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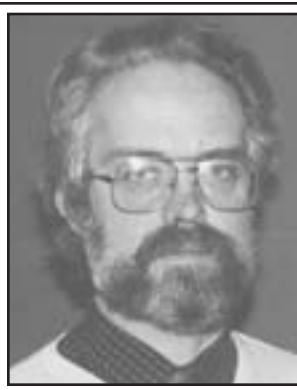
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**Bill's  
Bulletin  
Board**

By Bill Rea

So, have you got any-  
thing special planned for  
Nov. 18, 2031? That's  
going to be a Tuesday.

Well, according to a Web  
site I recently stumbled  
across, it's going to be a big  
day for me. That's the day  
I'm going to die.

What useful stuff will  
they think of next to put on  
the Internet?

As I stated, I stumbled  
across this site, and my  
curiosity got the better of  
me.

The site asked for my  
date of birth, gender,  
whether or not I smoke (I  
quit some years ago) and  
my body mass index, which  
is a calculation based on  
one's height and weight.

They also asked about my  
mode, which upon investi-  
gation, I learned they want-  
ed me to place myself into  
one of four classes; normal,  
pessimistic, optimistic and  
sadistic. I chose normal,  
although I guess many of  
you could have a spirited  
debate over that one.

I typed in all the request-  
ed information, and learned  
that I'm due to encounter a  
bucket with my name on it

there for the kicking one  
week to the day after  
Remembrance Day in the  
aforementioned year. That  
means my number is due to  
come up 25 years from this  
coming Saturday.

And before anyone asks,  
I feel fine.

This Web site also tells  
me how many more sec-  
onds I've got. I guess I  
could calculate the time of  
day that I'm slated to croak,  
but I haven't bothered yet.  
But since it's going to be a  
Tuesday (the day I have to  
put the paper together), it  
had better be late in the  
day. My employers will  
stand for production being  
delayed for only so long.

One has to wonder what  
would have inspired a sup-  
posedly intelligent person  
to create a Web site like  
this. I think it's one of those  
classic cases of a person  
who has too much time on  
his or her hands.

My investigation of this  
site led me to a couple of  
links, some with supposed-  
ly interesting details on  
how certain famous people  
met their ends. It also  
included pictures of some

of these people's graves,  
and even one picture I  
stumbled upon of Jackie  
Coogan (Uncle Fester)  
lying in his casket.

I consider myself a rich-  
er man for having found all  
this stuff.

I don't know how  
healthy a Web site like this  
really is. I could see people  
typing in their information  
and getting really upset at  
having the day of their  
departure from this life set  
out in front of them. It's all  
predicated, I guess, on  
whether or not you believe  
it.

In the first place, it's  
entirely possible that I'll be  
hit by a truck and killed  
tomorrow. I do a lot of  
driving in the course of my  
work; a lot more than most  
of you. So the chances of  
me dying in some traffic  
mishap is probably a lot  
higher than for a person  
who seldom gets into a car.

There are plenty of other  
accidental or unnatural  
ways for a person to meet  
with eternity. Considering  
the tone of some of the e-  
mails I received in the final  
days of the election cam-  
paign, I suspect there are a  
few people out there who  
wouldn't be opposed to  
hurrying things along a bit.

And then one's health  
history has to come into  
play.

I recently had my annual  
physical (which is why I  
knew what number to type  
in for my body mass  
index), and the doctor  
seemed reasonably pleased  
with what he saw. He did

admonish me for carting  
around a bit too much blub-  
ber for my height, and I  
promised to do all I could  
to grow a few more inches.

Family history evidently  
plays some role in deter-  
mining how long a person  
will live, although I don't  
think it offers any guaran-  
tees. From what I know  
about my family tree,  
there's not a lot of longevi-  
ty there. Off the top of my  
head, I can think of just two  
blood relatives who made it  
to their 80th birthdays, and  
one of them, and aunt, is  
still going strong.

There's also a bit of a  
history of heart problems.  
My father was diagnosed  
with such trouble when he  
was about my age (actually  
a bit younger), but over the  
years, we have had cause to  
wonder if that assessment  
might have been in error.  
His heart had little to do  
with his death, although his  
father died rather young  
(66) of a heart attack.

With that in mind, my  
doctor wants me to undergo  
a stress test. In fact his staff  
booked me for an appoint-  
ment for Monday this week  
(two days ago). I called the  
hospital and informed them  
that, "I'm a newspaper edi-  
tor, and you've booked me  
for a stress test on election  
day. I don't think that's  
very appropriate."

The lady at the other end  
of the phone giggled a bit,  
and made the necessary  
adjustment to my appoint-  
ment.

What this all boils down  
to is I don't believe that

some silly Web site can tell  
me when I'm due to die,  
although this calculation (if  
such a determination was  
actually calculated), sched-  
ules me to depart at the age  
of 73, which I guess isn't  
too bad. That's a little  
young by today's standards,  
and certainly doesn't take  
into account medical  
advances that are coming,  
or the possibility that I  
might succeed in growing  
those extra couple of inches  
to get my body mass index  
down. I bounced the idea  
off my doctor, and he said  
he wouldn't feel comfort-  
able prescribing sessions on  
the rack.

I frankly don't think  
anyone should believe it. In  
fact, and after some reflec-  
tion, I decided not to reveal  
the address of this Web site  
here, simply because I  
don't want to be responsi-  
ble for someone getting  
curious like me and then  
getting overly upset by  
what they find. Anyone  
who really wants to know  
where it is will be able to  
find it.

I'm going to go one of  
these days, and I'll find out  
which one for sure in due  
course. Besides, my wife  
has already told me she's  
going to have a party for  
me on my 90th birthday,  
and I've been married long  
enough to know better than  
to mess up her plans.

But if you come upon  
my death notice some time  
late in November 2031, I  
guess there will be some  
Web master somewhere  
saying, "Told you so!"

**Editorial**

**Council must now work together**

The day-to-day munici-  
pal affairs of King  
Township were Monday  
night placed in the hands of  
seven worthy individuals.

How do we know these  
people are worthy? The vot-  
ers told us so.

These people represent  
varying positions on certain  
issues, and that reality holds  
within it the prospect of  
good, serious and spirited  
debate in the days to come,  
to the great benefit of all in  
King. But over the havoc of  
political partisanship, these  
people also have a duty to  
their constituents (and that  
means all their constituents,  
not just those who voted for  
them) to work together for  
the collective good of this  
municipality.

We certainly don't call  
on any elected official to  
abandon the principles that  
they put forth to the elec-  
torate. We encourage them  
to stand by what they  
believe in, but on behalf of  
the electorate, we insist that  
they maintain respect for

each other.

In the heat of the fiercest  
debate, each person at that  
council table must remem-  
ber that the colleague they  
are angrily arguing with is a  
duly elected mayor or coun-  
cillor, with a mandate from  
the ballot box, and a person  
who cares about their com-  
munity with as much pas-  
sion as they themselves pos-  
sess. People who are indif-  
ferent about the community  
seldom stand for office, and  
the very few who do seldom  
get elected.

We are not naive enough  
to think that what we call  
for is going to materialize  
just like that. Electoral suc-  
cess requires a certain  
amount of partisanship,  
along with a certain amount  
of stubbornness to such par-  
tisanship positions. As  
well, anyone familiar with  
the political situation in  
King knows there are mem-  
bers of the public who have  
adopted positions and will  
cling to them come what  
may. And if the arguments

to the contrary become too  
convincing, they will simply  
plug their ears.

But we are well aware  
that those who refuse to lis-  
ten are also those who chose  
not to put their names for-  
ward for election. A man-  
date from the voters carries  
with it higher standards of  
behaviour, but those stan-  
dards are not excessively

**Letter to the Editor**

**Blind pedestrian appreciates  
new Nobleton signals**

I would like to thank the  
Township of King for the  
installation of the traffic  
light at the intersection of  
Highway 27 and Wilsen  
Street in Nobleton.

As a blind pedestrian, I  
appreciate very much the  
addition of an alternate  
route to cross the highway.  
With a sighted guide, I have  
had the opportunity to  
familiarize myself and my  
dog guide to this crossing.  
The traffic control buttons

demanding.

When we get down to the  
basics, all we call upon  
these seven politicians to do  
is act like the adults they  
are. It is true that one of the  
great disadvantages of being  
an adult is you're occasion-  
ally expected to behave like  
one. When it comes to hold-  
ing elected office, that  
expectation is also some-

thing one is paid to meet.

We congratulated the  
members of the next King  
Township council on their  
elections. And we call upon  
each and every one of them  
to act worthy of the trust  
that has been reposed with  
them.

Each and every one of  
their constituents richly  
deserves at least that.

are in place and when the  
curb cuts are completed this  
will prove to be a much  
safer crossing than either  
the King Road or  
Sheardown routes.

I am also thrilled to have  
an alternate to the  
Sheardown crossing simply  
because of the activity in  
and out of Tim Hortons. In  
spite of signage, the trans-  
port trucks continue to park  
illegally on either side of  
the highway in order to go

into Tim's. When this hap-  
pens, which is often, I can-  
not hear the flow of the reg-  
ular traffic over the sound  
of the idling engines and,  
therefore, cannot make a  
safe crossing at that point.

I trust that the senior  
pedestrians will also be  
appreciative.

The installation of this  
light is another step towards  
a barrier free King.

Beverley Berger,  
Nobleton