

# WEEKEND

**KEN NUGENT**  
Publisher

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## Keeping the spirit alive

Dear editor:

I read with great interest the letter to the editor on March 4 from Mr. Mike Pembry concerning the demise of the Crazy Boat Race.

I, too, am deeply saddened by the news of the Credit River Crazy Boat Race being cancelled this year. It is such a shame to see a 25-year local tradition come to an abrupt and absolute halt. For several years, my family has enjoyed the entertainment offered by the outlandish crafts and the struggles of men and women to compete in this friendly contest.

Two years ago, five friends and I decided to enter the race after watching another friend navigate his "pencil" down the current. After three months of weekend work, we had completed a large red bi-plane which we christened "Just Plane Crazy." For our efforts we were awarded the honor of best presented boat. The plane, however, was just too heavy for the river depths (or lack of) and we were forced to create a new design for last year. The results of this was a recreation of "Noah's Arc" for which another best presented medal was awarded. Two members of our team branched out on their own and constructed and entered a six pack on

## Letters to the Editor

race day.

This year we were hoping to go for the hat trick and have constructed a "Western Covered Wagon," complete with horses. It's a project which we enjoy building as much as paddling down the river.

Although there may be no official organized race this year, Mr. Pembry and hopefully other avid canoeists are going to traverse the Credit from their normal starting position and navigate down to Glen Williams. The pencil, the six pack and our new covered wagon are going to join in on the fun at Terra Cotta from the north shore. If any other entrants or spectators from previous races wish to join us simply for the enjoyment of ushering in spring, they are certainly welcome to do so. We'll be entering the water on April 11 at 1 p.m.

Maybe next year another charitable group will pick up the work involved in organizing this worthwhile fundraiser. As for next month, why not let this publication know if you intend on keeping this proces-

sion alive. The more the merrier.

Hopefully, the Viking ship with their catapult, the Komikazee Kids with that incredible water pistol of theirs, the Flintstone mobile and all the other wild and wonderful crafts will make yet another appearance to the delight of fans of this spring ritual.

Together we can keep the spirit, if not the race alive.

Steve Dance  
Mississauga

## Choral Society extends thanks

Dear editor:

The Georgetown Choral Society would like to thank all the terrific people who bought and sold tickets for our fundraiser raffle. Thank you also to this newspaper for your continued support in our endeavors by providing us with coverage of such events. The winning ticket was drawn Feb. 14 by Mayor Russ Miller. The beautiful handmade quilt goes to Mike Miedema of RR1 Georgetown. Congratulations!

Money raised from the raffle (over \$900) will be used toward expenses incurred for our upcoming concerts and the visit of the Etten Mannenkoor.

Sincerest regards,  
The Georgetown Choral Society

## Decision time

The residents of Acton must be wondering what will happen next to their proposed new arena.

After 18 months of negotiating the new Acton complex is right back to square one.

A year and a half ago, Recreation and Parks Director Tom Shepard stood before a group of Acton arena users and told them he had been negotiating with a group of local developers and was optimistic that the new arena could be built in a newly proposed development on the east side of town.

The councillors in attendance at that meeting seemed surprised by Shepard's comments, apparently knowing nothing about the site change.

On Monday, it happened again. Councillors have been debating over the Acton arena issue for some time, wondering if it could really be afforded, cutting and realigning the budget to make the project work.

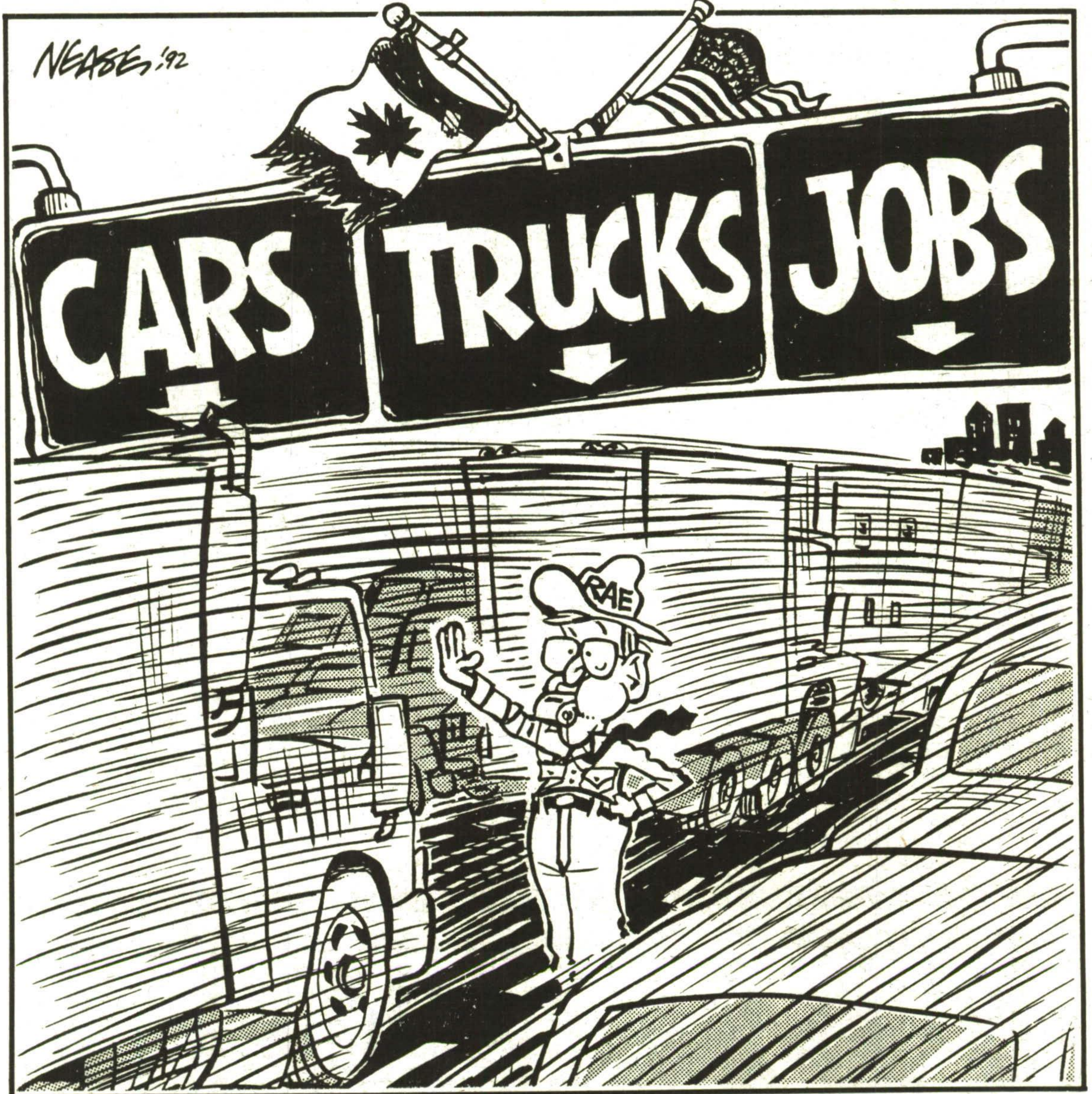
Then, just as they were to make the crucial decision, the axe fell again with Shepard announcing that the deal with the Acton East developers had fallen through.

With no other alternatives Shepard informed council that the Recreation and Parks Department was now suggesting that the arena be built on the original site at Prospect Park, a site that was deemed too expensive only 18 months ago. According to Shepard, lower building costs now make this location feasible.

The location of the new arena has been a key issue in the approving or squashing of the new facility and it is no wonder that councillors asked to hold off on a decision one more time.

But, they must realize that approving the project now allows the town to apply for provincial funding. It does not tie them into building the facility on the suggested location, it only suggests that council is serious about building a new facility.

The lack of a location led to the downfall of the new arena a year ago and that same problem could leave the residents of Acton out in the cold again.



## 'Black Plague' of coffee pots hits the Brown household

We all have those weeks. You know the sort of thing; everything that can go wrong, does.

It occurred recently in the Brown household. We had a high mortality rate on coffee-maker carafes. The "Black Plague" of coffee pots, so to speak.

I guess it happens around the place every so often. Some things just seem prone to breaking more often than they ought.

The first carafe was an old one, I must admit. Heavens, it must have been six months at its untimely demise. A veritable antique.

My wife and I were talking while she washed the dishes. During the conversation, she swung around, hitting the glass carafe, ever so gently, against the edge of the open cupboard door.

It shattered in a million pieces on the counter top.

Okay, okay, it was an accident. These things happen, and I was heading into town that night, so I

said I'd drop by Zellers and pick up a new one.

In the store, I pulled the clean, shiny glass carafe off the shelf, inspected it for cracks and took it to cash register.

Fifteen bucks plus tax.

Well, it had been some time since we replaced it, but I didn't recall them being that expensive.

I brought it home, and proudly presented it to my wife like the good provider I am.

She washed it and placed it on the coffee maker.

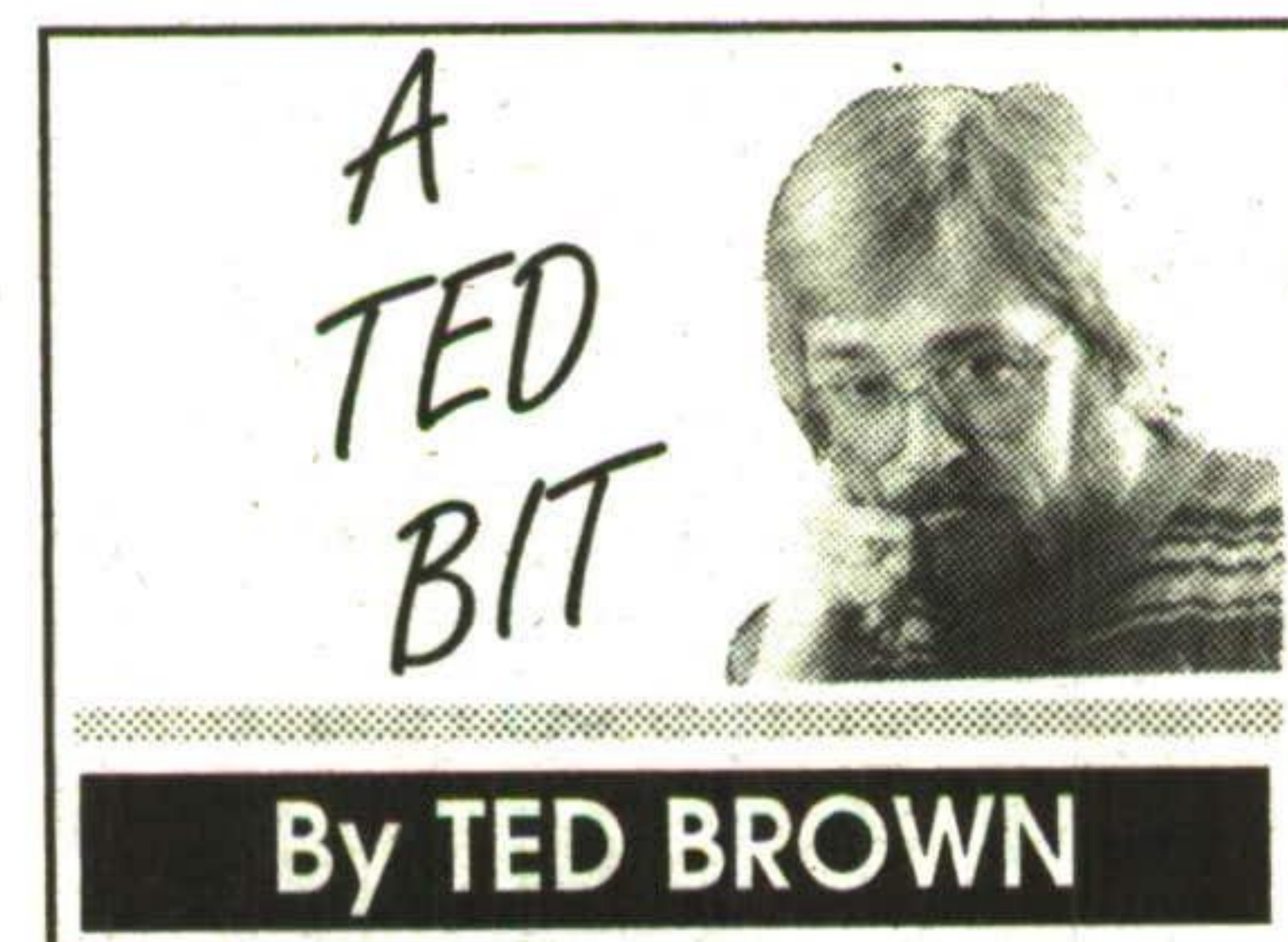
End of story; right?

Wrong.

A day or two later my eldest daughter was setting the table for lunch.

Her hands were wet from washing a couple of dishes, and as she reached into the cupboard for the sugar bowl, it slipped through her fingers.

Now I'll be the first to admit she made a valiant effort to save that



By TED BROWN

sugar bowl.

In fact, she managed to deflect it so it didn't fall on the floor and break.

Instead, it fell on the counter top. On top of the two-day-old coffee-maker carafe.

Another million pieces of glass. She felt really "shattered" about it. And it was an accident.

The next morning, my wife made coffee using one of her mixing bowls set under the drip spout. Somehow, coffee doesn't seem quite the same from a mixing bowl.

She decided to pick one up while she was in town, so back to Zellers, and after another 15 bucks, plus tax, she was the proud owner of the last carafe Zellers had in stock.

That night, as we stood talking in the kitchen, she proudly pulled it out of the box to wash it and place it on the coffee-maker stand.

As we chatted, she dried it and promptly swung around and hit it against the open cupboard door.

The same cupboard door. A third million pieces of glass. You'd think she would learn.

As she expressed her disgust, I jokingly said, "Gee, it would have been nice to have had one cup of coffee from it before we had to replace it."

In retrospect, I wish I hadn't said that.

The woman just didn't have a sense of humor at that point in time.

It was a nice night for a drive, so we climbed in the car and headed to

Canadian Tire this time, because we knew she'd cleaned out Zellers earlier that day.

As we picked one off the shelf, and took it to the cashier, my wife felt compelled to explained to the girl behind the counter how it was the third one in a week and the second one she had bought that day and how we have had such bad luck with carafes and so on.....

Myself, I wouldn't have admitted to any of it.

We managed to get it home safely, placed it on the coffee-maker, and it still sits there today, unscathed, whole and fully functional as I write this column.

Now I figure, at 15 bucks a shot, over the years, we've probably spent the price of the coffee-maker ten times over. But as a result, I now have a quiet personal quest.

Find a carafe made of Tupperware.