

# THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

**KEN NUGENT**  
Publisher

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## Review the safety rules

This is it — the last long weekend of the summer.

We hope everyone is enjoying these last relaxing days of summer before we head back to the regular routines of fall and winter.

However, we would like you to take some time out this weekend to go over the safety rules with your kids before they head back to school on Tuesday. And maybe even take time to review the rules for drivers as they relate to school buses.

First and foremost, review the rules of the road — stick to the sidewalks, cross the road with the lights or the crossing guards, don't walk between parked cars. If riding a bike, obey the same rules a car driver would — and wear a helmet!

At the same time, don't forget when you climb into your car next week there is bound to be lots of excited youngsters crossing the roads, so slow down and keep an extra eye on them.

And don't forget about all those school buses on the roads — don't pass a stopped school bus with lights flashing. Think safety!

Enjoy the rest of your holiday and have a great autumn!

## Food drive coordinator urgently needed

Dear editor:

Last year I was one of the coordinators of the 3rd annual Scout/Guide Food Drive and I need your help in spreading the word this year.

I have stepped down and no one has stepped forward to run the 4th annual Food Drive and as we well know this food drive collects over one-third of the yearly supply of the food for a year. So you can see how much we need your help.

I am asking that some parent,

## Letters

to the Editor

who has a child in Guiding or Scouting, step forward as coordinator. There is already a coordinator for Acton, so this new person would concentrate on Georgetown and

area.

We already have a warehouse, the bags are spoken for, the printing can easily be arranged. The people that helped us last year have already told us that they will help again this year.

Please help us to keep the Scout/Guide Food Drive going. If you are interested please call Elaine Frei at 877-1311 for more information.

Thank you,  
Elaine Frei

## Baseball players/owners acting like children

Dear editor:

Such a shame adults acting like Grade 1 children; no one seems to know what is going on. All seem to be very vacant.

Million dollar players of baseball. Actually it's a joke — one gets up to bat, shuffles his feet for comfort, of course has to spit that's the name of the game, the ball is coming, never he misses. Three times he is out. He is mad. He is the one that missed hitting the ball, but he

is mad not at himself of course — the pitcher did him nasty. And they get a million and more for this. Quite sad really it's got to this.

At school I played this game, it was called rounders. Only girls played it, boys wouldn't think of it. This is in England. We used a long handle ping pong bat and a tennis ball.

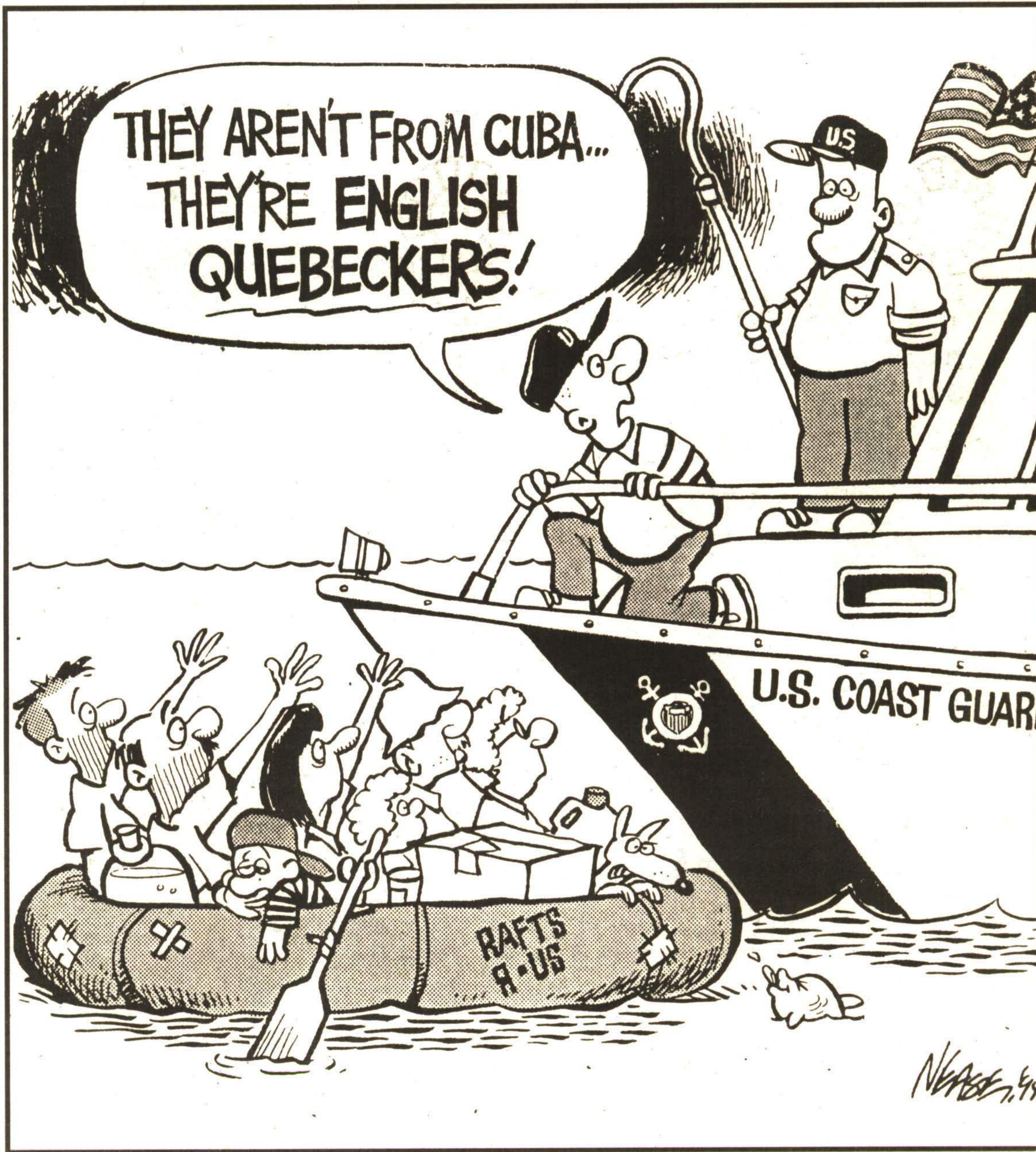
A couple of Americans watched the game and decided they would bring it home to America, so of

course had to have a different bat one that would make it quite hard to hit the ball. It worked.

I am afraid I am turned off baseball players and owners. The vendors of food, shirts etc. will be out of money, maybe out of business if it lasts. What a shame.

Awful lot of spoiled sports. Too bad they have to make such a mess of things.

How about playing the game.  
Kathleen (Molly) Crowhurst



## When Kevin's here, I don't get called to the rescue

First things first, this column is not slamming any member of the female species. (God knows, I would never do that in my household.)

I think it would be safer to say this column is about Murphy's Law.

Of course, this little story does involve two female co-workers, but that's not really relevant.

Well, it's a factor, but not a big one.

Much.

You see Kevin was on vacation last week.

"Who's Kevin?" you ask.

Oh, I thought everyone knew Kevin.

Kevin is my counterpart in the composing room of the Georgetown Independent/Acton Free Press. He shoots real estate photos, he prints all those little real estate pictures in the newspaper and he also runs the Photo Mechanical Transfer (better known as PMT) camera.

And when he's not doing any of those jobs, he's pasting up the newspaper in the composing room.

I think he would qualify as one of

those "Jack-of-all-trades" types.

He's the one who seems to have the right screwdriver at the precise moment a peculiar screw comes loose, or gets out the ladder to change a light bulb that is higher than any other light bulb, and out of reach to most.

You know the type.

And in addition to being fairly handy to have around, Kevin tends to be quite organized.

To the point of bordering on annoying.

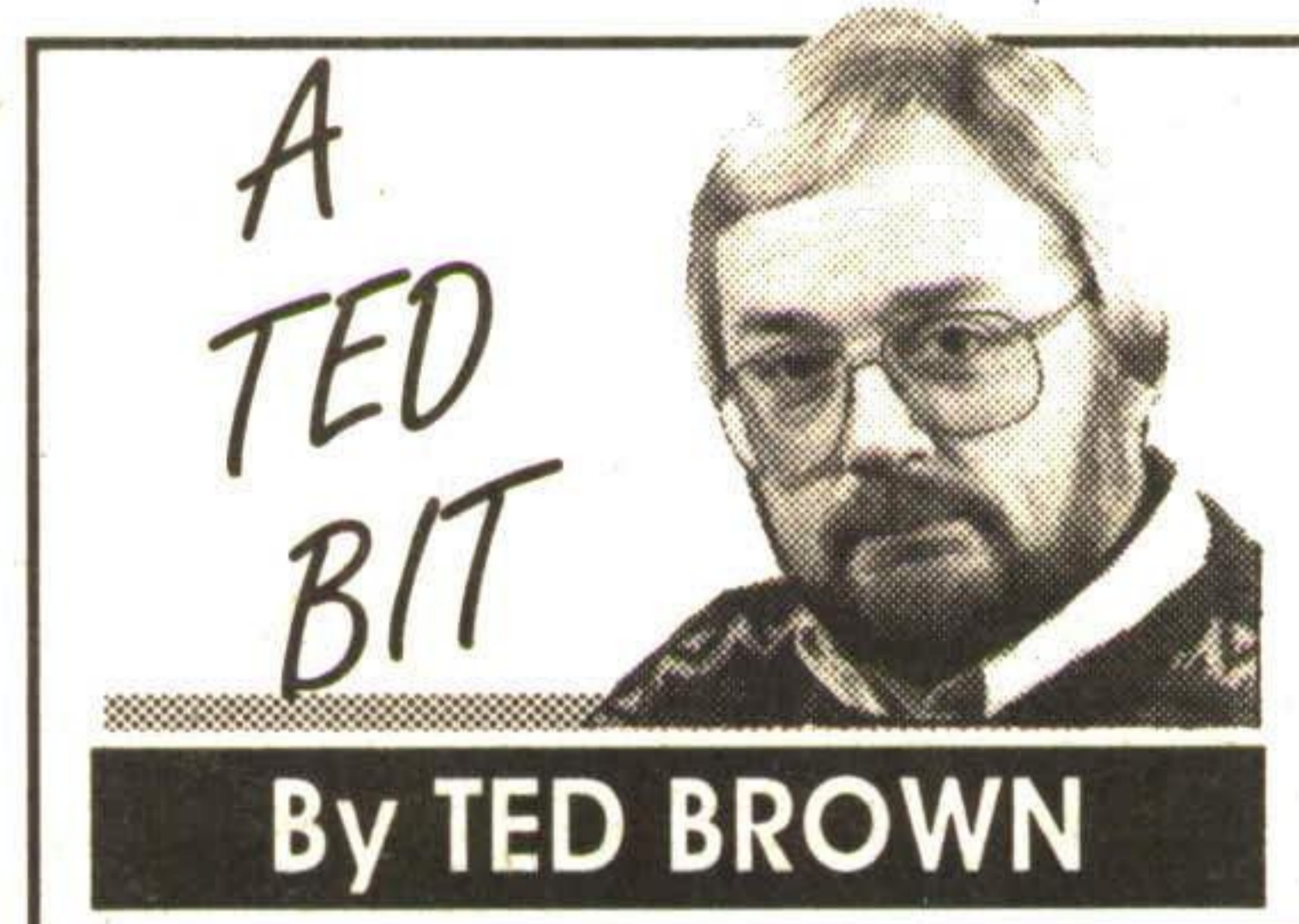
Maybe even obsessive.

(I'm not really complaining, but his insisting on file folders having the negative envelopes all stacked to the extreme left, with the accompanying papers clips lined up does seem a tad excessive, but they do look nice that way....)

And beside Kevin's, my darkroom in the newsroom tends to look pretty shabby.

I guess it's fair to say every office has a "Kevin."

Anyway, back to the story, Kevin was on vacation last week.



Like most offices, when one employee leaves for some R&R, the rest seem to step into the vacancy and take up the slack.

So with Kevin away for his vacation, other members of the composing room had to move into his sacred domain, more specifically the real estate darkroom, and PMT room, and do their thing.

Because Kevin and my jobs are similar, dealing with photographic materials, I find myself being called to rescue some of the co-workers who are not quite as familiar with the process.

"Ted, is this picture dark

enough?" one would ask.

"Nope, it needs more contrast."

Or, "Ted, the paper dispenser is falling off the wall, and Janet's holding it up; can you help us?"

Upon inspecting the said dispenser, I see one of the screw nails has pulled through the backing plate.

"Wait right here, I'm get a washer to attach it again..."

And the precise moment I found the one and only washer in the entire office, I hear a page over the P.A. system, "Ted, you better bring two...."

It's always nice to know Murphy's Law is alive and well and living in this office.

I did eventually find an additional washer and screw driver, and was able to release Janet from her "holding-the-dispenser" predicament.

But I no sooner returned to my desk when, "Ted, the vacuum easel quit; can you take a look at it?"

The fuse was out.

I began to question whether it was possible for these two ladies to

have this much bad luck, whether they were playing tricks on me....

Or whether they were just natural born incompetents.

I was relieved to leave the office last Friday afternoon, comfortable in the fact Kevin was returning Monday morning.

At least when Kevin's here, I don't get called to rescue someone.

And it seems, Murphy's Law has left this office for the time being.

I smiled and endured his good-natured complaining Monday morning, as he rearranged the negative file envelopes, and put all the paper clips in line.

(Mind you, I did tell him to 'get a life' when he started complaining about the negatives being upside down and backwards, because Janet is left-handed.)

But as a result of the events of the past week, I have made a quiet vow to myself.

In the future, I will plan and scheme to be sure of one thing; that I synchronize my vacations with Kevin's.