

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Sponsorship of cadets is appreciated

Dear editor:

Thank you very much for your recent coverage of our Annual Inspection. The pictures and accompanying article were very much appreciated, especially by our award winners.

Could I please take this opportunity to express further thanks to: all our cadets and their parents, our sponsor, the Optimist Club of Georgetown, all the merchants at The Georgetown Marketplace, The Beer Store, Miracle Food Mart and LCBO and all the other friends of 676 RC (Army) CC for their recent support in purchasing tickets for our Stars and Stripes Draw - trip to Washington, D.C.

The draw was held on June 4 and the winners are: first prize - L. Green ticket 039510; second prize -

Letters to the Editor

N. Sherman ticket 010352; third prize - S. Stiff ticket 003380.

Due to everyone's efforts we are able to take 18 cadets on the cultural visit to Washington, D.C. leaving on June 27. The Army Cadet movement is an integral part of this community. 676 Corps stands ready to assist community groups, service clubs and municipal agencies in a variety of ways.

Yours sincerely,
Captain J.H. Harrison, CD -
Commanding Officer

Thanks to Bill

Dear editor:

Special thanks are extended to Bill Smith, for his Bill Smith Golf Tournament, and Ken Langdon, for

his Classics Against Cancer Car Show.

Each year their committees spend a great deal of time planning these very worthwhile events. We know they start making plans for next year's show after the current one is finished and they always come up with very successful events.

The Georgetown unit of the Canadian Cancer Society has always been the recipient of the funds raised at both the Classics Against Cancer Car Show and the Bill Smith Golf Tournament.

We want Bill, Ken, and their hard-working committees, to know how much we appreciate the job they do in hosting these two special events.

Thanks, also, to everyone who attends and supports our local Canadian Cancer Society office. You are very much appreciated. Thank you.

Sincerely,

Marlene Kelman
Communications chairperson
Canadian Cancer Society,
Georgetown Unit

Taking better of our money

It seems our local MPP, Noel Duignan, did not learn from the uproar over his expenses last year.

At that time he spent \$249,000 of taxpayers' money to support his accommodation in Toronto, his mileage within the riding and to Queen's Park, his office staff, office rentals and operations, newsletters and so on. This money doesn't include the more than \$40,000 annual salary he receives.

This year he has done a better job, by cutting expenses by \$20,000 to \$229,382. That's almost a 10 per cent cut in expenses. And that's in line with the cuts the NDP is asking the town and other municipalities to make in their operating expenses.

So we respect his effort to cut, but still, there has been increases in areas we were hoping to see decreases. Last year, the MPP spent \$18,377 on travel and accommodation in Toronto. This year, it was upped to \$19,961.

This was the one area which infuriated many of our readers last year. One wrote, "any job I ever worked at it was up to me to get there and get home and this I paid for out of my wage, and most of the other goodies he spent our money on, the average worker has to foot the bill for himself as well, and not be able to turn to the taxpayer and say you pay it."

Yes, Duignan seems to be taking better care of taxpayers' hard earned wages, we still think that he could be doing more.



It's scary how much power one wields controlling the air conditioner

Let's face it, there are certain essentials to life.

You know, food and water, air, shelter and clothing.

But this week, I've come to regard one more commodity of our lifestyle as essential.

Air conditioning.

The recent hot weather has just proved my point.

Just this past week, I managed to find all sorts of reasons I just had to stay stuck at my desk, working at a computer terminal instead of being out in the sickening, er... beautiful sunshine, photographing local events.

Of course, when I did get out for a shot, I made sure I had the air conditioning in my car turned up to blast me with a stream of cool fresh air before I had to get out of the car and face the muggy heat in the real world.

Now some people may take exception to my giving in to the humidity.

And others wouldn't agree with me being so spineless as to spend

time (albeit quality time) in an office which just happens to have outstanding climate control.

And I know, air conditioning is bad for the environment, and I really shouldn't be endorsing its use. But after long and deep contemplation on the subject, I've decided the environment loses on this one.

Yep, I hate humid, hot weather.

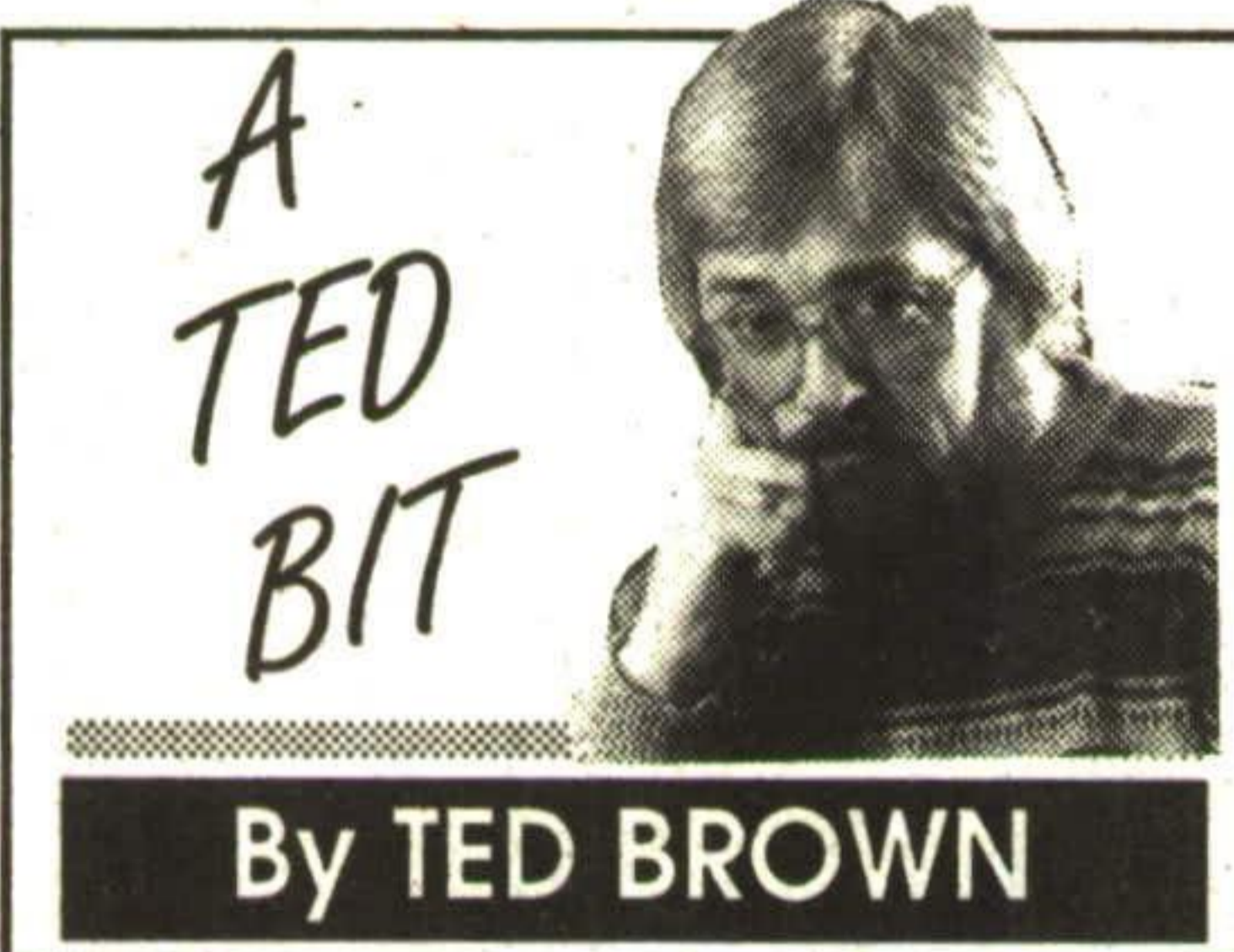
As I slaved over my computer last Tuesday, I received a call from home.

"Dad," the desperate, on-my-last-legs-sounding voice said, "Can we please put the air conditioners in the windows? The house is so hot we can't stand it any longer."

"No girls," I calmly said. "You had better wait until I get home. Those air conditioners are pretty heavy, and you might just drop one, and hurt yourselves."

I didn't really want to admit they might drop one and hurt the blessed air conditioner, but they got the idea, I think.

"But Dad, the house is like an



oven! We can't stand it any longer! You've got to do something."

Thoughts of the previous night's attempt at sleeping in our house (which seemed somewhat like the environment one would expect to grow mushrooms) rushed through my head, and it occurred to me why I find working in this office such a pleasure.

"Okay," I replied, "I'll install the air conditioners when I get home, this afternoon."

"Oh Dad, thank you, thank you, thank you," the voice at the other end of the line said, "I love you so much!"

It's scary how much power one wields when one controls the air conditioners.

After making my work day last as long as possible, and also after taking the scenic (cool) route home, I walked into our house, to what my daughters had come to describe as "a sauna."

Of course my youngest daughter was more interested in cooling off in her Mr. Turtle wading pool, but daughters numbers one to three inclusive stood looking somewhat like a trio of wet dish cloths, as they waited patiently for me to fulfill my promise to install the aforementioned air conditioner.

"You need any help, Dad?" said number two eagerly, as the perspiration dripped off her nose, "I'll help you get them out of the closets."

As we struggled with the awkward, heavy units, which tend to thrive on pinching fingertips while one installs them, I thought to myself how ironic it was that I should always be in a drenched,

sweaty state, every time I install the air conditioners.

But after an hour the three window units were humming away in their little perches in the window sill, and a quiet state of euphoria seemed to descend upon the Brown household.

And this time, I was the one drenched in sweat.

"Thanks Dad," grinned the same daughter who had made the impassioned plea earlier that day, "I was sure we were going to die of this heat."

So now the house is cool, and a quiet cooling drone can be heard as the family goes about the regular day to day duties in air conditioned comfort.

And the air conditioners will sit in the window sills, probably long into the fall, as they wait for me to remove them, and stow them back in the closet as the weather plays havoc again, only with another sensation.

Frostbite.