

THE HALTON HILLS **WEEKEND**

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Think safety!

A little more than a week ago area residents were basking in unseasonably high temperatures talking about the end of winter.

Well, surprise. It's back!

And that means the dangers that go along with it.

We must remind readers that the warm weather of a week ago melted much, if not all, of the ice on area ponds, streams and lakes to the point of flood warnings being issued by some of the conservation authorities.

The ice is back! The current cold snap has re-frozen the waterways but we urge that you be extremely careful.

Beware of thin ice!

And while we're on the topic of winter safety, let's not forget about the snowmobilers.

They, in particular, must realize that the rivers and lakes in this area are unsafe for their machines after the quick thaw. Fifty-four per cent of snowmobiling deaths occurred on lakes and rivers and we don't want to be adding to that statistic.

The province-wide effort to reduce snowmobile accidents will be enhanced this week (Feb. 4 to 11) during Snowmobile Safety Week, as many clubs host special events.

Think snow, but think safety first!

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This year more than any other, we need to **LIGHTEN UP...** so let's do it.

Did you know?

Today marks the start of Eating Disorder Awareness Week, February 4-10, a time when we build awareness about such eating disorders as anorexia, bulimia and weight preoccupation, particularly among women.

Many women in society struggle with food and weight issues. In fact, 90 per cent experience body-image dissatisfaction, 80 per cent have dieted by age 18, 66 per cent have "experimented" with bulimia and up to 15 per cent have many symptoms of an eating disorder.

Food and weight problems must be taken seriously because they can affect a woman's physical health, contribute to feelings of powerlessness and perpetuate her experience of oppression.

National Eating Disorder Information Centre

SHEILA COPPS NAMED HERITAGE MINISTER...



I don't exactly look like my yearbook photo, but...

A week or so ago, I ran into an old school friend who I haven't seen for some time.

In Grade 13 chemistry, she sat at the lab desk behind me, and we spent that year tormenting the teacher as our constant talking interrupted his class at Georgetown District High School.

(Come to think of it, I never really attained great marks in Grade 13 chemistry.... a coincidence?)

Anyway, she dropped by the newspaper office recently to place an ad, and we struck up a conversation, catching up on the news about each other's lives, our families and old friends.

And we talked about old school acquaintances, some we see regularly, others we haven't seen or heard from for years.

It was a nice chat; a little jaunt down memory lane.

I made a point of talking to her that day, since I recently missed chatting during one of my newspaper assignments, simply because I didn't notice her in the crowd, and was pressed for time to get to my next appointment.

Embarrassed, I apologized for my oversight.

She laughed it off as we continued chatting about then and now.

Acknowledging old friends is important to me.

It really annoys me to no end when former classmates don't remember me from school days.

Now, I'm not talking about casual acquaintances at school, (there were more than 1,000 students at GDHS back then,) rather friends who

shared the same class with me for five years.

Nothing burns me more than those people feigning a complete blank when I strike up a conversation.

"Hmmm, Ted Brown? Gee, I don't know... You sure it was me? Maybe you went to school with my brother...."

Yeah, right.

I usually counter with, "No, I know we were together at GDHS; our lockers were almost side by side, and we played in the same section when we studied instrumental music under Mr. Long all the way through high school."

That usually stops 'em.



By TED BROWN

I'm tempted to ask them if their lives are that narrow, or if their memory is just plain selective.

Perhaps they're yuppies, too upwardly mobile to remember some insignificant lifeform like me?

I dunno, but it scares me to think I made such a tiny impression during those five years.

After all, I recognize and remember them.

So logically, they should know me.

I admit I don't exactly look like my yearbook photo — I didn't have grey hair, glasses or a beard, as I wandered

about the great halls of learning at GDHS.

(I also didn't have a wife, four kids or a mini-van on which I'm still making payments.)

But I'm still the same person.

Besides, many of my former classmates don't look quite the same either. Some tend to be a little shy on hair, and others sport a bit more girth than I recall from our 'glory days.'

Perhaps I'm unique, possessing a better than average ability to retain names and faces — but I don't really think so.

In my job, I meet several people during the course of each day.

And there are times I forget someone's name, and struggle to put a name to that face, or recall where I last talked to them.

School friends are different. We should be able to recall those we attended school with, especially if we were all in the same class for years.

Besides, that handful of my old teachers who are still teaching at GDHS remember me. And how many students have they met during their career?

Anyway, I'll still make the effort, and always look forward to striking up a conversation with old friends whenever I see them, because most of them are great.

I'll chat and sometimes enjoy a story from the past.

But for those select few whose recall is a little fuzzy —

I'll just assume they weren't worth the bother.