

Must pay

As the flood waters receded last week and the damage resulting from the Monday night ice jams in Glen Williams became all the more painfully apparent the controversy surrounding the damage began to rise.

Residents of the Glen are understandably upset. The flood created a great deal of damage. Besides the visible types such as water filled basements and ruined lots there are the many unseen cases such as damaged foundations.

There's little doubt that a great deal of money is going to have to be spent cleaning up the after affects of last week's early spring flood.

The responsibility for the floods obviously lies with the Credit Valley Conservation Authority. Whether or not the floods could have been averted through early actions Monday is something the public will likely never know. The fact nevertheless stands that the CVCA's responsibility, if not its prime responsibility, is flood control in the CVCA's watershed.

That is the CVCA's jurisdiction, just as if something should happen elsewhere in the municipality it would involve the town and region. The power in the Credit River valley lies with the authority.

The authority must therefore throw its full energy now into immediately putting things back into shape in both the Glen and further along the Credit.

The brunt of the flood's powerful punch was aimed at the ball park in Glen Williams. That park, improved through the efforts of many citizens, was a well used area during the summer.

Damage to it and the facilities in it including backstops, bleachers and fences will require a great deal of work and capital to return the park to its shape of summers past. But it's something that citizens cannot and should not have to tackle by themselves.

The land itself is now covered from one end to the other in the debris of the flood. The park is hidden beneath tons of immovable pieces of ice which, unless something is done to rid the park of them, will likely remain there until well into the spring, by which time it may be too late to put the park into shape for summer use.

The conservation authority must seriously look at somehow helping restore the park in time for summer. It would be fitting to have the authority and the citizens of Glen Williams working together to build perhaps an even better facility than was there before.

As for the flooded basements and undermined bridges the costs for repairing those will no doubt be verbally battled out for a long time between the authority, municipality and the region.

Regardless of who picks up the bill, however, the taxpayers will end up paying it.

Some things to amaze and amuse you

By Gerry Landsborough

It's time again for potpourri, where we look at interesting items of this and that—some serious, and some not so serious, all part of this crazy, yet wonderful world we live upon.

Over in England it seems a would be model ship builder passed away rather suddenly. He wanted to build a model ship in a whiskey bottle. Unfortunately Ronald Gater felt that it was his duty to empty the contents first. He died from acute alcoholic poisoning—verdict, accidental death. Sort of a reversal of the old down to the sea in ships.

Our next item comes from Cordoba down in Argentina. It seems a passenger train hit a cow and was derailed. The 700 passengers promptly set up an "on the spot barbecue" and by the time the police and the train repair crew arrived all that was left of "Old Bess" was some hide and bones. Which just goes to prove that dining cars on trains are always an asset.

This little gem was recently overheard in a local doctor's office. "It seems our Prime Minister was just voted one of the best dressed men in politics." To which a quick mind quipped, "Just goes to show you that clothes don't always make the man."

One of the nicest news items I've read in a while is that of the Toronto woman, Meryl Dummore, who has received Valentine cards from a secret admirer for about 47 years. The cards have arrived from all over the world. Sounds like the plot from an old movie, but it's for real. Truth is always stranger than fiction.

Here's a thought to ponder to keep the old brain cells activated. Remember the sound of the Big Band era? Slow soft mood music? "Tea for Two," "In the Mood," "My Blue Heaven?" Back in those days dance music was gentle, slow and soft with tempo and rhythm made to dance in the old fashion way. Today "Rock" or near rock music rules the air ways. Loud with a hard beat, portrayed by far-out weirdies. Is our accelerated pace due to a change in music? or does music reflect our accelerated way of life? Sounds like an up-dated version of the chicken or the egg.

Here's another mind teaser, given to me by a bright, well-read engineer with an enquiring mind. If two astronauts travelled 34 million miles to Mars and unfortunately had a fatal crash on the return to earth, we could say, statistically speaking, that a trip to Mars is unsafe due to a 100 percent fatality rate. On the other hand we could say, statistically speaking, that a trip to Mars is far safer than a drive down the local highway, because in travelling over 68 million miles there were only two fatalities. Says a lot for statistics doesn't it.

Inflation got you down? Well Dorothy Ebricht decided it was time to get a new car—a Rolls of course. Before she left the showroom she had purchased seven Rolls-Royces, used of course, and two used Benleys. She paid cash: \$92,000. Makes you wonder doesn't it?

The Macdonald Tobacco Co. and the Aluminium Co. of Canada say that if you have been collecting foil from cigarette packages to help buy wheelchairs for handicapped people, you are the victim of a vicious rumor. The rumor pops up every now and again and fools some very well meaning people. There is really no economical way to recycle the foil. You would wonder who and why anyone would start such a cruel hoax.

Are you wondering about little men from outer space? Paul J. Oles of the Buhl Planetarium in Pittsburgh said "From a statistical point of view it's just plain self centered to think that we are the only life in the universe. There are over two billion stars like the sun in our galaxy which could support life on distant planets, and it's all but impossible that there are not many more worlds more civilized than our own." To that I can only add I certainly hope so. I'd hate to think that our form of civilization is it.

Now before we leave you this week we thought that you might like this wee bit of information. Did you know that it is virtually impossible to stay angry or entertain hateful thoughts with a smile on your face? It seems that the brain will insist that you be happy if you go through the mechanics of smiling. Try it, you'll like it.

'Til next week "keep on smiling and you'll find the world will smile with you."

YEARS AGO

New owner for Canadian Tire Store

From the Files of The Herald:
FIVE YEARS AGO

The United Auto Workers and Smith and Stone Limited have reached an impasse in current negotiations aimed at averting a strike of the plant's 350 employees. The workers want pay increases, a cost of living allowance, company paid benefits, pensions and improved fringe benefits which would include an additional holiday period and shift premiums.

Cancellation of the commuter train service from Georgetown to Toronto may be stopped if Georgetown residents do not make a move to fight the officials of Canadian National Railway who insist that the commuter service is losing money.

The Canadian Tire Store has a new owner, Murray Lawton. Mr. Lawton comes to the Georgetown area from Madoc, where he

operated a store for the past year and a half. He has been with Canadian Tire for 12 years in his former home town of Welland.

Poster Contest winners of the Dental Health Week campaign were; Cathy Wilson, Maureen Olivier, Ellen Fitzmaurice, David Lince and Duane Hatcher.

Ellen Duncan was awarded the title of Snow Queen at this year's Snow Queen pageant, part of the week long winter carnival at GDHS.

19 YEARS AGO
The worst storm in recent years dumped 15 inches of snow on the town of Georgetown. Damage to roofs, traffic jams and cancellation of school were typical of the day.

First chief of the Georgetown Volunteer Ambulance Association, Harold Gilmer was given a vote of thanks and appreciation at the

annual meeting held during the past week. The election saw Dan Scarborough gain the position of chief.

Georgetown bowler, Don Wilkes, will appear on television channel 13 as one of the many bowlers in the Carling Club match. Roll-offs were held in November to make Mr. Wilkes eligible for the contest.

15 YEARS AGO
Diane McColgan was honored with the presentation of the Fortitude Award, bestowed at a special meeting of the Guide pack she attends. The award was given because of Diane's determination and cheerfulness through a prolonged illness.

Odeon Theatres will survey Georgetown on the feasibility of locating here. Signatures will be sought in favor of the company's proposals.



A reply to criticism of GDHS

By Colin Gibson
Sports Editor

At a recent Halton Board of Education meeting some of the programs run by the physical education departments at area high schools came under fire. Trustee Bill Lawson thought that too much emphasis was being placed on team sports and not enough on individual fitness. He went on to say, "Anything we can do to develop fitness in our young people and in our physical education program is surely in the student's best interest." It was also brought out that enrollment in physical education courses in Milton Acton and Georgetown

was lower, on a percentage basis, than the average across Halton.

For the most part the charges



levelled by the board members were generalizations and it wouldn't be too far fetched to suggest that they were talking mostly for their own benefit. The members also seem to be suffering from something of the "Catch-22" syndrome. Trustee Lawson says that he has been worried about the situation for quite some time.

Jack Richardson, a physical education consultant, informed the board, "...there has been a growing interest on the part of physical education instructors in fitness and it is starting to be reflected in the program." From the latter statement, it might be concluded that, until recently, physical education

instructors were in the dark about the importance of physical fitness. Perhaps it's time to back pedal a bit.

The physical education instructors at the various high schools suggest programs, but it is up to the board to approve the programs and allocate the necessary funds. If Mr. Lawson has been concerned about the situation for some time, why hasn't he proposed something concrete from his position as a board member? Not being familiar with the other area high schools it would not be prudent to comment on their respective physical education programs. However it would be improper not to speak out for

the excellence of the Georgetown and District High School physical education program.

It was stated that enrollment in the GDHS program was lower than the Halton average. Figures can be misleading and sometimes do not tell the whole truth. Unlike some schools in the Halton area, most notably M. M. Robinson and Lord Elgin High School in Burlington, Georgetown only offers a four-credit physical education course. Other schools offer a five-credit course. Therefore, Grade 12s at Georgetown would have no reason to take phys. ed. and, in fact, there is no room to accommodate them even

should they wish to take it. Also, over the past four years, approximately 60 students have passed phys. ed. courses during summer school. By taking away the Grade 12's and adding in the summer school students, the figure arrived at is very close to the Halton average.

If the board was so worried about the fitness of the students, why did they press for the semester system? Might not the reason be that the semester system is more economically viable. Financially sound yes, but it denies the student a physical

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Here's to the world's waitresses

"Waitress! We're ready to order now." "Waitress! Another round here." "Waitress! The bill please."

May I propose a toast. Here's to the waitresses of the world. The unnoticed people who, day in and day out, put up with us, the eating public, the complaining public, the expecting public.

The reason I raise my glass in tribute on this occasion to those many men and women who serve in the battle of the bulge and bottle is that I am marking the death of perhaps the world's greatest waitress.

You likely haven't heard of her, unless you've happened to dine at some time in the Queen's Hotel in Port Hope. Her name was Rita. If

you've visited the Queen's you, no doubt, will remember her. She was the one with the red hair, the trilling voice and the smile.

I say, with regret, "was" because a friend from that area dropped into see me a couple of days ago and while going through the "How are things back that way?" routine he mentioned "that waitress at the Queen's was killed in a car accident."

Well, I guess if Rita had to go that was the way she should go, not with a whimper but a bang. That was her style. She never did anything blandly or quietly, particularly something like growing old.

I think she imagined herself as being forever young. She was, by fact, middle age yet she worked everyday as if she was an 18-year-old girl working for the summer as a waitress. She flirted, she laughed, she moved so fast neither the customers nor the cooks could keep up with her.

That was something you had to watch out for. Although she claimed that she had dropped only one glass in all her years of waiting at the Queen's, Rita came so close so many times a lunch hour crowd often took on the appearance of a crowd at the Indy 500, waiting for that disastrous accident to happen before their expectant eyes. Yet it, miraculously, never happened.

You learned to enter the restaurant slowly and stealthily. There was one particularly bad corner from where you cautiously peeked before making a mad dash to your seat, hoping all the while that Rita wasn't heading your way with 12 plates balanced precariously from her hands, arms and shoulders.

Because of late deadlines we would usually eat lunch about 2.30 after the normal lunch hour crowd had thinned out. Along with our newspaper crew were a number of

other downtown folk including a bank manager or two, a few shop owners, a couple of real estate salesmen, and numerous other odd bodies. The number kept growing consistently to the point where there were about 15 regulars.

But that didn't bother Rita in the least. Everyone got what they wanted although, depending on what kind of mood Rita was in, some got it much sooner than others and others got it



by
BILL
JOHNSTON

much later. If you were in Rita's bad books beware. If you were in Rita's good graces well, sit back and enjoy your meal.

For some reason Rita and I got along tremendously well, so that within one month of arriving Rita had what I liked down to a fine art. "I know what you want!" she would say and, before I got a chance to ask what it was, she would return and drop the order into place. She was never wrong.

That was something else you had to watch out for. She never quietly slipped the food onto the table. She had a fantastic method by which she could drop a plate full of food in front of you from a height of about one foot yet never drop a pea. Her best trick was to do it with a tall glass of milk.

Her downfall, though was coffee. Rare were the times the coffee didn't arrive without half of it splashing

back and forth in the saucer. But we all got used to it and didn't really think twice about pouring our saucer into our cups.

Rita, though, made up for it. All those restaurants that think they can claim ownership to the bottomless cup of coffee should pipe down. Rita was about as generous with her cups of free coffee as she was with her free smiles. She didn't keep track of either.

There was one time, however, when I thought I had caught a glimpse of the other side of Rita. I had buried a small story about her birthday in a column I was writing at that time. The next day, when I arrived for lunch, there was an apparently very upset Rita. "Everyone knows now," she snapped as she turned her back and rushed for the kitchen.

I was getting a little worried that she really was angry (those who faced the wrath of Rita usually finished by going to another restaurant to eat) when she returned with my order. There on the plate was the biggest order of sausage rolls (my favorite) I have ever seen. "If you ever do that again," she laughed, "I'll kill you."

One year later I mentioned again her birthday and again I enjoyed a huge serving of sausage rolls.

I guess that's what set Rita aside as one of the world's greatest waitresses in Johnston's books. Oh she was far from haute cuisine standards but she offered something that made food as delicious as ever it could be. Her personality and warmth were added to every meal, making each a meal to remember and enjoy. She truly did add "the spice of life" to her servings.

Wherever she may be now she will no doubt be rushing back and forth, full of that zest for life that this world is all the better for having lost.