

## No repeats. Really?

Here at the office we listen to one particular radio station. It is the station which bills itself as the one that pleases everyone because of its music *mix*. I won't mention the station by name, but suffice it to say that it would be a good station to listen to if you were to, say, *MIX* a cake, *MIX* up an order, or *MIX* a drink (specifically 99.9 of them).

The announcers at this particular station seem compelled to remind the listenership at every turn that they do not, absolutely, in no way, shape or form, repeat any song between the hours of nine and five (am and pm, presumably).

It just seems like it.

Now, I'll be the first to admit, my musical tastes are pretty mainstream. Bland, some might say. Nothing too fancy, just give me a song with a discernible beat, a melody and lacking in anything resembling dance music, and I will be quite happy.

This station, however, despite the promise of never repeating a song in drivetime hours, bludgeons the listener to death by playing different songs by the same artists five, six, seven times a day.

I like The Tragically Hip, Amanda Marshall, Melissa Etheridge, and John Mellencamp. I can even stomach Alanis Morissette, Hootie and the Blowfish and U2 every now and then, but this repetitiveness is killing me. It is to the point where I don't even want to hear the work of those that I like, because I've heard the same songs all day, every day.

Isn't music supposed to be soothing? Isn't there some inherent quality to the blend of voices and instrumentation that is supposed to lift the soul and be soothing to the ear?

I'm fairly certain it is not supposed to fill the listener with dread, thinking, "Oh no, not again."

## Fair weather fiend

Last week's mild temperatures were more than welcomed in these quarters. A couple of days of above-zero temperatures lifted the spirits in these parts – at least partially.

The warm weather, and I can't quite believe I'm writing this, actually screwed up my plans to take pictures of the Grade 4 class skating at George Kennedy Public School last Wednesday.

No fear, I'm certain we will have to pay for this recent warm spell, probably with a blizzard in April. Here's hoping it happens when I am in Venezuela.

## Southern comforts ...

... and speaking of my trip, I have been driving my co-workers nuts, constantly reminding them of the number of days until departure. Assuming you are reading this on Feb. 26, I've only 36 days to go.

This impending trip has brought a few things into clearer focus for me, particularly my expanding waistline. For someone who grew up being told that I was skinny-as-a-rake, and a bean-pole, I was more than a little surprised when I hit that early 20s metabolic slowdown and saw my girth starting to expand.

Ignoring it doesn't help. Wishing it away doesn't make it disappear. I've tried.

About two years ago I finally had to admit that I had grown another size in the waist of my pants. Now those size 34s are feeling snug. Too snug.

So here's the deal: with eight weeks to go before the trip, I was 220 lb. Now, with five weeks and a day to go, I'm 212 lb. My goal is to hit at least 205 lb. by April 3, though 200 is a nice, round number. No pun intended.

Jamie Harrison is a reporter with *The Georgetown Gemini*.

### The View From Here

With  
Jamie Harrison



## In esteemed company ...



**YES, PRIME MINISTER:** Artist Joe Artinger, left, a Georgetown native, presents former Prime Minister Kim Campbell with a cartoon strip he created for the occasion. Artinger and his father, Dr. Tom Ramautarsingh, were present when Campbell addressed The Albany Club. (photo submitted)

## ACROSS THE FENCE

With Joanne Stevenson



A picture is worth a thousand words. That's what they say, and in many cases it's true. Take a picture of a sunset, for example. No number of words can truly express the beauty and awe that a sunset inspires. The colours, the tranquillity, the power, the calm. A thousand words could easily be written describing a beach in Mexico when the sun is setting, but nothing can come close to a picture, or actually being there.

Poets have written many words describing a single rose, a storm, a summer's day, true love, but none can compare to a single photo or artists rendering.

I take great delight in hearing the titles of some great works of art – the title often lends a different perspective to the piece you are looking at. While I might be looking at a pure white canvass, *Polar Bear in a Snowstorm* makes me look harder to see the bear, to feel the cold, and to consider the hardship a bear would experience in a storm.

Here at *The Gemini* we try very hard to be accurate when describing the photos you see on the pages of the paper. From the date, the name of the event and the people in the pictures, it matters to us that this information is correct.

The same is true of the "mug shots" that are attached to columns like this one. Which brings me to my main point: sometimes a picture requires a thousand words.

If you're familiar with the printing process we use at *The Gemini*, you'll know the photos that accompany a column are used week after week. Our paste up process requires that we peel the photo from the previous week's flat, (the sample page the printer uses to create the paper) and place it on the new flat.

As you can imagine, the more often a photo is handled, the greater the chance it will be damaged.

Such was the case with my photo. When I was writing weekly, a mark was made on my tooth – a simple slip of the exacto knife made me look like I was getting a cavity. The problem became so bad, I actually made an appointment with the dentist.

The next photo that appeared was taken the day I was coming down with the flu. My eyes were puffy, my nose was red, I felt awful, and was never really happy with that picture.

You may have noticed that Mike O'Leary's picture (who appears regularly on Page 7) is getting a little dog-eared. We even thought about putting dog ears on the photo, to encourage him to come in for a new head shot. I asked him if he was having trouble hearing, since his ears are being pulled away from the photo. "What?" was his reply.

I'm sure in the next couple of weeks you'll see new photos accompanying our columns, with ears and teeth intact.

And our paste up people will make every effort to keep the pictures in good condition for as long as possible.

You should be aware however, that a picture can add 10 lb. to a person, shadows in the room can make it appear as if there are dark circles under a person's eyes, and some people, plain and simple, just don't take a good picture.

In real life, I'm 5'10", 120 lb., with no crowsfeet developing, no grey hairs, and I bear a striking resemblance to Cindy Crawford.

And Mike O'Leary is a dead-ringer for Brad Pitt.

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