

THE HALTON HILLS **WEEKEND**

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

The Halton Hills Weekend is published every Sunday by The Georgetown Independent/Acton Free Press, at 211 Armstrong Ave. Georgetown Ont., L7G 4X5. It is one of the newspapers published by Metroland Printing, Publishing & Distributing Ltd., which includes: Ajax/Pickering News Advertiser, Barrie Advance, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, City Parent, Collingwood/Wasaga Connection, Etobicoke Guardian, Kingston This Week, Lindsay This Week, Markham Economist & Sun, Midland/Penetanguishene Mirror, Milton Canadian Champion, Mississauga News, Newmarket/Aurora Era-Banner, Northumberland News, North York Mirror, Oakville Beaver, Orillia Today, Oshawa/Whitby/Clarington This Week, Peterborough This Week, Richmond Hill/Thornhill/Vaughan Liberal, Scarborough Mirror, Stouffville/Uxbridge Tribune, Today's Seniors.

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Price: Store copies 50¢ each; Subscriptions \$26.00 per year by carrier; \$92.50 per year by mail in Canada; \$130.00 per year in all other countries. Plus G.S.T.

Second Class Mail Registration Number 6869. The Georgetown Independent is a member of The Canadian Community Newspaper Association and The Ontario Community Newspaper Association.

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Vindication

This week when Justice James Carnwath acquitted Peter Pomeroy of all corruption charges, he did so unequivocally.

He said, "I find the allegations against you (Pomeroy and Albert Tennant) substantially without merit."

That is a sentence that should reverberate in the ears of each and every resident of Halton Hills, silencing once and for all the swirling innuendos that has plagued this community since Pomeroy was first targeted for investigation four years ago.

Throughout this long, sometimes torturous, period, Pomeroy resigned his position as Regional Chair and had his reputation tarnished.

In addition this wife, Pat Crimmins, the deputy regional clerk, Georgetown lawyer Bert Arnold and Halton Hills developer Ab Tennant had their names unfairly muddied.

Perhaps now after this vindication, the attention should be refocused on the actions of Project 80, the joint police task force investigating municipal corruption.

Could it withstand the same scrutiny Peter Pomeroy has endured?

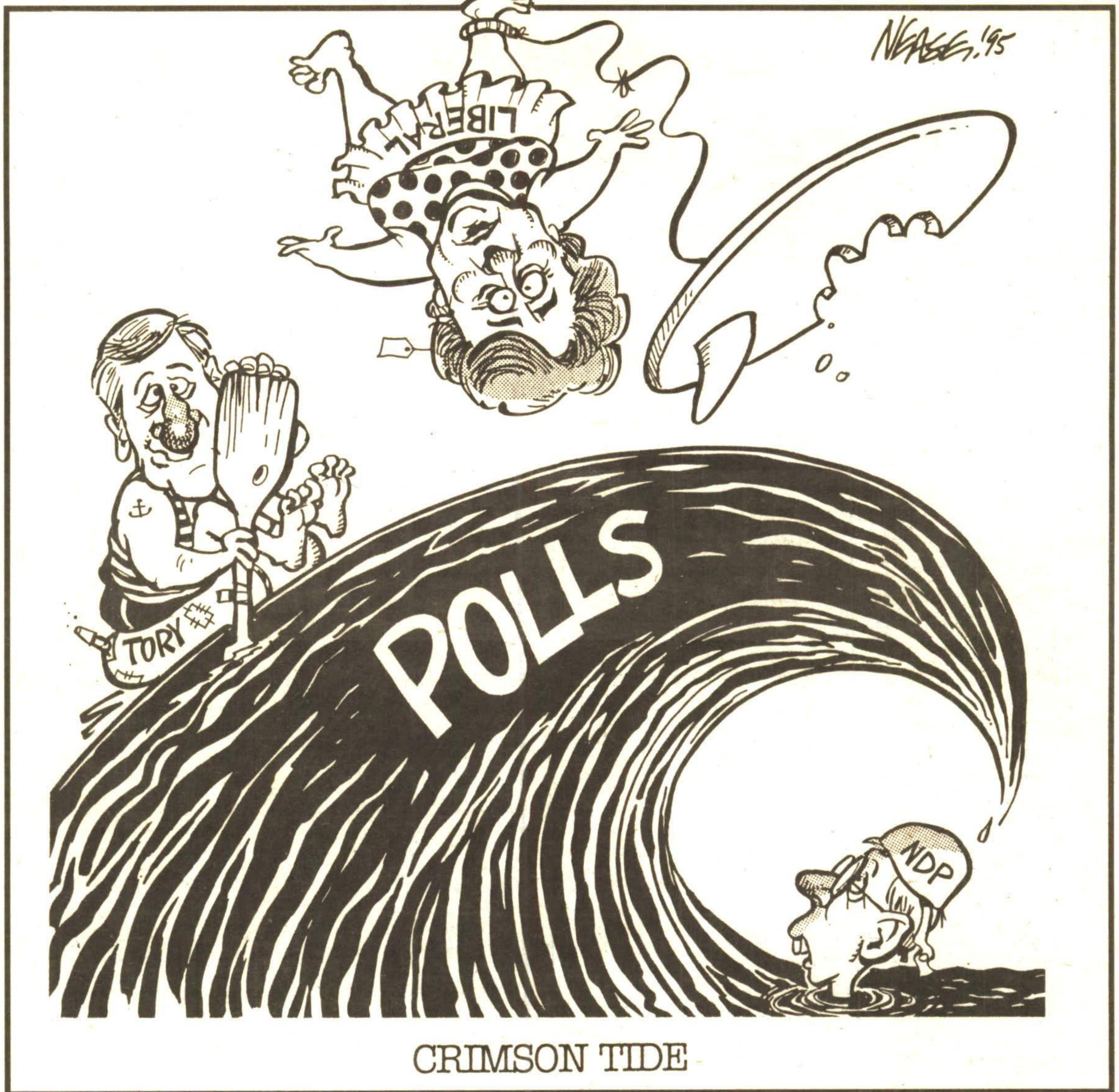
We doubt it.



Did you know?

Ever wonder how NHL hockey team got their names? Vancouver Canucks: The nickname was taken from a Canadian folk hero. The legend says that Johnny Canuck was a great logger, and was a skater and a hockey player in his spare time. Black Hawks: Original owner named the team in honor of the Black Hawk Battalion he served with in WWI. The unit was named after a Chief Black Hawk.

Stop asking 'how do you feel,' they may start telling you!



Those wimpy baseball players?

Last year, we had a student from Carleton University at our office, spending his summer fine tuning his journalistic skills.

Paul Ferreira made a name for himself last summer by simply stating anyone over the age of 30 was middle-aged.

After shrugging off the death threats from the over-30 crowd in the workplace, I admit, he made things at work a little more entertaining with his strong opinions about middle-age, sparking lots of inter-office discussion.

Well, he's back.

This year, he has decided to give the middle age jabs a rest and dedicate his time to verbally abusing something a tad more sacred.

Baseball, softball, fastball. Call it any name you want; he's chipping away at it.

Imagine, someone has the nerve to make less than complimentary comments about that beloved sport.

As part of the coaching staff of a local midget girls fastball team, I must respond to his comments because they're beginning to tick me off.

And what glorious sport does this unenlightened, uncultured kid from Carleton endorse?

Soccer?

It never ceases to amaze me how someone could get pumped and excited (with eyes dancing and nostrils flaring) about a sport that involves 11 players in short pants, running around an over-sized football field, in pursuit of a black and white ball, like a bunch of kittens

after a ball of yarn.

And what's more, soccer fans become REALLY excited about games with something as mundane as a 1-0 score.

Boooooingggggg.

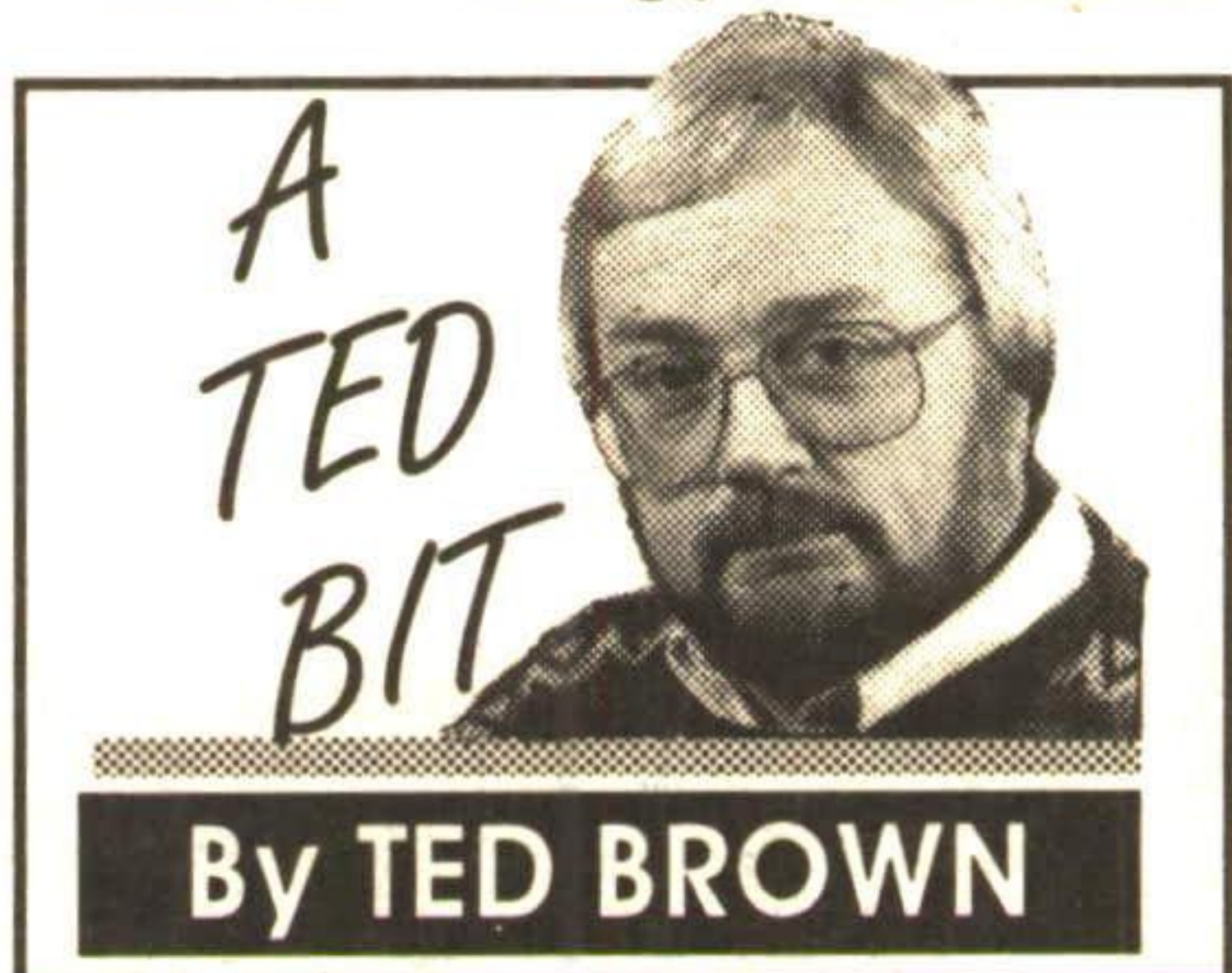
Just last Wednesday, as I peered out at the rain running down the window, he had to make another jab.

"Kinda wet, eh Ted?" he grinned.

"Yup," I replied, "Wonder if tonight's game will be called off. It looks like the rain isn't letting up."

I could sense what was coming.

"Ah yes," he smirked, "Those wimpy baseball



players. First sign of rain and they bail out. Sprinkle a bit of water on the diamond and they cancel the game. They just don't have what it takes."

I tried to ignore him, but he continued.

"Yessir, if we were talking about soccer players, now there's a BIG difference," he jeered, "They'd never wimp out, they'd be out there in the pouring rain, playing that game. Yessir, ball players are real wimps."

That was it.

Enough is enough.

"Paul," I started, in my controlled manner, "Ball players are wimps? I DON'T

think so. I have a midget team of 13 girls who would make you eat those comments."

(He wasn't impressed; I got the feeling being beaten up by a bunch of attractive 16 to 19 year-old female baseball players might just fulfill his wildest fantasies.)

"Gawd, ball players don't have what it takes because they won't play in the rain?" I continued. "Hey Paul, ever heard of people NOT knowing enough to come in out of the rain?"

He wasn't softening so I hit him with the big one.

"And as far as baseball fans are concerned, how often have you heard of them having a riot because their team didn't win, causing death and destruction at the stadium? It happens at soccer games in Europe."

"Besides, our team wouldn't play in the rain simply out of courtesy to our many fans who attend our games," I said. "We wouldn't ask them to sit on wet bleachers to cheer on our team, even though they are more than dedicated enough to do it."

"Of course, I suspect you'd demand your soccer fans to endure a drizzle to cheer on your teams, wouldn't you? No Paul, ball players are civilized and considerate."

But he doesn't stop, and clings to his opinion, ball players are wimps.

Which forces me to hit him with the clincher.

I'll introduce him to our team and let him tell them to their face they're wimps.

Then we'll see who the wimps are....