

Letters to the editor Don't trust developers

Regular Ontarians should not be fooled by big development's anti-Greenbelt rhetoric.

Developers have more than enough land to build on. There are more than 80,000 hectares of land available for development across the Greater Golden Horseshoe.

That's the equivalent of 1.5 Torontos.

Toronto's chief city planner, Jennifer Keesmaat, says Toronto has nearly 120,000 serviced, permitted and approved units that developers have not built.

In my region of Halton, we

have 8,800 serviced units yet to be built.

The Designated Growth Area offers more than enough land to deal with any supply crunch, and beyond that sits the Whitebelt.

Developers are sitting on serviced land ready for development, yet building nothing.

It is an insult to the intelligence of Ontarians for big developers to suggest that the real problem is that we have not yet handed them our protected lands in the Greenbelt.

*Rob Burton,
Mayor of Oakville*

Drip, drip, drip, water torture all night long

It's pretty much a given that folks who live in rural areas tend to be pretty handy.

They tackle projects that many urban dwellers would hire a professional to get the job done.

But country folks will tackle a plumbing job, shingle a roof, do a little wiring—all those jobs around the place.

Red Green has observed that men who tackle those handyman jobs have an advantage with the fairer sex, saying, "If the women don't find you handsome, they should at least find you handy."

Personally, I've been doing my own plumbing and electrical jobs around the farm for decades.

The latest task I decided to tackle was installing a water heater in the barn.

Decades ago, there was a huge 60-gallon water heater, that was connected to the milking equipment, used to wash the equipment, like a large dishwasher.

The old water heater was no longer operational, so I bought a tankless water heater.

The idea is the tankless water heater produces hot water on demand. You turn on the tap, and in a few seconds, you have hot water.

It's supposed to be energy-efficient—well, it sounds good in theory.

The one I purchased is a small unit. All I wanted was a couple litres of hot water to wash my hands, or mix up some milk replacer for the lambs.

Experience has taught me a good many years ago that when installing plumbing, buy new fittings and plastic pipe. Re-using old pipe simply does not work.

So I dropped by the local hardware store and picked up the necessary fittings, all set to have hot water in the barn.

I'd already mounted the tankless heater near the sink, and the wiring was in place, running from the breaker panel.

I mounted the new plastic pipe in place, and as it was all new material, there was only one joint at each end, as well as cutting into an existing water line to gain the pressure, and an inline shut-off.

I snugged up the pipe clamps (having made certain I'd purchased the correct size clamps for the half-inch pipe) and had even warmed them up with a hair blower so they'd slide on easier.

All tightened up, I turned on the water pressure. Drip, drip, drip.

Every connection was dripping. I snugged up the leaking clamps with a screwdriver.

Drip, drip. Drip, drip. Drip, drip.

It was slower, but still dripping.

Now I'm a pretty patient person. I studied the five clamps, making sure they were centered over the gripping part of the joiner or T-joiner.

I even checked another style of joiner to see if it was different.

The drips were slowing a bit, but

still dripping.

I had to go out that night and returned to see the clamps still dripping, and a six-foot-wide pond graced the stable.

All night long, I lay in bed, that constant drip, drip, drip in my head like some cruel water torture.

Next morning, I tried to snug them up again.

The Sidekick was in attendance, making some observations.

We all have a point where we have reached our limit. I even apologized to The Sidekick for throwing the screwdriver across the barn (but I wasn't really sorry).

As she left for work, I studied the joints one more time. What was I missing?

I noticed the other original joints were clamped with oversized clamps, meant for three-quarter to one-inch pipe.

I replaced all of them with oversized clamps and not one drip.

So we now have hot running water in the milk house.

As I flipped on the breaker to activate the heater, I soon realized something. I think I can pass warmer fluids than that water heater delivers.



TED BROWN

The Way We Were



Another part of Georgetown's Centennial celebration was a giant Soap Box Derby on Aug. 16, 1967. In this photo, the young contestants set up at the starting line on Maple Ave. It's hard to fathom that many did not wear protective headgear (although a few had the good sense to wear football helmets) as they travelled down the steep hill on Maple Ave. past Main St. Winner Jim Rea received five Centennial silver dollars for his driving skill.

Photo courtesy of Esquesing Historical Society/Text courtesy of Heritage Halton Hills

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