

To tell you the truth, it's just so much hot air

by BILL SMILEY

BECAUSE I write a syndicated column, I've been put on the hit list of some public relations outfit in New York. As a result, I receive a stream of garbage mail containing fascinating material about some product or other that is being pushed by the PR firm.

Usually, I spot it right away and toss it in the round filing cabinet without even opening it.

Today came one of these missives and, distracted by something else, I had opened the thing and read a paragraph or two before I realized it was just another piece of puffery.

It was headed NEWS FROM: The Hamburg Group. For Release: Immediately. All press releases say the latter. Anyway, I thought it would be a pitch for MacDonalds' or a string quartet. It wasn't. It was a series of little articles about Hamburg and Germany, touting that city's great variety of attractions.

Such junk has about as much place in this column as an account of the origins of bee-keeping in Basutoland. And I'm supposed to print it free. What dummies these PR people are.

However, I'd already read enough to hook me on the first article, entitled: Brewery's Waste Energy To Heat Hospital. It didn't make sense at first. Why should breweries waste energy to heat a hospital, unless

they're trying to make amends to all the people who wind up in hospital with cirrhosis of the liver from drinking their poison?

I took another look at the heading, spotted the apostrophe, and now it made sense. A brewery will deliver heat and hot water to a hospital. As part of its brewing process, the brewery used to end up with a lot of excess heat that must be cooled before it is released into the air. Now, instead of being wasted, that heat will be channeled into the hospital where it will be put to good use.

Cost of the deal, equipment and stuff, is about 400,000 marks, to be assumed by the city. The debt will be liquidated through the savings on energy that would otherwise have to be purchased.

Are you listening, Labatts, Molsons et al? Instead of pouring money into sports and all these phoney ads, about as subtle as a kick in the ribs, indicating that beer-drinking will make your life macho, full of fun and beautiful girls in skimpy swim suits, why don't you channel your heat into hospitals? Think of the free publicity!

Last time I saw Hamburg was in 1944, and it was literally hamburg. The RAF had

firebombed it by night and the USAAF had pounded it by day until it was a heap of rubble. I was a prisoner of war and saw it from a train window on my way to an interrogation centre in Frankfurt.

Forty-odd years later, it has risen from the ruins like a phoenix, and is a booming city, visited by over a million travellers in 1981.

But Hamburg-Schmamburg. I'm not going to urge my readers to go there. It was the article on heating that caught my eye.

Aside from the breweries in Canada, this country has another industry that could produce enough heat so that, if it were properly channeled, we could thumb our collective noses at the Arabs. I'm talking about politics.

Town and city councils produce enough hot air to heat at least one hospital within their limits.

Provincial legislatures produce enough hot air to replace half the oil used in their provinces.

And from that vast deposit of natural gas known as Ottawa issues daily enough hot air to heat Montreal's Olympic Stadium, even though it has no roof.

And that's only touching the bases, without going to the outfield or the infield.

Think of all the hot air produced by teachers and preachers, union leaders, abortionists and anti-abortionists, public relations people, medical associations, school boards.

And there's lots more where that comes from. The squeals of those caught with a mortgage to be renewed, the moans of farmers who are losing their shirts, the bellows of angry small-businessmen: all these are wasting energy by blowing hot air into our rather frigid climate, there to be dispersed into nothing.

Add to this all the hot air that is poured into our telephone lines, that is batted back and forth over business luncheons and at parties and over the breakfast table.

It's perfectly simple. All we need is a means of bottling the stuff somehow, and distributing it to the right places. If our scientists can send a missile to Mars, surely they can find a method of storing and channeling the incredible quantities of hot air that rise in clouds over our country.

Peter Loughheed might have to cap some of his oil wells, but if somebody came up with the solution, we could not only tell the Arabs what to do with their oil. We could probably buy Saudi Arabia.

Maybe I'll drop a line to the Mayor of Hamburg, see what he suggests.

And now for Part 2 of our summer vacation saga

This is part two, the exciting conclusion of our 1985 vacation, not to be confused with Chevy Chase's European Vacation.

Last week's cliffhanger left us in the Deep South Youall, where nothing has changed since the War (civil). Surrounded by Spanish moss, magnolia blossoms, Budweiser, Panama Jack trophy tanning oil ("Warning, not to be used unless you have a good base an") and polishing gleaming Betsy, the faithful super Beetle.

The first signs of Hurricane Bob caught us three miles from nowhere on a deserted beach. An instant high tide, rain like in cats and dogs, dark sky, howling winds, and What the heck, let's walk, we're wet anyway. And walk we did, peering through the warm rain, sloshing in the warm ocean. Battered by the sheer force of water.

The TV in our hotel room was saying "...and plenty of drinking water, gasoline and canned goods, the community centre nearest you is..." Apparently Bob was earmarked to

Ray Baker

hit Charleston, South Carolina, the following morning, a place just down the coast we had intended to visit on the morrow. But alas, at midnight we alternated between watching the hotel sign leaning, and watching the road full of campers, motor homes, mobile homes and trailers heading slowly north in the torrential rain, with the road under water.

Our genial host announced that he would be happy to roust us out at 4 a.m. if it got worse. The winds were 65 mph, and we could shelter in his central (windowless) building. The pool and patio furniture were to be thrown in the swimming pool where they would be safe. In a nearby unit a tourist was trying to put his motorcycle in his room but it wouldn't go in. He settled for the balcony instead. At this

point I felt like throwing Betsy in the pool for safekeeping, then jumping in after her.

At the crack of dawn, which came without crack and no dawn, we headed north. Forget Charleston and Savannah, which had 95 mph winds, assorted palm trees, hydro poles and mobile homes across the highway.

We aquaplanned north, or scurried would be a good term. Our Beetle scurries best. For 12 hours we drove in a downpour, the force of water being so great, above and below, that three inches of water slopped in the footwells and it even stripped some of Betsy's candy apple red paint. Three states later, north then west, a hot bath, a good meal and a dryer full of wet clothes, and we were as good as new.

Watching southern news we found that 8,000 people had been evacuated. We felt like

buying a tee shirt saying I survived Hurricane BOB.

With the engine purring up hill and down dale we entered wild and woolly west Verginny, Pennsylvania, and New York. The deep south just a memory.

Then along the U.S. side of Lake Ontario to good old Nagga' Falls where we changed our U.S. money (look alike) into recognizable, orange, brown, blue and green.

THINGS WE SHOULD HAVE DONE?: Gone down a week earlier, gone to a Southern Baptist revival meeting, and been up at 4 a.m. to watch the sun, like true solar-powered people.

THINGS WE SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE: Got sunburnt in places that hadn't seen the sun for years.

But as Shakespeare says in **THIS WEEK'S QUOTE:** "All's well that ends well."

Ray Baker is a freelance writer. He and his family live in Penetanguishene and enjoy travelling when No. 3 son is at Camp Kitchi'.

Bullets shoot to top

A season long see-saw battle was finally decided during Penetanguishene Midland Ladies' Ball Hockey championship action, in Penetang Arena, Wednesday night.

With a 2-1 win in their 7 p.m. game, the defending champion Silver Bullets forced the Road Runners into a third tie breaking game for the best of two out of three series.

The 8 p.m. deciding game was fought to a 3-3 tie. However, the small but enthusiastic crowd cheered wildly when Bullets' right winger Carmen McNamara picked up a right corner pass from teammate Linda Ferraro, during the first 10 minute sudden death period, and beat the Roadrunners' goalie with just 43 seconds left on the clock.

Sharing the Bullets' championship honours after the game were Coach Wilson Cowan, Nancy Knibbs (Most Valuable Player), and Donna Kilpatrick. (Most Valuable Goalie).

Sept. 9, 1954, a date to remember for Marilyn

Sept. 9, 1954, will be etched in Marilyn Bell's memory for the rest of her life.

That's the date she became the first person to swim across Lake Ontario.

Temperature of the lake that day was 11 to 19C, the winds were ESE at 12 to 16 km/h and there was zero precipitation.

Street dance last Friday pleased all

Those who attended last Friday evening's Stroll Down Memory Lane sponsored by CKMP Radio are said to have enjoyed themselves.

King Street from Dominion to Bay was blocked off for the street dance.

Inquest into 1984 swimming death

An inquest will be held into the death of a Mississauga man who died while scuba diving in Georgian Bay on July 7, 1984.

William Simpson of Mississauga, 33, was swimming underwater off Awenda Provincial Park.

The inquest is to start at 10 a.m. on Sept. 10 in the board room of Midland's Centennial Arena.

Legion meets next week

The Penetanguishene branch (68) of the Royal Canadian Legion is holding its first meeting of the fall Tuesday, Sept. 10.

Ordinary and Associate members are asked by the Legion executive to make every attempt to attend.

Rising insurance rates concern politicians

Rapidly rising insurance rates is a problem for which Ontario's municipalities do not have a solution.

The rising cost of insurance was a topic at last week's annual meeting of the Associated Municipalities of Ontario. Tiny Township Deputy-reeve John Lackie, a delegate, says that insurance used to be a buyer's market, but no more.

Last year Simcoe County's cost of having insurance rose to \$120,000 from \$47,000, he estimated. Tiny Township's cost was higher in 1985, \$28,000, but not greatly higher. Lackie suggested that the township renewed between increases.

The reason for the rise seems to be courts starting to make awards based more on a party's ability to pay than on a party's proportion of blame, he says. From the municipal politician's perspective, the cost of insurance "has just gone haywire."

North Simcoe news briefs

Temperatures range from 21.3 C to 12.7 C

The average temperatures for this part of the province during the month of September, in the past, have ranged from 21.3C to 12.7C. Something to remember as you scurry about the house to locate your snuggles.

Teen Town Reunion VI packed 'em in Sat.

They danced the night away, Saturday, at Midland Centennial Gardens where the Martells provided the music for Teen Town Reunion VI.

Chalk up another busy long holiday weekend

Chalk up another busy long weekend for members of the Midland detachment of the Ontario Provincial Police who were kept hopping

patrolling area highways, investigating motor-vehicle accidents and probing general occurrences.

The first Labour Day crash OPP occurred happened on Highway 69 on Saturday at 9:15 a.m.

Your gift of life is badly needed...

Next Red Cross Blood Donors' Clinic in Midland will be staged at the Yonge Street Civic Centre on Wednesday, Sept. 18 beginning at noon.

Target is 350 pints of blood. Plan to give from the heart to this worthy cause. Your gift of life is needed.

D.D.G.M. David Walker honoured tomorrow

Masons from far and near are expected to attend an evening to honour Rt. Wor. Bro. David G. Walker, D.D.G.M., of Georgian District tomorrow evening at the Masonic Temple in Sunnyside.

Lodge opens at 7:30 p.m. with a social hour to follow.

One year following Pope John Paul's visit

Sunday afternoon, Sept. 15, Martrys' Shrine will be hosting an anniversary celebration marking one year since Pope John Paul made his historic pilgrimage to Huronia.

Cardinal Carter will concelebrate mass at the outdoor papal altar on this occasion.

Family camping ends

with an addition to clan

A Penetanguishene camping holiday took on special meaning for a Sarnia couple early last month, with the birth of their fourth child in Penetanguishene General Hospital.

A healthy six pound, 10 ounce Heather Lynn Malott was born at 11:10 p.m., Friday, August 2, the day before her happy parents, Linda and Garth, were due to return home.