



PHOTO BY PETER MCCUSKER

Helping the United Way is Milton Councillor Wendy Schau, Mayor Gord Krantz, Loblaw's Store Manager Jody Morrison and United Way Volunteer Carleen LouHing at a recognition donation barbeque at Loblaw's Saturday.



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A huge propeller blade on the back of this flatbed trailer was heading up the 401 just past Milton Wednesday afternoon.

EDITORIAL

This summer has been a season of contrasts. Blazing hot days of dust and dead grass in Ontario, floods and storms across the rest of the continent, culminating with the cruelty of hurricane Katrina. Generally low yields from cash crops in soil poor Halton, and yet we've had the best season for apples that I've ever seen. So many apples that I've been hard pressed to keep picking ahead of the wind. Our back lawns were ankle deep in spoiled fruit and the smell had started to become fruity to say the least. My wife was not happy, especially as the apples were attracting swarms of wasps. She had been complaining about the windfalls for weeks and left me a cryptic note on Sunday. 'Pick up apples in back yard'. Being allergic to wasps made her leery of even opening the back door, and she was not too happy about the puppies nosing about in the grass. I filled garbage cans with windfalls from each tree, and had hauled them all safely to the back acreage before she returned. "How did you cope with the wasps?" she asked. "No problem" I replied.

We had orchards back at the farmhouse in Wales and decaying apple will always be one of the strongest memories of my childhood. My father who was a fairly junior officer in the RAF at the time, still had enough pull to get himself issued with a large quantity of new 20 gallon stone-glazed acid vats out of the quartermaster's stores. These he and I filled with chunks of wind fallen apples, always making sure that at least a few were well rotted. I don't remember there being any other ingredient than topping the vats up with cold water. After a few weeks in the pantry a smell of rotting apples fairly filled the house. This was the unpopular stage with my mother. Shortly before Christmas we'd strain the concoction and decant it into an assortment of bottles, many lent for this purpose by our neighbours. Cleaning out the vats and reattaching the government's labels so they could be snuck back into stores was to me the most unpopular stage, especially as I was the chief bottle washer.

Now I'm not sure if you have ever tried old-fashioned English Scrumpy, but properly made it has a kick like a mule, and a bad-tempered one at that. At the tender age of twelve I was only allowed one glass, and that was more than enough. The stuff was so potent that you tended to gag and shiver with just a sip. It left me indifferent to apples and with a lifelong aversion to alcohol.

I'm fairly certain that our Neanderthal ancestors felt the same way about wasps that my wife does, and kept a close eye on their various comings and goings. What they could not fail to notice is how erratic the flight path of a wasp can be towards the middle of September, especially as the apples begin to really rot on the ground. Seeing wasps quite literally, blind drunk, no doubt led to the first experiments by humans with alcohol. Sunday, I was surrounded by swarms of wasps, mostly comatose, but with the odd bellicose one grumbling about. One even tried to sting me, but a glitch in his flight data saw him careen uncertainly into the fence. As I said "No problem".



A Fair Gift - Volunteers from The Gathering Community Church pose in front of the 30 ft. climbing wall they sponsored at the Fall Fair, presenting the \$549.42 they raised for the Georgetown Hospital. The church paid for the climbing wall to be at the fair, visitors to the fair were then given the opportunity to climb free, with all voluntary donations given to the hospital. Shown are: (standing L-R) Matthew Chambers, Paul DeLestard, Christine DeLestard, Tyler VanDenEnden, Rick Runstedler, Aaron Runstedler, Paige Runstedler, Debbie Chambers, Mark DeLestard, Tyler Dorian, Kevin DeLestard, Stephen Draper, Ineke VanDenEnden, Katrina Draper, Rev. Marilyn Draper, Roxana VanDenEnden, (kneeling) Rev. Noel Draper and Paul Armstrong (chair of the hospital foundation).

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