

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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A win-win deal?

At a recent meeting of the Halton Roman Catholic School Board, Burlington trustee Jim Sherlock presented an interesting suggestion to help fund the construction of new schools in Halton Region.

He suggested the Board could borrow the required funds from the provincial teachers' pension fund.

Apparently the pension fund has nearly doubled over the past few years, to a total of \$35 billion, and Sherlock feels it could be put to good use as the present funding dollars received from the provincial government are nowhere near the actual financial needs of the many school boards.

With thousands of students in portables, Sherlock says there is a terrific demand for more space.

And it's only going to increase in the future.

If the pension funds were used, Sherlock says the monies could be funneled through the province as mortgages, loaned at market rates, giving the pension fund a better rate of return.

Understandably, people tend to get nervous when someone wants to dip into their pension fund, but if responsibly handled, we think this plan could be a win-win situation.

The teachers win, as they would still receive a secure rate of return on their pension fund while enjoying improved teaching facilities.

And the students win, with better opportunities to learn — and consequently grow.

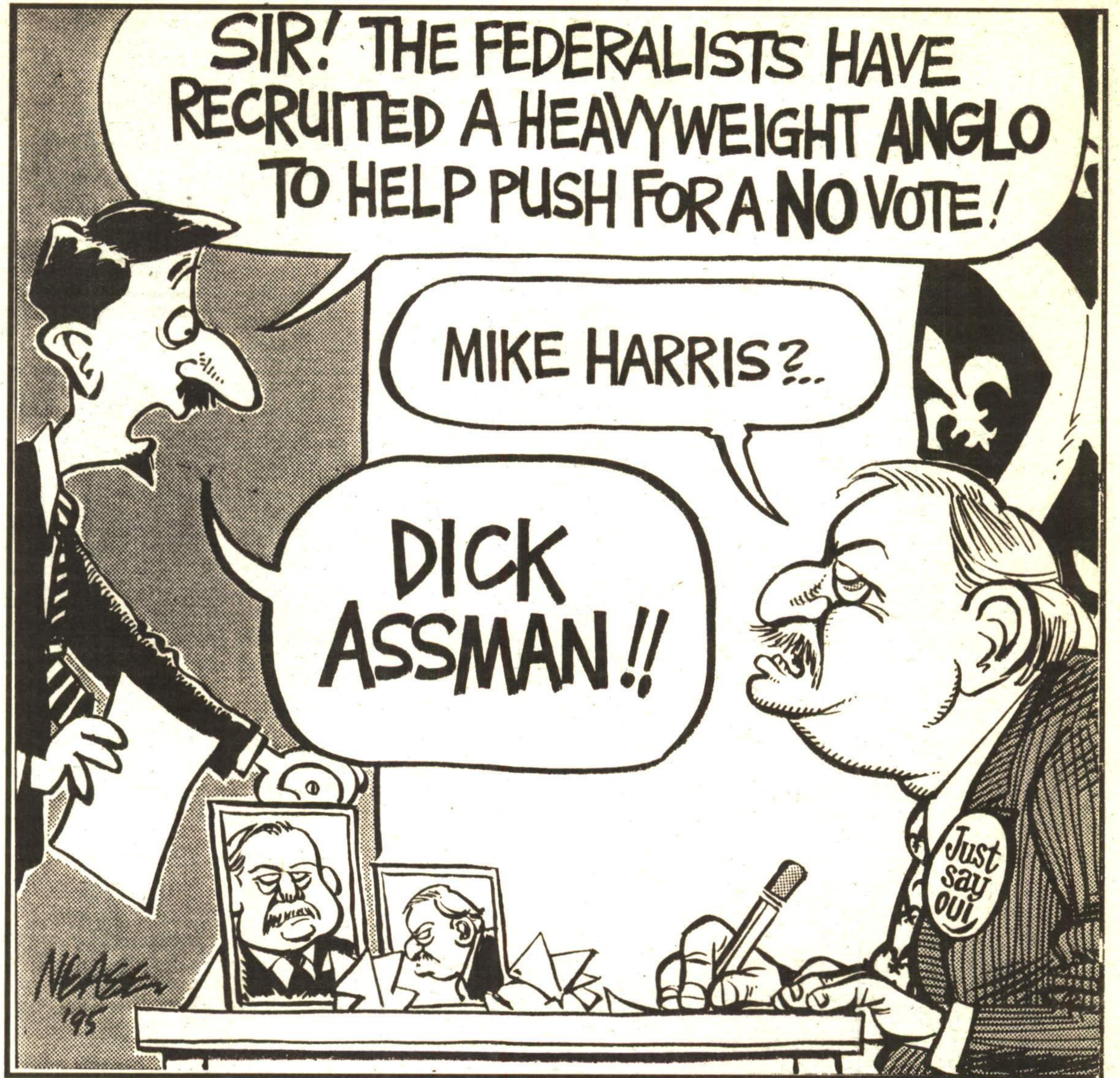
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Did you hear what happened to the kid who stuck his finger in the power outlet? He got grounded.

Did you know?

With annual sales of \$8.5 billion, the meat processing industry ranks third in Canada's manufacturing industries. In 1993, the Canadian Meat Council reported processors exported products worth \$1.7 million to 94 countries — a dominant role in the Canadian economy. In addition, poultry now accounts for 32 per cent of the meat consumed in Canada.



When an air conditioner dies...

As we wend our way through the month of August, everyone I run into seems compelled to discuss the weather.

In particular, how hot it's been.

Okay, I'll admit it's been a pretty warm summer, and, yes, we had some real brutal days the past few weeks when the heat and humidity felt like a wall when you walked out the door.

But it is summer, you know, and everybody did their share of heavy duty complaining about the cold, way back in February and March.

And as warm as it gets, so long as there's a breeze, I can pretty well endure the heat and usually enjoy it.

But every year, something always happens to slap me with the reality of how hot it actually is.

And it occurred last weekend, when I had my annual Gawd-it's-as-hot-as-a-sauna-in-the-house repair event.

You see, one of our upstairs window mounted air conditioners quit.

Living in an old farmhouse with minimal insulation, our upstairs can get pretty warm.

And as fate would have it, the delinquent unit had to be the one in my daughters' room.

Now if it were in our own bedroom, I would probably say to heck with it and endure the heat for a few days until the weather moderated.

But life can be hell when the one in the kids' room dies.

I figure sweating it out and risking permanent dehydration during the repair

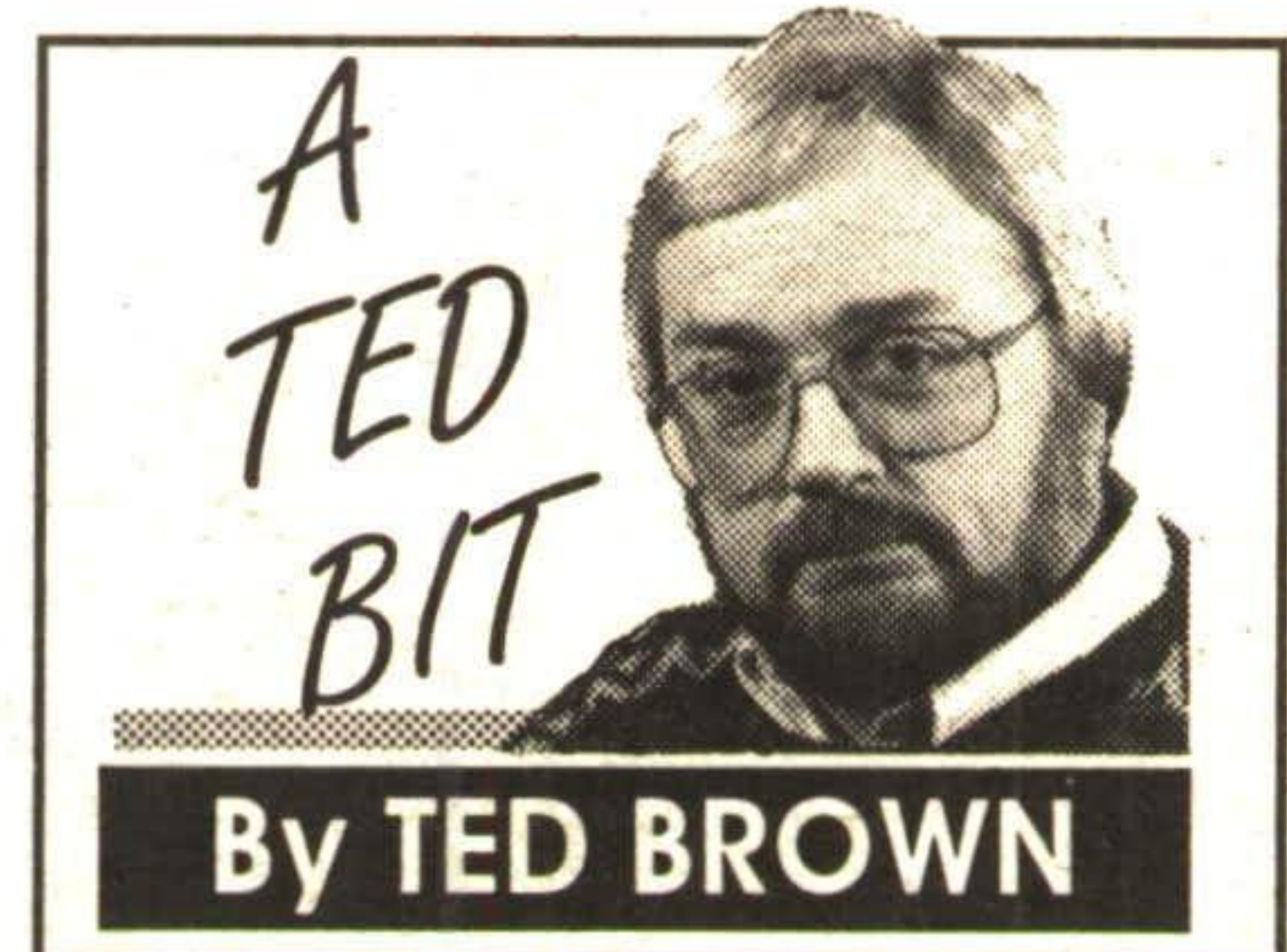
process is a small price to pay for quieting the complaining masses.

Anyway, it went on strike Friday night.

"The fan's been making a funny noise for the last couple days, Dad," one of the kids said, (which made me wonder why she waited until then to tell me.)

"And it finally stopped altogether," she continued. "Can you fix it?"

It always ticks me off when I'm forced to tackle installing or uninstalling an air conditioner — I'll make any excuse to avoid lifting one out.



By TED BROWN

That's probably why I end up installing them on the hottest day of the year and take them out for the winter when the first flakes of snow start to blow.

Consequently, I've carried on a love-hate relationship with those appliances for years.

I love 'em when they're working and they cool the house down to a livable level.

But I hate them with a passion when I hafta lift 'em in and out of that window for any reason.

Let's face it; air conditioners are a pain. They're heavy, they drip, and the insides of them are

always covered in wet gunk.

And when lifting them out, I guarantee they will always piddle on the floor like a two-week-old pup.

Well, this one was no exception. In seconds, the floor was covered in wet gunk, and the water running out of the inside was disgusting.

But the repair was simple, as the fan motor had come loose, with one side was rubbing against the housing which supported it, making it bind.

A half hour of tearing it apart, reattaching and tightening the fan and vacuuming out the gunk completed the reassembly process.

I was quite pleased. Only had one fairly insignificant nick on my second finger to show for the whole procedure.

And once again the girls' room was bathed in cool air, as the unit resumed its duties with a quiet drone.

As I picked up my tools, and pulled off my sweat drenched shirt, I wondered about window mounted air conditioners.

Why are they so heavy, and why do they have to drip inside? (When they're designed to drip outside.)

If technology can put a man on the moon, why can't someone design a light weight unit that doesn't piddle?

Or plug up with gunk? Yes, air conditioners will always remain a source of irritation for me.

But you can be sure of one thing.

As long as there's hot weather, I'll never be without one.