Fall weather? Ain't it grand?

Tt's finally arrived—fall that is. Okay, I know people will quickly tell me I'm Lwrong and the calender indicates it's still summer, with the first official day of autumn a couple of weeks off.

But I think fall's here now.

Just take a quick look outside. There's all kinds of sure-fire signs.

There's that heavy dew on the grass in the morning when we get up and there's that unmistakable smell of fall in the air.

I've seen flocks of Canada geese flying around in V-formation as they start training for that long flight south. The skies are starting to show that really neat iron grey color, and a few leaves are drifting down from the trees.

And it's almost cooled off enough to wear a

jacket first thing in the morning.

So in my books, it's already fall. I'm always more contented this time of year—simply cuz it's my favorite season.

It must stem from the season, the weather and perhaps the changes at work.

Fall comes upon us and the weather is suddenly clear and cool, with gorgeous bright sunny days and cool, clear nights and brilliant full moons. It works as a stimulant for me.

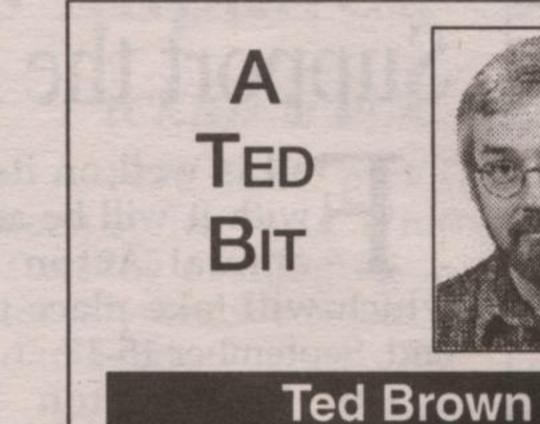
I simply relax, enjoy my job and the people around me as I drop into fall mode.

No more muggy weather and no more hot, sticky nights, except for the odd day of Indian summer. The steering wheel no longer burns my hands after leaving the car parked in the hot sun in the parking lot all day.

Fall fairs have started, and people are motivated, back to a regular working routine, with summer mode behind them for another year.

In the newspaper world, the community has once again come alive, with service groups back in action and there's simply more things going on.

And that's terrific from a newspaperman's



point of view — more news.

It's not that I hate summer. I enjoy all those fine summertime things, like kicking back on the verandah, or hauling out the barbecue to cook up a steak with a cold Sleeman's nearby.

But fall seems to cap those lazy days of summer, and brings us back to our senses, as we prepare to face the cooler weather.

I think I'll always be a fall guy.

I'm sure it stems from my farming days. We always saw fall as an end of the harvest, a time to cut corn, and start fall plowing.

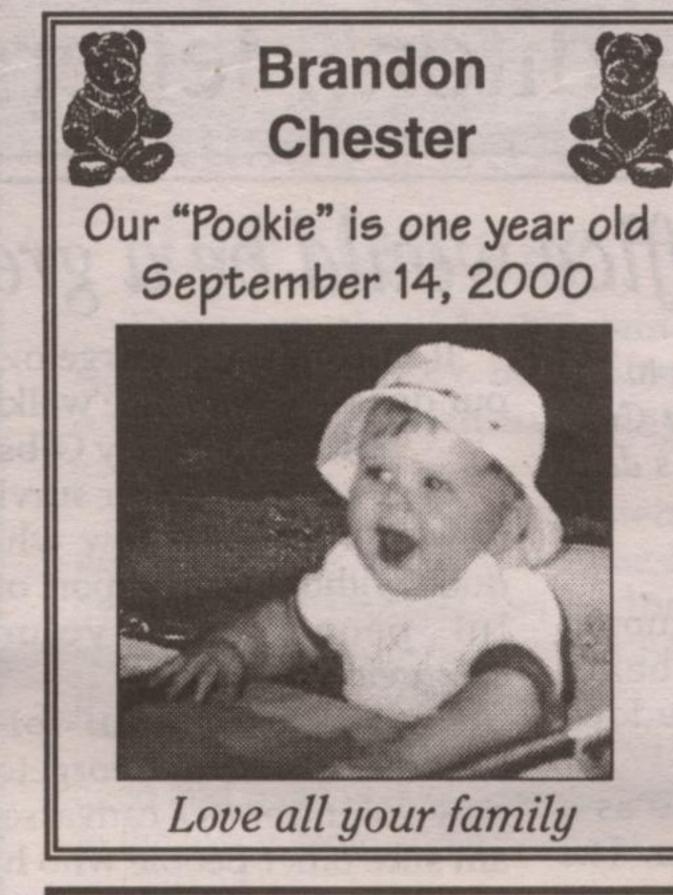
It was the time the cattle were kept in the barn at night, allowing us to sleep in until 6:30 a.m., since we didn't have to herd them into the barn before milking.

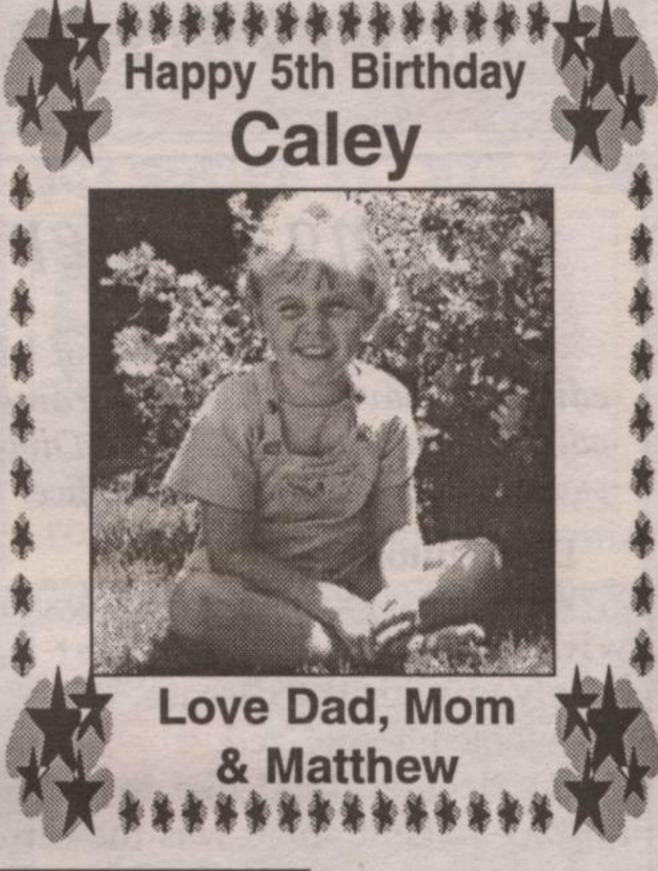
The farming community still sees fall as a time when the end of the summer workload is in sight, when the last field of corn is combined and the final furrow is turned over.

Unfortunately it's a short-lived season, as the weather quickly changes from bright, clear days to overcast, dreary ones, signaling the arrival of November, when the days suddenly turn cold and barren.

But, I'm a fall guy, and I'll savour the beauty of the season to the fullest as trees take on their fall colours, and the leaves rustle underfoot.

Because, as everyone knows, Old Man Winter ain't too awful far behind.





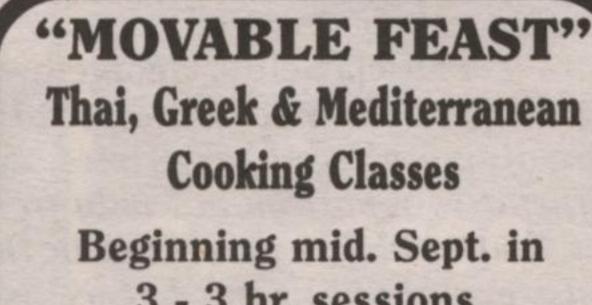




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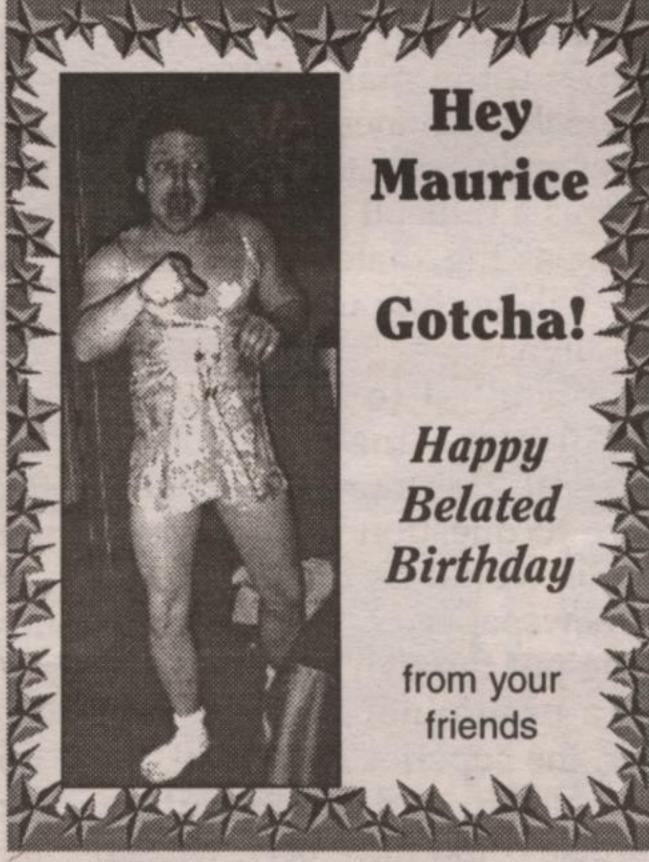
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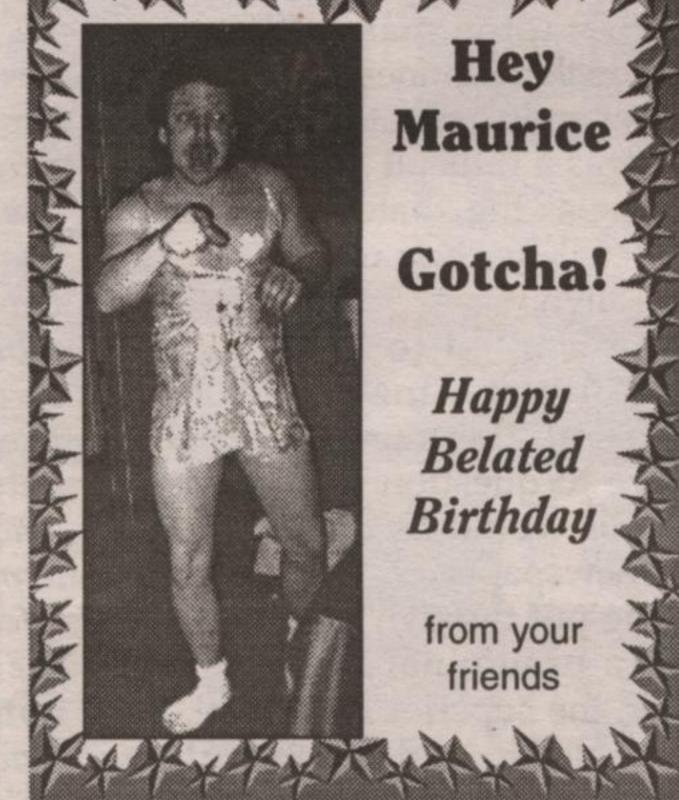
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