

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Bullies picking the wrong fight

Remember the schoolyard whiner who if he didn't get his way, would take his ball and go home?

The adult equivalent of that bully can be found today in Ontario Federation of Labor boss Gord Wilson and his union cronies who, upset at having the provincial Tories take away their precious Bill 40, have vowed to shut down the city of London for 24 hours on Dec. 11.

Excuse us, but the last time we checked this was a democratic country, and this past June the Mike Harris-led Tories handily won a democratic election. Also, Tories said time, and time again, that Bill 40 (which was a job killer and heavily tilted in favor of unions) would be among the first pieces of legislation to go if the Tories were elected.

Well they were elected, and Bill 40 has been replaced with a more progressive and less union-friendly Bill 7. But Wilson and other union blowhards have threatened to bring down the Harris government and figure rotating one day strikes at designated cities around the province is the way to do it.

When the NDP brought in Bill 40 did we see business leaders threatening to toss union workers out on the street? Did they stomp their feet, and issue ultimatums and threats? No, they waited until an election was called to voice their displeasure through democratic recourse.

The union leaders have accused the Tories of being confrontational with the repeal of Bill 40. But who, we ask, is really being confrontational here?

As with any bully, there is usually more bluster than action. We hope the same can be said for these union execs who think they can get what they want by force.

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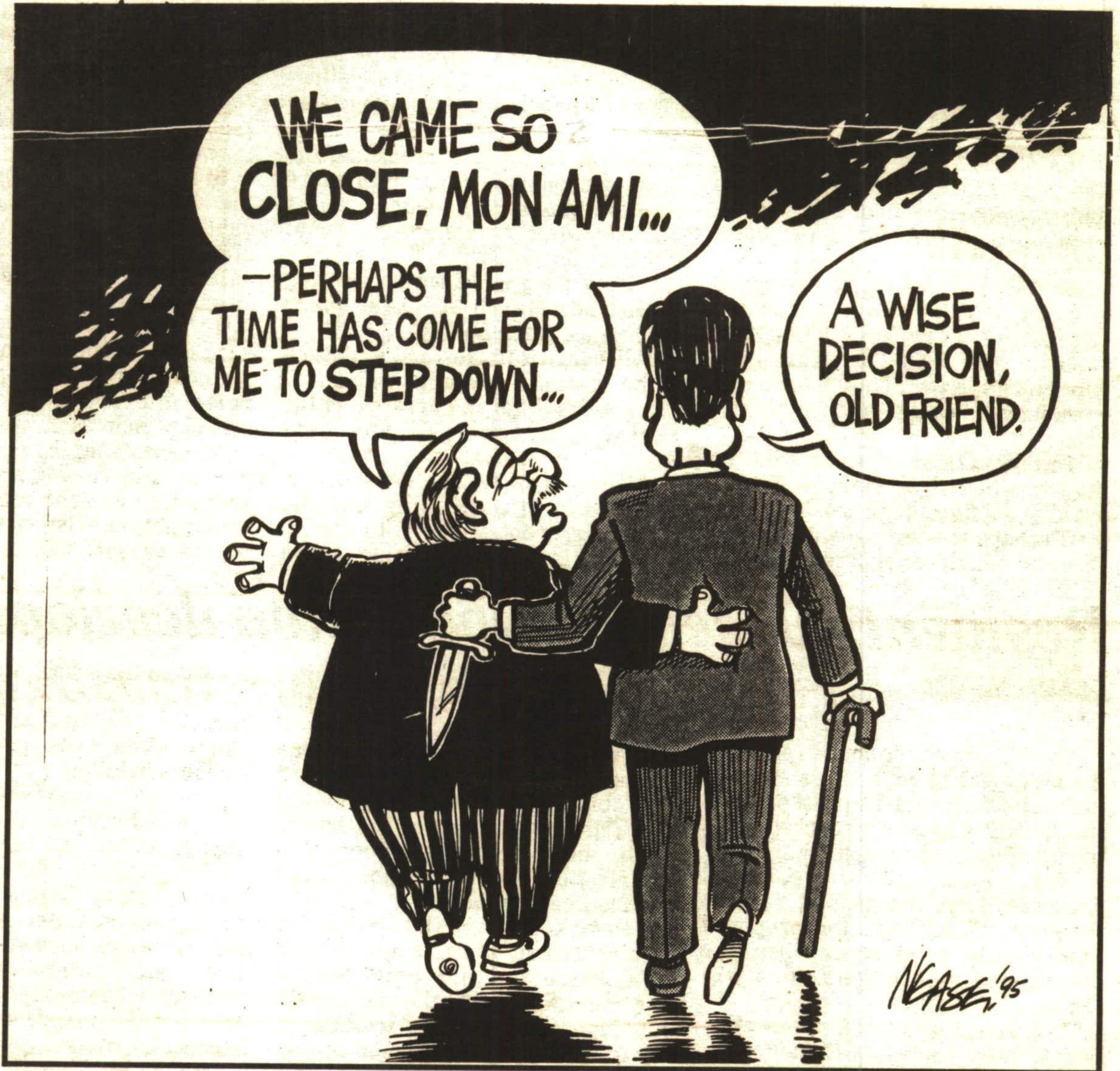


Just figured out how to assemble the patio furniture and it's time to put it away.

Did you know?

According to the Ontario Health Survey, we in Halton are still eating too much fat and too little complex carbohydrate (starch) and fibre. The average person in Halton ate 37 per cent of their calories from fat — the goal is less than 30 per cent of calories from fat. The average person ate 49 per cent of calories from carbohydrates (should be 55 per cent), and the average fibre intake was 20 g/day for men and women (the healthy intake is between 25 and 35 g/day). Vegetables and fruit are a major source of carbohydrate and fibre but 20 per cent of us eat less than three servings (five servings are recommended).

Nutrition Services, Halton Health Dept.



Every office has one

Why do they have to be that way?

You know the type, those happy-go-lucky, top-of-the-morning, nothing-gets-me-down, generally buoyant people.

They're always so cheerful.

Damned annoying if you ask me.

We have one in our office. I'm sure every office has one.

Nancy is always smiling, in the best of spirits and obviously a morning person.

Come to think of it, she's also an afternoon person, too.

Maybe even an evening one as well.

Whatever the case, she's an asset to the office, not only for her constant ambition, but more importantly, for her attitude.

Positive, positive and more positive — no matter what.

She's never down on anything, always polite to people and always, I mean ALWAYS happy.

In fact she's one of those people you really have to envy for her outlook on life.

Always looks on the good side, always on the go and always happy.

And I like Nancy — everybody does.

But please don't turn her loose on me first thing in the morning, when I'm not quite awake.

Or not in the best of moods. It happened just this past week, the morning we had that dreaded first snowfall of the season, an event that tends to make my sour morning demeanor that much sourer. ('Sourer' is a word, isn't it?)

Anyway, she opened the

back door as I pulled up with my car, (Oh, I forgot to mention, she's usually one of the first ones to arrive at work as well) and she laughed at me for yawning as I dragged myself from the car.

As I said, happy-go-lucky.

"Isn't that snow pretty Ted?" she beamed. "Don't you just LOVE it when it sticks to the trees like that?"

I grumbled some sort of a response about hating snow, through my stifled yawn.

Not to be discouraged, she continued.

"Oh Ted, don't be that way," she grinned, "It looks so nice, when that first snow falls, and everything is so

Nancy style, and power walked, with that familiar spring in her step, to the front of the office, to greet the rest of our co-workers and the world as they stumbled in the door, cursing the snow, the cold and anything else that got in their way.

Another co-worker who overheard our conversation grinned to herself as I slumped into my chair.

"She really is a morning person, isn't she?" she observed, smiling at my reaction.

"Yeah," I agreed. "Those type of people have no right to make the rest of us feel so miserable."

I spent the balance of the morning in a snit, silently cursing the weather under my breath, as I carried on with my regular duties.

But in retrospect, I've thought a lot about Nancy, and all the other Nancys in the world.

Maybe she has the right idea. You know, since we go through this life only once, perhaps we should try to be more positive.

It takes the same amount of energy to smile as it does frown, and learning to look on the bright side of things is just a matter of making the effort.

Maybe us 'Oscar the Grouches' of the world should change our outlook, take a leaf out of Nancy's book, and try to adopt a more positive view of things.

Who knows, we could even learn to like it.

But I have to draw the line about one point — I refuse to say 'snow is pretty.'

Even if it happens to be.

A TED BIT



By TED BROWN

clean and white.

"Besides, you could be a little more pleasant since I held the door open for you."

More smiles.

Picking my steps around the icy spot by the door, I couldn't even imagine anyone agreeing with her.

"Nancy, people like you tick me off," I countered. (Actually, it was a little stronger verb, but, well you know how it is... family newspaper and all.) "Tell me, how can you be sooooo happy? And first thing in the morning?"

She laughed over her shoulder in typical sunny