

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Oink! Oink!

Politicians have a thankless job. They generally work long hours, are at the beck and call of their constituents, and must decide the course of this nation.

Having said that, politicians are well-paid, receive numerous perks because of their position and have a generous expense account.

Most importantly, federal politicians have enjoyed an overly generous pension package for decades. In the past, a few years' service could set one up nicely for the rest of his or her life. The Liberals, when they took power two years ago, promised that would change. New rules would be brought in to ensure that it wouldn't be so easy for the pigs to line up at the public pension trough.

As of midnight last Monday, MPs were allowed to opt in or out of a revised pension plan that calls for MPs to reach a minimum age of 55 before they can collect and that they must service a minimum term of six years.

We have no problem with MPs collecting a pension. As we said, they (generally) work hard — like the majority of Canadians.

However, it is unconscionable that they receive a pension which far exceeds any pension plan available in the private sector.

While MPs may consider the new deal "reasonable" we find the new plan absurd.

Why should an MP's pension plan be light years better than one available in the private sector? What is so wrong with the concept that a good politician (one who is elected to repeat terms), is rewarded with an indexed pension the way the factory worker is?

Taxpayers have been screaming for along time now that greedy politicians will not be tolerated. The public will not forget who lined up at the trough this week.

It will come as no surprise if many of those who said "yes" to the pension this week will never have a chance to enjoy its benefits.

RR2



We spent most of our summer vacation avoiding places we went to last year.

Did you know?

The 1994 Ontario apple crop exceeded 12 million bushels, worth more than \$54 million. That's about 35 per cent of Canada's total production. The McIntosh represents nearly 50 per cent of the total apple crop grown for market in Ontario last year. Other popular apples: Red Delicious, Northern Spy, Empire, Idared, Spartan, Golden Delicious, Crispin (Mutsu) and Cortland. Half the crop is processed as juice and sliced apples, half is sold fresh — direct farm sales represent 5 per cent of the total harvest.

—Foodland Ontario

YES SIR... THERE'S GOING TO BE A FEW CHANGES AFTER THE U.N. WORLD CONFERENCE ON WOMEN!



NEWS '95

HUH? YOU SAY SOMETHING?



This time of year, I'm a fall guy

It's finally arrived.

Fall, that is.

Okay, okay, I know people will quickly tell me I'm wrong — the calendar indicates it's still summer, and it will remain that way until the first official day of autumn, (September 23 at 7:13 a.m., EST, according to the Old Farmer's Almanac.)

But I think fall is here now.

Just look outside.

There's all kinds of sure-fire signs.

There's a heavy dew on the grass in the morning when we get up and from time to time there's even a light dusting of frost on the ground.

I've seen numerous flocks of Canada geese flying around in their famous V-formation as they start their training program in preparation of that long flight south.

The skies are starting to show that iron grey color, and a few leaves are drifting down from the trees.

It's even cooled off enough to wear a jacket in the morning.

So in my books, it's already fall.

And I'm quite contented this time of year.

Always have been — simply because it's my favorite season.

It must stem from the season, the weather and perhaps the changes at work.

You see, fall comes upon us and the weather is suddenly clear and cool, with gorgeous bright sunny days and cool, clear nights and brilliant full moons. It all seems to work as a stimulant

for me.

I simply relax, enjoy my job and the people around me and drop into fall mode.

No more muggy weather, (with the exception of the occasional day of Indian Summer) and no more hot, sleepless nights.

And the steering wheel no longer burns my hands after leaving the car parked in the hot sun in the parking lot all day.

It's great.

The fall fairs have started, and people are more motivated, back to their regular working routine, with the summer hours behind

nearby.

But fall seems to cap those lazy hazy days of summer, and brings us all back to our senses, as we prepare to face the cooler weather so typical of our Canadian climate.

After all, if it were summer all year 'round, what would we have to look forward to?

No sir, I'm a fall guy.

I guess it's a throwback from my farming days, when we always looked with fondness at the fall season as the end of the harvest, the time to cut corn, and start fall plowing.

It was the time the cattle were kept in the barn at night, allowing us to actually sleep in until 6:30 a.m., because we didn't have to chase them into the barn to be tied before milking.

The farming community still sees fall as a time when the end of the summer workload is in sight, when the last field of corn is combined and the final furrow is turned over.

I think the world takes on a different look come fall, and the people in it seem to change for the better as well.

Unfortunately it's a short lived season, as the weather quickly changes from bright, clear days to overcast, dreary ones, signaling the arrival of November, when the days suddenly turn cold and barren.

But, I'm a fall guy, and I'll savor the beauty of the season to the fullest as trees take on their fall colors, and the leaves rustle underfoot.

Because, as everyone knows, Old Man Winter is never far behind.

A TED BIT



BY TED BROWN

them for another year.

In the newspaper world, the community has once again come alive, with school sports starting up again, the service groups are back in action and there's generally more things going on.

And that's terrific from a newspaperman's point of view — more news.

It's not that I hate summer — anything but.

I'm as anxious as the next guy to do all those fine summertime things, like heading over to the ball park for the home opener, or hauling out the barbecue to cook up a fine steak with an ample supply of Sleeman's