

THE HALTON HILLS **WEEKEND**

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Keep Karla behind bars

In January of 1997 Karla Homolka will be eligible for day parole. Six months later she can apply for full parole.

With the conclusion of Paul Bernardo's murder trial last week there should be some sort of closure to this entire ugly episode. However the "sweetheart deal" that the Crown offered Homolka has rightfully incensed the public to the degree that the Bernardo/Homolka case cannot be considered closed.

Was she a battered and abused wife? Probably, yes. But her role in these heinous crimes was also a compliant one. She had ample opportunity to blow the whistle on her husband and chose not to. She is as guilty as he is.

It was only after she made sure her own backside was covered that she told police the extent of her involvement in the killings.

A deal is a deal and plea bargains are a necessary part of our justice system, but the deal struck with Homolka, stinks to high heaven.

Reneging on the deal is not that easy. Legally, it is a done deal. However, if it is determined that she, in fact, didn't keep her part of the bargain in any way, we urge the attorney-general's office to examine the possibility of cancelling the agreement, ensuring, of course, that any legal challenge mounted by Homolka would be defeated. That would allow for a stiffer, more just, sentence.

In the meantime it would be best to follow the advice of prominent lawyer Eddie Greenspan who said if Canadians are genuinely outraged at the deal, they should contact the Parole Board of Canada to express their desire that Homolka not receive parole until she has completed her full sentence.

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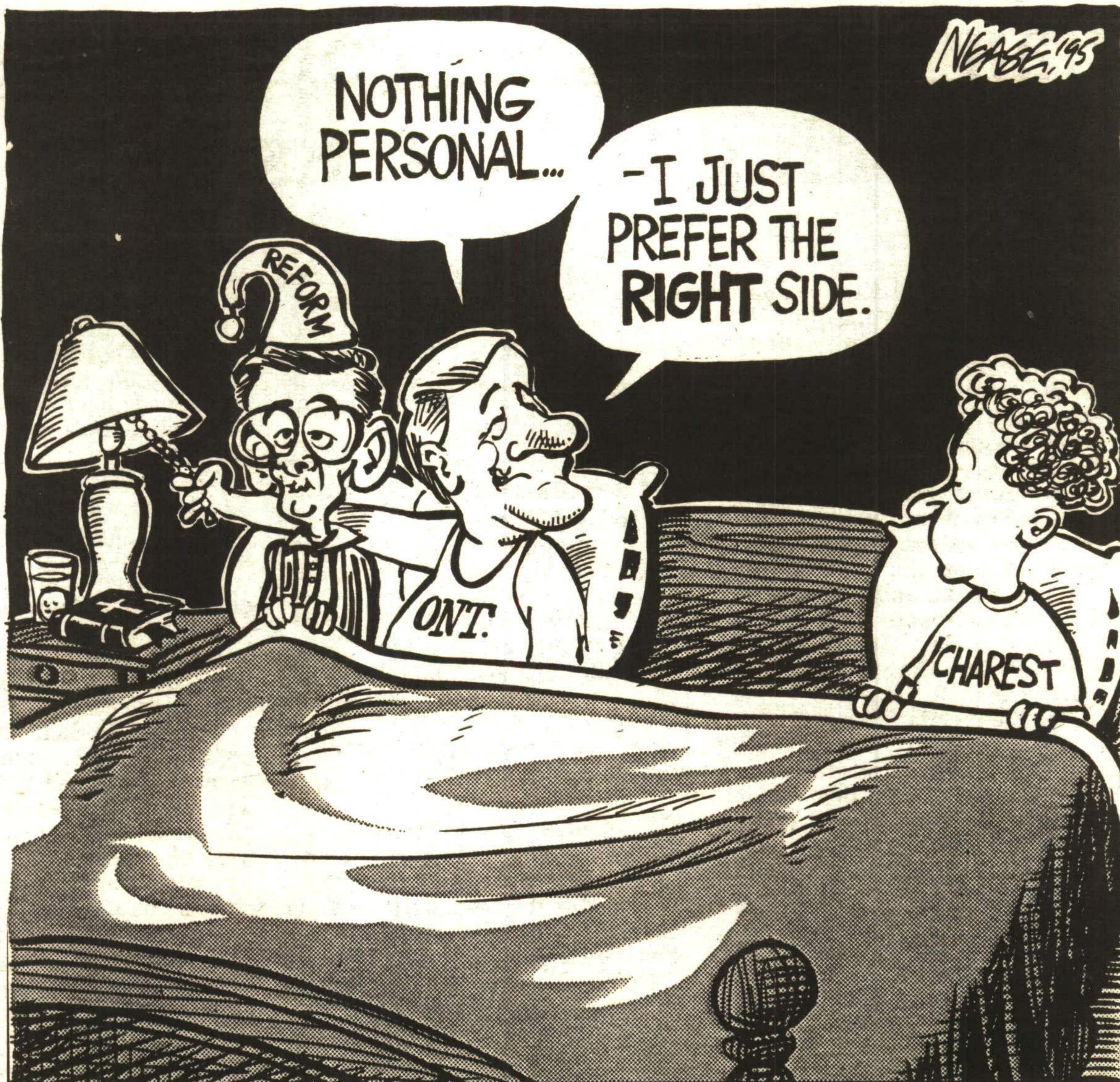


Did you hear what happened to the kid who stuck his finger in the power outlet? He got grounded.

Did you know?

Preliminary findings have shown that bacteria used in the production of yogurt may have some beneficial effects in fighting colorectal cancer. Recent scientific studies conducted on lab rats indicate that eating yogurt prevents the development of cancer-causing agents in these animals, and may also have similar effects on humans. The results are not yet conclusive. Statistics Canada estimates about 115,000 new cases of cancer are diagnosed each year, and that approximately 58,000 people die from the disease.

—Dairy Farmers of Canada



Thank God, they're back ...

It's that time of the year again.

That time when all the world seems right, the universe is in its proper cycle and the stars are squarely aligned in the heavens.

It's the "most wonderful time of the year" as the song in the ad says.

"Why?" you ask.

Because the kids are back in school.

It's that time when parents walk about with a permanent smile etched on their faces and nothing, I repeat, nothing, can get them down for the next week or so.

Back to the routine of a nine-to-five timetable, when Mondays have returned to being Mondays and Fridays are once again Fridays, and all the days in between fall into place.

It's the time when kids are no longer able to sleep until noon, or stay up all night, while we parents attempt to grab a little shuteye as they whoop it up until the wee hours of the morning, watching Letterman, and the late, late show, or are just out on the town, making the grand tour.

Yes sir, school started last Tuesday morning, and my life once again regained that little bit of precious routine I find so calming.

It's great. I now have a valid reason to order the kids to bed at a reasonable time, since "ya gotta go to school tomorrow."

After all, they can't function very well when they have to rise at an early hour

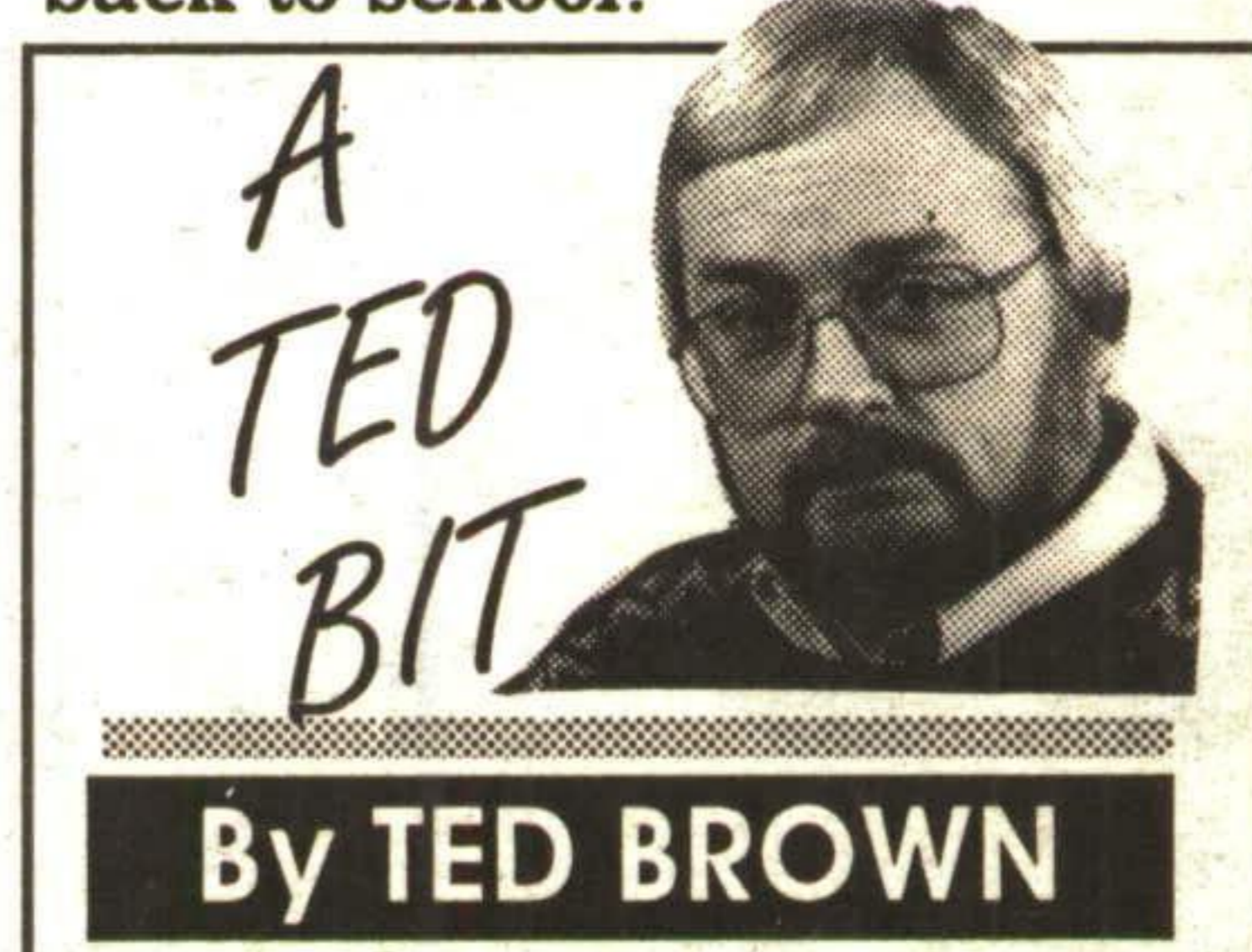
to be ready for the 7:40 a.m. bus. Especially when they hit the sack at 1 or 2 a.m.

So they're back to school and the living is predictable.

Predictable, in the fact I'll still be running to town and back most nights of the week as the kids tend to their part-time jobs. And the calls at work will return, reminding me to drop by the school on my way home, to pick up a kid who stayed late for some reason or another.

(Course I'm to the point where I just drive by as a matter of habit, to make sure I haven't forgotten one of them.)

But I thank God they're back to school.



By TED BROWN

Of course, the kids returning to the old 'Monday to Friday catch the bus at the crack of dawn routine' does have a few minor drawbacks.

One being, they must rise at an early hour.

And, echoing the words of a wise and philosophical life-long dairy farmer, "Early rising builds character." (Personally, I feel I've built enough character for myself at this point in my life, thank you very much.)

And my kids are none too quiet when they rise as the sun peeks over the edge of the horizon.

School days once again force me to return to my early morning practice of burying my head under the pillow as the shower, located directly below our bedroom, is fired up shortly after 6 a.m.

I'm once again forced to endure the interruption of my sleep as the bathroom door is slammed a dozen times or more before I rise, or listen to the annoying whirring of a hair dryer that cuts through the early morning silence like a hot knife through butter.

I'm convinced the excess noise is a plot cooked up by my kids to make me pay for them getting up with the chickens.

And there's more.

Unlike my summer schedule, I now find I'm waiting in line to use the shower, while four school age females of the household dry their hair, apply makeup or simply primp in front of the mirror.

But it's all a small price to pay.

After all, the bus comes early enough to have them out the door, leaving me plenty of time to enjoy my shower, listen to the news on the radio or savor my breakfast while perusing the morning newspaper.

I've come to regard their return to school as God's small bit of revenge for parents to finally get back at their kids for a summer of carousing and endless late nights.

Ah yes, they're back to school.

And I'm eternally thankful they are.