

Action

We hate to bring the whole dam subject up again but we fear that, perhaps, the point was missed. A recent article dealing with the topic of the old Paper Mill dam contained the conclusion that the dam should be removed.

The conclusion was that of a Glen Williams' resident, Dave Williamson. However it's one that we and some much more knowledgeable experts on such things as water flows and levels concur with.

The dam is serving very little practical purpose. Historical ties with it seem to be the strongest reasons presented thus far for keeping it.

Yet ties with reason would call for its removal. It has an effect upon the annual spring floods. It could have a very harmful effect should a flash

flood occur at any time of the year. And (as we prepare for another fine season of fishing on the Credit River) there is the very practical reason that it would definitely aid the re-stocking program of salmon and trout in the Credit.

As has been occurring frequently in negotiations between the town and the authority, Communications seem to be the problem here. Neither one is prepared to push the other into action, be that action financial or physical. Mention spending money on the Credit River valley and both parties seem to instantly become deaf.

Action must be taken, even if it's a study which shows, for some yet unknown reason, that the dam should remain. The matter must be examined and, hopefully, some definite steps taken.

Step one: oil well

By Gerry Landborough

Have you ever held a crystal ball? Well, up until last week neither had I. A recent article I've been researching has taken me down the strangest pathways as of late. I've just had my first experience with a clairvoyant; one who sees into the future.

Now I'm, for the most part, a very practical person, but on the other hand I don't believe in dismissing everything until it's either proven or disproven. So, with an open mind (sort of), I started out to explore the world of the unknown, the world of the occult.

This particular clairvoyant wishes to remain anonymous. Her name was given to me by a fellow writer in Toronto. I had a mental picture of a little old, gray haired lady, in a small little room. Perhaps she would be covered with a shawl. Perhaps she would hold her head and "oooh" and "ahh" as she tripped off into the world of the spirits. Dark curtains, gypsy earrings, and strange noises filled my imagination.

To my surprise I entered a very swank apartment in Toronto, where a very chic, and attractive society matron greeted me warmly at the door. I paid no fee. Instead we chatted away most pleasantly on an elegant sofa. The conversation centered around the Indian culture and present life in India, as we sipped tea served from a most beautiful gold china service.

Now according to this very believable lady a true clairvoyant can read anything: a crystal ball, tea leaves, water reflection, mirror reflection. "Even a hard boiled egg I had to." All the object does is to help focus the concentration of the mind. Clairvoyants have ESP (Extra Sensory Perception) or perception beyond the senses.

When the conversation centered on ESP the lady produced a beautiful piece of round crystal, about the size of a small baseball. "There are really only two sizes," she said. "This one, and one a little bit smaller. The great big ones you see on the TV and in the movies are not real at all."

She then went to a beautiful sideboard, and brought out a piece of dark, red velvet,



which she said was oiled with musk. "If you don't keep your ball oiled with musk it just won't work right," she casually remarked. I hope my face didn't betray the smile as I imagined her left with a cracked crystal, and could immediately see the need of the musk oil.

The next step was to wash the ball, "to get rid of other peoples' acidity." Then she gave me the round crystal which was heavy and quite pretty to look at, to hold and to warm in my hands. Once the crystal was ready I placed it on a stand on top of the red velvet cloth and the reading began. No "oooh's", no "ahh's", no "ah ha" or "mmmm hmmm." She merely looked into the crystal and started to speak to me very calmly and quite rationally.

I asked what could she see in the crystal? "Auras," she said "and the color helps tell me what is going to be. I also see images and faces of things that might happen in the near future. The crystal clouds and clears and sometimes shows a great deal."

In mine she claimed to see a "golden aura", one of the best of the signs.

What else did she see? Well it would be unfair to repeat all, but the most interesting thing she said was "You drink too much coffee." Now that in itself is not that unusual, but she had previously served me tea which I

very much enjoyed. I indicated nothing that would imply that I drink up to nine or ten cups of coffee a day and sometimes more. For the rest of her predictions I'll have to wait and see, but most were to start almost immediately.

Either she was a better con artist than Mordred Jones or she really had some type of gift. Many things were too specific to be guess work. I really haven't come to any conclusion as of yet, but I am very very curious.

She told me that the best crystal balls come from France, seconded only by German ones. Her's was from France and cost \$180. Now I, for one, wouldn't even begin to consider spending \$180 for a crystal ball. Some weeks \$1.80 would be too much. But I can't for the life of me tie her down to being a fraud. She believed in what she was doing, and thus appeared very believable.

When I arrived back home I tried looking into a pop bottle bottom, the closest I could come to a crystal ball. I only succeeded in spilling coke drops on my clean table cloth. I immediately predicted that "unless this cloth quickly falls into the machine of the great automatic wash the stains would become permanent."

Now before you all rush out to have your fortunes told, remember most are phonies especially where money is concerned. The recent revival of the occult—the hidden arts—may or may not be the truth, but for the most part the greatest claims are made by frauds. My recent travels have shown me just how glibly people are in the world of fortune telling and the occult, and most can be hurt deeply by following these practices.

In my case I can call it researching, but I really don't recommend it, unless you want to be up all night trying to figure out where the information comes from.

New mood in teachers' talks

BY DON O'HEARN
Queen's Park Bureau
of the Herald

There will could have been more than a smidgen of significance in a speech universities and colleges minister James Auld made a while ago about colleges and their staffs.

You may remember it. The minister said that if college staffs started illegal strikes, work to rule, booking off or otherwise disrupting, the colleges he would take a simple step: he would close down the colleges concerned for a term.

One reason he gave was that it wasn't fair to students, many of whom had worked to get to their college, to give them an on again off again education. There could, however, have been another explanation, a practical one, a political one. The Davis government may now be ready for a show-down fight with our teachers.

Teachers at all levels have been getting more and more demanding in Ontario. Demanding and irresponsible. We have had wildcat strikes. And just currently Toronto elementary teachers have been demanding a 45 percent raise. They have had the government here over a barrel.

Direct negotiations, of course, are carried on with local boards. The government could step in but it has not done so, for what has appeared principally as fear of offending

the teachers and the large vote they represent. They have played them patsy.

There now could have been a government decision to reverse this. Both Mr. Auld's speech and recent stronger positions by Education Minister Tom Wells would indicate there has been.

And if this is true it could have been assessed by the party leaders that politically it could be wise in the election, now expected this spring, for the government to be taking a

strong hand against the teachers.

Liberal leader Bob Nixon regarded as the main threat in the election has been having what appeared to be a public love affair with the teachers. The NDP is in a position where it hasn't, and wouldn't publicly oppose them. Yet every indication is that the majority of the public is now thoroughly fed up with teachers, and what at least comes across as their griping.

The average voter, par-

Wynfield Farm sells 140 horses

From the files of the Herald:

15 Years Ago

A trio of would-be burglars assaulted the night watchman at Meadowglen Mushrooms and got away with an electric motor. Masks made from towels were used to hide the identity of the assailants.

Colin Hayward, a Georgetown District High School student, will be sent to Ottawa to participate in the "Adventure in Citizenship" concentrated tour that will show how Canada is governed. Over 180 students from across Canada will be attending through their local Rotary Clubs which sponsor the project.

Van Horn's General Store was robbed last Monday evening. The Silver Creek store lost \$35 in the incident. An adding machine was damaged when one of the

thieves threw it at the proprietor.

The home of W. G. Edwards, 35 Edith Street, was broken into in the early hours of Saturday morning. The break-in has been linked with similar cases in the area. The missing items from the Edwards' home were recovered later. Police suspect the thieves were looking for cash when ransacking the homes.

10 Years Ago

Costs of building a water tower to serve Georgetown have risen \$15,000 to a total of \$235,000 for the project. The addition of the tower will hopefully give Georgetown adequate water pressure throughout the day.

Fire Chief Erwin Lewis has asked a burning bylaw be implemented in the town to control the burning of grass by

permits. Some 17 fires in the past week have caused concern by the chief and the members of the fire department. The permits, issued for life, contain valuable information about fires and means of controlling them.

Eight hundred people attended the sale of horses at the Wynfield Stock Farm owned by Roy Jonson, RR2 Georgetown. One Montreal shopper purchased 17 of the 140 horses shown at the auction. Some horses were shipped from Saskatchewan for the consignment auction at the Jonson farm.

5 Years Ago

Approval has been given to implement Red Cross Homemakers Service in the Georgetown area. The Red Cross will furnish the service with the county paying approximately \$1.50 per hour.



A NEW LOOK FOR MAYOR HILL?

Let's hear it for Hamilton

They laughed when I went to Hamilton on Friday night.

They told me the old Hamilton joke about the contest in which the first prize was a Friday night in Hamilton. The second prize was an entire weekend in Hamilton.

They laughed. After finding out why, I didn't.

As one Hamiltonian told me, the best thing about Hamilton is that it's not too far away from Toronto. That can be said about Milton too and who wants to be in Milton on a Friday night?

But the Premier wanted to see me...so I went to Hamilton. The Premier had the right idea. He had barely settled down and he headed off for Dundas, leaving us in Hamilton. Having had enough trouble just getting there there was no way I was going to unfold my Esso map again

and start looking for Dundas. So the logical solution was to make the best of it and thus a fun filled Friday ensued.

First thing, a compliment to the taxi drivers in Hamilton. The manner in which they pleasantly inform you that you are going the wrong way on a one way street would put some pantomimists to shame.

They start by flashing their headlights which, because they are buried into the centre of your grill, are not too visible. Catching onto that fact they then provide the personal touch first with mild gestures with their fingers. I would describe the gestures but an Italian friend of mine informs me that doing so would probably offend every person with a questionable parental background

and then with his fists. Now that was not too hard to figure out the meaning of.

Actually probably a bit of this



by BILL JOHNSTON

misunderstanding was brought about my naivete, not at going the wrong way on the one way street (after all, I'm convinced if you followed all of Hamilton's one way streets you would all end up on the mountain with no way to get down) but trying to be a bit smug in the middle of the crisis. When he quietly yelled into my ear, "Didn't you see the arrows?" I perhaps should not have come back with that old joke, "Arrows? I didn't even see the Indians."

Oh well, they say the insurance will cover the damages.

Next I would like to compliment the articulate gas station attendants in Hamilton. Having visited every back street in the city, travelled through the Stelco parking lot a couple of times and gazed longingly over the city from that stupid mountain, I decided it was about time to find out where I was going.

"Where's the Royal Connaught Hotel?" I asked the attendant. "The Holiday Inn," he replied.

"No, the Royal Connaught Hotel," I insisted. "The Holiday Inn he again came back with, this time pointing it out with a screw driver that whistled rather close to my nose."

"No. I want to go to the Royal Connaught Hotel. The R-O-Y-A-L-C-O..." This really threw him because he, I discovered, could barely spell where he thought I should go. "H-E..."

By this time I thought perhaps there was some connection between Hamilton's Holiday Inn and the Royal Connaught. Perhaps somebody—obviously a visitor—told some Hamiltonian that he was going to holiday in the Royal Connaught and they, ever since, have thought the two hotels were the same.

Anyways for lack of any better place to go I did make it to the Holiday Inn and there I discovered someone who knew where the Royal Connaught Hotel was. Unfortunately it was a rather large bellman who was rather ticked off that I would prefer another hotel over his. Fortunately I spied the

doorman at the Royal Connaught who was even bigger than the bellman at the Holiday Inn.

Well we eventually straightened everything out and went through the press conference with Premier Bill. Off he shortly went and we asked, "Well what's there to do in Hamilton on Friday nights?" and everyone came up with the same reply, the name of a pub right across the street (thank goodness).

It's rather discouraging when you find that there's only one interesting place to go to in a city the size of Hamilton. It's sort of like being told "You will like it or else." It was a matter last Friday of "or else."

Another bouquet to toss out. This time to the waitresses of Hamilton. We had one who was not only punctual but had a terrific memory. She was so punctual every 45 minutes she would drop by to see if we wanted another drink. No drunken drivers in Hamilton thanks to her blinding speed.

And as for her memory...Well the first time she brought the round around we discovered that it cost \$3. Fine, that's not too bad. The next time around she forgot to pick up the money. Until about 20 minutes later. We gave her a \$5 bill and away she went again. Perhaps they didn't trust her with any change? When she delivered the next round about an hour later I reminded her about the \$2 she owed us. (I'm a fair tipper but not that good.) She quite willingly returned the \$2 bill although it was a bit uncomfortable pulling it out of my ear.

The next round, for some reason, was \$4. We paid her with another \$5 and away she disappeared again. We really should have left well enough alone but the idea of creating a disturbance was now about the only excitement we could see in store for the evening. So, the next time she came by we asked her for the \$1.

If ever you should want a list of all the four-letter words in the English alphabet I now happen to know where you can hear them all, in less than two minutes!

Everytime she happened to cruise by our table she increased the list. By the time she had made five flying passes at us she was up to 16-letter words. Mind you she was cheating a bit, tying four four-letter words into one. But the impact was still the same.

No, the next time I hear that the Premier wants to see me I'm going to ask that he make it somewhere besides Hamilton. Even Milton...