

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
 Publisher

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With community's help, POWER raises \$8,000

Dear editor:

The executive of POWER would like to take this opportunity to thank the many supporters of the annual garage sale for another successful event which brought in receipts of almost \$8,000.

A special thanks to Lois Fraser not only for the proceeds of her consignment but also for the sale publicity and to The Georgetown Independent/Acton Free Press for regular communications, and for advertising by Adams Rental, Jon Hurst and Outdoor Power Equipment. Also to the generosity of our suppliers: Acton IGA, Country Style Donuts, Freezer Frenzie, Halton Coffee Shop, Halton Hills IGA, Knetchel Georgetown Food Market, Maple Lodge Farms Ltd and Mr. Muggs.

Thanks to Ward Brownridge who did a great job as auctioneer, and for the antique copper tub from Halton Homestead Antiques, to Leathertown Pet Shop for donations to the auction, to Mr. Mashinter's

Letters

to the Editor

class at M.Z. Bennett School in Acton, to Mike Adams of Re/Max and to Mr. Vivian and his staff of the Alcott Arena for their courtesies assistance.

A particular thanks to Childscope for the use of their warehouse as storage before the sale, to Chuck Snow and Ted Tyler

for transportation, to BFI who helped in the clean-up and to Wastewise for taking all the remaining items.

To our many volunteers who came out to help, most of which arrive without being asked and then just pitched in and helped keep the whole day moving, a very grateful thanks.

So to all thanks, again for your support to our community on this issue. With support of this magnitude maybe RSI will cut their losses and leave.

Yours truly,
 Paul Hynds
 President, POWER

Kilometre of Koins a success

Dear editor:

Our Kilometer of Koins for the Kidney Foundation and Dorset Dialysis Holiday Camp was a great success this month.

Thanks to The Independent/Free

Press for publicity, and local businesses for displaying our coin jars and the community for their generosity in supporting our cause.

Thanks again,
 The Georgetown Lioness Club

Water wisdom

As we enjoy the first long weekend of the spring and summer season, with many spending this leisure time in the water, let's enjoy it with some common sense precautions.

In 1992, 174 people drowned in Ontario — it is the third leading cause of accidental death in Ontario, preceded only by automobile crashes and accidental falls, according to the Royal Life Saving Society. Alcohol was a major factor in nearly 40 per cent of all drownings in 1992, and it figured in half of all drownings for men aged 18 to 34.

Even more tragic is that drowning among children under the age of five rose significantly in 1992. Most children in this group were supervised and half of them died in backyard pools or in bathtubs.

The majority of drownings could be prevented if people took fewer risks in and around water: don't dive into shallow or unfamiliar waters; wear your lifejacket — ask for one if your host doesn't offer one; don't drink and boat; supervise children at all times in aquatic settings.

Long weekends are breaks from the daily grind of living, a time to enjoy with family and friends — don't let tragedy mar a happy occasion.



Cleaning out your wallet can be a lesson in local history

Last week, I took a load off my hip pocket.

I cleaned out my wallet.

Everyone loves to talk about the junk women accumulate in their purses, collecting up a veritable treasure chest of items including everything but the kitchen sink.

But earlier this week, while discussing gas credit cards with a co-worker, I hauled out my wallet to compare cards.

Gawd it seemed thick, and not with the preferable kind of stuffing.

Instead, it was full of little bits of paper.

My co-worker and I both agreed time was long overdue for a wallet cleaning session.

"Hmmm," I said looking at a small yellow bit of paper, "I wonder why I kept this little piece."

After opening the folded sheet of notepaper, with permanent creases folded into it, I realized I held a list in my hand.

A shopping list.
 Some of it was in my wife's

handwriting, the balance my scrawl.

"A wedding card," I read, "And a birthday card for so-and-so...."

This list was ancient. I can't remember who the wedding card was for, but I wouldn't be surprised if that couple has celebrated their tenth or maybe even their fifteenth anniversary.

And the birthday card rang no bells at all.

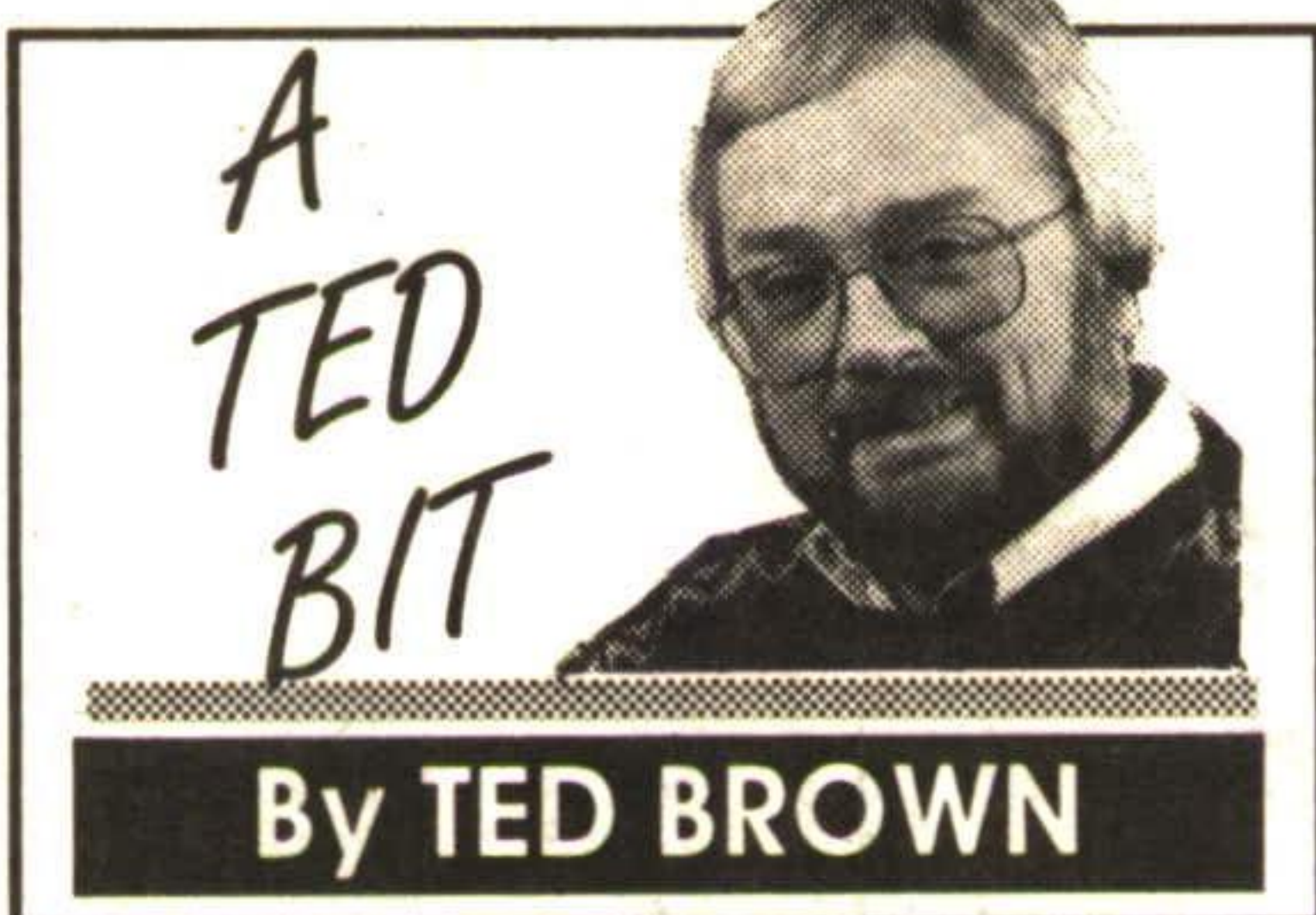
The list included some things I was to pick up, and judging from the nature of the items, I suspect it was around Christmas when it was written.

Well, pitch that one.

I have come to believe cleaning out your wallet can be like attending a lesson in local history.

Further digging in my wallet revealed an old union card, from 1991, and another for 1992.

A couple more bits of paper with names and telephone numbers surfaced, and I haven't a clue why they were there. Numerous business cards and receipt tags



By TED BROWN

from a local photo shop were also buried in the depths of my wallet, all with a custom bend on them somewhat emulating the roundness of my backside.

Wow, my wallet was going to shed half its weight with this purge!

I found four cash register receipts for Mother's Day, Christmas and a pair of shoes I bought earlier this year, along with outdated two-for-one coupons for a local fast food outlet and two raffle tickets drawn in 1992.

My credit cards and other identification cards were pretty well

up to date (simply because the companies keep sending me new ones,) although my health card and library card are both showing the ravages of time, with cracks throughout them, and chipped corners.

A check of the photo part of my wallet uncovered my old driver education graduation card, dated February of 1968. I carry that one with me just to prove I actually was trained to drive back then, although members of my family are a tad reluctant to believe me from birth to time.

My birth certificate was in relatively decent shape, (considering its age) and my old Esqueuing Township resident's hunting licence is still neatly folded, just the way it was when I purchased it from Walt Richardson at Crest Hardware in Georgetown, back in November of 1972.

Old fishing licences, video membership cards for outlets no longer in business and old instant teller receipts pretty well rounded

out the collection of both history and nostalgia packed tightly in my wallet.

It's hard to believe how much paper can be collected and compressed in the confines of a man's hip pocket over a number of years.

Not so with women's purses.

Even though they do collect a lot of different items, many much bigger than those in a man's wallet, women have an advantage over men, as fashion dictates that they change their purses seasonally, utilizing their dark purses for the fall and winter months of the year, while hawling out their light colored purses to use during the warm spring and summer months. So they're emptied twice a year.

After undertaking a purge of my wallet, I noticed there is one item that never seems to hang around for long in the recesses of that little leather pouch.

It's highly unlikely money could stand the test of time for more than two or three days, let alone be hidden in there for years.