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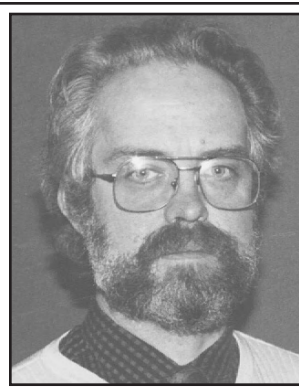
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**Bill's  
Bulletin  
Board**

By Bill Rea

I guess I have a problem that's commonly held by a lot of other people.

I don't perform very well when heights are involved.

The real problem is I have had to subject myself to excessive heights a couple of times over the last couple of weeks in the course of my job.

You might recall the 11.377-metre inukshuk was unveiled at the Allstone Quarry property a couple of weeks ago. There was a basket crane (also known as a cherry picker) which was used to take the final measurements of this structure, and they were offering rides to media types like me to get overhead pictures. I volunteered, knowing full-well that I don't like heights and realizing that I would have likely have trouble with such basics as holding my camera steady. But every now and then, a guy like me has to suck it up in the interests of the job and in the interests being macho

jerk who craves the idea of being able to look down on all the peasants. I was also able to enjoy the bragging rights that followed.

Besides, I had never been in one of these contraptions before, and my curiosity got the better of my blind terror.

As well, it made for a slightly different conversation with my wife when I got home that night.

"So, how was your day?" Beth asked.

"Oh, it was okay," I replied. "I went up in a cherry picker. Nothing special."

I received the puzzled look I was hoping for.

Then there was last week, when I was covering an event at Kettleby Public School and was obliged to go up on the roof of the building. I could have stood down, of course. No one forced me to the roof. But that would have been the chicken's way out, and I'm scared of people getting the idea that I'm scared of

things (if that makes any sense).

But I was careful not to get close to the edge of the building. I made a point of staying a good 10 feet from the edge, as if I was scared of falling or something.

I'm really not sure why I have this problem with tall places. Going to the tops of tall buildings has never been a major problem. I've been to the top decks of several of them, including the CN Tower, the Eiffel Tower and even the World Trade Centre, with breaking only minimal amounts of perspiration. Indeed, my first apartment was in a highrise, on what would have been the 13th floor, except my mailing address said I was on the 14th. I even had a balcony, and I used to spend a lot of time sitting out there. It was never a problem. In fact, it was a pretty good place from which to watch electrical storms.

One factor might involve the imminent danger of falling. If it's not there, then there's nothing to fear. So a good railing and some sturdy-looking windows are usually a sufficient hedge for me from the fear of falling. Although now that I reflect, when I lived in that apartment, I was always a little reluctant to put too much weight on the railing, lest something break.

Sometimes, an overly

vivid imagination is no fun at all.

It's not all heights that bother. For example, I'm not a white-knuckle flyer, or anything like that, and I have flown on a number of craft, including a helicopter and even the Goodyear Blimp. Only one time did I have any trouble, and that was when I went up in a Cessna for a short flight. I'm not sure if it was the ominous signs of a major storm in the nearby skies that made my heart beat rapidly, or that the kid flying the plane was so young. I'm not sure he was even eligible to vote.

"Anyplace in particular you wanted to go," he called out over his shoulder in a voice that I don't think was finished changing.

"Yes," I replied. "The ground please."

I also sometimes have trouble working with ladders, at least the outdoor kind. There was one time I had to get up on one of the lower roofs of my house, just over the garage, to fix something. I forget what it was I had to do. I just remember that I had no trouble getting up to the roof. It's when I arrived and was trying to get to work that I realized this was going to be a problem. In fact, I became so obsessed with what might be awaiting me over the edge that I couldn't concentrate on the

job at hand at all. I eventually had to pay to have a pro come in and do the job.

Actually, as my late father used to say, there's really no danger from falling off a building. It's the sudden stop you have to worry about. That's a big help for a person stating at the top of something high, looking down.

He was a great one to talk though. I well remember him working in the ravine behind our house, standing precariously on the high rungs of a ladder that was leaning against a old pine tree, contently sawing off dead branches with a saw mounted on the end of a 10-foot poll. He never tied off the ladder or wore any kind of harness. I once suggested he do so, and received a contemptuous lecture on how he would prefer not to be impaled.

Don't try this at home, kids.

I could never stand to watch him doing this, and my mother was even more terrified, but you couldn't stop him.

I have sometimes marvelled that that man managed to live 67 years and die in bed. Of course, he was a lot more athletic than I, but that doesn't mean one should feel the need to be a daredevil, or to tempt fate.

There is, after all, something to be said for being down to earth.

**Editorial**

**No matter who you vote for,  
candidates deserve credit and thanks**

Well, the day has arrived.

Unless you have taken advantage of the advance polls and already voted in the provincial election, then today is the day for you to get up and make your opinion count.

Last week, in this space, we urged you all to get out and vote, trying to make as clear a common sense argument as possible. We don't intend to repeat those points again. If the numerous messages haven't already been received, then one more is not likely to make much of a difference.

Just get out and vote. It's the right thing to do.

And while you're at it, maybe a moment to reflect, with a certain amount of

gratitude and appreciation for the people who have put their names forward to be your representative at Queen's Park might not be out of line.

King Township's expanse covers two ridings, and each of those has six candidates in the running. They run the range from seasoned political veterans to rookies.

Some of them are representing party platforms, while others are just trying to get certain ideas aired and before the public.

At the risk of tying to influence people while the polls are still open, we would submit that only four of the 12 people seeking votes in King have realistic chances of being elected

today (you're free to speculate at you leisure which four we're referring to).

But no matter what the motivation might be, these 12 people have shown a deep concern for their community and their convictions, along with the considerable amount of courage to stand up and voice their views.

True, it's not particularly hard to express your thoughts to people who agree with you. But facing those who do not is another chore. Most voters, we would argue, are usually polite and willing to hear out a candidate. Some can't be bothered and others are likely to be hostile. Some parties put forth platforms

that some people regard as offensive, and some parties are led by people that who may not be considered worthy of trust. And in a lot of cases, it's the local candidates who have to take the flack, and that includes comments coming from the mouths of people who don't have a clue what they're talking about.

That is the human mixture that these 12 people have spent the last month or so facing, and they have done so of their own free will.

How many of us would be willing to do that. Probably not many.

It is true that if you vote in one of King's wards, there are going to be five

people that you will be voting against. There are plenty of good, honourable and responsible reasons for voting for or against anyone. but that should not take away from the fact these people offered their services to you. They may not all be worthy of your vote, but they are certainly worthy of your respect, and your thanks.

We also have to remember that political campaigns are not solo acts. These candidates, worthy as they might be, have been backed up by numerous volunteers, who have given of their time and energies to help get the message out. Some hats need to be tipped in that direction too.

**Have you voted yet?**