

# EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

## Weather or Not?

The electronic media warned for days last week that we could expect the biggest snow storm of the winter before the weekend.

Work crews were alerted, people stocked up on groceries, skiers and snowmobilers rubbed their hands in glee, commuters shivered and shook with apprehension.

But, lo and behold, when the week had elapsed only a few flakes fell. About enough to blanket the ground with three or four centimetres, just deep enough to make the roads slippery.

The weather people acknowledged, or perhaps a better word admitted, they had been wrong. The storm they tracked from the western United States failed to follow the path they projected.

Instead, it stayed south of the Great Lakes. We escaped relatively unscathed.

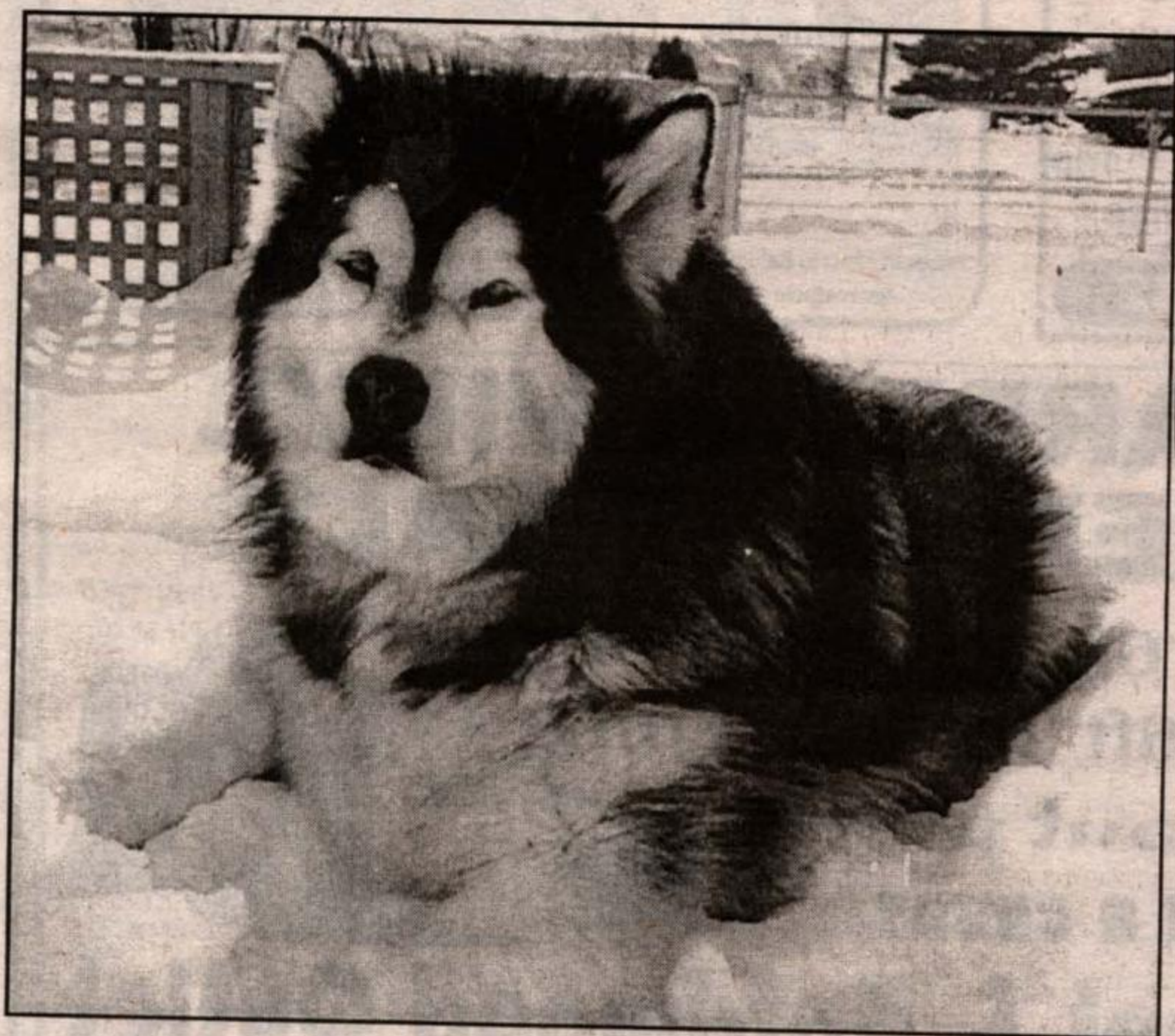
Surely we should have all rejoiced. But no, some people admitted they felt disappointed, even frustrated, but the lack of a good old-fashioned snowstorm. They envisioned hibernating with a good book before a roaring fire while the elements raged outside. Others dreamed of stopping the world for a couple of days while they recharged their batteries.

By Friday their hopes had evaporated. The world just kept turning on its axis.

Most of us, I'm sure, breathed a sigh of relief that we could let the snow shovels stand idle for a while. There's already a foot or so (30 centimetres) of the white stuff in my yard, and probably in yours, too. Who needs more?

The Ford Motor Co. has the answer to those who were unnecessarily alarmed by the foul weather warning. They splashed a large advt. in the dailies for the Explorer SUVs, proclaiming, "Look Forward to Weather Warnings" with their splendid products. Just merrily bounce over the drifts, I guess.

The lesson in all this, however, has to go to the alarmists who predicted we'd be buried in snow. Surely they'll be more cautious from now on, exercising some restraint when they predict so far ahead.



Snow I love it!

Kodi, a Siberian Husky doesn't worry about storms. The more snow the more he likes it. - Angela Tyler photo



**BROWSING FOR BOOKS:** Carleigh Lewis, 8, and her sister Paige, 10, checked out some of the hundreds of books that were for sale at the Upper Credit Humane Society Book Sale this past Saturday at the Arena. - Angela Tyler photo

## The rich guy and Cinderella

BY ANGELA TYLER  
The New Tanner

Once upon a time, in a land not so far away lived a multi-millionaire. One day after this mysterious man was served a restraining order by his former fiancé, he decided it was time to find a different bride.

Being no stranger to bizarre stunts like holding the Guinness Book record for longest stand up comedy routine, the rich guy and Fox Television decided to hold a search for his Cinderella.

They searched all over the not so far away land and in Canada too. Finally, 50 women decided to publicly humiliate and degrade themselves in front of 22.8 million people to become the bride or trophy wife of a man they never met (yes, it is the year 2000).

These beautiful and apparently intelligent women agreed to divulge personal information and beliefs, succumb to health and psychological tests, were ranked by the rich guy along with his friends and family then paraded around in evening wear, bathing suits and the ever so embarrassing Bridal Gown Parade in hopes of being chosen Mrs. Rich Guy.

When it was narrowed down to the Fab Five, they had a mere 30 seconds to win over Prince Charming's heart. With a promise to enjoy the quiet times together, to be his friend, lover and partner and wanting him to enjoy her passion for travel the Prince had found his trophy. After telling

everyone he was embarrassed by the whole thing, a 34-year old ER nurse and Gulf War Vet was chosen. She was a blonde who enjoys rainy days and hockey but hates spiders.

Then in the o-so romantic setting of a television sound stage with a Vegas judge, they became husband and wife...after signing a prenuptial agreement during the commercial break. It was enough to bring tears to my eyes.

We have all learned from this television show. Television can be educational. Fox Television has learned that they need to check their millionaires a little more thoroughly. In the aftermath of the information about the rich guy, Rick Rockwell, Fox has consequently cancelled this week's airing on the behind the scenes for *Who Wants to Marry a Millionaire*. I believe the term would be public relations nightmare. The other thing we have learned is some women will do anything in attempt to snag a guy with a few bucks.

Now let's get back to this clown...sorry, rich guy. During the broadcast he said he was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and attended Penn State University. He graduated first in his class. He travelled to Hollywood to seek his fame, then ventured into real estate where half of his wealth collected. He develops ocean view estate homes, flies small planes, and owns part of a golf course. I'm guessing his part is the thing that washes the golf balls. On top of this all he was single. Sounds

too good to be true.

He changed his name from Richard Balkey to Rick Rockwell. According to his mother, he hasn't been home for 20 years. She, along with other family members had no idea he was a multi-millionaire. He once biked 480 kilometers between comedy clubs to get attention and has dabbled in exotic dancing. It is unclear if he was the dancer or the promoter. He drives a Volkswagen and has at least \$600,000 in debt.

In May, he bought a condo in San Diego for \$45,000 then two months later took out a loan for \$337,000. Although he sold two homes last year for \$723,000 his mortgage for a condo in Vancouver lists his occupation as 'writer'. He also co-owns a company called Rockwell and Myers Corp. but who knows what this business does? Maybe it has something to do with the exotic dancing?

Well Darva Conger, I hope you enjoy your rich guy. You received a large diamond ring, a cruise honeymoon with a separate cabin from your husband, an Isuzu Trooper, a husband with a \$600,000 debt and a prenuptial that allows you both to annul the marriage at anytime. The marriage that you vowed to endure 'for richer or poorer, as long as you both shall live'.

For my chance at a million, I'll stick with buying Super 7 tickets from Herb Dodds. He doesn't make you participate in a *Bridal Gown Parade*, it only costs \$2 and I still have my dignity.



# Tanner

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