Tracing a TV timeline

As a child borne of the television generation, much of my life can be traced through what was on the tube and when. For instance, much of my childhood Saturday mornings were spent watching the likes of Goober and the Ghostchasers, H.R. Puff'n'Stuff, and The Land of the Lost. My early teens saw me catch the last seasons of M*A*S*H, and some excellent new shows called Hill Street Blues and St. Elsewhere (now known as NYPD Blue and ER, respectively).

All of this is by way of saying that, like it or not, mine and future generations will be marking seminal events in their lives by what was on the television at that particular moment.

It also has the power to evoke memories, good and bad, which is why I have been sorely disappointed by the number of Christmas specials which haven't appeared on the tube in recent years.



Now, I'm not a television

programmer and I don't presume to know how to do a programmer's job, but I'm guessing it can't be easy trying to fit in *The Bells of St. Mary, A Charlie Brown Christmas, Miracle on 34th Street*, and *Rudolph's Shiny New Year* all in a small scheduling window, in addition to the regular shows which run their Christmas specials.

My beef comes with the fact that they don't even seem to try anymore. Maybe the ratings slipped, but Vince Garabaldi's theme from A Charlie Brown Christmas always reminds me of the season.

Nobody seems to write carols anymore, either. Old standards are just recycled, reworked and rearranged by artists attempting to show just how seasonal and festive they can be.

Don't get me wrong, I liked John Mellencamp's rootsy version of I Saw Mama Kissing Santa Claus, I liked Annie Lennox's Winter Wonderland, and I also enjoyed Bob Seger's version of Little Drummer Boy (though nothing holds a candle to the David Bowie/Bing Crosby duet), but my point is that these are all older songs that have been done to death.

Then again, any new carols written in, say, the past 30 years, reflect the tone of the time.

John Lennon, The Kinks and Tom Petty have all taken a crack at writing exceptionally dreary Christmas carols and have succeeded admirably, unfortunately.

If I never hear about *Tickle Me Elmo* for as long as I live, it won't be too soon. I don't need another year to confirm my intrinsic knowledge that, like most males, I do a pretty lousy gift wrapping job (*note to self: next year invest in gift bags*). And I sure won't miss the pressure to have a good time. I suspect most people would have a good time if everyone wasn't constantly telling them that they should be having a good time.

Great minds think alike

Still with our post-holiday theme, I think there should be a Christmas registry, sort of like a bridal registry.

The only drawback would be that all gift purchases would have to be made at the same facility. Like most problems in the world, repeat gifting is a result of miscommunication.

Twice this past season, I saw gifts repeated, where the giftee received multiple copies of the same gift.

I gave a friend of mine a book, dropping it by her house on Dec. 24. Asked in for a drink, she proceeded to tell me that she had gone out Christmas shopping a couple of weeks before and picked herself up the same book. I wanted to crawl away.

My Dad thought it would be nice to give my Mother tickets to see *Ragtime*. Evidently, so did my brother. His gift to them was a couple of tickets for last Thursday's evening performance.

The good news is that they liked it. Now they just have to decide if they're going again next month.

Someday son.... This'll all be yours.



Home Inspectors meet standards

To the Editor,

As a home inspector, I was pleased to read the article, Home Inspections Up (House and Home, Gemini, Nov. 20), which promotes the services of home inspectors as a prudent investment for home buyers.

The article also pointed out that "Home Inspectors are not regulated by government, and that there is no province-wide standard of training and no level of expertise that people who work in the industry must meet before they can set up shop."

I think it is important to add that there are strict Standards of Practice, an a Code of Ethics that all members of the Ontario Association of Home Inspectors (OAHI)

must adhere to. Furthermore, with the passage of Bill PR 158, Dec. 9, 1994, the Government of Ontario recognizes OAHI and has charged the OAHI with the responsibility of sole Regulator and Authority on the Home Inspection Industry and its members.

Of course, home buyers are free to choose any home inspector, however, selecting a member of OAHI ensures that the inspector:

- is a full-time professional home inspector
- has a wealth of technical knowledge and experience
- has undergone extensive technical training specific to the field of home inspections
- must meet or exceed the Standards of Practice defined by the association
- is bound by a strict Code of Ethics
- carries a mandatory policy of Errors and Omissions Insurance.

Les Boothroyd,
Boothroyd Home Inspection
Services, Georgetown

Student's efforts lost in debate

To the Editor,

The Christmas concert performed at Glen Williams Public School was one of those truly joyous events evoking memories of Christmas traditions and a spirit of good will.

Beautifully coordinated, it featured a magnificent backdrop of colourful flags, delightfully expressive dancers and musicians, as well as charming choral speakers and singers.

I left the concert in a peaceful, reflective state, honoured to have my child participate in such a school activity.

I, however, almost blew a gasket wher I read Mr. Edgar's attempts to undermine the concert by making a

political statement out of children dancing The Macarena. In the good old days of Christmas past in Thistletown, we engaged in highland flings at our Christmas concerts.

How very pagan, "multicultural" or anti-Christmas this must seem to Mr. Edgar!

Has Mr. Edgar praised the efforts of the Glen Williams' staff in providing such a community event? Has Mr. Edgar considered that Scrooges imported from Toronto are not welcome in Georgetown? Has Mr. Edgar simply not moved far enough from Toronto in his desire to avoid multiculturalism and to seek that same old Christmas of his youth?

Try the North Pole!

Linda Ciotti-Kandziora, River Drive

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