

Letters to the editor Payday lenders need rules

There is a whole other issue of payday lenders that I uncovered a few years ago.

My son had a major mental illness, and from time to time would decide to open an account with a payday lender. Although he had a degree in mathematics, his Schizophrenia kept him from discerning the difference between banks and these lending institutions. What I learned was that they can and do treat government funds specifically ODSP as income. This is money that you and I are paying in taxes to help those with disabilities survive. In my son's case, the government funding was deposited directly

into his bank account near the end of the month. On the first of the month the payday lender would withdraw what was owed. This amount got larger and larger as time went on. Consequently my son, who was homeless a good part of the time, had even less on which to live.

As time went on, his financial situation got worse and worse.

Not only am I outraged that taxpayers' money can be diverted to payday lenders so easily, but that they have the ability to take advantage of the most disabled and disadvantaged in our society.

Susan Lapell

Finding treasures in the old kitchen drawers

Last fall The Sidekick and I decided to re-do the kitchen in the farmhouse.

As we all know, there are challenges a couple must endure when it comes to making decisions and the compromises that go with renos.

I'm pleased to report we've chosen our cabinets, tentatively chosen our floor, and we have had one visit at the window place to see our options there and we're still speaking.

But there's a part about getting ready for the reno that no one talks about.

It's cleaning out the old cabinets, and dealing with the sentimental treasures that one discovers in doing so.

Our kitchen is a fair size, with about 16 feet of cabinets.

Those cupboards have a great deal of history. They were constructed by my great uncle, Don Herrington, my grandmother's younger brother.

Uncle Don was well-known on Georgetown's Main Street.

He operated a paint and wallpaper business there in the early days.

Back in the 1930s, Uncle Don built that set of cupboards for my grandmother. Since it was during the depression, no one could afford new lumber, so much of it was made of reclaimed lumber. The cupboards have certainly stood the test of time, still quite strong and solid. The sides are constructed from full one inch pine, and the shelves are also thick lumber.

I must admit, I haven't been looking forward to taking them down, partly because of the sentimental value and the other aspect of how well-attached they probably are.

So in preparation for the day I have to take them down, The Sidekick and I spent last week-end emptying the drawers.

It was a major trip down Memory Lane. I'm certain some bits and pieces of stuff in those drawers date back to the day they were built.

Some is simply junk stuff that was shoved

into the drawer at the last minute when company unexpectedly arrived, never to be moved again.

But there were some items that I sat there and looked at, totally amazed they were still there. There's a collection of items from my grandfather that are nothing short of amazing to read through.

I decided they would be best dealt with over a series of winter nights, with a glass of wine and a good fire to take stock of what is there.

But one item gave me a warm fuzzy feeling. Back in the 1970s I had a few muscle cars. One was a 1968 Beaumont.

The Beaumont was a equipped with a 300-horsepower 327-cubic-inch V8 motor and a four-speed manual transmission. I tell ya, it could really get up and go.

The one weak spot of that car was the gear shifter. It was a stock GM shifter and was about as positive as a fork stuck in a bowl of spaghetti.

That year for Christmas my parents gave me a Hurst Competition Shifter—a real shifter, one that would be found on a real muscle car.

I was delighted, but to finish it off I needed a Hurst T-handle, which, when it came to power shifting, gave one a whole lot better grip than a simple shifter knob.

I bought the T-handle.

I later sold the car but kept the T-handle as a reminder of my 1968 Beaumont.

For 46 years it's been in that drawer.

And so it goes The Sidekick and I have the cupboards about half done, and I'm sure there will be other treasures to be found in those drawers.

It's sometimes a struggle for me to dispose of some of those items, but coming across an item that came from a fun time in my life is certainly a great reward for getting the job done.



TED BROWN

The Way We Were



In 1967, the Esquesing Womens Institute commemorated Canada's Centennial with a cairn unveiling at Stewarttown School. It contains the bell and two plaques—one highlighting the bell used at the school from 1873-1958, and the other honouring Austin Corner, well known in the community as the owner and operator of a stone quarry. Dedicating the cairn are Mrs. Harry MacMillan (daughter of Mr. Corner and whose husband built the cairn) and Mrs. Walter Lawson, a former teacher at the school.

Learn more about Heritage Halton Hills at www.haltonhills.ca/committees/heritage.
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