

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.

Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of a typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature will not be charged for, but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the acceptable rate.

In the event of typographical error advertising goods or services at wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell which may be withdrawn at any time.

Editorial and advertising content of The Georgetown Independent is protected by copyright. Unauthorized use is prohibited.

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.

EDITORIAL -- 873-0301
Editor-in-Chief: Lorne Drury
Editor: Robin Incoe
Managing Editor: Cynthia Gamble

Staff Writers: Janet Baine, Lisa Tallyn

Photography: Ted Brown

BUSINESS OFFICE - 873-0301

Manager: Carol Young
Accounting: Pat Kentner

Composing Manager: Steve Foreman
Composing: Sharon Pinkney,
Mary Lou Foreman, Dolores Black, Shelli Harrison,
Debbie McDougall, Kevin Powell, Janet Sharpe

ADVERTISING -- 873-0301

Director of Advertising: Shaun Sauvé
Advertising Manager: Sandra Dorsey
Classified Manager: Carol Hall
Display Sales: Jeanette Cox, Lana Walsma, Tanya Altenburg,
Dianne Fascinato, Cindi Demo

National Representative: Dal Browne (493-1300)

DISTRIBUTION
CIRCULATION/SUBSCRIPTIONS - 873-0301
Director of Distribution: Dave Coleman
Circulation Manager: Nancy Geissler

Mailing Address: 211 ARMSTRONG AVE. GEORGETOWN, ONT. L7G 4X5
Telephone: 905-873-0301 Fax: 905-873-0398

Try lobbying, not lobbing

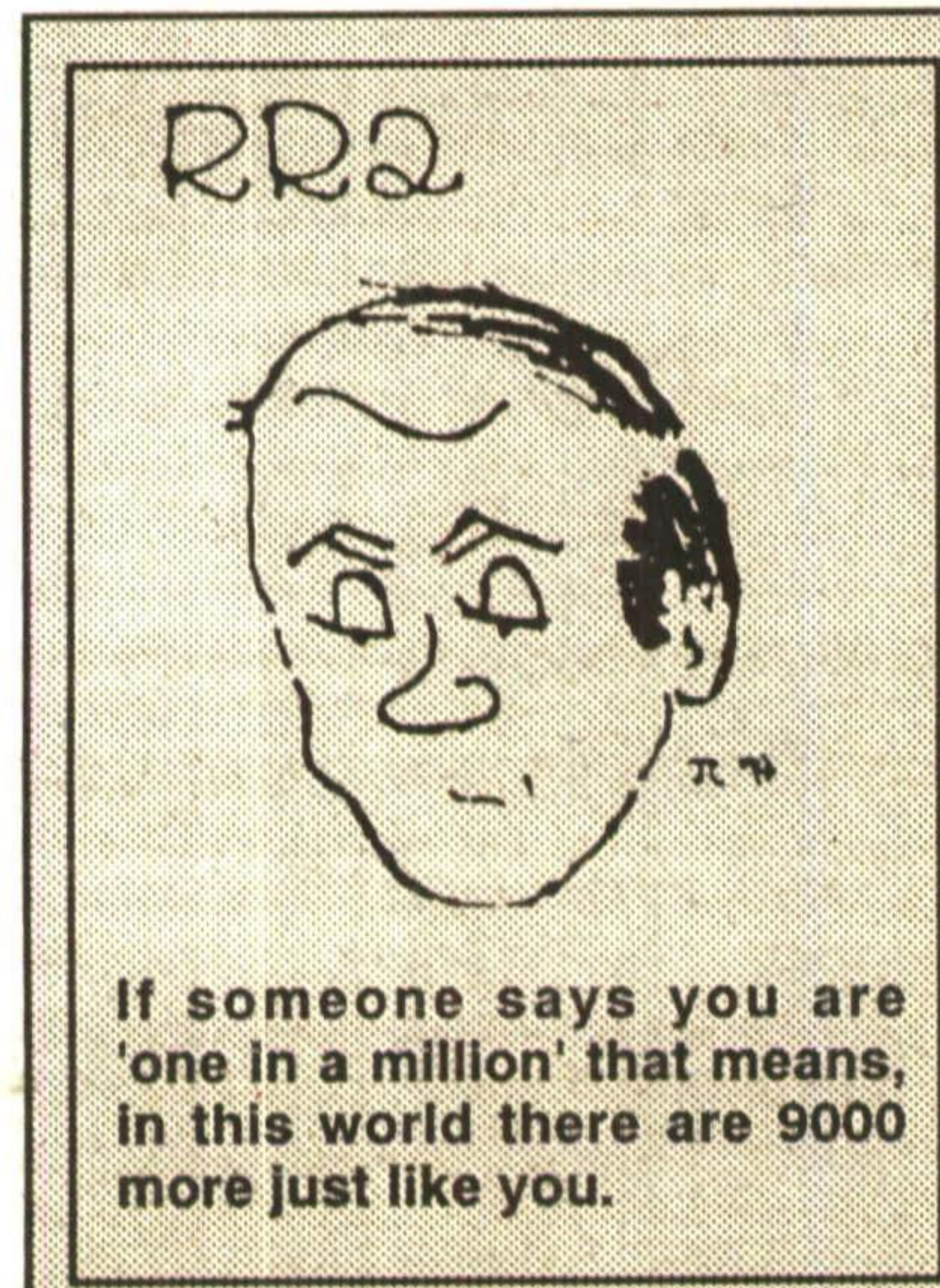
Mike Harris and his Tory government have given a large segment of Ontarians a reason to dislike him and his party. His cost-cutting and program-slashing actions of the past three months have hit many people in Ontario hard.

But, those opposed to the Tory government's policies and actions are not being heard, and will not, if they continue their protests in the manner they have recently. First, there was the storming of the Ontario Legislature during the Throne Speech. This past week at the kickoff to Octoberfest in Kitchener, Harris faced another protest but, again, the media focus was on the fact that another nitwit hurled an egg at the premier. The coup de grace came this week in Kingston when, once again, another civil protest turned sour when thugs tossed bricks and a smoke bomb at the golf course clubhouse where Harris was speaking. Locally our own MPP Ted Chudleigh received a threatening letter from someone upset with the cutbacks.

The right to protest peacefully is a cornerstone of any democratic nation and one we cherish. But, lobbing food, cursing, and damaging both public and private property is not going to help the cause of those protesting against Harris.

If they've got a beef, they should organize a letter-writing campaign, lobby their local MPP or adopt any number of ways to peacefully get their point across.

This caveman-like approach doesn't work and only makes these protesters look like fools.

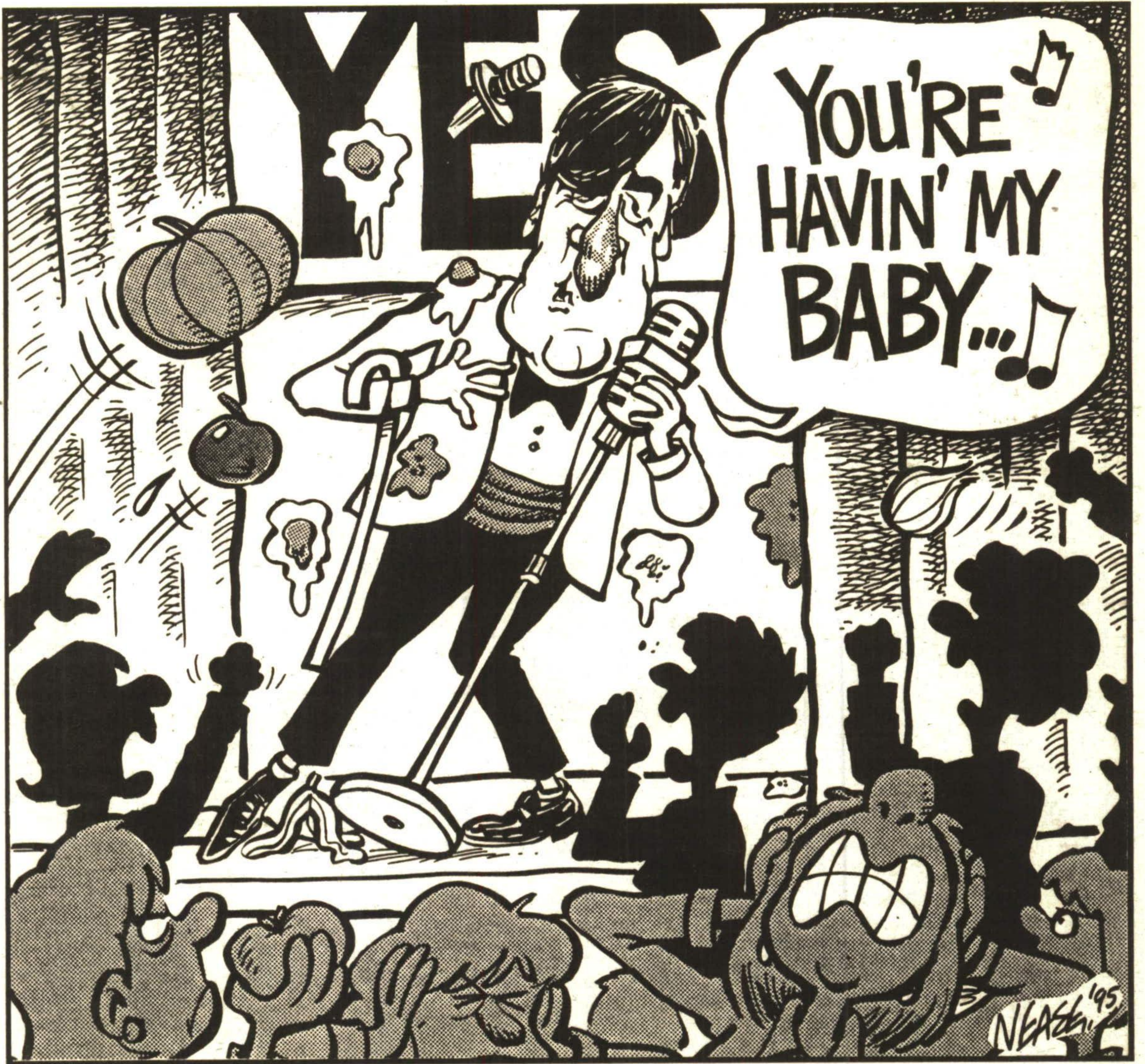


If someone says you are 'one in a million' that means, in this world there are 9000 more just like you.

Did you know?

In Tokyo, an apple a day can cost a bundle — as much as \$10. There, apples are prized as an exotic treat, and Japanese apple growers coddle fruit from bud to picking. According to a New York Times report, growers individually wrap apples while they're still on the tree to ensure an unblemished perfect fruit.

—Foodland Ontario



Time sure flies when you're havin' fun

Last Wednesday my wife and I celebrated our wedding anniversary.

Our 20th wedding anniversary.

Now I've always been able to remember special dates — birthdays, anniversaries and other significant events.

And the date of our anniversary has never been a problem.

I even knew it was 20 years ago.

Yup, back on Oct. 18, 1975, Cathy and I took that big step and 'tied the old knot' in a nice little ceremony at Limehouse Church, with my good friend Rev. Peter Barrow performing the duties.

I even remember the day, kinda cold and wet, with the odd light rain shower, and the wind was a bit brisk that day.

The fall colors were almost gone by then, as the rain pretty well cleaned off the last of the orange leaves clinging to the twigs.

We held our reception at Acton Curling Club and it was a great day, (in spite of the cold damp weather and the fact Cathy's aunt and uncle had to rush home between the ceremony and reception to chase some cattle off the highway in front of their farm.)

Of course, true to Murphy's Law, my wife's parents' furnace was on the blink that morning, so they awoke to a cold house.

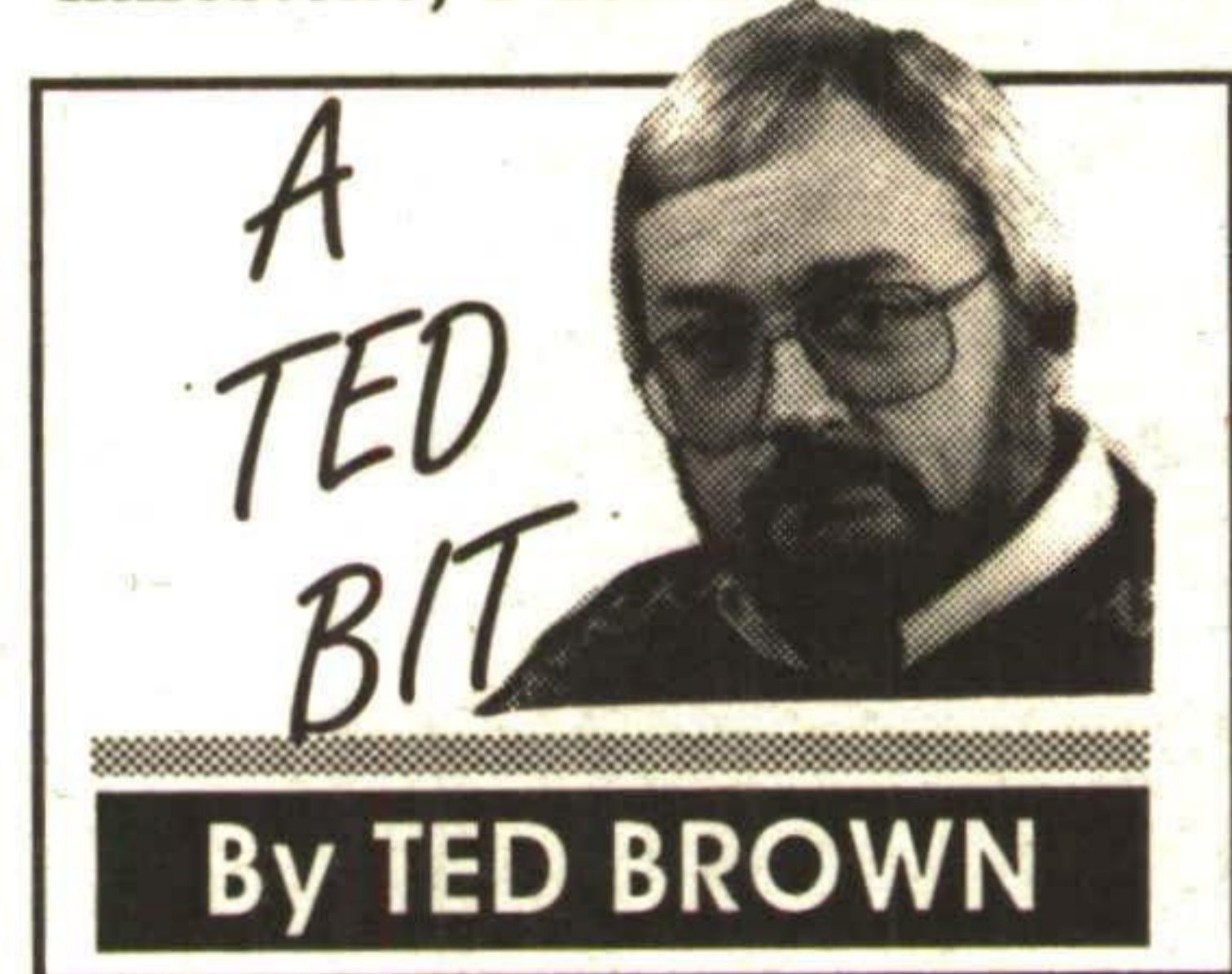
And that same morning Cathy and her dad had a small argument about the time of the ceremony (he wanted to be at the church a half hour earlier than

necessary) until they pulled out one of the wedding invitations and settled the dispute.

I even recall we had a calf born on our farm the night before (it was a difficult delivery) at the precise time I was to be at the wedding rehearsal.

But our wedding was a nice relaxed affair, with very few hitches (pardon the pun) and I think everyone had a pretty good time.

And it was 20 years ago. Although some might say two decades is somewhat of a milestone, I don't think I ever



really gave it a lot of thought.

Not until I happen to discuss it with a co-worker a few weeks back.

"Twenty years, Ted!" she remarked, "Wow, that's a long time. You guys deserve a medal for staying married that long, considering how many marriages fail these days."

But it doesn't seem like a major accomplishment. The time seemed to go flying past, and it's been just great.

And, if the old saying is true, "time flies when you're havin' fun," then I know it's been fun.

(As long as we don't talk about the time SHE got the

car stuck in the snow and I had to walk out the lane through the deep drifts to drive it in — well you get the idea.)

But my co-worker's comment made me think. I started to reflect on those 20 years, and the changes they have made on my life.

In that 20 years I've seen many things happen. I've witnessed my four daughters' births, and their growing from crying infants to toddlers and finally into young women facing their own sets of challenges.

I've seen my nieces and nephews develop the same way, as they go through the maturing process, making their own decisions and (like my own kids) giving their parents the same crises and rewards every parent endures.

But most of all, I've enjoyed sharing two decades with Cathy, a constant, caring person; one who has been my friend, lover, tolerant supporter and confident, as well as a third daughter for my parents and a number one daughter for her own.

I looked at the back issue of *The Independent/Free Press* that ran a photo of our wedding. We looked terribly young.

And I recall celebrating our first anniversary. Cathy said she intended to celebrate our golden anniversary, in another 49 years. I remember kidding her, saying 49 years was a long ways off.

But if the next 30 years are as much fun as the past 20, then I'm sure she'll get her wish.