

EDITORIAL

Tired of being "bought off"

The Ontario government has promised to pump \$18-million into Halton's economy in the hope of creating 1,800 jobs over the next three years.

At the press conference held to announce the jobs Ontario Fund Friday, politicians — local and provincial — talked of "economic renewal" and "new jobs and training opportunities."

Halton North MPP Noel Duignan said the program would help "those hardest hit by the recession—our friends, neighbors and family members who must rely on social assistance, or whose unemployment benefits are exhausted."

It strikes us that those "friends, neighbors and family members" would not need this kind of assistance if the economy of this province — and country — was better run.

We also have some concerns over just how much assistance our friends are going to get.

At the press conference Friday, it was revealed that as many as 19,000 people in Halton Region could qualify for benefits from the new program.

While the training fund is aimed at giving private companies up to \$10,000 in "training credits" for each new job created, half the money can be used to train the firm's existing workforce.

Currently, not many companies are creating many jobs and if they can get the money to training existing personnel — making them more productive — why would they have to create jobs.

Throughout their term of office the New Democrats have flipped on what they called "policy" and have constantly been reactive rather than proactive to changes.

While we can appreciate the direction the jobs Ontario program is taking, it appears to be another knee-jerk reaction by the NDP government to stem the tide of their eroding fortunes.

We believe that residents of this province are tired of being "bought off" by government and want some action that will really turn around Ontario's economy.

Student Employment Centre thanks

Dear Editor

Although it doesn't seem like we've had a taste of summer, the summer job season is winding down. Our closing date of August 7th is fast approaching.

The Canada Employment Centre for Students would like to express our thanks to the community of Halton Hills. Over the summer months, we have thoroughly enjoyed our contact with the students and employers of this area.

We hope that we've been helpful in serving the employment needs in the community. Much of our satisfaction has come from the interest and support which the community has shown towards student employment.

While working in the Halton Hills area, we were able to get to know the students and employment we worked to unite. The positive and co-operative attitudes we encountered were encouraging and made our jobs more pleasant.

Once again, thank you for your kindness and support. We look forward to serving you next year.

Sarah Footman
Student Placement Officer

Letters Welcomed

Halton Hills This Week welcomes your letters. Letters must be signed and include your full name and address. Names will be withheld on request.

Halton Hills This Week reserves the right to edit, revise, or reject any letters on the basis of factual errors, punctuation, spelling errors

or as a result of space limitations.

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The Editor
Halton Hills This Week
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L7G 4B1

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PUBLISHER: Ken Bellamy

EDITOR: Scott Kline

PRODUCTION MANAGER: Kathleen Topolsek

HALTON HILLS THIS WEEK IS INDEPENDENTLY OWNED & OPERATED.

PHONE: 873-2254

FAX: 873-3918

REAL ESTATE MANAGER: Kathy Toth
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Marie Shadbolt

That was then...



Local Presbyterians organized in 1832 in the Scotch Block. In 1867, they built their first church (shown here) in Georgetown from red clay brick. It was replaced in 1887 by the current stone building. Photo courtesy of the Esquesing Historical Society

Have you got a minute?



Wheldon "Steamer" Emmerson
Halton Hills This Week is thrilled to have Wheldon "Steamer" Emmerson writing a weekly column. Steamer's anecdotes are always entertaining and usually full of insight into life's lighter moments. Look for Steamer's "Have You Got A Minute?" every week in this space.

I was scheduled to go on a small arms training course at Long Branch, Ontario during the war. A Captain Peart told me arrangements had been made and to pack my kit.

Heavens, what a break.

After classes each day I could hitch-hike home to Georgetown. My spirits were high.

Six days later I landed at Prince Rupert B.C. on the west coast just forty miles shy of Alaska. I had no intention of going to Alaska until it melted.

Naturally there had been a SNAFU (situation, normal all fouled up), and when things get SNAFU'd in the army they never get straightened out, only bent worse.

In the morning, I appeared before the Midland Regiment adjutant and was asked to explain how I arrived in Prince Rupert.

"By train, sir." The adjutant — a bit miffed — asked "why?"

Good question. In my most respectful manner, I replied, "Only Capt. Peart can answer that question, sir. He told me I was going to Long Branch, Ont. and when I questioned the porter he said we

Army daze: Lost in Prince Rupert

were heading for Prince Rupert, B.C."

The adjutant replied: "I think Capt. Peart needs a refresher course in map reading. With Capt. Peart's sense of direction, he may have been driving the train."

Years later, when I needed a filler at some do, I would slip in the old joke: "I'm no engineer, but I have started many a young girl on the wrong track. The odd time it was a double-track."

While waiting to clear up my status, they put me on sentry duty. That was a mistake.

The old army joke goes like this:

The Sergeant-of-the-Guard says to the new recruit on sentry go for the first time: "When you hear someone approaching, yell 'Halt. Who goes there?' — 'Advance and be recognized' and when you're satisfied tell them to 'pass on'."

"Do that three times and then fire."

Recruit: "Yes, sir."

The colonel after being challenged twice by the new recruit asked: "Why have I been challenged twice?"

Recruit: "I was told to yell halt three times and then fire, and you is on your second halt now."

My first shift on sentry duty in Prince Rupert was a bit of a shock.

I was marched to a rickety old wooden sentry box about 50 or 60 feet in the air while it was pitch black at 2 a.m. — or 0200 hrs army time — and told to "climb them stairs."

My explanation pointing out my fear of heights had little effect on the lance-corporal.

Later when I rose to the outstanding rank of corporal, I too had to adapt a callous attitude towards those who were afraid of heights, rifle fire, motors and so on.

Once I reached the sentry box in the foggy heavens of B.C., the lad

on duty was to give me the Morse code of long and short dashes we were to blink out from the lamp to challenge any ships entering the harbor.

They were to reply with the appropriate short signal of the night and the ship's skipper, yours truly and all of vast Canada could rest easily, sleep soundly knowing I — and my Lee-Enfield .303 — were silently watching for any Japanese invasion forces ready to pounce if I dozed off.

Good grief!

A ship with dim running lights refused to reply to my Morse challenges. In my mind, its skipper was on his second "halt".

The naval tradition of firing a shot across his bow sprang to mind. I pulled the trigger.

A Lee-Enfield can really bark on a quiet night and before I got my allotted 10 rounds off there was quite a stir.

The lance-corporal was upset because the harbor-master had phoned him to explain there was no impending Japanese naval invasion and the imaginary enemy was the returning garbage scow.

Within a week, I was gone from the Regiment. No ceremonial send-off, "just get going", and "make sure you take that darned rifle with you."

As true as I write this piece, who do you think I met, the first day I joined the Algonquin Regt. in action — Capt. Peart.

He remembered me from Camp Borden.

"What took you so long to get here? You must have gone via Vancouver."

"You're close. Actually it was Prince Rupert."

I was relieved not to be selected for his company. With his sense of direction he might have had me fighting to capture England.