

Mall was a good practice

Well, another downtown mall has come to a close. Opinions of the three-day event are about as varied as the bargains were.

Some thought it was good. Others thought it was a flop. Some thought it was a nice change. Others thought we shouldn't have bothered.

All in all we felt that it was a nice change to an otherwise uninteresting mid-summer weekend in Georgetown.

We hope however, that the downtown merchants and the other organizers of the up-coming Pioneer Days in late August take this past weekend for what it was worth: a slow warm-up for what should be a much more involved and interesting event.

You don't do that by waiting till the last possible moment to begin promoting or organizing. Let's get going now!

Where is our plaque?

Are we totally without a past? Has Georgetown nothing in its history that warrants mentioning or honoring?

From the province's standpoint apparently we don't.

We received a booklet the other day from the province listing Ontario's historic sites, museums, galleries and plaques. Now we realized, before we began browsing through it, that there would be no mention of a museum or gallery here. However we were at least hopeful of finding some mention of a historical site or plaque to which we could point with some pride.

But, try as we might, from the list of 796 provincial historical plaques that dot this province, not one was located in the Georgetown area. Even Acton has one! That tells of the

foundings of Acton and the granting of the first land grants in 1829. The plaque, for those whose interest is now stimulated, is located in front of the library on Main Street.

Why there's one commemorating the birth place of the first horse to win the Queen's Plate and another marking the farm where the first World Championship Wheat was raised in Canada.

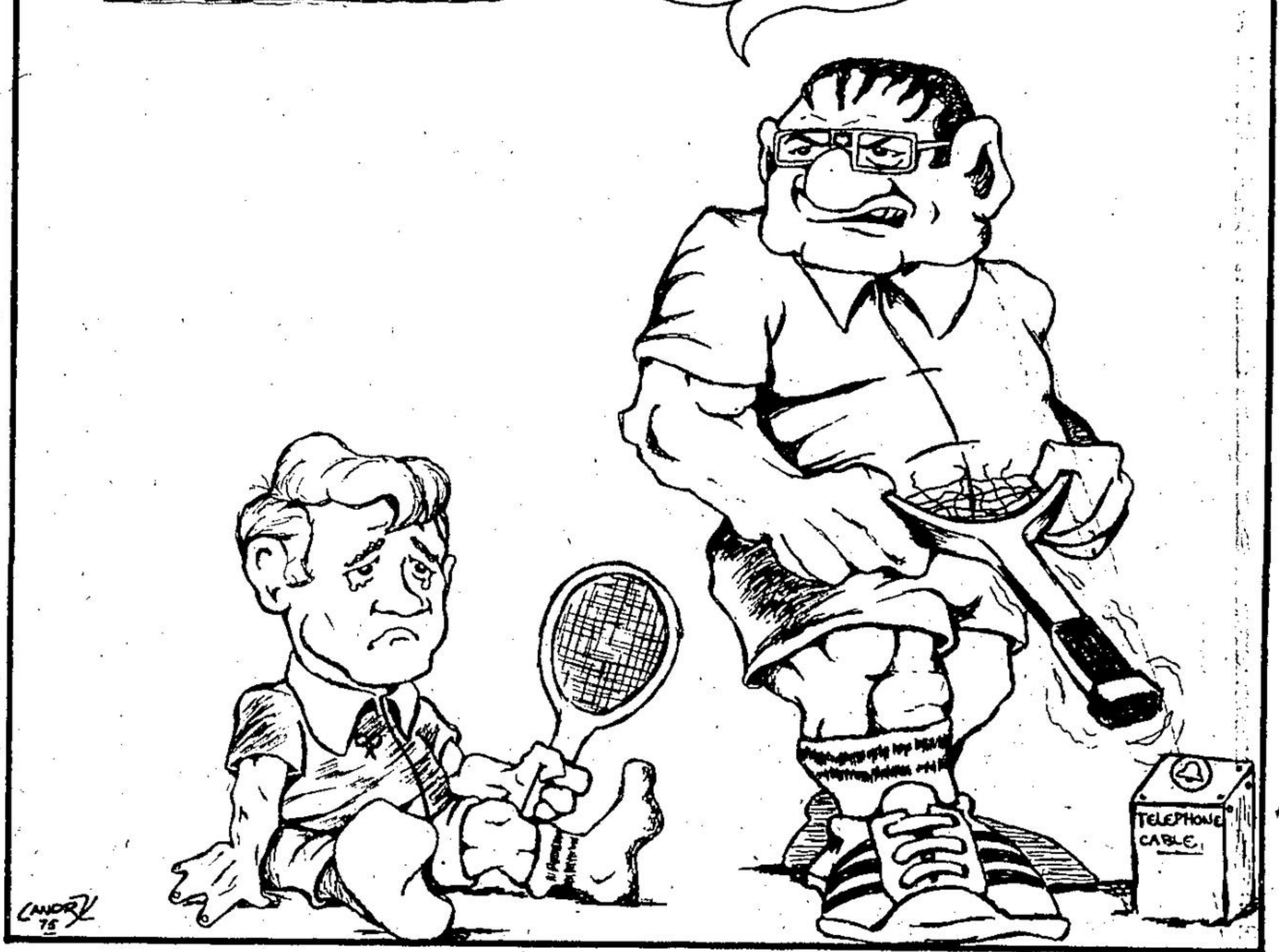
But there's nothing about Georgetown in there.

Are we totally lacking of a past? Surely somewhere in this area there's something that warrants recognition. If there is a spot of historical importance let's get on the province's back to have it officially recognized.

We feel that a town that has been such an important cog in the development of the paper industry in Ontario warrants some recognition.

JOSEPH GIBBONS PARK
WATER NOT INCLUDED

EASY RICKY...
WE'LL HAVE WATER
IN A MINUTE.



You find the most interesting things in the lake

By Gerry Landsborough

BAYSVILLE—It has been more than eight years, since I have been north. Things have changed, as they always do. One of the saddest changes I noticed on the drive up was the way the large slabs of granite that the highway slices through past Orillia have been defaced. I remember there was always a name or two written on these massive rocks, but now they seem entirely coated in wall-to-wall graffiti.

The roads department has been at work trying to clean things up but the big blobs of paint are splashed everywhere.

The Muskoka river still looks the same—at least on the surface. The boys and I have been using scuba masks this year and we've discovered that beneath the surface there's a gigantic garbage dump. Off our dock we

found two batteries rotted through along with hundreds of broken bottles and rotting tin cans. It seems that anything that won't go back to nature is thrown at the bottom of the river. Though they tell me you can still drink from the Muskoka I'll pass it up myself after seeing the batteries and thinking about the sulfuric acid.

Even the thick bush around the little lake is littered with trash. Personally it makes me sick. I just don't believe that people should have the right to destroy and deface natural beauty the way they do. It really does belong to all of us, and I don't like watching my half get all littered up.

I met a chap who was travelling alone with his little boy, who had just turned six this month. They have been on the road camping since May, touring the Maritimes, the

Prairies right out to B.C., then north to Alaska. He said he found the people out west were the friendliest.

It seems there are few campsites through the Prairies, and he often asked local farmers if he could camp on the corner of a field. In the morning on most of the farms he stopped at, the farmer's wife would send or bring down fresh baked bread, rolls, or muffins along with homemade preserves. He said he just couldn't get over the hospitality that he met with.

According to my travelling friend, the people down on the east coast were like that before they met up with the type of thing I mentioned in the beginning of this column. It would appear that cleaning up after other peoples', deliberately thrown, trash seems to

be ruining the type of spontaneous friendliness from the local people that is still met with out west.

Up here it seems that some of the prettiest small lakes have been turned into septic beds by wall-to-wall cottages, much to the dismay of people who really do care about the environment.

However, the sky is still a brilliant blue and the dark green of the northern spruce and pine set against it in an endless panorama still takes my breath away.

According to my friends, I'm part fish—I prefer mermaid—and I'm very much at home on the water. I think my hair always takes on a tinge of green during the summer months. Watching my teenagers dive 30 feet from the top of the bridge to the river below leads me to believe they inherited my love of

the water.

In the summer, for most Canadians, the water seems to be the natural place, yet many people who do not swim fail to respect the danger that is always present. Most drownings are preventable if simple but necessary precautions are taken. It pays to never go out in a boat without a life-jacket, even for good swimmers. Non-swimmers should always treat the water with the respect it deserves. It is both tragic and sad to see a few minutes of carelessness by a neglectful parent turn into a lifetime of regret.

Most children take to the water quite naturally unless taught otherwise. My own family were all water-bought before they were a year old. If you children don't swim, make

this the year for lessons. It's something they will always thank you for: providing endless hours of summer fun.

The lakes and rivers up here are still crystal clear for many feet and a real pleasure to swim in. I guess for me my vacation begins and ends in the water, though I must admit to a very healthy respect for it at all times.

Well, I must leave you now for this week my flippers...er, pardon me, I mean my arms, are getting restless. Something tells me I'm off again for another dip, then again it could be the fact that the paper is getting kooky and I don't have an underwater pen.

Till next week, take care, and, if you go to the water, always keep a healthy respect for it. You'll enjoy your summer even more if you do.

Years Ago

Completes plane

From the files of the Herald:
FIVE YEARS AGO

A special mass was held to honor Mr. and Mrs. Mathew J. Hennessy of Hillsburgh who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary this past week. Family and friends celebrated the occasion at the home of Mrs. Anthony Brunzani of Elizabeth Street, daughter of the happy couple.

Karen McNichel has found a job for the summer to raise money to see Expo '70. She is one of the few flagwomen in Halton. Each day she stops cars along the highway dressed in shorts, a hardhat and with a red safety vest.

"Some men want to stop to talk to me and don't move on when the way is clear," said Karen.

A record crowd of 15,000 people swarmed Kelso Conservation area and was recorded as being the largest crowd the park has had since it opened.

The driver's examination branch of the department of transportation for the Georgetown area will be controlled from Brampton rather than Guelph as it has been for the past few years.

All bookings for tests should be made through the Brampton office for each Wednesday that the examiners will be in town.

Four Georgetown boys are attending summer courses

with the Royal Canadian Air Cadets in hopes of earning their wings. Brian Seeler, Robert Little, Peter Henderson and Robert Burns are taking various courses at different bases throughout Canada.

10 YEARS AGO

Ken Legers fulfilled a life-long dream when he completed the model plane he has been working on for months of late night work. There is one difference in this model, it is life-size and will fly, once certified. The McGilvray Crescent resident has worked on other planes and has logged 50 hours as a pilot, and plans to teach his wife to fly.

Varian Associates of River Drive have begun construction of an additional 4,000 square feet of factory space to be used in production of the electronic components for the communications industry.

Georgetown Police have installed a Telex machine to connect them with the province-wide police information exchange system. Council approved the money for the project to upgrade police service in the town.

The First Baptist Church are sponsoring a vacation Bible school throughout the summer for youngsters between the ages of 5 and 12. The two-hour sessions are held daily at the church.

15 YEARS AGO
The Georgetown Chapter of the Orange Lodge and the True Blues won honours in the recent parade held at Fergus to celebrate the glorious twelfth. Five lodges from the area took part in the weekend event.

The new North Halton Kart Club opened last week with over 150 people in attendance for the first race of the season. The owners of the course hope karting will catch on as a family sport. Invitations have been extended to the community to come and enjoy the go-kart scene and to watch the children's and powder puff races that are featured each Saturday.

The 8th annual reunion of the Hardy Clan took place at Stanley Park, Erin. Mary Lou and Gordon Robinson of Norval were in charge of the refreshments for the party.

In fastball action this week, Smith and Stone outscored Norval 10-6 in the Dominion Day tourney held Friday. Teams for Halton competed for prizes in the industrial leagues.

St. Alban's Church, Glen Williams, held their annual picnic in Erin with games and contests for all ages. Jack Kemahed, Bill Crawford and Neil Korzak were winners in the sack race.

by Bill Johnston

How to make an Austin Float

Shriners, I'm afraid you have been out-done. Eatons, your Christmas parade will never be the same. You see, the folks will never be content after they've seen the Austin Float.

The float to end all floats was created, cheered and destroyed all in one weekend. And, being not a humble man, I must take a lot of credit for the world's finest float.

It all began a few months ago when George and I, were approached by some friends to see if we would be interested in lending a hand in building a float to promote some businesses. Their inducements being the right kind (free budget and all the necessities of life) we couldn't refuse.

And that's where it all stood until last Friday night. With the parade scheduled for 10 o'clock the next morning George and I decided that it was about time we began to put our creative talents to work.

Thus began our seven furious hours of painting, cutting, hammering and sawing. By the time the wee hours of Saturday morning rolled around, there stood the triumph of our ingenuity. To some it may have looked like a long, but narrow and short, white box but to the world at large it looked like a...long, but narrow and short, white box.

George had volunteered his little Austin station wagon to provide the motivation. So into the centre of the box he drove. Our measurements were right on. The car fitted perfectly into the box with not an inch, width-wise, to spare.

We had to see if the thing would maneuver, so I kicked out the blocks

that were holding the box up. Down it came with a thump.

And that was our first mistake. The bloody thing weighed so much, when it came time to lifting it up and driving the Austin out, I couldn't do it. No-one being around at that early hour I could only wish George a comfortable night inside the box.

Next morning I was awoken rudely by a loud, long honking sound. I was informed that there was a large white box sitting in the driveway from which was emanating a continual collection of curses and other swear words that were threatening to impair the morality of the entire neighborhood.

George, it seemed, was anxious to get the parade over with.

So, leading the float along sort of like a puppy on a string, I walked it over to the marshalling area. Being involved as a participant in another float I then left George in the care of the parade organizers.

That was our second mistake. The parade started up and so did George. Everything was going along extremely well...until the parade came to the first corner.

When you are used to driving an Austin that can turn on a dime and are suddenly faced with maneuvering a 15-foot long box around a corner, you have to change your steering strategy. George didn't.

He drove down the centre of the white line and then made a quick right turn. The snout of the float neatly picked off four people, who until that point, were enjoying the parade from what, they thought, was a safe area.

The parade route being a twisting one, the scene was repeated seven or eight times. The float that I was on was about seven behind George. We couldn't figure out what was going on. People were lying flat on the ground, others were trying to pick themselves up. All looked a little upset.

Finally the parade was over and we all headed to various points to relax afterwards. Which was my third and final mistake.

I forgot about George. He somehow, had finished up in the parking lot of a food store. There he sat, and sat, and sat. It being a

very hot day he got hotter and hotter, and hotter. To the point that he had had it.

He managed to let fly with a hard kick through the side panelling of the float. One leg was free. Another kick and the other leg was through. Then he began to twist and turn to pull himself through, feet first.

When he finally emerged, soaked with sweat and still cursing, he turned around to find himself surrounded by over a dozen totally aghast Saturday afternoon shoppers.

The last I saw of that fantastic Austin float was a trail of smoke rising from George's fireplace.

Queen's Park Comments

Davis begins rebuilding

By Don O'Hearn
Queen's Park Bureau
Of The Herald

The report has now been released on the Toronto Star's special series of election surveys and it confirmed what pretty well everyone has felt.

Its finding is that the Davis government has been building its way back from its obvious low of last winter while the Liberals have been dropping from their artificial high.

Even if one discounts the efficiency of polls, and this is an easy exercise, few will discount these findings. The physical signs that bear them out have been too sensitively present to us observers who take our sounding through our spirits and our muscles at Queen's Park.

The government has obviously been improving while the Liberals have been dropping.

Which, at the same time, doesn't automatically mean that the Davis government will be returned.

On the record of the polls there are several. On the record of the polls there are several.

Then in an election which is running as close as this one is there are any number of possibilities. For instance if the north

should switch solidly for any party it could make a sharp difference.

If the NDP should do well in the cities it could have dramatic influence on the final results, no matter what polls say.

Then there is the matter of candidates.

If the Liberals come up with some good men, which they have been desperately trying to do, the impact could be powerful. At the same time the PC's have two Roman Catholic priests running for them. What will this mean? In fact the safest speculation it seems that is to be made about this election is that it is going to be an interesting one right down to the wire.