

Caledon Citizen

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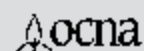
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Editorial

Let the Copenhagen Games begin

It seems the world's nations are jockeying to win the PR battle at the Copenhagen Games with no idea of how to get to the podium.

Usually, it takes a lot of behind the scenes work by bureaucrats to come up with multi-national agreements, but no one appears to have done their homework on greenhouse gases.

It is almost laughable, if it wasn't such an important issue.

China, now the world's biggest GHG polluter, has even got into the Games.

Despite some sensational reports that say the opposite, all China really said was to reduce its "carbon intensity" as a percentage of GDP.

China did meet its goal of reductions this year as did virtually every nation because of a global recession.

Actually, the International Energy Agency is predicting that China's carbon dioxide emissions will rise to 9.6 GtC in 2020 up from 6.1 GtC in 2007.

Never mind divisions in the U.S. (the world's second largest GHG producer) Congress between Democrats and Republicans, the real battle is between the coal and non-coal states.

This is going to be an extremely difficult battle no matter what President Obama thinks.

As for Canada, Prime Minister Harper seems to agree with the U.S. and China about "emissions intensity" as the best way to get an international agreement. Who knows what it will take to get India (the world's fourth largest GHG producer and soon to be third) to the negotiating table.

Even among the provinces, there are immense divisions. Premier McGuinty won't adopt Californian emission standards for autos while Alberta (Canada's biggest emission emitter) seems to be running a fairly tale of carbon sequestering.

It is a difficult problem with every country defending its own industry.

It was almost funny, if it wasn't pathetic to hear former Prime Minister Paul Martin now backing some sort of agreement from Copenhagen when he and former Prime Minister Jean Chretien did nothing for nine years after signing the Kyoto Protocol in 1997 until the GHG targets set by that Protocol were long out of reach.

People think that the GHG debate is all about big business. Nothing could be further from the truth. World deforestation is the number one source of GHGs and agriculture is number two.

If we reach a GHG deal post-Copenhagen, it will have to be a combination of cap and trade and intensity targets to get all nations to agree and then they will probably all be fiddling the figures just like the judges fiddling the numbers at some upcoming international skating competition and the winner of Gold may not be the actual winner.

Our Readers Write

Vitally important to give

Many of us are now officially in "holiday mode" and the smiles are forming on people's faces in anticipation of the big day.

Yet many face financial challenges this year — more so than ever before — making it vitally important that those who can, give in some way.

I too, am effected by the current economy, and yet I make it a point of giving to both the Caledon Miracle and the Santa Fund, run by Caledon Community Services. I encourage my children to be part of the giving experience because I believe it's my duty as a parent to impart this fundamental Christian quality to them.

I recently had such a conversation with my four-year-old, telling her there are people right here in Caledon who don't have jobs, houses or cars and we should be kind and share what we have with them.

The need never goes away. And the desire to help shouldn't either.

I encourage everyone to give what they can and support the Santa Fund by dropping in to the President's Building at the Bolton Fairgrounds, by Dec. 15.

Mark Pavilons
Bolton



Santa Claus is a hard guy to keep up with this time of year

Santa Claus was a pretty important guy in these parts Saturday, and I certainly hope he appreciates all the attention he received.

He was on deck for at least three breakfast functions, one lunch and no less than four parades. The last one had him perched on the front of a large hunk of farm machinery riding up Main Street in Schomberg.

And those were just the appearances in Caledon and King Township. If I know anything about the man, he had engagements elsewhere too.

We were on hand to cover these appearances for the newspaper; either myself or our reporter David Anderson, and I can tell you Santa is a hard man to keep up with. I had the exhausted body and seriously aching feet at the end of the day to prove it.

But I guess in many ways, I'm the author of my own misfortune.

Take the first of day's parades I attended, in Bolton. It started with me leaving my office in the Bolton valley and walking up the south hill and then beyond to where the parade was supposed to start.

Now I suppose some of you are wondering why I didn't pick one spot on the parade route and take all the necessary parade pictures from there. The explanation is somewhat involved, but suffice to say my mind simply doesn't work that way. The word "stupidity" might offer a more basic, if oversimplified explanation.

The truth is that is how I have always covered



Bill Rea

parades, starting at the beginning, getting pictures of the floats, bands, etc., as they pass by, sometimes (make that constantly) running up ahead to get another shot because I wasn't satisfied with the angles in the previous attempts. So I go back and forth along the parade route. I also sometimes stop and pass the time of day with acquaintances I spot among the spectators, even if it's just a wave. In terms of ground covered, I probably walked about three times as far as those marching. And since my office is only a couple of hundred yards from the parade's terminus, I had to walk the whole route anyway, if for no better reason than my car was parked in the valley. I had also left my wife at the office while I went about my stroll.

So we all ended up in the same place anyway.

I dashed into the office to download my pictures. The card in my digital camera crashed on me about a year ago, erasing a whole day's work (Beth later said she had never seen me so close to tears), so whenever I

complete a major assignment, involving a lot of pictures, I get them downloaded ASAP.

That task offered the added advantage of allowing me to sit down, something I desperately needed to do.

Beth was appropriately solicitous of my well-being after these exertions. She had spoken to her mother earlier in the morning, outlining for her the day's schedule, and I was told of the admonition from my mother-in-law to remember my legs while I was working. Beth reminded me of that while I worked on my pictures, and I assured her my legs were very-much on my mind (my way of telling her the muscles therein were killing me).

To make matters worse, I had been battling a cold for the previous couple of days; just severe enough to be a little annoying. Beth expressed concern about diminished lung capacity in such a condition. After what I had just put myself through, I quipped that she might want to consider matters involving brain capacity too.

And there was a lot more walking to do throughout the rest of the day; some of which Beth actually joined me for. Needless to say, we were two very weary middle-agers when we finally arrived home that night.

So why would I put myself through such an ordeal? Granted, stupidity, combined with workaholicism, have a lot to do with it. But there is also the mem-

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