

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Acton Terry Fox Run group appreciates effort

Dear editor:

On Sunday, Sept. 18, the 14th annual Terry Fox Run was held at the Acton High School track, where participants, volunteers and supporters joined together to continue their commitment and dedication to Terry's dream of finding a cure for cancer.

Thanks to everyone's efforts, total pledges and donations for the day exceeded \$23,400. Once again, our Acton community spirit has risen to the occasion, as we continue our efforts to raise money for innovative cancer research.

We would like to extend sincere thanks and appreciation to the following: to Acton High School for the use of their facilities, to Acton IGA, Freezer Frenzy, Mr. Mugs, MacMillan's Frozen Foods, Leathertown Lumber, Super Sub, Fearman's Fresh Meats, Foodland, Al & Al's Meats, Acton Discount Variety, Jug City, Village Variety,

Letters to the Editor

Becker's, Acton Variety & Grocery, Ed's In-n-Out, Lakeview Convenience, and Rolly Height for donating supplies for the food booth; Jack Tanner's, Mohawk Raceway, Toronto Blue Jays, Tuitman's Garden Centre, Vito's Fruit Market, Entertainment Tonight Video, and The Big Scoop for supplying prizes; to Acton Pharmacy, Ross Ballantine, and Leathertown Feed Supply for displaying signs, and to all residents who showed their support with lawn signs; to all businesses who provided space for pledge sheets and posters, to Blackhawk Leather for

office supplies and postage, and to Webb Kamminga for the use of a motor home; to all banks for processing donations; to all volunteers who helped throughout the day, to all who sponsored participants or donated directly to the run, and to all participants who collected pledges and took part in the run.

Again, thanks to everyone for your efforts in our continuous battle against cancer. We are also thankful for the memory of Terry Fox, as we continue to be enriched by his example, and inspired by his courage.

Acton Terry Fox Run Committee
George McPhail,
Nan Hurst, Wally Ella,
Marlene Bogart, Jon Hurst.

Note: If any participants still have donations to process, they can be sent directly to the Ontario Run Office at the address shown on the pledge sheet, or contact Jon Hurst at 853-2015.

North shut out in chair races

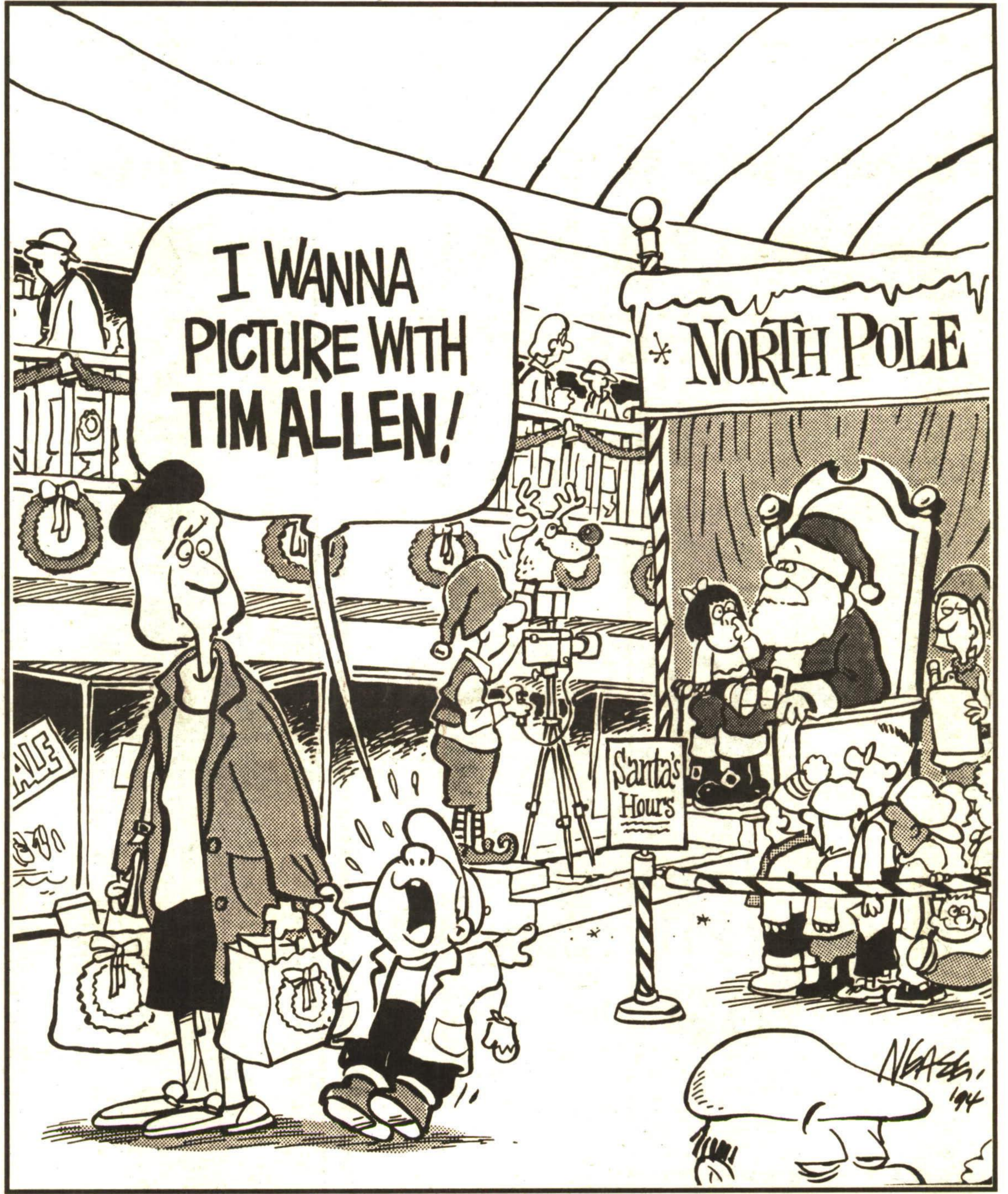
The reign of Halton Hills representatives as leaders of the regional boards is over.

No longer is Peter Pomeroy, chair of the Halton Regional Council, Dave Whiting, chair of the Halton Board of Education, and Irene McCauley, chair of the Halton Roman Catholic School Board.

While all the Halton Hills officials assure us that the new leaders, all from the south, are non-parochial and will fairly serve the needs of all Halton residents, that has not always been the case. Experience has told us that we have always needed a Halton Hills voice somewhere at the top of the power grid to remind the more plentiful southern contingent that north Halton's needs are as great as the south's.

This term the onus will now be placed more than ever on our out-numbered local councillors and trustees to ensure that our needs are met at the regional level. Many in the south are unfamiliar with Halton Hills, and seem to think that Halton Region's boundary stops at Hwy 5. Our local representation must change that perception.

Whether Halton Hills gets a fair share of the tax pie in the coming year will be a direct result of how vocal our elected officials are at the tables.



It can be interesting eavesdropping on snippets of life

For years I've been a people watcher.

You know, one of those who likes to watch everyday people go about their everyday tasks, and try to imagine what's going on in their lives.

I watch people everywhere; on the street, at events, at the beach.

But the best place to watch them this time of year is while they're shopping, spending their hard earned dollars, scurrying around to find that perfect Christmas gift.

Earlier this week I had lunch in the local shopping mall.

And, from my vantage point in the food court, I had countless subjects to view, while I tried to guess what they were up to.

There was a husband and wife team sitting nearby who obviously worked at separate jobs. They met for a quick lunch as they discussed their strategy for procuring certain gifts without their kids at home knowing.

"I'll pick up such-and-such, if

you'll get the such-in-such," said the man, "But I've got to buy them now, because the kids will be home before I'm done work."

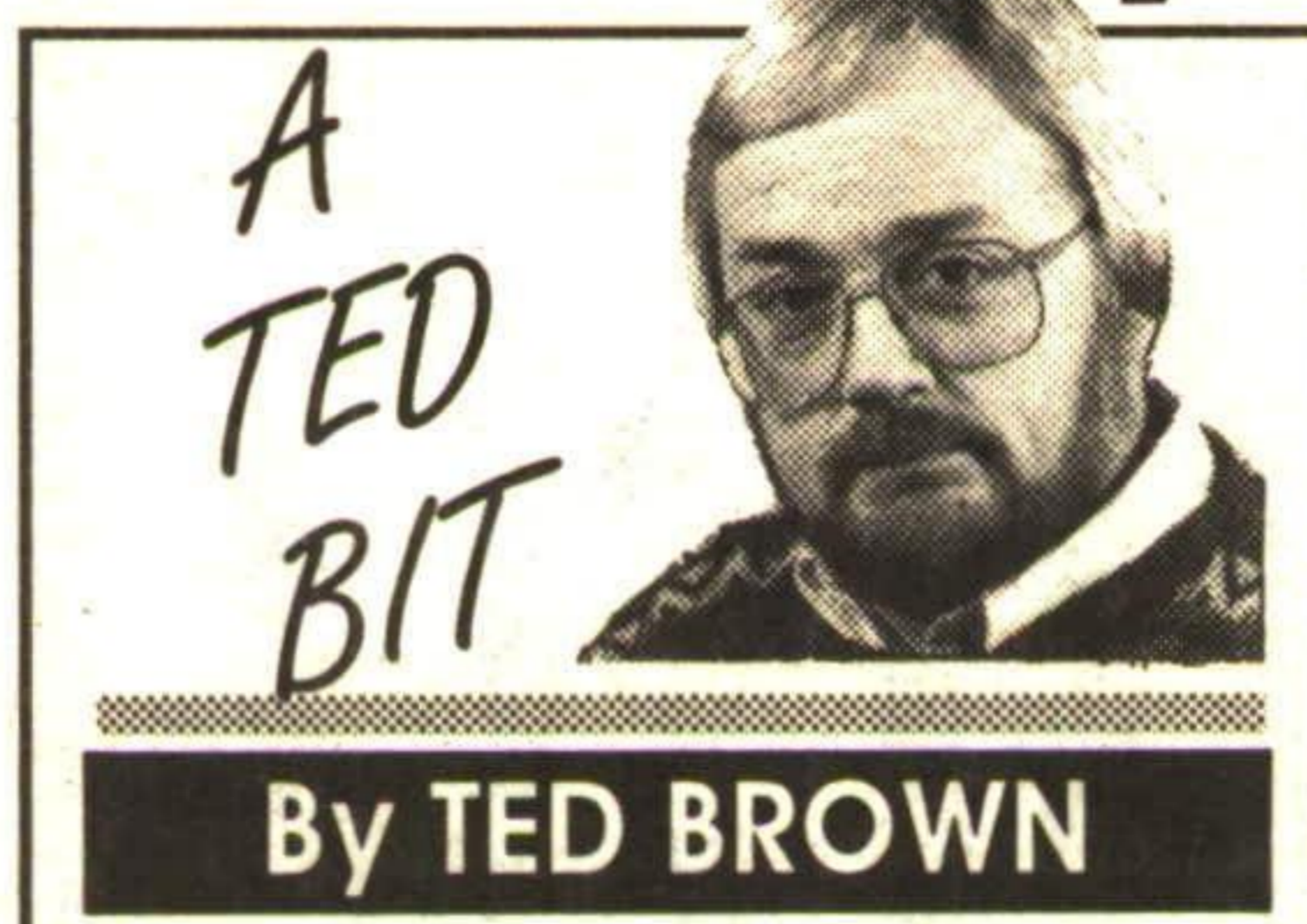
"Okay Honey," said the wife, "But I'll be late for supper, 'cause I'm picking up so-and-so on the way home...."

And so on. I wondered if their kids appreciated the efforts their parents were going through for them.

You know it's fun partaking of a little harmless eavesdropping on those snippets of life around us.

Two fellows who obviously knew each other well discussed the situation surrounding the NHL lockout. One was a Leafs fan, the other San Jose. And neither was too pleased about the state of affairs in the hockey world these days.

A woman I guessed was a real estate salesperson spent her lunch hour juggling parenting and marriage with a professional sales career as she made three calls on her cellular phone to leave a mes-



BY TED BROWN

sage on her answering machine at home telling her kids what to put in the oven for supper, followed by another call to confirm an appointment to show someone a house, concluding with a call to her husband telling him she wouldn't be home for supper.

All this amid gulping down a garden salad.

I felt tired just watching her, torn between work and home.

A young lady sat next me enjoying a health conscious lunch of a Diet Pepsi and a cigarette with a side order of fries, while another girl, obviously a retail store clerk

on her lunch hour, executed a temporary escape from her present surroundings for short time as she nibbled on a sandwich with her nose stuck in a Harlequin romance paperback.

I observed a couple of teens, who I'm sure liked each other, as they went through the motions of the game of love, him trying to impress her; her showing modest and subtle approval of his amorous advances.

I'm guessing he'll eventually win her heart, in time. She looked like she approved of him.

A trio I supposed was Mom, Dad and Baby wolfed down a fast food lunch, surrounded by parcels and a diaper bag as they attempted to get a grip on Baby's older siblings' Christmas gifts. Mom and Dad looked financially and psychologically drained.

Two moms with tots in umbreller strollers took a smoke break with a burger and fries, discussing what they'd buy their hus-

bands, while four senior gentlemen sat around a table exchanging stories about the storm of '44 brought about by a steady flow of wet snow flakes falling outside the swinging doors of the mall.

Meanwhile, an elderly couple walked through, her shaking the snowflakes off her hat while he stamped his feet to knock loose the snow from the parking lot. From the list in her hand I figured they were shopping for grandchildren.

Two businessmen shared a table for an impromptu lunch date, while a couple of old friends who hadn't seen each other since someone's wedding in 1990 exchanged pertinent facts about their families.

All this from my comfortable chair, like a window seat on the world.

And me? What was my story? Nothing special, just watching people while making little notations on their individual situations to myself.

All while eating lunch.