

# Outlook on Lifestyle

## DR. GOTT



Peter Gott, M.D.

### Improvement isn't always progress

By Peter H. Gott, M.D.

When I was growing up, sledding was a focus of enjoyment in winter. A bunch of us kids would wait for the snowplow to scrape most of the snow from the road, then we would take over the closest hilly street by descending like a flock of crows with our fleet of Flexible Flyers. The plow invariably left about an inch of hard-packed powder that formed a perfect base for our activities. In those days, streets were not sanded and cars were not equipped with snow tires, so if we

were lucky on the hill that day, the only traffic was an occasional truck with chains. As the snow glazed, our rides became more exciting.

None of us had new sleds. They didn't feel right and the steering was too stiff. (It took at least one season of use to wear the red paint off the undersides of the runners.) Sometime in late November, we would prepare our suitably loose-boned flyers by sanding the rust off the runners, then rubbing a candle stub on the silver grooves. This, we were certain, increased the sled's speed. A thin rope, each end of which was attached — by tradition — with single knots through the holes in the handgrip, was used for pulling the sled. The rope had to be clothesline. It was not standard equipment and had to be precisely measured: The loop could not exceed the length of the sled, because any overlap could be pulled under the runner during belly flopping and cause drag. We assiduously prepared our sleds for maximum speed and maneuverability.

Acceleration and distance were our primary goals, and we were amply rewarded for our efforts. We spent hours sledding down almost-deserted

suburban streets, developing techniques to drift sideways, creating small icy mounds for interest and devising slalom courses to test our skills. No self-respecting youth ever sat on his sled and steered with his feet; the purpose of sledding was to hold the sides of the sled (and the tow rope) at the horizontal, run down the top of the hill, thrust the sled forward and throw your body directly into the Flexible Flyer eagle logo, thereby starting your ride with an extra boost. Then you held tight, steered and were on your own.

Modern adults have really fouled up sledding. Municipal road crews now spread salt and sand on roads. This results in a slurry of grainy mush that quickly deteriorates into gritty bare patches. Today, snow is simply something to get rid of — not, as I remember it, an adult inconvenience that was ideal for children with candle-waxed runners. Kids in the 1980s use dinky plastic devices — lightweight, shallow, elongated bathtubs or complicated gizmos with broad, ski-like runners that would be uncontrollable during old-fashioned street sledding. You might say this is progress, but I wonder.

The same phenomenon is affecting the medical profession. Life has become so complicated that half the fun is lost. Instead of being merely concerned about getting patients well — that is, getting from the top of the hill to the bottom on your stomach — we doctors fret about our image and our new equipment. We worry about malpractice, accepting assignment,

changing ethics and methods of reimbursement. It's all very expensive. Too expensive.

Recently I reviewed my fee schedule for my first year in practice in 1966: \$7 for an office call, \$15 for a house call, \$20 for a hospital admission. These charges are preposterous by 1980 standards. However, with all the new machines and testing and treatments, am I making any more difference in my patients' lives than I was 20 years ago? Do I REALLY make a difference in the quality of their lives? You see, for a difference to be a difference, it must make a difference.

The Golden Age of any profession has been defined as the way it was just before you entered it. Perhaps more pre-meds are sensing that the modern doctor, despite scientific breakthroughs, may not be making enough of a difference. It's worth thinking about. Maybe this is why medical school applications are down: One of every three candidates is accepted, in comparison to one out of seven a decade ago.

Although medicine is changing — often for the good, sometimes for the bad — I trust that practitioners don't lose sight of their original goals: to help those in need and to make a difference. It's doubtful that we will ever return to the simplicity of a pre-electronic society. Yet, just to be on the safe side, I still clean my Flexible Flyer every autumn in hope that someday I will be able to teach my son to bellyflop on a slick and hard-packed back-road hill.

## POLLY'S POINTERS



Polly Fisher

DEAR POLLY — To drive away ants, place a saucer of ground cloves where they are troublesome, then find the nest and destroy it with boiling water or oil.

When washing walls or ceilings, tie a cloth around your wrist. This will prevent the water from trickling down your arm. — REGULAR READER

DEAR POLLY — Here is an easy pie crust for those in a hurry or don't like to roll pie crust. Mix 1 stick butter or margarine (room temperature), 1 cup flour and 2 tablespoons sugar. Work with hands until dough almost holds together. Press into pie plate. Bake at 375 degrees about 15 minutes. This is great for single-crust pies. —

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Post Scripts



By Glenda Hughes, Sales Rep.

873-0300

On my route around town this morning, I was amused (and disappointed) to spot a new sign perched at a new building site. The construction has been going on for weeks now, but I had not taken the time to find out what was going to be worthy of this new edifice. It turns out that we are to have yet another convenience store. Now, I was just thrilled at this bit of info, for Georgetown is so short of this sort of outlet, I'm sure that cries of happiness will be heard throughout the town! I sometimes wonder just how the Planning Department works. At the risk of getting some nasty phone calls next week, I guess I am going to continue with this pet peeve of mine.

It seems that it is very difficult to get growth with housing development in town — obstacles upon obstacles are put into the developers' path, so that Georgetown remains "small" — (not like another Brampton). Granted, I too, do not want us to become like our neighboring city, but a little growth has to be good for us. The Planning Department doesn't seem to mind that we are packed with donut stores, hamburger outlets, pizza parlours and convenience stores, but just try and put in a new subdivision — regardless of size — and e meet with a terrible uproar.

Our main drag along Highway 7 is not the most lovely sight to bring new people into town through — where is the Planning Department for this purpose? Why can't they spend as much time "planning" the commercial look of Georgetown as they spend prohibiting the expansion of Georgetown? The problem we face with our town being the size it is, is that the larger stores, better restaurants and nicer franchises will not move in, for we don't have the population to support them. I, for one, find this frustrating and irritating.

Our new development, south of town (when it finally starts) will help a little, with more housing for those people who want to move into our lovely town, but it is only a drop in the bucket. I don't think 433 new homes is going to entice much new, or better shopping, entertainment or eating in town — but time will tell.

Those of you who are reading this column this week, that disagree with me — and I suspect there are quite a few of you — are probably disagreeing with me, because you think that it is only the real estate agents who want this town to grow — and money is the root of all evil! Wrong — for the most part — for when you work in this profession, you find out the problems that go with keeping a town stunted from growth, and the frustrations of your clients who are trying to find more than two homes to choose from in their price range. We face the agony of not being able to place first time buyers in Georgetown, because we can't compete with surrounding towns for starter prices. It is truly a nightmare most of the time.

Wouldn't it be nicer to have the main drag beautified and the downtown area even prettier. If we can't grow, for whatever wonderful reasons we've been forced to believe, then can't we make Georgetown more beautiful!

### Homes Sold Creatively

### THIS WEEK'S MORTGAGE RATES

AS OF MARCH 24th, 1988

|                     | VARIABLE | 6 MONTH OPEN | 6 MONTH CLOSED | 1 YEAR OPEN | 1 YEAR CLOSED | 2   | 3   | 4   | 5  | 7   | 10 |
|---------------------|----------|--------------|----------------|-------------|---------------|-----|-----|-----|----|-----|----|
| Bank of Nova Scotia | 9%       |              | 9%             | 10%         | 9%            | 10% | 10% | 10% | 11 |     |    |
| Bank of Montreal    | 9%       | 9%           |                | 10%         | 9%            | 10% | 10% | 10% | 11 | 11% |    |
| Canada Trust        |          | 9            |                |             | 9%            | 10% | 10% | 10% | 11 |     |    |
| C.I.B.C.            | 9%       | 9%           |                | 9%          | 9%            | 10% | 10% | 10% | 11 |     |    |
| T.D. Bank           | 9%       |              | 9%             | 10%         | 9%            | 10% | 10% | 10% | 11 |     |    |
| Royal Bank          | 9%       | 9%           |                | 10%         | 9%            | 10% | 10% | 10% | 11 |     |    |

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### THE PHILLIPS FAMILY IN THE 1850's

Samuel Phillips ran an insurance and real estate business and operated a telegraph for the Montreal Telegraph Company. These enterprises were carried out in an office in the rear of James Young's hardware store which was located on the corner of Church and Main Streets. His home was a cottage located at the rear of James Young's block.

James Young's wife was Samuel's sister. Samuel's other sisters were Mrs. Dade (wife of Rev. Dade who ran the Georgetown Academy), Edith and Tomasina who all lived in Georgetown. James Young built Edith Street, so the sisters could easily visit Helen Dade who lived on the 7th line on the way to Stewarttown. The elder Dr. Phillips was vice-principal of Upper Canada College and later became Rector of the Church of England in Etobicoke.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Special thanks to Elaine Bertrand.  
"St. George's Anglican Church - A History", by Rev. Richard E. Ruggle was used as a reference.

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