Halton Hills Weekend, published every Wednesday, at 211 Armstrong Ave. Georgetown Ont., L7G 4X5 is one of the Metroland Printing, Publishing & Distributing group of suburban newspapers which includes: The Georgetown Independent and The Acton Free Press, 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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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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Non-smokers have rights too

Dear editor:

I am responding to the outrageous letter to the editor that was printed here recently on "smoker's rights." Mr. Craig Lamorie's argument bothers me beyond belief.

Smoking a "necessary part of the economy" indeed! Don't you know that secondhand smoke is a hazard to other people's health? Just because you want to pollute your body with that garbage, doesn't mean other's have to put up with it.

As for smoking in the restrooms, those are PUBLIC facilities. They are not made solely for desperate smokers, so why should the non-smokers and children of our society have to put up with the disgusting smell and hazardous effects of smoking when they have the urge?

Another point I thought I'd mention, Mr. Lamorie, is have you ever thought of those people with asthma and allergies that suffer severe reactions from being around

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cigarette smoke? Maybe you should think about taking a few night courses in health!

As for our economy, it would be a lot better off without you smokers. For every closed cigarette factory there could be a new research centre or health clinic, for every packaging company, new packaging ideas for healthier products and for every shipping company, these new products to ship.

So don't try and flatter yourself with the excuse that the economy would fall to pieces, when, in fact, it would be a heck of a lot better off!

So next time you light up your "favourite vice," think of the damage you're doing to others, if not yourself. After all, who's rights are really being infringed upon — yours or ours?

Jen Page

Wal-Mart's secret

Dear editor:

When my wife and I walked into the new Walmart store at Georgetown Market, I came face to face with the secret Walmart weapon that has haunted retailers in southern Ontario since the people from Bentonville, Arkansas decided to take over the Woolco store.

This weapon was nothing more than the smiling face and helping hand of a store associate who was genuinely glad to see us shopping in "his" store.

What struck me about this was the sheer simplicity of it all. For a moment, I could see I the former executives of Woolco scratching their heads and looking over their old strategic plans and saying to themselves, "That's their secret weapon, smiling, helping and thanking the customer. Why didn't we think of that?"

Fortunately for Walmart, I doubt any major Canadian retailer will try to steal their secret very soon. Welcome Walmart, we are glad to see you too.

Clive Woodrow

Cleaning up

Last week the entire community pitched in to help clean up, spruce up and plant trees on Earth Day.

Local schools were busy cleaning out creeks, sides of busy roads and subdivisions while others looked to the future by planting young seedlings.

Our hats go off to all those who took time to do their bit on Earth Day but if our planet is to survive, we're going to have to institute a lot more of these special occasions.

Every day should be Earth Day and that's just what a couple of local groups are trying to do.

This week is Pitch-In Week, Ontario's largest environmental action program. Volunteers will undertake the cleaning of roadways, ravines and parks as part of the program. Robert Little School in Acton is taking part in the program, along with Sacre Coeur, Park, Joseph Gibbons, St. Francis and several Brownie packs in Georgetown.

And the local IGA stores will get involved hosting a special community "Hometown Proud Spring Clean-ups" on May 14. Each store has targeted special areas of our community to "clean-up." Give them a call; they're looking for volunteers.

Why doesn't everyone get involved and make every day Earth Day.



Am I obsessed? Naw, it's just a habit

I'm an animal of habit.

I admit it, and although it sometimes drives my co-workers and family members around the bend, I enjoy being an habitual person.

They really shouldn't complain; it makes me terribly predictable.

From the time I wake in the morning, until my head hits the pillow at night, I seem to do things in the same manner, every day.

Take first thing in the morning. I rarely oversleep, as I wake at the same time every day, whether the alarm clock is set or not.

That one annoys my wife, because when I get up early on a weekend morning, she feels a tad guilty about staying in bed.

Even when I get up, I go through the same ritual of waking up, which centers around filling the coffeemaker with water, (unless my wife got there first) and heading for the bathroom.

When I head out to work, I always carry my camera bag on the same shoulder, and my keys, change, wal-

let and penknife in the same pockets.

I'm sure my day would be ruined if I inadvertently dropped my keys in the wrong pocket, thereby throwing me off balance.

Same thing when I get out on the road.

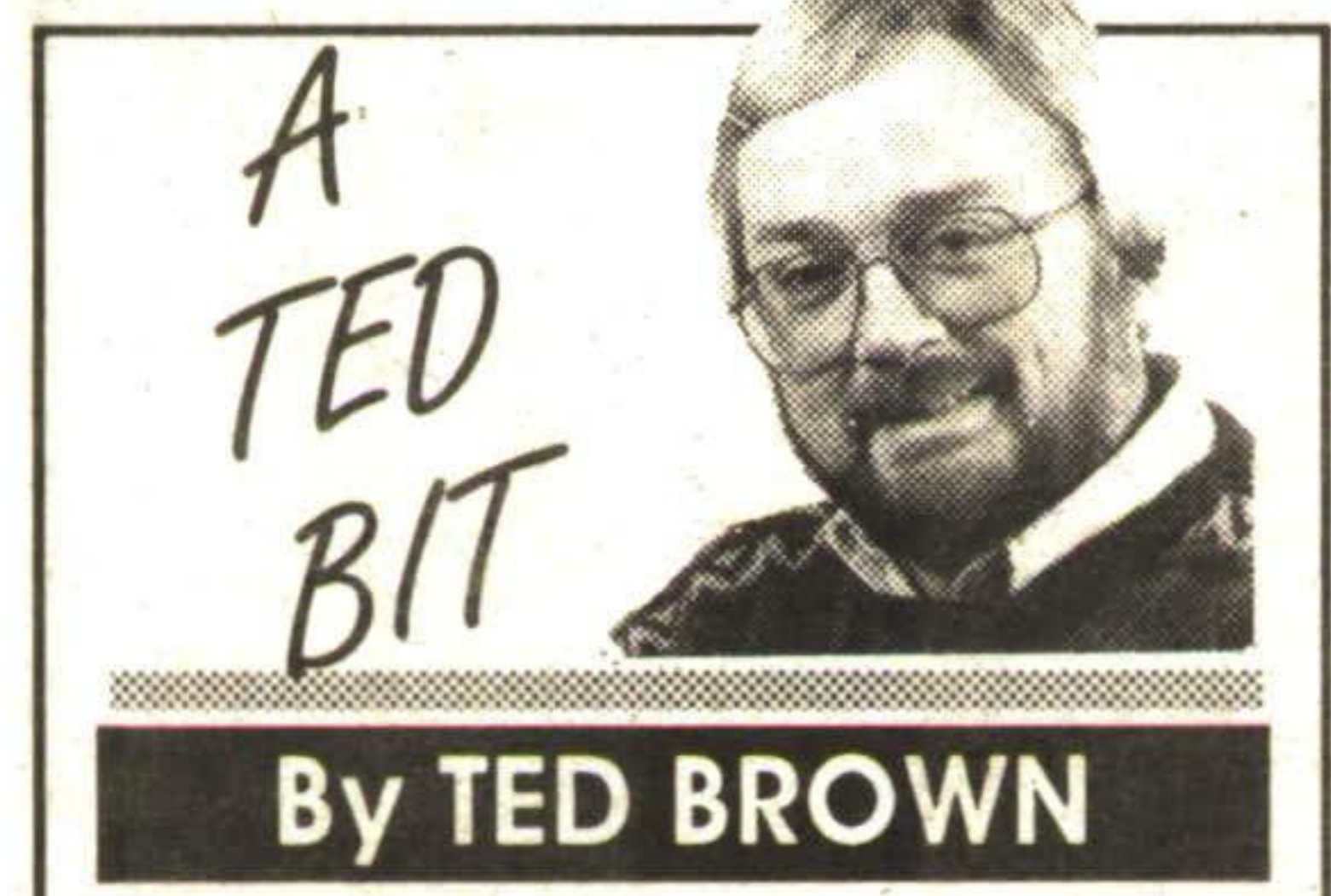
I drive into work at the same time, along the same route and see the same people at the same places walking the same dogs every morning.

I listen to the same radio station in the morning and even gauge whether I'm late by where I am when "Stump the Chump," comes on CHFI.

(I sometimes "live a little" later in the day, when I take the very bold step of changing stations to something with more rock music.)

When I pull into the driveway at work, I become annoyed when my favorite parking spot is taken by one of those less disciplined co-workers, who parks his or her car in the first available parking spot they see.

Once inside, I drop my camera



By TED BROWN

equipment in the very same place, and hang my jacket in the exact same place, with the hanger pointing in the same direction, hanging on the same handle of one of my filing cabinets.

When I take the studio flash units at work out for a location shoot, I pack them in the exact same fashion every time I take them and even wrap the cord around them in the same direction every time.

My camera equipment is always arranged in my camera bag in the exact same way, (so I can find it in the dark, I tell myself, but I really know it's because I would panic if it

wasn't) and when I hitch a ride with someone else, I grab my car keys as I get into their car.

And I have been known to even walk to the driver's door, when it's not my car.

When I get home at the end of the day, I kick off my shoes, pull on my slippers, as my wife reminds me that I left them on the floor again, instead of on the boot tray. Then I'll place my camera equipment in the exact same place I picked it up from that very morning, and plug in the charger for my flash unit.

After a very predictable evening which culminates with watching the news, I'll get ready for bed, but first must sit down and write my diary of the day's events.

Am I obsessed? Naw, it's just a habit.

I wonder what creates those obsessive little habits which direct us through life.

Myself, I became habitual from my days as a dairy farmer, when I awoke early each morning, at the

same time seven days a week, and milked the cows, both morning and night, at 6:30 a.m. and 6 p.m., each and every day. It just became a... er.. habit.

But I'm not alone. One of my co-workers is obsessed with closing my little box of paper clips in the darkroom, and moving it about six inches to the left of where it should sit.

He can't help it: it's a habit. And a damned annoying one, especially when I try to pick up paper clips in the dark, and the box is not only closed but moved.

Another co-worker can't stand to see the paper cutter with the blade raised. He always lowers it, without fail, when he walks by.

Another habit. But things could change, and maybe I'll shock the world and do something really bold, or different.

Someday, when they least expect it, I might just park in the front parking lot, and walk in the front door...