

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Mixed blessings

Mixed blessings began the year for two Halton Hills residents. While Shirely Beaumont and family are enjoying a \$250,000 windfall in the 649 draw January 1, the Ron Moore family of Limehouse is facing a \$250,000 loss of their home to fire.

Shirley is the latest in a long line of local residents who in the past couple of years have won big. Her win is sure to increase the amount of lottery sales in Halton Hills area still further.

The Moore family's loss is so devastating that few can fathom the pain and shock they are suffering. We can only point out that this has always been a time when the community has rallied around one of its own. A fund for the Moore family has been started at the Halton Credit Union. As well Limehouse School will be accepting monetary, clothing and furniture donations for the Moore family. Call Principal Garry Nott for information.

Meanwhile kudos to the public works department personnel who worked diligently to clear the roads during Thursday's snowstorm. It may have seemed to many that the plowmen were on the losing end of the battle, but they kept at it tirelessly for hours, ensuring safer roads for drivers.

House tour was a success

Dear editor:

On behalf of the St. John's United Church Christmas House Tour, I would like to thank your newspaper for assisting us in the promotion of this event.

I would also like to acknowledge several other local businesses that participated in various ways: M&M Meat Shops, Steak Express, Miller's Bakery, Cakes of Elegance, the Paper Factory, Halton Rapid Print, Hallmark Gifts, Pictures & Presents, Georgetown Fruit Store, Harris Craft and of course our interior designers: Connoisseur's Court, Interiors, Jane's Design Studio, Jeannette Dodson Interior Design, Jody Rea Interiors and Muir Interiors.

Through the generosity of these Georgetown businesses, our Tour was a tremendous success, enabling us to make a substantial contribution to the St. John's renovation and restoration project.

Thank you everyone.

Yours truly,
Gloria Sinclair
Committee chairperson

Letters

to the Editor

POWERful people appreciated

Dear editor:

After hearing Paul Muldoon of Pollution Probe speak on the Great Lakes I feel compelled to put pen to paper. He spoke about the aquifers being the lifeblood of the Great Lakes. This brings home most emphatically that we should, indeed we must, protect our water and environmental resources.

After the war when the economy was booming, although mostly on plastic cards, we became the "me" generation. We wanted it all and we wanted it now. We have already mortgaged the future of generations yet unborn. Hopefully we have learned the error of our ways before we squander our natural resources wantonly, and become a third world country. We must

rethink our lifestyle.

Conservation must be the key and we must protect what we are fortunate enough to have in this beautiful country of ours. In the great span of time when each generation is only here for a short while it would help if we think of ourselves as stewards or caretakers of the environment for future generations as we are grateful for what our forefathers have done for our benefit.

This brings to mind people like Barbara Halsall who have devoted endless time and energy, even their own money, in the interest of our community. They should not be as a voice crying in the wilderness but should be listened to as the wisdom they are expounding makes good environmental sense.

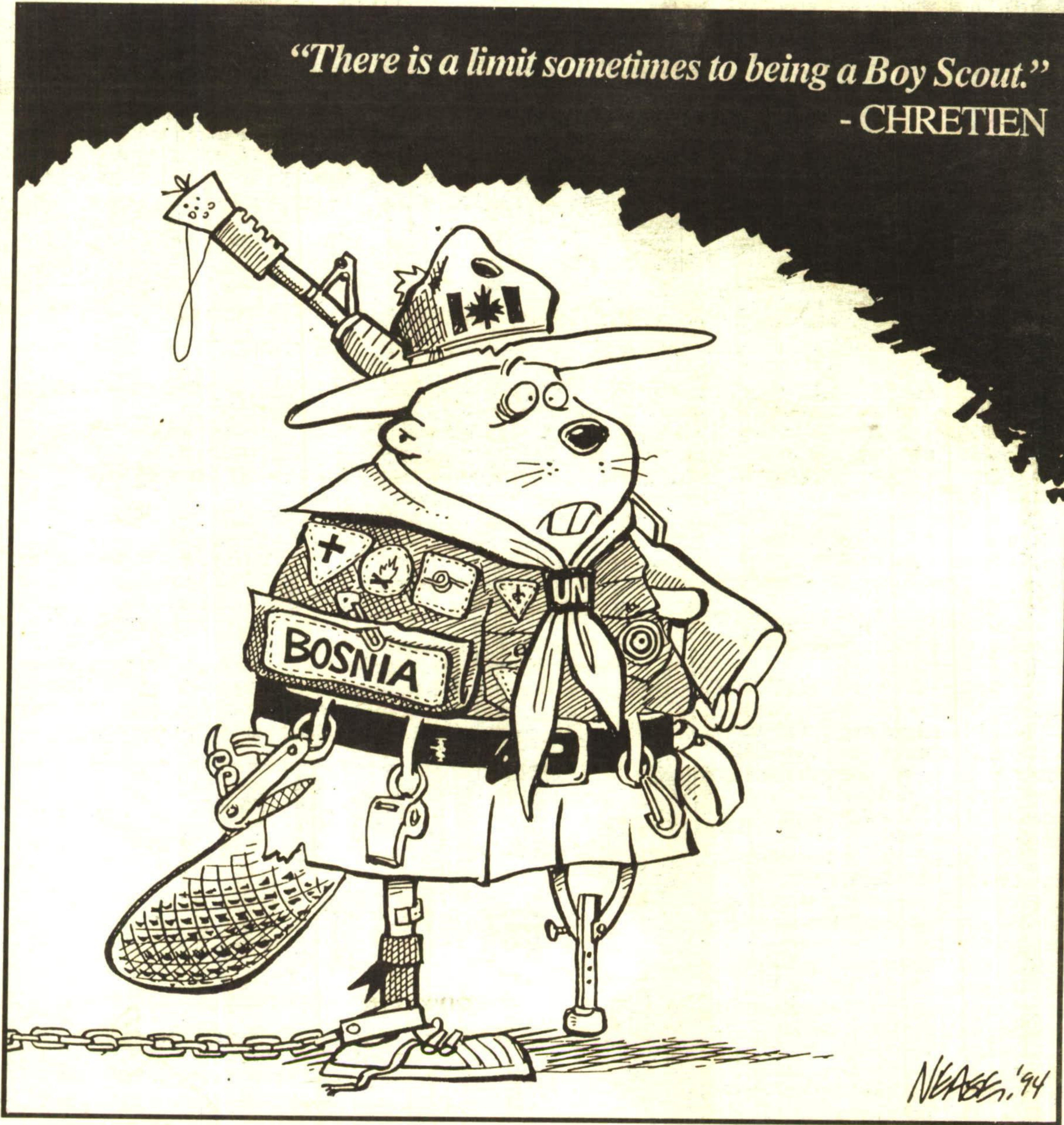
My husband and I are senior citizens and have lived long enough to have seen many changes in the course of our lifetime. We realize the importance of the aquifers in the limestone formation under the Niagara Escarpment and hopefully the powers that be will to.

Keep up the good work Barbara. You are truly appreciated by more people than you know.

Sincerely,
Marjorie Kirkwood

"There is a limit sometimes to being a Boy Scout."

- CHRETIEN



NEASE '94

Why do car heaters wait until you pull into the parking lot?

I'm pretty sure it happened with the coming of 1994.

Yep, it had to be right at the stroke of 12 midnight.

I suddenly felt cold.

You know the feeling. Chills, those annoying little shivers running up and down your spine.

It's been an annual thing for me. That time when I suddenly I become aware of something.

Winter is once again upon us.

I guess the warmth and excitement of Christmas masks the cold, making me less sensitive to the chills of the season, but now that we're back into the full routine of work and regular schedules, I'm wide awake now, and perpetually freezing.

I have come to despise winter. Years ago, as a kid, I could hardly wait for the first flakes of the season to accumulate on the ground, so I could get out the old toboggan and race down the hills at breakneck speed. All day long.

And when I grew into adolescence and young adulthood, I graduated to a snowmobile, so I could race back up the hills at breakneck speed.

All night long.

But now, I find those winter activities don't quite make it for me anymore, and my idea of winter sports centers around taking part in a spectator capacity.

From my couch with a good remote control.

And to think there are people out there who actually drive to places with snow, to get out and freeze while strapping on a pair of skis.

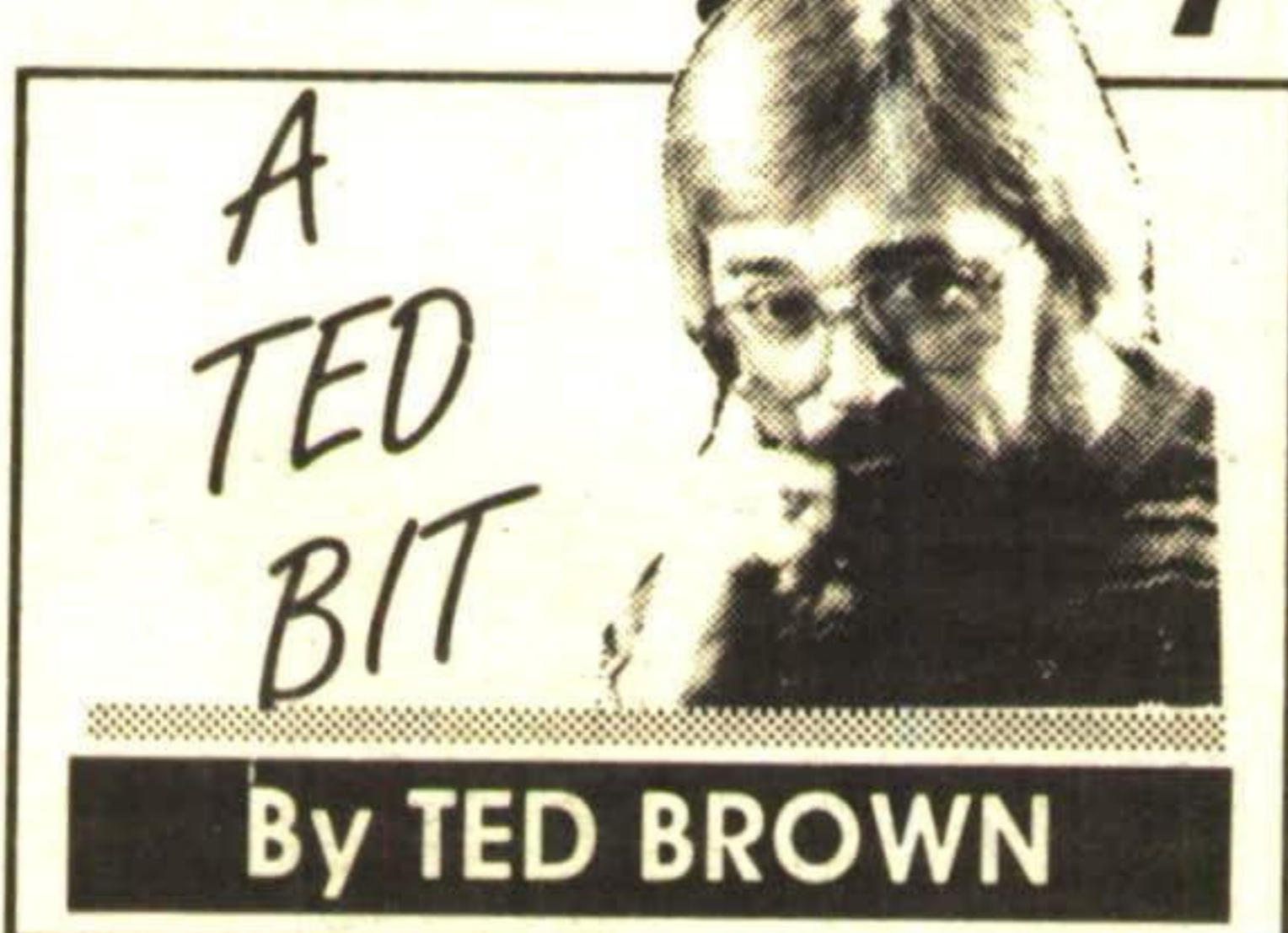
They're deranged, sick puppies.

Earlier this week, I walked into the office, dressed in a warm sweater, snow boots, gloves, a warm scarf and a heavy winter coat.

And I was still chilly.

Even co-worker Robin Inscoe complained about it being a little nippy as I walked in the door, and that's significant, because Robin's home away from home is an arena.

So I spent the day shivering,



feeling like I was re-enacting "The Cremation of Sam McGee."

Was the office cold? Was that the reason for the goose bumps?

After checking the thermostat numerous times, I realized the problem wasn't with the heating of the building, but me.

I returned home that night and gave the old thermostat a nudge, to pump a little more heat into the house, and ultimately, into me.

The next morning, I stuck my nose out from under several layers of blankets, quilts and sheets, to test the air.

My nose was cold — not a good sign.

After scampering across a cold floor and into some warm clothes, I still felt damn near frozen.

I decided to address the problem a little more aggressively, and bundle up more and more.

Later that morning, as I sat in the kitchen at home, lacing up my winter boots, I asked my wife if she thought one's legs became longer after, say your 35th or 40th birthday, because I found my feet were getting further and further out of reach to lace those irritating snow boots.

She suggested the problem might have more to do with our arms getting shorter....

But I really think it was the clothing.

After piling on more clothes, and heading out the door, I felt I had returned to my childhood, to the days before "thinsulate" lining in coats, when every kid at school walked like Frankenstein's monster because the old wool snowsuits were so bulky.

And the chills persisted.

The heater in the car seemed to blow straight cold air, (why do car heaters wait until you pull into the parking lot of the office before they start to emit a little warmth, anyway?)

And I gave the office thermostat a little boost as well, (but don't tell the management.)

Hmmm, was I coming down with something, like a good old fashioned cold, or maybe a flu bug?

That couldn't be; I had a slight head cold over Christmas, but now I feel as healthy as a horse.

A cold horse, mind you.

I guess it's a fact of life. We shiver and complain, until the warmth of spring returns to drive the chills out of our bones.

But in the meantime, I'm taking action. Right now.

Until then, I intend to pile on the clothes, throw another log on the fire and take my place beside the hearth with a hot chocolate in hand.

And I'm not budging. Until about April....