

# EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

## Trees our allies

We hear a lot these days about the causes of global warming. According to some scientists there's been a rapid acceleration of warming because people are burning more coal, oil and natural gas which is releasing tonnes of carbon dioxide (CO<sub>2</sub>) into the atmosphere which in turn is creating a "greenhouse effect."

CO<sub>2</sub> is a greenhouse gas that traps the sun's radiation within the lower atmosphere along with other man-made gases such as methane and chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs). If current trends continue, some say, the concentration of CO<sub>2</sub> will double in this century and raise global temperatures from 2°C to 5°C causing the Greenland ice sheet and glacier to melt, raising sea levels six metres and flooding people out all over the world.

Other scientists vigorously dispute the notion that we are plotting our own doom. They contend that CO<sub>2</sub> – which makes up 0.054% of the earth's atmosphere has never driven climate change. In fact, they say, it's just the opposite.

What neither side of the dispute is pointing out is that there is a natural way to combat CO<sub>2</sub>. It's as simple as planting trees.

One hectare of trees, for instance, consumes enough oxygen for 45 people to breath as well as consuming the amount of CO<sub>2</sub> an average car produces driving 100,000 kilometres. If millions more trees were planted it would go a long way towards cutting back on carbon dioxide as well as providing cleaner air to breath.

Of course we should be cutting back on emissions that pollute our air but we have an ally in our natural habitat – trees – that can undo a lot of the stuff we spew into the air.

## Worthy recipients

Congratulations to Bill and Diane Spielvogel, the husband and wife team involved in Acton's Santa Claus parade for over 25 years, on being chosen as the 2007 Citizens of the Year.



Now a retired firefighter, Bill Spielvogel started working on organizing the Santa Claus parade when Acton Fire Fighters Association took it over in 1983/84. It wasn't long before he headed the committee in charge, assisted by wife Diane, who helps him as well as providing a stabilizing influence as parade day draws near.

There's always loose-ends that have to be tied up as the big day approaches. Days before the parade can become anxiety-filled when bands and float entries have not clearly indicated they will be there on parade day even after almost a year of negotiations and promises, because the Spielvogels start planning the next year's parade as soon as the current parade ends.

It's a lot of work organizing the event and the new Citizens of the Year acknowledge the reward for their volunteer work with the parade is the look of excitement and anticipation in the children's eyes as the parade marches down the street.

The Citizens of the Year honours indicate just how much the town and area appreciates all the work Bill and Diane have done over two decades ensuring there's a parade for Santa.



**FITNESS CASH:** Staying Alive Fitness co-owner Leanne Monaghan stopped pedaling long enough to donate \$1,000 to the Acton Agricultural Society/indoor soccer building fund. Project fundraisers Josey Bonnette and Mike O'Leary gratefully accepted the cheque on Friday at the Main Street North facility. – Frances Niblock photo

## Another life-learning experience

Unforeseen circumstances saw me in a place I hadn't been in for quite a few years.

It was Saturday evening and I was at the Laundromat. I was well loaded down. I had three bags that looked like I was a Marine heading off to war. They were packed with anything that was dirty. I wanted to make sure if I had to go that I was going to get it all done in one shot. I had my laundry soap, supplies and a ziplock bag with quarters, loonies and toonies as I wasn't sure what the current rates were.

It appeared to be my lucky laundry day. The place was deserted. There was a lady in the corner loading up a washer or two and I had the rest of the place to myself. I started to fill up the first washer and noticed it was a tad smaller than the one I have at home so I needed to spread the clothes, bedding and towels amongst a few machines. By the time I had spread things out, I was using six washing machines. I didn't think it mattered because there were still some open so I started filling the machines with money.

Soon I was mumbling a few "damns" under my breath. The machines only took quarters and, of course, I didn't have enough of them. And the change machine only took five and twenty dollar bills. I



By  
Angela Tyler

had a ten dollar bill. So I went next door to the store to break the ten into two fives. When I tried to get quarters from the change machine, it started eating my bills. I had no choice but to return home to rob the Dude's bucket of change for quarters.

When I returned I started to feel a little unloved. It was starting to get populated. The Laundromat is a fairly popular place around supper time on Saturday night and I was hogging the machines. It seemed every time I turned around another person was coming in with a load of laundry. They say a watch pot never boils. Well, looking at the timer on the washing machine doesn't make it finish the load any faster either.

I couldn't get those loads into the dryer fast enough. The original lady was just finishing off her loads in the newer dryers at the end of the row so I put my stuff in the older ones.

The pressure was off for a few minutes at least. I had time to see who my fellow laundry people were. There was nothing too unusual. There were the moms and

housewives and the single guys. There was an older man soliciting laundry soap advice after he spent about five minutes trying to open the box up. I think somebody might have told him that the Laundromat is a good place to meet women.

So there I waited and watched the clothes being tossed around and around in six dryers while I kept plunking quarters into the machines. After about a half a dozen, I realized why the original lady took the newer machines. The three machines I was using were slow. I could have dried the clothes quicker with my hair dryer. All they were doing was eating up quarters.

The ziplock bag was getting a little sparse and I decided it was time to find a place where I was loved. Then a couple of young girls came in and I started to find a safe spot. They, too, were there to dry clothes and had the same quarter dilemma as well as a wait for an empty machine. They asked me about quarters and a couple of things of which I told them I was a rookie too.

"Stay away from that dryer," I told them. They looked confused. I finally realized why the clothes wouldn't dry out...the door didn't close properly. I felt like an idiot not realizing that at first, however, just another life learning experience.



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