

Traffic study of Hwy. 7 is necessary

Something has got to be done about Highway 7's bothersome path through both Georgetown and Acton.

Spend a Saturday afternoon watching the traffic passing through Acton Cars with canoes on top and trailers on behind are very frequent sights in downtown Acton.

While certainly one or two of them are going to pause for a short while to wisely peruse the better sights and points of interest in Acton, the majority are solely intent upon getting to another point beyond Acton's borders.

In Georgetown the situation is only compounded by the highway's double role as also the town's key artery. Travel along Highway 7 from Mountainview Road to Maple Avenue any Saturday afternoon and you are going to witness any number of near misses, close collisions and any other number of minor disasters, some of which could involve you.

It's a main street that is quickly reaching, if it hasn't already surpassed, its limit. Traffic to any one of the three major drive-in restaurants on Geulph would keep any smaller street hopping. Put them within two

blocks of each other and you have a problem.

Add to that traffic from the plazas along Highway 7, the liquor and beer stores, the Candian Tire outlet, the Market Plaza, the myriad number of gas outlets and you have one heckuva traffic flow problem at the quietest of times.

Then there's the arena entrance to which plans are in the works to add an egress point for another plaza.

The only thing that is saving Highway 7 from becoming a total duplication of the Hwy. 7 strip in Brampton is Dominion Seed House's frontage east of Maple Avenue.

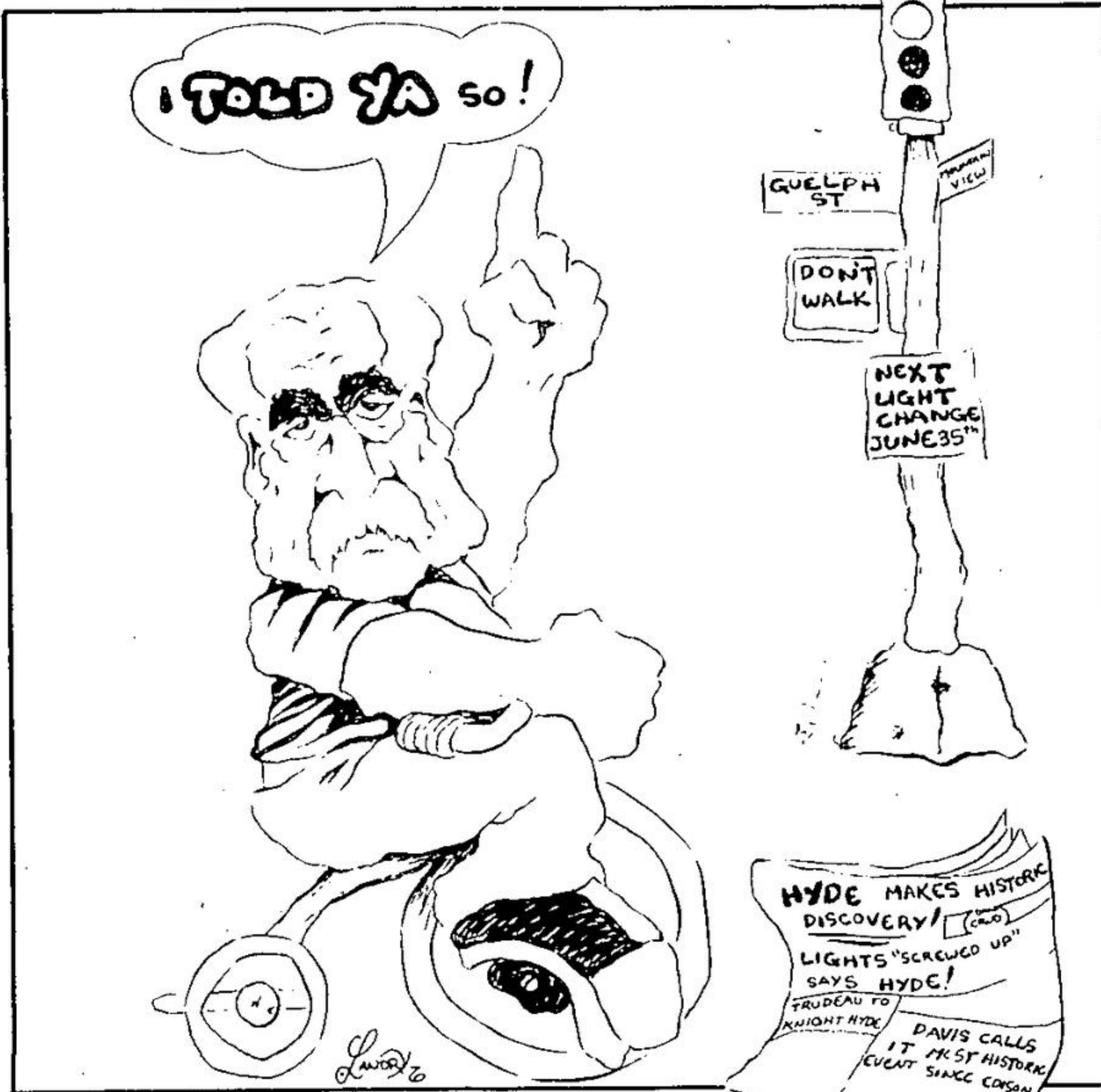
Something's got to give. There's too much traffic forcing its way through too small a bottleneck.

It's about time that a full traffic study of the area is carried out. That we ask for only to satisfy officialdom's love for official studies.

That study will doubtless, show a need for action. The immediate answer in Georgetown would be a turning lane from Sinclair Avenue to Maple Avenue. The ultimate answer for both Acton and Georgetown would be to have a bypass around the wards.

To this point, our councillors have not mentioned the seriousness of the problem, perhaps realizing that this is not a situation that can be easily solved with one set of traffic lights or signs that prohibit left hand turns onto Highway 7.

This is a situation that can only be solved by major changes.



On The Home Front

A well prepared camper

by Susan De Facendis

I don't know how the majority of you cope, but I have two daughters who volunteer me and every household possession I own, for everything under the sun.

I am inclined to suspect there are a great number of you who face the same problem, but apparently your children and mine simply do not coincide in the same classrooms or organizational branches at the same time.

Why does it always seem as though it is my child who volunteers to bring home the kindergarten rabbit, guinea pig, chicks, or whatever else happens to be in vogue? Where is your child when I need him or her the most?

Louisa is going on a camping trip this weekend. I have no way of knowing what items the other girls have volunteered to provide, but Louisa appears to have covered everything but the kitchen sink—and I will be surprised if she doesn't demand that before she leaves—judging from the growing mountain of equipment that is gradually

sealing off access to our front door.

Our picnic cooler box was requisitioned, filled with ice cubes I have been painstakingly bagging for two days; an axe (is she going to cut off a foot?); an enormous construction size flashlight that could possibly send every racoon in the territory into shock; her brother's jackknife and two garbage bags filled with firewood. If she is taking firewood, why does she need an axe?—and since when was there a shortage of wood at a conservation area anyway? It sounds rather like "Carrying coals to Newcastle".

All this equipment is quite apart from a suitcase containing enough clothing to cover temperatures ranging from 0 to 99, her sleeping bag, dishes and utensils.

I have given up all hope of transporting her there by car. I was considering hiring a moving van, but settled for a kind neighbour's offer of a huge station wagon.

Upon her departure I suspect the house will echo somewhat hollowly, but the most important item, her toothbrush, will no doubt be left behind.

Richard of course, is cool—and the opposite extreme to his sisters. He is a 14-year-old "Ponzi" to whom delivering a school letter of requests and information, is somehow not quite the thing—or maybe it is just that he has more important things on his mind.

On the 21st of May for instance, he finally handed me an important missive dated May 18th, asking me to bake cookies for a school bash being held on May 26th.

Is it any wonder I am given strange looks by the teaching staff? I not only don't provide the cookies, I show up two nights too late for the occasion.

With a sudden flash of inspiration I realize that, while I shall be the hardworking but unseen campaign worker in my daughter's lives (providing necessary shelter for rabbits on long weekends, finding axes and making ice-cubes), Richard is obviously destined to become the future Postmaster General of Canada. He exhibits all the necessary requirements for the job.

Keep the fight on the ground

by Stewart MacLeod  
Ottawa Bureau  
Of the Herald

OTTAWA—It'll be a lot happier when all parties concerned settle this feud over bilingual air traffic control in Quebec.

And I don't care whether they use English, French or even Portuguese so long as the English-speaking controllers, the French-speaking controllers and all the pilots concerned are happy with the solution. At least I could then stop biting my fingernails in the back of the place as I worry about

On Parliament Hill

whether my pilot is involved in a raging argument with some ground controller over the use of a particular language.

If I am in an airplane over Quebec I want the pilots and the controllers to be getting along just fine. In fact I want the pilots to get along among themselves up there in the cockpit - and I am even worried about this now that Air Canada has decreed that "English only will be used on the flight deck, with the exception of passenger announcements."

Sixteen French-speaking pilots have taken this decree to court, claiming it violates the Official Language Act.

I don't know whether it does, nor do I particularly care. I just hope the issue is settled in the courtroom so it won't be challenged in the cockpit while I am in the back of the plane.

Pilot Erupts

On a recent Ottawa-Toronto flight, one of the Air Canada pilots took advantage of the plane's public address system to launch a trade against the government's bilingualism policy in Quebec. And that we can do without. It's bad enough having to pay today's airline ticket prices without being recruited into a crusade.

The entire air industry was relatively free of linguistic feuding until the government announced that it would phase in the use of bilingualism at some Quebec airports. Since then the warfare has escalated to the point where Quebec controllers are talking about breaking away from the national union.

That's something else we can do without. The Canadian Air Line Pilots Association—representing most airline pilots in the country—says the use of French, even for visual flying, represents an increased danger for passengers. Transport Minister Otto Lang says the opposite—that it will actually increase safety.

But he agreed to freeze the extension of bilingualism in Quebec until he received a report from a commissioner who is investigating all aspects of the program. John Keenan, a bilingual Montreal lawyer with extensive experience in the air industry, was appointed by the minister to head the study after all these disagreements erupted. But, amid controversy he quit a few weeks later.

These disagreements included a charge by Quebec Solicitor-General Fernand Lalonde that English controllers were guilty of "racism."

It was in the middle of this that Air Canada, with questionable timing, decided to reaffirm its policy of English-only in the cockpit.

Meanwhile, the Quebec government came out in support of the French-speaking controllers. And this brought federal Health Minister Marc Lalonde into the fray with a request that the provincial government keep its nose out of the problem.

"We do not need the crutch of Quebec to help us defend language rights," the minister said.

The battle, as you can see, is expanding on several fronts. And so long as it remains in legislatures, board rooms and union halls, we'll just wish them well as they struggle toward a solution. But the moment it gets into the air, I am opting out.

I assume the government will appoint a successor to Mr. Keenan and sooner or later we'll know whether the bilingualism program in Quebec's air industry is compromising safety in any way. I just hope that the pilots, the government and the controllers all agree on the findings.

In the meantime, what this country needs is some decent rail services.

Viewpoint

A novel way to cut down your electrical bills

by Gerry Landsborough

Time again for potpourri, a regular feature of this column. Here we take a sometimes serious but mostly not so serious, tongue-in-cheek look at this wonderful, wacky world around us.

Before we start our journey this week I thought you might like to share in a question asked by a regular reader. It went as follows: Why do you switch from being so serious one week to the kind of thing that's in potpourri the next week?

Well, the answer is a fairly simple one, not to reflect on the character of writer of course. Life, as we all know, is a very serious business often filled with great tragedy. However life's tragedies are small when compared to the millions of tiny miracles that happen every day. Laughter is a miracle. A

smile, whether given or received, can add so much to the day of the very young or the very old, plus it sure doesn't do any harm for us folks in the middle.

Laughter, flowers, sunshine, spring, birth, to mention only a few are all there if we only take the time to stop and look. Humour is man's greatest gift, for in laughter man toys with his own failings and the smile found in the midst of tragedy is the hope for a better tomorrow.

So because life is never all rainbows and gray skies, we prefer to look, with a tongue-in-cheek approach every now and again—hence potpourri.

Away now to Cambridge, Mass. where city officials are upset over the possibility of "Frankenstein organisms" that may result if biologists at Harvard are given a new

laboratory for unprecedented genetic research. Mayor Alfred Veleuci said "They may come up with a disease that can't be cured - even a monster."

"We want to be damned sure the people of Cambridge won't be affected by anything that would crawl out of that laboratory." The research lab would work on constructing new life forms by experimenting with genes.

We agree with Mayor Veleuci. We don't feel that science has dealt properly with the old life forms—namely us—let alone any new alternatives. I can see it all now "The Carrot That Ate Cambridge—A Reality." Shades of the late night horror movies have hit Cambridge. I don't blame Mayor Veleuci for being upset.

Off to Toronto now where York University has been awarded a million dollar

"stupidity grant". How so you ask? Well it seems that the research grant of one million dollars has been awarded to study whether Canadians are satisfied with the quality of their lives. How do you feel about that one?

That's our money they're playing around with. The quality of this Canadian's life would be much better if my million dollars (being a loyal taxpayer and all) wasn't being wasted on such stuff and nonsense.

Let us stay in Toronto for a while to comment on the end of the world that was scheduled for 9 o'clock last Sunday night. Ottawa psychic Dr. Winnifred Barton's prediction really coincided with a freak hail storm that hit Metro Sunday night sending several people into a panic. What to do when panicking about the end of the world? Why call your local police station, what else?

One officer with a delicious sense of humour replied to the enquiries of the scheduled 9 o'clock world ending by asking them to call back at 9:05. Leave it to Metro's finest.

One poor lady in the midst of her panic said "I huddled everyone my husband, my mother-in-law, my children and myself into the bathroom." Now I ask you what else would you do at the end of the world but lock yourself in the bathroom? Love to meet her husband.

Away to Ohio now where Jennings Evans was not the kind of man to take his high electricity bill lying down. Not Mr. Evans. He was half way through the utility pole with his axe when the deputy sheriff arrived on the scene. Mr. Evans is not going to be happy. The Dayton Power and Light Co. is billing him an extra \$300 for the utility pole. Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed. I've heard of cutting down on electricity but that's ridiculous...really.

Before we leave you, that strange mysterious character the Maharishi. Sometimes Yogi has stopped by to enlighten us with his words of wisdom. (I really wish he'd get his own column) Oh well, take it away Maharishi.

"You young people should remember that as the elephant thunders by, the footsteps of the tiny ant are seldom heard—Yet both arrive at their destination in life."

I get the feeling that that man is profound but I can never figure out what he's trying to say. Someone should ask the good old Maharishi what happens if the elephant steps on the ant. Oh well, thank you again Maharishi.

Till next week, keep on smiling.

...My Thoughts...

Something's afoot

by George Evashuk

My attention was drawn to the subject of running shoes when I noticed the picture of the man who tried to kidnap 14-year-old Signy Eaton last week in Toronto. The picture was on the front page of the Star last Tuesday and shows Ernest Caron, 47, the man who won't talk, stepping on the left shoe of Sgt. Richard Gooding of the Metro Police. At the time I wondered what he looked like because over his head he had a plastic garbage bag.

The next morning the Sun in Toronto ran a front page head and shoulders of Caron alongside one of him being handled at a car by Staff Sergeant Robert Douglas, likewise of the Metro police. So that's that, I thought.

Over a period of days weeks and months, the story of the kidnap, its conception, execution and failure and the people behind it would trickle out. Our curiosity would be sated when the facts ran out.

Then I saw another photograph of the kidnapper, or "alleged abductor" as he is identified on page 37 of last Wednesday's Sun. Walking alongside "alleged abductor" is Sergeant Richard Gooding wearing an unforgettable tie. It's the same one as appeared in the Star's photograph the previous evening. But in the Sun's picture there's one difference.

You notice it as soon as you place the pictures side by side. Whereas in the Toronto Star picture, Caron is wearing ankle-high, black running shoes with white trim, in the Sun photo the running shoe is below the ankle

and clean white. In fact it's the cleanest, brightest object in the photo. You can't miss it.

How come?



The Star's version...



...and the Sun's

That's the question I asked the Toronto Sun. Don't worry, the Sun said, we'll call you back. The following morning on Thursday, on the front page of the Sun was a full length picture of Caron taken by the Metro Police and in this one, he's wearing those black running shoes again.

Maybe the man's a quick change artist but it's unlikely. Look how he bungled the kidnapping attempt, fortunately for all concerned. Or it may be that in the bags carried by Sergeant Gooding and Staff Sergeant Douglas are the white running shoes Caron changed into between the time of the Star's photo and that of the Sun's but somehow that seemed unlikely, too.

I couldn't picture two of Metro's finest letting a suspect caught red-handed change his running shoes on the way to the police station, or staging the scene again for the sake of tardy photographers. And if they did, a sharp lensman would keep the running shoes out of the picture.

Let's face it, it doesn't make sense. The running shoes don't belong in the picture but there they are. I'm sure there's a simple obvious explanation but it's not apparent to me. I just can't in my own mind clear up that discrepancy. I can't imagine a scenario to make such a thing plausible. So I've got to find out and when I do, whether or not you want me to, I'll let you know.

And finally, two baseball teams have challenged the Herald Angels.

Queen's Park Commentary

Is NDP changing?

by Don O'Leary  
Queen's Park Bureau  
Of the Herald

TORONTO—The NDP is beginning to get the taste of power.

It can see the possibility of holding office as the government after the next election as more than a dream.

This was evident, or at least to be interpreted from its biennial meeting in Kingston.

Approach 3M  
On all sides the meeting was characterized as an exceptionally placid one for the official opposition party.

Missing were the often bitter confabulations and extremist motions which have characterized former biennial assemblies.

Where far-out proposals, such as a pretty wild motion on rights for gays, did come

before the delegates they took the sting out of them.

And in this they were following the approach of their leadership.

Stephen Lewis said that he was more or less tired of confrontation (an attitude he has followed for the past three years), that it was outdated, and this theme was adopted by most of the 1100 or so delegates.

Suber thought  
The best illustration of the mood of the conference, and of the party today, could have been its position on litter and non-returnable bottles.

Two years ago, at its last meeting, the party was on the warpath against litter and it took the position that all non-returnable containers should be phased out within two years.

This time the whole tone on this question was much more subdued and the final

position adopted was that non-returnables should be phased out within five years.

And along with this there were warnings that banning of non-returnables would put a lot of people out of work, the bulk of whom were probably NDP supporters.

It is not hard to vision the process of party thinking.

It would have occurred that if the non-returnables were to be phased out it well could be the NDP itself which, as the government, would have to do the phasing.

And the reality of this would have caused sober, second thoughts.

It was agreed that if there were a phasing out jobs would be found for any workers displaced.

But there was no detail (or apparently much thought) as to how this might be accomplished.