

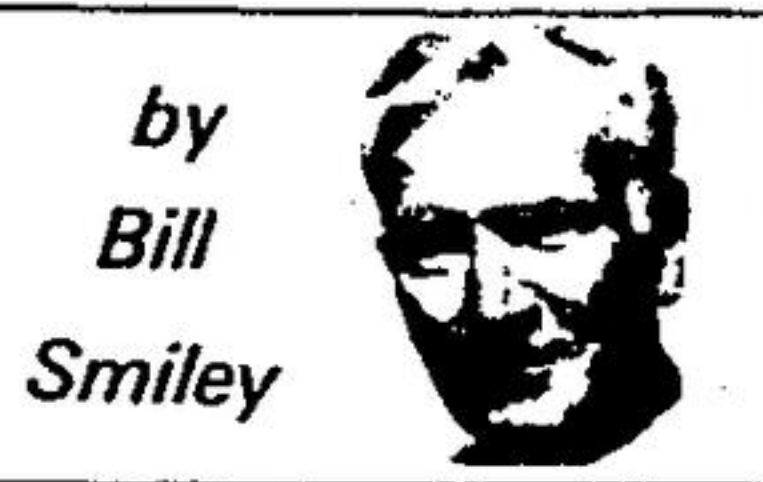


Appears in Georgetown

After a day-long wait, fans finally caught a glimpse of film star Orson Welles during Sunday's filming of the Westfront Production of "Never Trust An Honest Thief." As Sheriff of Madison, New York, the rotund Welles, stopped the parade to talk to a lady friend before disappearing into the crowded sidelines.

Photo by RICHARD FORSTER.

Smiley delights in "boat" people, fishing



by
Bill
Smiley

As a small-town boy who was always pretty closely associated with the country, and nature, it is a constant source of bewilderment to me to observe the reactions of my two grandboys to natural phenomena. They practically ignore them.

When they come to our place, with a large backyard practically polluted by birds and squirrels, their great interest in life is the lawn sprinkler, at any hour of the day or night.

Oh, they might look vaguely toward a tree when I say, "Listen to that big bird." They might chase a robin or throw a rock at a squirrel. But those things are basically boring to them. Much more fun to turn on the sprinkler, preferably when Granddad isn't looking, give him a good cold shot in the back while he's trying to read the paper, and spend the next hour alternately running through the sprinkler and running around with their wet feet on Gran's favorite rug.

Take them up to the local plaza, where a store has tropical fish, a huge old parrot, gerbils, rabbits, white mice, and you'd think they'd be fascinated. One cursory glance and they're off and running, smashing shopping carts into each other, knocking over carefully-arranged displays and playing Superman by leaping over little old ladies sitting on benches.

Took them over to see their great-Granddad last weekend. He has a lovely place in the country, about two acres, with

a hundred places to hide and climb and explore. Know where they spent their time? Fighting to see who got to drive the dormant snowmobile in the backyard.

Second choice was "racing" an old car with its front wheels propped up on two big blocks of wood. Between the two vehicles, they must have covered most of North America.

Took them down to the dock for a fish. They had no more interest in fish or fishing than I have in refinishing furniture. But they were intrigued about how long it would take to drown if I drove the car off the end of the dock.

Out driving with them. I point to cows, horses, sailboats and all sorts of things they should be interested in. Scarcely a look. They want to know how fast we're going, why we aren't going faster, and why I don't turn the air-conditioning to "super-cool" so it will blow their hair around. Street-smart City Boys.

Oh, yes, then there are the Boat People. Somehow, I was inveigled into going out

fishing with a couple of young colleagues. None of them has a dandy cruiser with a cabin, stove, the works. Seemed like a good idea. Have a beer or two, catch a mess of bass, do a little yarning.

For three weeks the weather had been hot and humid. What a treat to get out on the bay, far from the heat and stench of town. Cool breeze, great fishing, good companionship. That's the way it is in the beer ads, anyway.

We drove to the marina in a cloud-burst. Sky cleared. Spirits were high. So were the waves. Found the guaranteed bass fishing spot. Water calmed. Baited up. They put me on the side of the boat where the bass weren't, while they hauled in half-pound monsters of the deep.

Sky clouded. Another cloud-burst. More wind. More rain. No fishing. Visibility decreased, along with the food and the beer.

No land in sight. Blown of the shoal where the fish were. Anchor wouldn't hold. Soaked to the heels. Circled the buoy marking the shoal eighteen times while

novice steered erratically and skipper pretended he could chart a course.

Nothing in sight except rain. Clung to rear seat with white knuckles and kept up spirits of crew with stories of flying formation through the clouds, and the time we came back from Horse Island deer hunting in November through a snow storm, pumps not working, and ten-foot waves.

Did quick figures in head, estimating how far to swim if we hit rock, lake freighter of other cruiser stupid enough to be out in such.

Skipper finally figured course, broke out emergency medical supplies, blindfolded all of us, opened her up and headed for what was either the north or the south shore of the Bay.

Obviously, we made it. I had caught one four-inch rock bass and one helluva cold.

But we had bass filets for breakfast, the sun shone again, my old lady had to forget about collecting my insurance, and I promptly called our minister and told him to put me down for \$25 a month for the real Boat People, those poor sods who have escaped from Viet Nam and drowned and starved and thirsted while we go tearing about in our air-conditioned cars, our cruisers with all the amenities, and while about inflation.

City Boys and Boat People. Enjoyed both of them thoroughly.

AWARD CONTRACT TO KILBORN

The question of which firm should prepare the Halton's solid waste management systems study has been decided. Kilborn Limited of Toronto, while not the lowest bidder, was awarded the \$41,910 contract at the region's regular council meeting Wednesday.

A total of seven management firms indicated an interest in doing the study and each was given a 45-minute, in-camera session for its presentation.

Severances on scarp, face wait for final NEC plans

Property owners hoping for severances within the Niagara Escarpment Commission's (NEC) protection area may find themselves playing a waiting game if experiences of one Georgetown lawyer is a guide.

Ronald Dodokin, the lawyer, found that his application to convey Tenth Line land was deferred by Halton's Land Division Committee (LDC) last week.

In a split decision the LDC deferred the bid with a hint Dodokin

should wait until after the NEC finishes its plans for the area. Some LDC members, such as Joe Willmott, said granting of the Dodokin application would likely be appealed to the Ontario Municipal Board (OMB).

Dodokin indicated appreciation for the LDC's concern an OMB appeal may cause him, but it was a bother he said he was prepared to undertake.

"If committee feels this is an appropriate severance, then grant it and let other bodies

examine it," argued the lawyer.

Dodokin won over Willmott with argument against unfavorable reports on the application from the Credit Valley Conservation Authority and the Regional planner.

The application describes a splitting of a lot, about 12 acres in size; with the retained lot to be seven acres. The property sits in the north-east half of Lot 30, Concession 10.

A 1976 application to sever was denied. LDC member Pam

Sheldon said: "It's the person who owns the land who really takes an interest in it. It's rather exciting to see what these people have done."

Other LDC members—George Harrington, Burlington, and Milton's Lloyd Chisholm—lined up against the bid because they said it is likely to be appealed.

LDC chairman Brian Fletcher of Burlington, said it's not often a body will clarify legislation. He also indicated he was not hopeful the NEC plans would be soon issued.

Region approves sludge monitor

Halton Region will request funds to hire a staff member responsible for a program of monitoring sludge disposal on agricultural land.

The action was made in the face of opposition Aug. 15.

Mayor Don Gordon

said he sees the job as a "gopher" position with a junior staff member going to sites when complaints are received.

It would be his job to take a sample and take it for analysis.

Region chairman Jack Raftis was not in agreement, saying that if

tight controls did not go into effect soon, dire and very costly results could be expected.

"If we don't keep it under control now, it's going to get right out of hand."

"It could lead to incineration, and I think that one person making

sure sludge is monitored is a lot cheaper than building an incinerator," he said.

A letter will be sent to Ontario Environment Minister Dr. Harry Parrott to discover if the province will fund the creation of the special post.



The Rt. Hon. John Diefenbaker, widely known and highly respected, died in his sleep in Ottawa Friday. Canada's 13th Prime Minister was greeted by a large crowd when he visited Mohawk Inn at Campbellville in October of 1978. The Inn acquired the train car he

used for his whistle-stop, cross-Canada election tours so it was a nostalgic visit for "The Chief" when he dropped in for tea and conversation and reminisced about his day of train travel.

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