

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Keep killers in jail for life

Dear editor:

Are there any sane, non power-mad politicians, left in Canada's governments? When a person such as the federal Liberals' Warren Allmand, chairman of the Commons Justice Committee can with sincerity state that "to keep first degree murderers in jail for 25 years is a waste of resources and a waste of a person's life and that their sentence should be lowered to a 15 year term," our government surely shows its true, be it, sick colors.

What about the people that these criminals killed? Weren't their lives wasted? They don't get a reduced sentence or a second chance at life.

In regard to the wasting of our resources by keeping first degree murderers incarcerated for 25 years, how about rectifying the situation by bringing back the death penalty for first degree murder in Canada. Taxpayers would then not have to pay to keep these people in

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jail. Nor would they have to worry any longer about bleeding hearts such as Mr. Allmand letting them loose early.

How dare society seek to punish someone for taking another person's life here in Canada eh! Canada's population after all is not perceived in the human sense by its politicians. We amount to nothing more than a social security number for tax purposes, to these totally out-of-touch political glory seekers. Life itself is of no value or consequence to them.

I am sure that if Mr. Allmand and his bleeding heart followers had their choice, a person who commits first degree murder in Canada would just be sent to his or her room to think over what they have done. Upon doing so all would be right in Canada and the world and

the murderers could live happily ever after, living a full, free life. a life they deprived their victims of.

Sincerely,
John D. McConnell

Kids say thanks for the ice

The following letter was filed with this newspaper for publication.

Mr. Tom Shepard
Director
Recreation and Parks Dept.
Town of Halton Hills

Dear Mr. Shepard

Thank you for letting all the kids at Park Public School go skating. We all like skating and all of us really appreciate it. We used a parachute and waved it up and down. Some of us did not know how to skate, so we split the rink in half with pylons. We did exercises on the ice. We skated backwards too. I, Laura Page, would like to thank you again.

Sincerely
Laura Page

No means no

Recently we received a very long letter from Acton resident, Lori Ball, who was deeply concerned about a situation occurring daily in front of her home.

Mrs. Ball's home is on Main St. N., across from School Lane. In front of her home is the pedestrian crosswalk used by the Robert Little School students daily. However, a very dangerous situation is being created for these youngsters by motorists who park their vehicles on both sides of the road to patronize the local variety stores and restaurant in the vicinity. These businesses provide ample parking for their customers, yet motorists seem too lazy to use them.

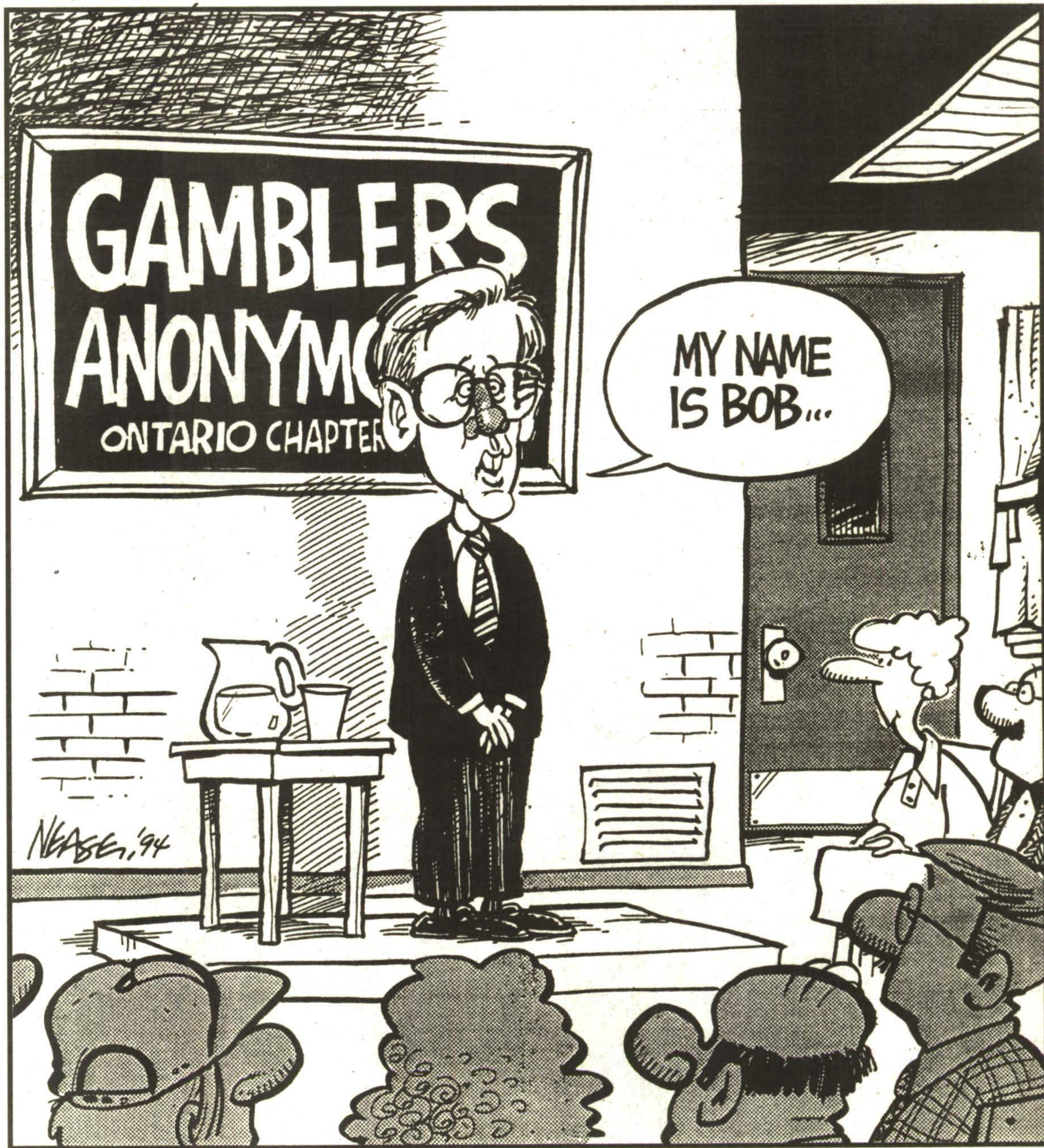
These motorists are breaking the law. Signs are posted on Main St. N. identifying it as a no stopping zone. Still the motorists stop.

At times members of our newspaper staff, have spotted as many as seven vehicles including transport trucks all parked in that small section — during a busy morning rush hour. It's very difficult for moving (sometimes speeding) traffic to see the students and crossing guards behind the parked vehicles. It's difficult for drivers of vehicles, including school buses loaded with our children, pulling out of School Lane and Elizabeth St. to see oncoming traffic.

"Not a single day goes by without squealing tires in front of my home ..." a worried Mrs. Ball wrote.

We agree with Mrs. Ball, it's a serious situation. We remind motorists passing that stretch of highway — slow down and more important, no stopping means no stopping — use the parking lots!

Do it for the children.



How often does the boss have his car in the shop on April Fool's Day?

It's a known fact, practical jokes are contagious.

And there's always a run of them about the office, causing many a co-worker to peer over his or her shoulder for fear of being the next 'target.'

I should know; I've been a target as much as anyone putting me at a distinct advantage.

By now it's hard to embarrass me any more than I've already been.

But take a month or so back.

Editor Robin Incoe is always quick to collaborate in any practical joke, so long as he isn't the target.

Silly boy.

And Robin regularly leaves his keys hanging in the door of his office. But one day, they disappeared for a short time, then returned to the lock.

And he didn't even miss them.

Of course he did miss his van when he went out to the back parking lot, only to find it had mysteriously moved to the front parking lot.

Adding insult to his injury, he had stood right beside it when he walked out to the coffee truck earlier.

Everyone enjoyed that joke.

Myself, I found a rather outdated photo of myself gracing my column not long ago, compliments of one of my wife's family members.

The photo was taken when I was much younger, and was not very complimentary.

(Just remember Debbie, I always have the last laugh.)

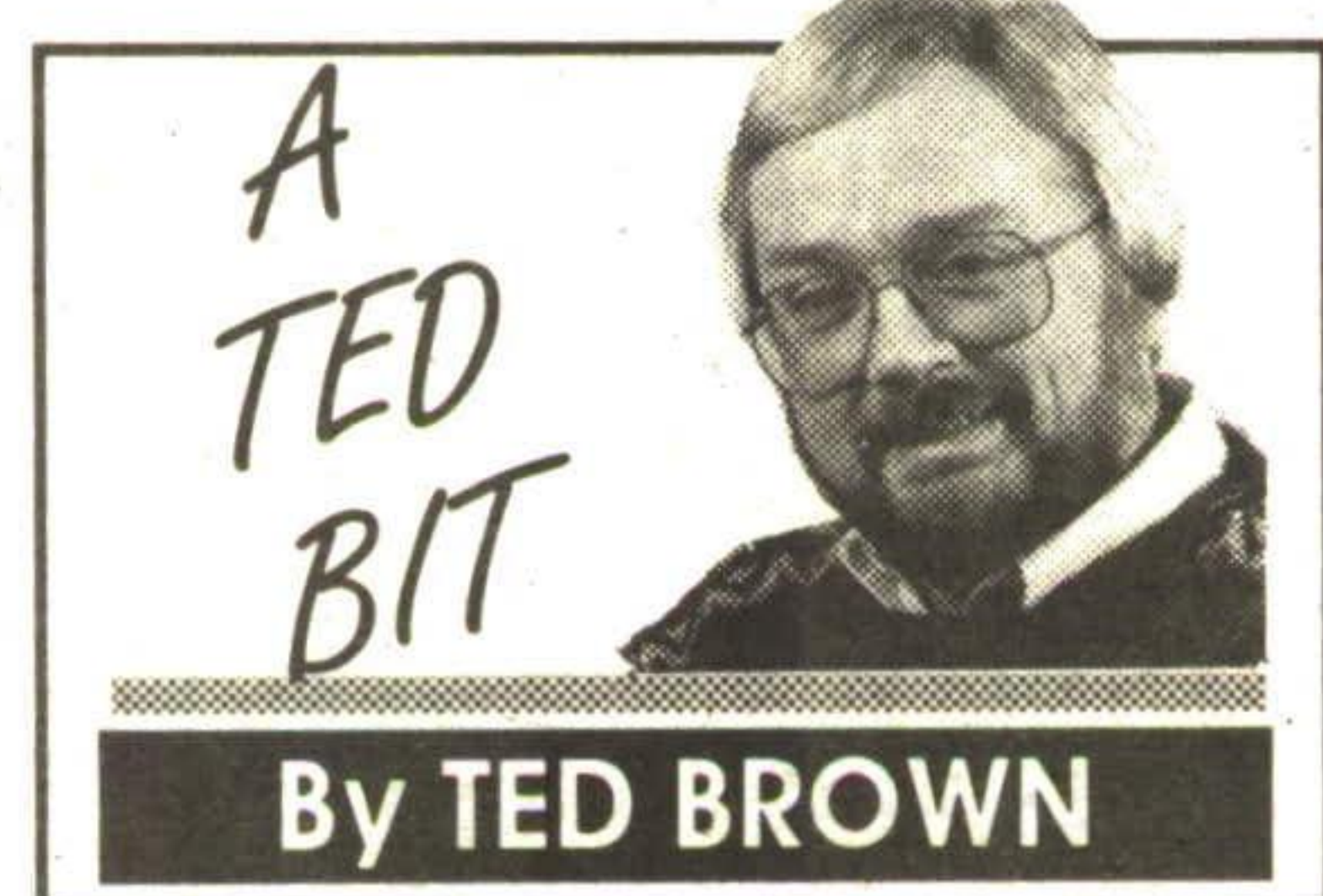
Then there's Cynthia.

Cynthia, our managing editor had a birthday a short time ago.

Now we don't often pick on her, because she does edit our stories and they could end up being half as long as the originals if we mess with her very often.

But when it was her birthday, all the stops were pulled out, as she recently graced one of the community pages, with a photo of her er... snoozing, for want of a better word.

Cynthia took it in good humor, (at least she appeared to take it in



good humor) and we all had a chuckle.

But the best trick ever played occurred last year, on April 1, otherwise known as April Fool's Day.

The target was our publisher, Ken Nugent, and it concerned his car.

You see, Ken keeps his car in pristine condition. Everything about it oozes perfection.

If the weather is wet and rainy and my car is a study in mud and grime, Ken will pull into the parking lot with his auto glistening, just to tick me off.

Anyway, Carol O'Grady, our office manager alerted us to the

fact Ken had his car in for service, and suggested we capitalize on the moment. After all, how often does the boss have his car in the garage on April Fool's Day?

We decided to call him on behalf of his garage to tell him the 'bad news' of what we discovered while 'servicing' the car.

We enlisted then freelance photographer Kevin Whitfield to make the call, since Ken hadn't talked to Kevin on the phone before.

He called Ken at the *Brampton Guardian* office, posing as Steve, assistant service manager. (After all, isn't every assistant manager called Steve?)

On the phone in the quiet of the Georgetown darkroom, 'Steve' explained to Ken how the exhaust system (which was fairly new at the time) was almost falling off the car, and required immediate attention.

In addition, he told Ken his brake pads were dangerously worn, to the point of being metal on metal.

And to top it off, in a preseason

check, the mechanics had fortunately discovered his air conditioning was shot, and needed some foreign sounding parts, (which we made up) or it would damage the entire system.

Ken swallowed it — hook, line and sinker.

Total cost of the repairs, \$2,497.98 before tax.

As Ken reluctantly gave 'Steve' the go-ahead to repair his car, we were in stitches in the darkroom, imagining Ken sitting in his office with \$2,497.98 staring up from his note pad as tears welled up in his eyes.

Before he broke down, Carol O'Grady came to his rescue (amid howls of laughter) to tell him he'd been had.

I'll give Ken credit; he took it well, and laughed at himself with the rest of us.

"It was a good joke," he admitted begrudgingly, giving us credit for a job well done.

But come to think of it, Kevin Whitfield hasn't done any freelance work for us since then.