Letters to the Editor

Sports editor's comments on Raider exec annoys fan

To the editor of The Herald: In response to the Sports Editor's column last week. I take exception to the inferences made by the sports editor to the legitimacy of the interest and involvement by members of the Raider executive. Naturally, past executive

members were invited to the general meeting, as well as persons interested enough in the club's future who wishes to be on hand, as well as a public advertisement in the paper the week previous to announce the meeting. This was a sollcltation of the public, and I would

say by the lack of attendance, it would indicate that very few people would care to make the mammoth committment to participate in the running of

such an organization. Most were old faces who have been around the club too long. You are right, there, Mr.

team this coming year? These are the men who have formed the backbone of this club for many years, keeping it financially affoat, and a weekly source of high quality entertainment for hockey lovers in the area. Does someone suggest you should be fired from your job because you're an old

Editor, but without the old

faces, just who would ice that

have learned to do it well? New blood is needed, as I am sure any of these 14 people will tell you and I am certain that you have no facts to substantiate that it is not being sought out, for I know the contrary to hockey club, whether that be be true. Twenty-five percent of the elected executive were first-year people, for instance.

face, at the point when you

Now, this last statement is the real culprit in this piece. "If big money is being taken out of this community for the over 50 years. sake of a few people's hockey team, more should be given or

and different input." You obviously have not been

to a Raider game, Mr. Clairmont, in the recent past. Raider hockey gives much enjoyment to hundreds of people on a weekly basis and upwards of a thousand at playoff time. This to me, is not hockey for a few people. I would hazard a guess to say that the Raider hockey club has a large a following as any other organization in Georgetown at this

It also is a user-pay situation, where it costs only those who are interested in this through projects, advertisements or gate receipts. These are a direct testimonial to the interest by our community, which has supported this worthwhile organization for

> Yours in Raider hockey, Gerry Kentner.

Fergus resident commends Georgetown Hospital care

To the editor of The Herald:

On May 10, while visiting Georgetown, the writer was taken seriously ill and rushed to the Georgetown and District Memorial Hospital.

After a 14-day stay, I was allowed to return to my home in Fergus. The purpose of this

stay and to tell the people of Georgetown their hospital, doctors, nurses, etc., are second to none.

tinuous and courteous care from all concerned. Should I ever be unfortunate

letter is to thank everyone who had anything to do with my I received exceptional, con-

enough to require hospital care in the future, no matter where in Ontario I might be, I'll suggest to the ambulance driver, "If it's not too much trouble, will you please make it the Georgetown Hospital."

Fergus.

South Island tranquility

Christmas in Christchurch

Around the World in 380 Days

Fourth in a series

By STEPHEN FROST Herald Staff Writer

Denys and I only needed two rides to get to New Zealand's capital city of Wellington. where we stayed overnight in a hostel called Beethoven House. We would have stayed longer if it hadn't been raining, but it was, and Wellington is a most unattractive place when it's raining.

The city itself sits in a bowl or depression that seems to attract clouds, especially the kind with wet stuff in them, so Denys and I bought our tickets on one of the Cook Strait ferries linking the country's two islands.

From Picton, Denys and I decided that in order to miss the crush of hitch-hikers coming off the ferry, we'd take the train down the road a little to the town of Blenheim. We thought we were very clever until we rolled into the little burg and waited all afternoon without getting a ride.

After spending the night in a trailer camp, we were up bright and early the next morning to get a good spot on the highway. An hour and a half later, we finally got a ride all the way into Christchurch, five hours down the road. All told, it took us eight hours to get a ride out of Blenheim, the longest I have ever waited for a lift ...

in New Zealand. After arriving, Denys and I decided to stay in the Cora Wilding youth hostel outside the city core. It is one the best hostels in New Zealand and whenever I was in Christchurch, I stayed there.

. In the city's centre, there's the one and only Cathedral Square where everyone meets, from the God Squad to the Mongrel Mob (boys who could be described as a bike gang without bikes). The God Squad were young born-again Christians who preached in the square at odd hours to anyone who would listen.

Occasionally, they'd be in the square when a fellow who billed himself as the Wizard was expounding against the evils of organized religion, and when the two camps met, the sparks would fly.

At any other time, the square was a good place to meet fellow travellers before heading off to one of the numerous pubs in the vicinity or to a first-run movie, which cost \$1.50.

I spent Christmas here with John and Denys and assorted other Canadians, Australians and Americans. I bought John a bottle of Johnny Walker Red for Christmas and on Christmas day, I drank it with two other pleasant chaps I had met

WANTED! For Best Old Fashioned Costumes!

at the hostel. Felt bad about drinking JP's scotch, but it was for a good cause, consider-

ing international relations and

Afterwards, we had a bastardized game of cricket with Americans, Australians, Canadians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Kiwis and God knows who else participating. The game was very funny, with the Yanks sliding into the wickets

and trying to tag each other instead of the wicket. They were also terrible at bowling the ball with a straight arm and wrist (which is the legal procedure) and insisted on getting their "base" when they got hit with the ball. Mind you, Denys and I weren't much better, especially after the scotch, but the game was all in

RELIEF FARM Before Christmas, I managed to find gainful employment

with a group called Relief Farm Management. This firm employs young British lads for periods of six or so months, or did until New Zealand started cutting down on the number of work permits it handed out. The fellow who ran the operation didn't really care too much if John and I had work permits or not, and I'm certain none of the farmers I worked

The firm was great for

young men who could drive farm machinery and wanted to travel. Vic, the boss, would get a client who needed a man for three to six weeks and arrange for one of his employees to be there for the specified period. When the job was winding down, all one did was give Vic a call two weeks before the finish and he would supply you with another job to go to. In this way, I got to see parts of the country I would normally not have seen.

My first job was in Hakataramea Valley, which was one of the most beautiful areas of the

country, bar none. It was located at the foot of the Kirkilston range of mountains, with foothills forming the other side of the long narrow valley. A small stream runs through it and flows into the Hakataramea River, which is one of the best salmon fishing rivers in

the South Island.

The job itself was cutting and baling hay as well as general tractor work for one of the smaller farmers there. On New Year's Day, I decided to climb (there was no climbing involved really) Kirkilston peak, which is 6,175 feet high. It took me three and a half long hours to slug my way up the mountain and there were times when I thought I had had

Continued on page B5



Mount Cook, as seen from the Murchison Plateau, shows the mountain's three peaks quite clearly. The highest of three peaks is on the right and measures 12,349 feet high. The main

Correction

In a story in last week's edition of The Herald, it was incorrectly stated that each home in the River Run townhouse subdivision has a finished family room in the basement. In fact, only the model suite open for public viewing has a finished family room. The Herald regrets the



THE OLD BANK

Downtown Georgetown

feature from this view is the Caroline face, which funs up to the middle peak and has only been climbed successfully six times.



877-8800

EWALK MALE

June 5, 6, & 7

15%-30% ALL FRAMES OFF STOCK

ALL BELL & HOWELL

Movie Cameras

Projectors Slide Projectors

OFF OUR **REGULAR** PRICES.

Ear-piercing

See our Sidewalk Specials on formula 5 lenses & gadget bags



MARKETPLACE

If only the best is good enough for you!



Manicures

Electrolysis

 Waxing (Pink wax Fashion trend- setter from Paris) line of make up

 Scientific salon facials The most complete and sophisticated line of Allen Betrix Eyelash & brow tinting and Dr. Reneau skin care Correction of skin problems products

Your Face, Your Skin -

Don't you owe it to yourself to care for both as if your most important asset were at stake.

For 50 years knowledgeable European women have known the secret of keeping the skin of their face & bodies younger, healthier looking at every age.

Come in & let our Esthetician specialist in the European method, analyse your skin. Then you will be taught everything you need to know.

Our salon experience may cost you a bit more than other drug store treatments, but the future of your face and body are your best investment for the future.

Summer Waxing!

It's the only way to look your best in those favorite short; and bathing suits.

We are proud to be the second salon in Ontario to carry the "Pink Wax", from Paris.

For the Working Girl!

To accomodate the 'Business Ladies' on their day off we now are

OPEN ON MONDAY

9:00-5:00 p.m. WEDNESDAY THURS. & FRI. 10:00-9:00 p.m. SATURDAY 8:00-4:00 p.m.

The Beauty Spot

Proprietor Barbara Presswood

Now serving their 5th year of sharing their knowledge and experience.

Georgetown Market Place, Guelph St.

Call 877-5376