

Watching the watchers

Last week I had the assignment to take a picture of the winners of the Halton Hills Camera Club's PhotoArt '97 photography competition.

For me, the irony was thick: I consider, and don't expect much argument, photography to be my weakest skill. In my life I've taken maybe a half dozen photos of which I am not totally ashamed.

The idea that I should be taking a picture of these obviously talented photographers struck me as odd, a notion I shared with Laura Salverda before the awards ceremony. A former co-worker who used to freelance for *The Toronto Star* and now works at a newspaper in Brampton, Laura told me that she just stumbled into photography, that she considered writing to be her forte.

Wouldn't you know it, just a few minutes later, Laura went and won first prize in the colour category of people, animals, birds or insects, and then went on to win the title of Best of Show.

The View From Here

With
Jamie Harrison



Indiana Jones, I am not!

Much of this job entails piecing together snippets of information, interpreting the recollections of others and attempting to determine who has put a spin on what.

Last week, I received a phone call from one such person – a regular caller to this newspaper – with information that a group she is involved with would be recording some music at a studio in rural Norval. She even faxed over the time and directions to get to the music studio.

I remember picking up the fax and putting it on top of my camera bag as I was preparing to leave on Friday. I think I remember putting the fax in the pocket of the camera bag. I am sure it was on my person as I left the office.

So where was it Sunday when I was frantically searching moments before I was due to leave? I wish I knew.

What followed was my spending an hour driving up and down a rural stretch of road in the faint hope that I might, by chance, come across the property I was looking for.

Didn't happen.

All of that aside, it would appear that my career as a private investigator and/or treasure hunter is all but shot. If you can't find a simple fax in a camera bag, what chance are you going to have in finding King Solomon's mines?

Hockey players hit the road

The 1997 International Bantam Hockey Tournament got underway Friday, with the usual suspects involved, and then some.

Anyone who had ever played hockey, or any parent who has ever had a kid play hockey, knows that there is a fair amount of traveling involved in the sport.

Trish Henry, who is responsible for the assembling the advertisements from local real estate agents in *House & Home*, has two boys in hockey. A few weeks ago she traveled to a tournament in Windsor and was back in the office Monday to resume her regular duties.

When it appeared that the hockey season was winding down and she would finally have a break from Canada's national sport (unofficial), she announced that she had signed her progeny up for summer hockey! She couldn't be that sick of it.

There are an abundance of teams in our immediate area, and most of them are represented at the tournament, but there are also those who have traveled a fair distance just to be here.

In addition to teams from Oakville, Kitchener, Mississauga and Acton, many have gassed up the car, packed a few days worth of clothing and made the trip from such farflung locales as Kingsville (near Windsor), Cape Breton (Nova Scotia), Rochester (New York, I presume), and Toledo.



SWEATIN' UP A STORM: From left, Linda Klarner, Christine Coles, and Caroline Praker were working up a sweat last Saturday at the Healthy Halton Hills community open house at Georgetown Marketplace. They were raising money for the Heart and Stroke Foundation on stationary bikes on loan from Work That Body in Georgetown. (Jamie Harrison photo)

Your LETTERS

'Town' fosters 'friendliness and caring': Mayor

To the Editor,
An Oakville resident forwarded the Feb. 19 *Georgetown Gemini* to me. The individual had highlighted the "Calling it like it is ..." column regarding the posted population for the Town of Oakville.

Two observations came to mind; first, one of the signs into Oakville has passed the 100,000 mark whilst the others are, as was noted, stuck at 99,000. The Province of Ontario changes the signs, not the municipality.

When I first became the Mayor, my goal was to at least have all the signs reading the same number. That was achieved until recently when some force has changed some signs,

but not others.

Whether Oakville's population is recognized below 100,000 or above 100,000, or approaching 200,000, the choice to keep the nomenclature "Town" is one valued by the people who live within the Oakville boundaries.

If you were located next to the City of Mississauga, whose Mayor, at every speaking opportunity – even if she was giving a eulogy – would likely find a way to assert that she is the Mayor of the greatest city, you, too, might fiercely protect the title of "Town."

On a serious vane, however, the designation of "Town" is important to the vast majority of the people of Oakville, as for them it speaks to their desire to keep, despite how big it may become in population terms, that spirit of friendliness and caring for each other that is so evident in the towns of yesterday and, in a few cases, still today. Keeping the designation of "Town" keeps that goal before us.

Regards to the people of Georgetown from the people of Oakville.

Mayor Ann Mulvale
Town of Oakville

Gilmour was one class act

Can you stand one more Doug Gilmour testimonial?

Leafs fans were shocked recently to learn that captain Doug Gilmour and Dave Ellett were traded to the New Jersey Devils.

While I can't pretend to be any kind of hockey authority – my son can't believe I'd write a column about hockey when I've just barely got that offside rule straight.

My daughter and I were at a Blue Jays game a few years ago and there was quite a commotion in the stands halfway through the game. It seems Doug and his bride-to-be were watching the game too. He was sitting a few rows back and one section over.

Wouldn't have recognized him if he hadn't been pointed out to me.

Across The Fence

With
Joanne Stevenson



But he was there and was signing autographs

The ushers were holding back his fans until between innings so Doug and his seat-mates could enjoy the game they'd come to watch. Unfortunately the game ended and Doug was gone before we could make our way to his seat, but I know he made at least one child a die-hard fan that afternoon.

And he did. For free!

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THE GEORGETOWN GEMINI is published weekly on Wednesdays by Wicklow Hills Publishing Co. Inc. Mailing address: P.O. Box 145, Georgetown, Ont., L7G 4T1. Phone: (905) 877-1113. Fax: (519) 853-5040. Georgetown administrative office: Personal Secretarial Services, Unit 47, 360 Guelph St., L7G 4B5. Reproduction without permission is prohibited. Ideas expressed herein are those of the author only.

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(905)877-1113

FAX THE GEM:
(519)853-5040