

### 30 years ago

At least 12 Georgetown District High School graduates are planning to continue their studies at university this fall. Destined for the University of Toronto are Paulene Watson and Carola Conley. While residing at the University's Victoria College, both will study modern languages. The two women graduated at the top of their class. Also attending the University of Toronto will be Tom Forgrave who wants to be a doctor and Wabe Bake who wants to be an engineer. Doug Sargeant will attend Waterloo College along with Rodney Dutch. Both will study engineering. Betty Avery and Virginia Walker will be studying teaching at Toronto's Teachers College. Agnes Nelson and Linda Whitmore will study nursing at Guelph General Hospital, while John McGowan will study architectural technology at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute.

### 15 years ago

In conjunction with the Acton Citizens Band six young people from Acton used their summer to teach Acton youngsters to play a musical instrument. The teachers were David Marcoux, Dave Morris, Janet Allan, Barb Pratt, Carolyn Merrin and Mary Watson. The eight week "Opportunity For Youth" music program was made possible by a government grant. The clarinet, trumpet, coronet, french horn, and trombone were some of the instruments taught. The fruits of their labor were shown off at a public recital held this week.

The Chairman of the Halton Renaissance Committee, Reverend Ken Campbell, told school trustees this week that there is a basic philosophical sickness in our education system. Rev. Campbell blamed the unresponsive nature of parents who trust their children to the system, and the ratepayers who pay for the system. School trustees responded saying to a large extent the board is helpless to determine the education policy passed by the provincial government.

### 10 years ago

This marked the arrival of internationally renowned actor-director Orson Welles to Georgetown. Mr. Welles was filming a brief but powerful scene for the movie *Never Trust an Honest Thief*. The shot centred around a parade in which Mr. Welles' character Sheriff Paisley holds back a young

## Halton's History from our files

boy who is in need of a washroom. However Sheriff Paisley eventually yields to boy's need and lead him from the parade. The boy was played by seven-year-old Billy Kishonti. Georgetown substituted for the town of Madison during filming.

Constable Bill Riddle who was recently assigned to Acton and Milton as the juvenile officer said he preferred to deal with youths and their parents without involving the courts whenever possible. Because youth officers don't wear uniforms, Constable Riddle says it is a little less frightening for youngsters in trouble. Of a court experience Constable Riddle said it's a traumatic experience for kids. He said the ones that can most probably be saved usually don't have to appear in court.

Paula Smith, a student at Holy Cross School, won the second prize in the Canadian National Exhibition penmanship competition in the Grade 8 division. Ms. Smith won \$10. Her work is being shown at the CNE as part of a display saluting the "Year of the Child."

### 5 years ago

Al Zanatta is scheduled to be the new Centennial Public School principal starting this September. Mr. Zanatta has previously worked in the Halton Hills area in 1973 as the vice principal at M.Z. Bennett Public School in Acton. He then worked as the vice principal of Stewarttown Senior Public School and Limehouse Public School. Mr. Zanatta grew up in Connaiston, Ontario, a community east of Sudbury. He received his teaching degree from the teachers college in Hamilton.

Seventy-five Georgetown children were entertained by recording artist Rick Avery at the Georgetown Public Library this week. The children thoroughly enjoyed themselves singing along with the Canadian performer in a number of popular children songs. Also this week the Summer Songbook concert was held at the Acton Public Library.

## LETTERS

# Toronto symphony at Scotsdale; "Wouldn't it be lovely?" reader asks

Dear Sir,  
Wouldn't it be lovely? Scotsdale farm the site of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra's summer home! Great music, international stars, master classes by famous musicians, competitions for young performers, perhaps some day an opera stage. All of this in our "back garden." Like Eliza, we'd go there so often we'd call it our club.

The TSO Search Committee is looking for just such a rural setting to establish a summer showcase. They plan to build a permanent building of unusual design. The sheltered stage and seating area could be opened up to accommodate a much greater audience seated informally in a natural amphitheatre. The atmosphere would be decidedly "unstuff" as people bring their

lawn chairs and picnic baskets to enjoy an outdoor concert on warm summer evenings.

The TSO hopes to attract new audiences, so of course Scotsdale's central location at Trafalgar Road and Highway 7 is ideal. It is a pleasant and easy drive from so many densely populated centres and only an hour and a half by car from those other popular summer festivals like the Shaw at Niagara-on-the-Lake and the Shakespeare at Stratford.

But with all Scotsdale's wonderful potential, the citizens of Halton Hills could see this "plum" go to some other keenly interested community. If we are like Eliza's father, Dolittle the dustman, just waiting around to "cash in," the opportunity could be lost.

Officials, associations and citizens alike must let the TSO

know of our eagerness to support and promote this exciting project which will bring with it so much prestige, cultural enrichment and of course economic benefits to Halton Hills.

As individuals, the best way to express our enthusiasm at this stage is to call upon our Mayor Russ Miller and the Regional Chairman Peter Pomeroy to "get on the bandwagon," and to write or phone Mr. Wray Armstrong, the managing director of the Toronto Symphony offering help and encouragement.

Who knows? Some day the music from "My Fair Lady" may be heard drifting across the green fields of Scotsdale at a TSO summer open air concert. Wouldn't it be lovely?

Audrey Symmes  
Terra Cotta

## 400 units of blood collected at clinic

Dear Sir,  
Red Cross officials reported 402 donors attended the Blood Clinic Monday, Aug. 14, 1989, and donated 374 units of blood. This clinic was sponsored by The Independent and Johnson Real Estate, their help with distribution of posters, setting up clinic, loading equipment and general assistance at the clinic is appreciated.

Thanks to the doctor at the hospital who was on call, volunteers, staff, nursery help and drivers, the clergy, John Ollivier of Halton Cable Systems, Halton Hills Hydro for displaying promotional banners, Dairy Queen for donation of juice and cups, Pizza Hut for tea and serviettes, Miracle Mart for coffee, Loblaw's for donuts, Mr. L. Ferguson of Mac's Milk and Coca-Cola Ltd. for soft drinks, C.W.L. for kitchen help and Mr. C. Domingos for use of Holy Cross Auditorium.

Special thanks to Betty Milton and her telephone committee, to Shirley Chaplin for publicity and promotion and to Anna Ewen and Peggy Douglas convenors of this clinic.

Clinic organizers would like to thank all people who took time out

to give the gift of life.

Donor Awards were given to: 100 Times - Ken Thomson, 50 Times - Calire Le Blanc, Joseph Wallace, Dennis Kole, 35 Times - Barry Timleck, Larry May, Edward Humphreys, George McIntosh, 20 Times - Jeff Schenk, Helmut Schultheiss, 10 Times - David Vertch, Eleanor Scarth, Marnie Doole, Frank Wielinga, Robert Stiles, John Westerveld, Jamie Firth.

The next regular clinic for Georgetown will be Monday, Nov. 3, 1989.

Yours sincerely,  
Erica Thompson,  
Nancy Schultheiss,  
Flo Street.

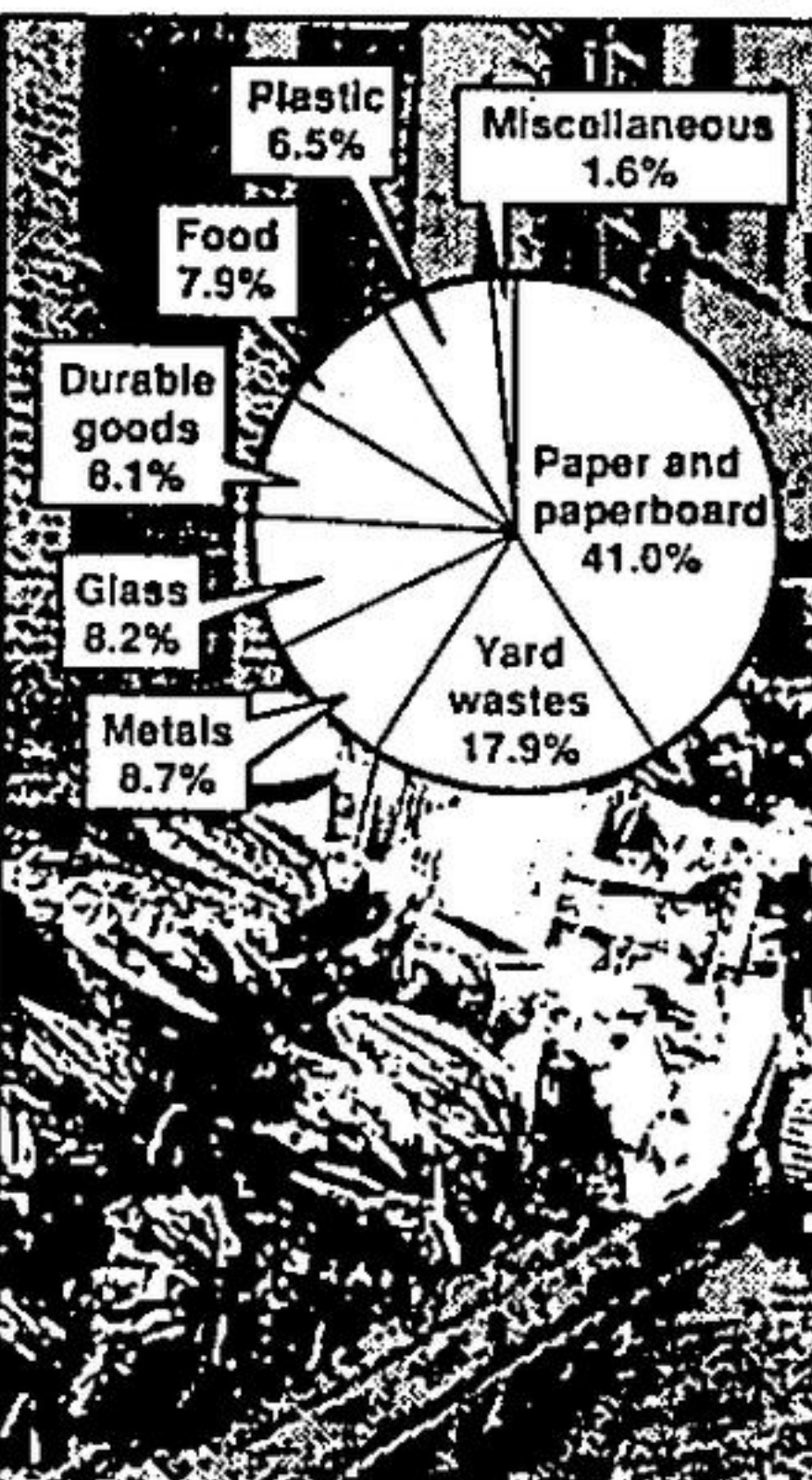
## Write us

The Herald wants to hear from you. If you have an opinion you want to express or a comment to make, send us a letter or drop by the office. Our address is 45 Guelph St., Georgetown, Ont., L7G 3Z6.

All letters must be signed. Please include your address and telephone number for verification.

## Where Trash Comes From

Composition of refuse from household, commercial and industrial sources in 1986.



Source: Franklin Association NEA GRAPHICS

## Nightmare on the TV screen



Donna Kell  
Kell's Komer

myself long after everyone had fallen asleep.

But I wasn't going to get off cheaply, I found out. It was 2 a.m. and there I was, on the couch by myself, not three feet away from the patio door when I heard a knock. Thinking it would go away, I tried to ignore it.

But the knock returned, a little louder this time.

I peeked through the vertical blinds and recognized the face of my brother. He was returning mom's car keys and didn't want to wake anyone.

So, I slapped myself on the chest - to get my heart going again - and finished watching the movie.

And I swore that the next time the pre-screen warnings say extreme violence, and there is a title from a familiar gory movie, I will take fate into my own hands and take command of the converter.

I guess we'll soon see how much pull the Association of Municipalities of Ontario (AMO) has in the provincial government. The group is proposing that the Peterson government allow the sale of booze over the counter at local bars. It seems some people, especially in the north, feel libation outlets close too early.

It will be interesting to see which way this goes. Especially since David Peterson's first election platform was to put wine and beer in the corner stores.

## Trusty relationship — with a car?



Ian Weir  
Weir's View  
Thomson News Service

Upon discovering that last week marked the hundredth anniversary of the automobile, I naturally decided to do something to celebrate my relationship with Arthur the trusty 1973 Datsun.

So off we set, the two of us, and took a lovely Saturday afternoon drive halfway to the beach. That's the point at which his radiator boiled over.

Still, it was a nice day to spend on the side of the road. And it gave me the chance to mull over the recent spate of newspaper articles reflecting on our century-long love-affair with the car, and on whether this infatuation can still be justified in these environmentally conscious times.

The plain fact, of course, is that owning a private car can no longer be justified at all. Cars waste precious resources, and they spew terrible fumes into the atmosphere.

This is one of the things I like about them.

As a meat-eating smoker who has never made any sort of attempt to save a tree, I'm a sitting

target for the environmentally righteous. And when pinned down by one of these people, the existence of the automobile is a blessed opportunity to snap back: "If you're so pure, then why do you own a car?"

It's a shamelessly cheap shot, of course. As debating tactics go, it ranks right up there with "I know you are, but what am I?" and "takes one to know one." This is why it's so effective.

Occasionally, you run into someone who retorts that he does NOT own a car, and that last summer he took his whole family down to Disneyland on the bus. But this still gives you the chance to shake your head sadly at the thought of all those diesel fumes, and to observe that the truly committed family would have walked.

Besides, as car-owners go, I like to think I'm a pretty pure one. This is because I own Arthur for none of the wrong reasons.

It's commonly asserted that the merchandizing of cars is based on a three-pronged appeal to the baser side of the ego - those crafty advertisers lure us into the showroom by presenting the automobile as an embodiment of privacy, speed and sex-appeal.

Well, it's certainly true that Arthur offers me privacy. Few of my friends want to ride in him since his exhaust system fell off.

But speed is no longer his long-suit. His first owner might have managed to rack up a few tickets, back in those bygone days when he was a frisky colt. These days, we're occasionally capable of ap-

proaching the speed-limit on a downhill slope with a slight tailwind.

And as far as sex-appeal is concerned... well, Arthur would forgive me for confessing that he is not quite the Tom Selleck of internal combustion locomotion.

In fact, Arthur is an example of the rare one-door Datsun 510 - this being a two-door model whose driver's door has been wired shut since the hinge broke. It's a unique model, favored by drivers who like the challenge of crawling through the passenger's door and over the stick-shift without putting a foot through one of the rust-spots on the floor.

At times, I'll admit, I'm vaguely troubled by the thought that I drive a car that's now in worse shape than the \$200 beater I bought when I was 16. A cynic might suggest this implies a certain lack of progress in life.

But I console myself with the thought that my relationship with Arthur reflects the finest elements of the automotive love-affair.

This is no cheap infatuation with a fast and sexy floozie. This is a bond of mutual trust and affection between two old comrades - one of whose better days are long past, and one of whose better days have mysteriously failed to present themselves.

It's lovely to feel so virtuous about owning a car.

And it gives you something to think about on those sunny afternoons as you wait for the nice man from the Automobile Association to arrive.