

We can't wait too long

Now that's thinking! Instead of immediately trying to buy our way out of a predicament, let's pause for a moment or two and come up with a better solution.

Our congratulations to Councillor Ern Hyde for his recommendation to council that, perhaps the way to solve immediate and long-term facility problems for our ambulance service, and fire and works departments, might be to find the best existing sites for them.

That's a long step away from previous thoughts of where there's a need, let's build.

If you want to talk about empires being built in Halton Hills consider the amount of property the municipality now rules over: libraries, offices, fire stations, parks, arenas, swimming pools, etc.

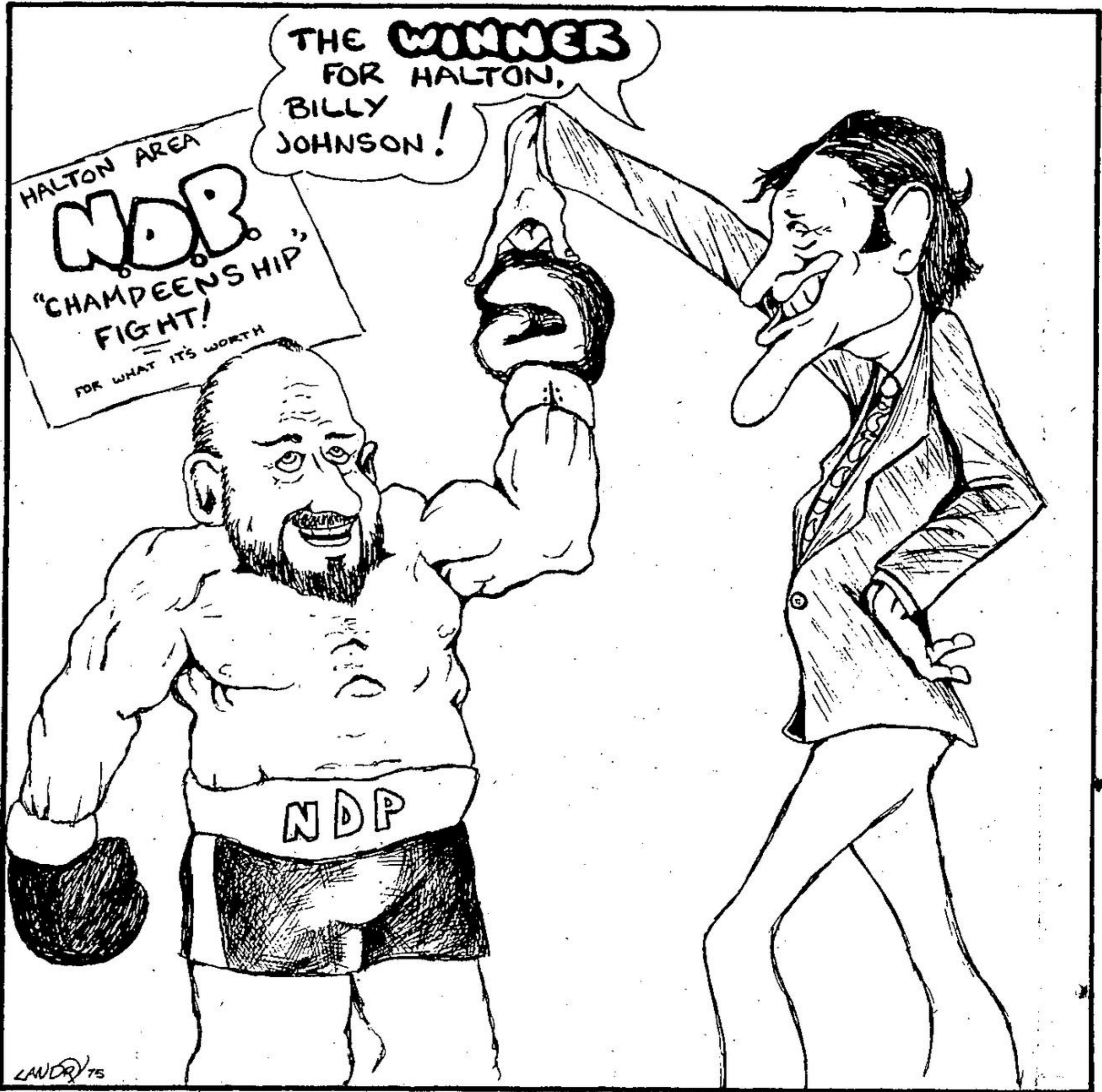
We're not saying that Councillor Hyde's solution to the current facility shortage—shifting the ambulance service to the fire department's Georgetown building and the fire department to the works department's Maple Avenue site—is the right way. The fire department will no doubt have to closely examine the Maple Avenue site from the point of view of its accessibility to all parts of town.

It's commendable, however, to see that council is continuing its efforts to look for alternatives to paying out tax dollars for things that are not altogether necessary. (That's how Halton Hills keeps its mill rate down, Burlington, Oakville and Milton.)

The only fault that we can see in council's decision to seek OMB approval for funds to carry out a major study of the town's future facility requirements and the possible alternatives is that the Georgetown Volunteer Ambulance Service is going to be left out in the cold—literally—because of its growth plans based on the assumption that its addition would roll smoothly through council. They had bargained on having that extra room and rightfully so. Until Monday night they had not had any indication from the town that their addition plans were going to be disrupted in any way. Now they find out that their plans may be delayed indefinitely.

Council is going to have to come to some sort of understanding with the ambulance service immediately. Perhaps another location might be provided by the town while the much broader study is carried out.

We hope that a peaceful arrangement can be arrived at.



Jaws: too violent for children

In the midst of all this hooplah about the latest "disaster" film, Jaws, I would like to toss in a warning. Having seen this thing last week in Brampton I can only say that, while it's an interesting and well made movie, it also happens to be one of the goriest you're likely to see for many a moon.

Dismembered body parts, blood by the barrel full (literally) all tends to make the movie a bit too much for this critic to sit by and hear it applauded. Of all the reviews I have read or heard, including that amazing bit eight-page spread of free (?) publicity in Time magazine, I have not heard one word of criticism levelled at the blood and gore that

predominates throughout the movie. Could that be the same Cyde Gilmour who went to great extremes to warn his readers of the revolting scenes in the Exorcist, who is now giving Jaws a recommendation for its technical merits.

Albeit that recommendation is very much deserved. The movie is great in almost all aspects; pace, story, acting, even down to the music. There's even a fair bit of well placed humor in there to relieve the tension, after all it's hard sitting on the edge of your seat for two hours.

But I object to the fact that the movie audience is totally unprepared for the ultra-violent plot. Particularly in light of the fact that it is rated by

our nonsensical film review board, better known as our movie censors, to be PG. That means that any kid,



by Bill Johnston

regardless of whether his parents have guided him or not, can plunk down his money and go in to that theatre.

About the only sign of a warning about the content of the movie is a small notice posted in the theatre ads and in the commercials plugging the movie that it may be "too intense for younger children."

Too intense? That film is downright mind bending. No child who is in an impressionable state of development—mentally—is going to leave that theatre without some sort of deep down feeling of ill ease.

It upsets me to think that a movie with that strong a message of violence, death and gore should be

allowed to pass by our film review board. Their job is not just to make sure that all the "skin flicks" are decent enough to allow anyone who turns that magical age of 18 to see. They are there to protect the public from some things other than sex. That should include violence.

Fine, let anyone who is supposedly an 18-year-old "adult" see the movie. But don't open the doors to much-too-young children.

Beyond sex and violence the review board should also be keeping a close tab on the language being used in the films. I'm not a prude by any means but I can't help but get the sick feeling that a kid sitting watching our 18-foot-high "hero" spout off a few obscene words gets the feeling that if he can do it, why can't I?

I still can't get over the disappointment of reading all the past reviews on Jaws which almost totally

ignored the violence in it. Yet look at the screaming and yelling that came forward when Sam Peckinpah produced Straw Dogs, a film that was called by many "ultra-violent." Certainly people were killed, maimed and mutilated in that movie but to use a corny saying considering the subject Peckinpah's violence was much more "tasteful" and subverted than the point-blank, "rip the victim to shreds" violence in Jaws.

Then there was the Exorcist, complete with St. John Ambulance crews in the lobby. Where in that entire (admittedly) gruesome film was there a scene in which a man was seen being eaten by anything? Much less a 25 foot shark? Now that's shocking!

No, I can't add my endorsement to the talk that Jaws is one of the best movies of all time. As I said it's well done, but it's not for everyone. And that should be made perfectly clear.

Years Ago



LOOKING INTO THE PAST. Five years ago this week, Stewarttown Senior Public School captured the girls' softball championship for Halton senior schools. In the back row, left to right are: Leslie Cadling, Vicky Schreiber, Cindy Gray, Teri Mounstevan and Heather Hamilton. Middle row, left to right are: Cindy Hancock, Karen Hills, Lynda Turner and Trudy Sales. In front are Janet Storey and Cindy Stafford.

Merchants don't want Thursdays

From the files of the Herald:
FIVE YEARS AGO

Georgetown District High School students set a new scholastic record this year. Fifteen students from the Grade 13 graduating class received Ontario Scholarships and a \$150 Ontario Award. Leonard Landry was the top scholar obtaining a percent of 91.2

Doug Collison, a Mississauga resident has been hired by town council to serve as Georgetown's recreation director. Mr. Collison, presently an assistant in Mississauga, was recommended by the recreation department. He will begin his duties on September 1st.

The congregations of two Georgetown Baptist Churches—First Baptist on Main St. and St. Paul's Baptist on Mountainview Rd.—have been consolidated. They joined to form a new church body officially on Wednesday. It's likely one of the two church buildings will be disposed of, however, the future of the properties is one of the major points still to be dealt with.

Karen Friskney, a Candystriper at the Georgetown District Memorial Hospital was awarded the Holloway-Abbott Award of Excellence at the June meeting of the Candystripers. Ruth Howat, another Candystriper at the hospital was honored to receive the Mark of Progress Award.

Wednesday, July 15 as been set as the date for an inquest into a drowning in the quarry on Waterfalls Playground property. A Bramalea man drowned while scuba diving. The inquest will be held in the Esqueping Township chamber.

TEN YEARS AGO

A Georgetown golf professional, Doug Burton of the North Halton Golf and Country Club, finished second in the Millar Trophy Canadian Match play championship for

amateurs and professionals in Toronto just one stroke behind the winner. Burton fired a 68, and was one of just four professionals to break par.

Jim Buck, a local merchant revealed to council the results of a poll taken of the downtown merchants concerning the proposal of allowing Thursday evening shopping hours. The results showed that ten merchants were for the proposal and 31 merchants were against the idea.

Georgetown's new Deputy Chief began his duties on the police force Friday. Bob Wilson, who was with the Toronto Police Force for 14 years is now Georgetown's Deputy Chief. The police force now has a total of nine men in the department.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

The North Halton Kart Club officially opened its gates Saturday evening. The track is south of Limehouse on the Fifth Line. Approximately 150 visitors watched the first race held on the track.

LOL No. 245 Royal Oak and LTB Halton 393, both Georgetown lodges, were winners of parade prizes when another "glorious twelfth" was celebrated in Fergus. Royal Oak received their award for the best banner and the LTB Halton 393 received their award for being the best dressed ladies' lodge.

Effective this week, the Georgetown Herald will extend its carrier boy service to the village of Glen Williams. Along with door-to-door delivery, the Herald will also be available for purchase at Wheeler's Store.

Georgetown's Playmate club donated a much appreciated amount of \$1.50 to the Hospital fund. The club raised the money by selling "freshy." Selling the "freshy" were: Marilyn McDonald, Jane Copland, Barbara Hodgins, Lee Townsend, Jo-Anne Smith and Rita vanHarmelen.

Viewpoint

Yoo hoo! Over here

By Gerry Landborough

Well dear readers, there are two things aside from death and taxes, that I have always counted on. One was the Pope not announcing his engagement, and the other was the dear lady columnist, Ann Landers, who has spent her whole life advising others, would always remain happily married forever and ever; just like in the movies.

Imagine how I felt upon hearing the news that Ann Landers was getting a divorce. It shakes your faith in humanity. I keep saying to myself over and over, "not Ann Landers." Did you ever have the feeling that if Ann Landers couldn't make it after 35 years of wedded bliss what chance has the rest of the world?

Thoroughly shaken by this shocking news I decided to go out and meditate the situation by my new pool. Now the pool itself is still a touchy subject with me. I'm still angry with the photographer. What has a photographer got to do with a swimming pool you ask? Well read on and you will hear the whole dismal story.

I bought the pool supposedly for my eight-year-old daughter Leigh. It is a steel-wall pool, with a picture on the box of a father up past his waist, a baby on a raft, a boy doing the crawl, and a girl treading water, all having a great time together in the pool.

Filled with enthusiasm I borrowed a baby and a dinghy, (couldn't get a raft) gathered up one or two of my own kids (there's five) and a spare one or two from the neighbours, and proceeded to unpack my new toy—for my daughter of course.

As I was setting up my vision of pool-side bliss, I became painfully aware that something wasn't quite kosher. It became evident that I would have to return the baby

and the dinghy. We couldn't all fit. I stared at the picture on the box, and became convinced that the baby in the picture was really a midget floating on a pool-holder. They were all midgets! The father midget was sitting on his legs in order to be up to his waist. The whole picture was a piece of deceptive photography from beginning to end.

Being typically female I hadn't bothered to read the dimensions on the box; I just looked at the photograph with complete confidence.

Now, even though my daughter's pool is only 8', 15" deep I still insist on swimming in it. When friends arrive I wave and shout "over here at poolside." It still sounds good except that when I stand up I look rather conspicuous. My skin is getting all wrinkled from trying to stay below the 15".

The other day I was out enjoying my daughter's pool when the phone rang and my son informed the caller "that my mom is in the pool." It's hard to break through the enthusiasm that greets you on the other end of the line with comments such as "is it really 8' across? How great is this beat." It's a sense of pride and kindness that keeps me from telling some poor, hot soul from Toronto that it is only 15" deep.

I think that there ought to be a law about photos such as the one on the box of my 8', 15" deep pool. Midgets probably aren't even in the pool photographer's union.

Meanwhile, if you drive by, by all means do wave, but don't you dare start snickering until you've driven past. I'm extremely sensitive about such things.

Perhaps I could write Dear Abbey from poolside so she could tell "Dear Ann" what to do and tell me what happened. Must be the heat; the world's gone to blazes in a hand-cart.

'Til next week, see you at poolside.