

30 Years Ago

The president of the National Council of Women, Mrs. G.D. Finlayson, suggested that wives spend more time behind the wheel.

Mrs. Finlayson said women should be behind the wheel more often "because they are naturally cautious, women motorists are far less accident-prone than men." She also said that statistics show that out of 130,000 drivers involved in traffic accidents in Ontario in 1958, only 11,500 were women drivers.

She suggested women who do not drive act as safety engineers to keep traffic accident occurrences down. Mrs. Finlayson said women could act as spare drivers to relieve their tired husbands and make sure the family goes to bed early the night before starting a trip. Her safety driving tips also included frequent coffee breaks, taking along games to keep children occupied and keeping snacks in the car when going long distances.

Mrs. Finlayson insisted that with the cooperation of Canadian mothers and housewives, the number of accidents could be cut in half.

20 Years Ago

A massive celebration was held in honor of the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Hennessy, of Hillsburgh, 20 years ago.

Telegrams and letters of congratulations were received from then Prime Minister Trudeau, Ontario Premier John Roberts and Governor General Roland Michener.

A special mass in their honor was performed by Father Gerald Craig in Holy Cross Church and the couple's two grandsons, Tom Kennedy and Stephen Brunski, assisted as altar boys.

Four generations were present at the celebration. Immediate family included Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wylie and son Tom, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Chrichton, and daughter Christine, Cindy and son Jack, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kennedy and sons, Tom, Joseph and daughter Margaret-Kathleen, Mr. and Mrs. C.J. Hennessey, Diane and Mark. Mr. and Mrs. A.J. Brunski hosted the affair.

Halton's History
from our files

10 Years Ago

Someone was listening to the prayers of Omer Parent of Georgetown, 10 years ago after he won \$100,000 in a Wintario draw.

Mr. Parent and his wife, who bought a book of tickets for every draw and usually won \$5 or free tickets, struck it rich that day. The family knew exactly what their plans for the money were but they were not about to let anyone else in on them.

Mr. Parent planned to buy more tickets for the next Wintario and Provincial lottery draw to test his luck further. He said he was going to frame the ticket and hang it up for six months and then give it to his daughter to hang up on her wall. Mr. Parent was about to retire after 37 years at the Ontario Ford Truck plant in Oakville.

5 Years Ago

The students are only as good as the teachers who teach them, said Barbara Singleton, the new vice-principal of Georgetown District High School, five years ago.

Mrs. Singleton believed the first year at high school would be the exploration time necessary to become acquainted with the school and to identify its needs. The second year, she said, would be the time to implement those changes.

The new vice-principal believed her efficiency, organizational skills and her love of challenges were some of her best qualities. "I am a good listener and enjoy kids. They make me laugh," Mrs. Singleton said, adding that she enjoyed a good joke with teenagers.

Believing in the ability of students was important, Mrs. Singleton maintained, otherwise students will never challenge themselves.

LETTERS

New national holiday proclaimed

Dear Sir:
On July 1, 1990 (Canada Day), due to the failure of the Meech Lake Accord, I lowered my Canadian flag to half mast, cancelled the celebrations and contemplated our country's future. After a considerable amount of time, I thought that if Quebec leaves confederation and as a nation we break up, we will need another day to take the place of our national holiday. "Tax Freedom Day" - July 5th - that's it!

Just think how great a day that will be for the taxpayers of Halton Hills. I can see it now. Dancing in the streets, partys galore, brass bands, neighbors shaking hands, etc. We could use the Ontario flag instead of the Maple Leaf, and we would still have approximately 5 months and 26 days to make ends meet.

Seriously though, after reading recent letters to the editor of the Herald from Mr. Furness and Morrow on local taxes, I realize that there really is no Tax Freedom Day. Realistically it is a progressive Tax Freedom Day, and perhaps next year it will fall on July 15, and this fact scares me and it should you too.

Local taxes in Halton Hills have increased rapidly over the past 5 years, and when you consider that only one local politician and one school trustee voted against this years drastic increase in taxes, one wonders whether we are being adequately served by our elected officials. Local school board spending has increased approximately 60% over this same period.

Most taxpayers understand that they require a sustainable income, and that if you spend more than your net income then debt is the result. The municipality of Halton Hills is no different in this respect.

Halton Hills taxation is based to a large extent on residential and commercial, with a very small industrial tax base. The question is, can we sustain service, growth, etc. by keeping the yearly tax increase to the inflation rate, or do we drive up the taxes as we have and continue to do, well above the

taxpayers wage increases?

Let us keep our town the beautiful place it is. Do we really need to destroy lovely residential areas to accommodate high rise apartments for tax revenue; tearing down historical buildings to make Georgetown another poorly planned community?

We elect our governments to represent the people, to work in

their best interests. Perhaps the time has come to form a strong ratepayers association, one encompassing the Halton Hills area and one which will keep the politicians aware of our concerns. Maybe then we can all afford to live here.

Sincerely,
C. McHale,
Georgetown.

Mandatory tests required for soil

Editors Note: A copy of the following letter to Halton Hills Mayor, Russ Miller, was forwarded to the Herald for publication.

Dear Mayor Miller:

I am writing to request that extensive soil testing be made a mandatory part of any building application for ravine properties in Halton Hills. I would further request that resulting consultants' recommendations be followed strictly by the builder under the close supervision of appropriate town staff.

Approximately eighteen years ago when Georgetown East was being developed, soil testing was carried out by Arthur Trow Consultants. The town council of the time acknowledged receipt of the resulting report and forwarded it to the Engineering Department. However, the recommendations in the report were never implemented and the developer proceeded as he saw fit.

As a result thirty-three Georgetown residents now suffer intermittent problems with their properties. The cost of repairs is in the area of \$797,000.00. We are today paying for an error made by a town council or staff almost twenty years ago. This must not happen again.

Consider the proposed fifteen storey twin towers on sensitive ravine property where only three homes stood on Maple Avenue. You require a twenty-five foot set

back from the ravine edge for individual homes. Is this sufficient for fifteen storey towers? How much will soil erosion increase with the removal of a considerable number of trees and ground cover? How stable will the land be with extensive excavation for underground parking and other amenities? Can the ravine edge be made stable enough to cantilever a swimming pool from, considering the pool that fell into the ravine on one of the aforementioned properties in east Georgetown?

Is town staff prepared and numerous enough now to see that all safety and other requirements are carried out? Having had to personally supervise the construction of my own home on Gardiner Drive five years ago, because of the lack of expected support from town inspectors, we are aware of the shortcuts builders may try to get away with without scupulous supervision.

Safety must be made a priority. Please make developers, who stand to make excellent profit, pay now for soil testing so that we the taxpayers do not have to pay later.

Yours truly,
Gail Rutherford,
Georgetown.

More letters on Page 8

Perturbed by public

As you might have noticed one of the many new additions to the Halton Hills Herald is the Community Forum appearing on page 2 of the Wednesday paper. It was introduced to the newspaper to give the people of Georgetown and Acton a means to communicate with each other on the important issues of the day.

But in having to go out and ask the questions the last three weeks, I've quickly learned a lot of people aren't that excited about stating an opinion, at least for publication that is.

This week's question, which I asked outside the Georgetown Market Square this past weekend, was, Do you think Premier David Peterson should call a provincial election soon? The first person I approached looked at me as if I had the plague and quickened her already speedy pace to avoid me.

"No thank-you," were the only words I got from her. Who knows who the woman thought I was.

In handing me the assignment, my editor, Colin Gibson, stressed that I talk to a variety of age groups. So I approached a woman about 19-or 20-years-old. When I asked her if she would participate in the forum I got a giggle followed by "I'm shy."

What's there to be shy about. It's only a picture. Just a head and shoulder shot at that. I thought youth was supposed to be open to risks. And if there ever was a chance to go out on a limb, that was it.

It's incredible how many people are afraid of the camera, and it's strictly for reasons of vanity. When's the last time you picked up the community forum and started judging someone's looks. Readers don't recognize the feature as some sort of beauty contest. If they do...well enough said.

If the camera was scaring people



Ben's Banter
By Ben Dummett

away, I thought to myself, I'd hide it and only broach the idea of a picture at the last minute. Let's call this approach fishing - newspaper style. The only problem was I had no hook. They'd nibble but there was no way of getting around the fact I needed a photograph. Several people agreed to answer the question, but no picture. What's the big deal, I thought to myself.

My appreciation goes out to the older people in town. They are the only ones who have overcome their vanity.

Needless to say, it took me over an hour to have three people agree to have their photograph taken, and also answer our Community Forum question.

A new spirit of giving
A national program to encourage giving and volunteering

Thinking of - elk-skin boots

Let's get straight to the point. Lately, I've been thinking a lot about elk-skin cowboy boots.

Those who were hoping to read something meaningful and penetrating might as well take this opportunity to flip to another section of the newspaper. I won't be offended.

But there are times when a guy just has to come out and state what's on his mind. And what's on my mind is this: I have decided I cannot be truly happy until I've found a way to separate my new cowboy boots from the elk they're currently attached to.

As you've probably guessed, I wear cowboy boots. A lot.

I wear cowboy boots all year round. I wear them to work, to leisure activities, and to formal gatherings. Last Sunday, I wore them to the beach.

And if you're beginning to suspect there may be something pathological in this attachment, you won't be the first.

Let me hasten to add that I stop at the boots-I don't go in for stetsons and embroidered shirts, let alone string-ties.

A guy has his dignity to preserve. There's no point in looking like a refugee from Audie Murphy's last movie. Or the Mayor of Calgary.

Let it also be said that I'm NOT one of those utterly pathetic fakers who wears western boots even though he's never been on a horse in his life. Perish the thought. I'm one of those slightly less pathetic fakers who wears western boots even though he hasn't been on a horse since he was 12. There's a difference.

And there's a simple reason why I wear cowboy boots. It's because a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

We live in a society that condi-



Ian Weir
Weir's View
Theorist News Service

tions us to believe that Real Men wear cowboy boots. So you can tell a lot about a guy by his footwear.

If he wears boots, he's rugged and masculine. If he wears boots constantly, he probably has a few doubts about his ruggedness. If he wears them to bed, he knows in his heart he's a wimp. But he's trying.

Occasionally, of course, you come across someone who won't tell the truth about this. A couple of months back, I wound up at a meeting with a TV producer who had a splendid new pair of black cowboy boots.

I admired them, and he turned slightly pink. "Oh," he said. "These. I only wear them because I've got such a narrow foot that shoes don't fit properly."

This was, of course, a shameless fib. We're talking about a short, slight, mild-mannered guy with a bald spot.

Wearing boots is not an attempt to find comfortable footwear. It's a last-ditch attempt to look like John Wayne, if only from the shins down.

It was only a couple of weeks later that I bought myself a new pair of cowboy boots myself. I spent a couple of days trying subtly to get people to notice-sitting with

my feet up on my desk, that sort of thing.

Nobody noticed at all. Until I walked into a theatre lobby-of all places. And bumped into another playwright-of all people.

He looked down at my feet. "Wow," He exclaimed, "New boots!" I looked down at his feet. "Wow," I exclaimed, "And you have new boots too!"

"Yes," he said happily, angling them so that they reflected the light. "I bought 'em yesterday. Now, I think I'd like to get a snake-skin pair."

"I bought mine on Monday," I replied. "I think my next pair's going to be suede." My friend nodded his grave approval. "Oh yes," he said quietly, "Suede is excellent."

It was a moment that brought two realizations into sudden, sharp focus.

It made me realize what a strangely exalted place the cowboy boot occupies to male mythology. And it helped me understand how Imelda Marcos got started.

All of which brings us back to those elk-skinned cowboy boots. I saw them the other day, in a catalogue sent out by something called the J. Peterman Company in Lexington, Kentucky.

Mr. Peterman's catalogue includes a beautiful drawing of a pair of boots. Underneath, Mr. Peterman has written: "Large herds of elk roam the northern tier of Europe. This boot is made from those hides."

I know it's wrong, of course. I know I don't need another pair of boots. And I know those elk-the ones roaming the northern tier of Europe-are quite attached to their hides.

But I want those boots. Perhaps someone could explain this to one of the elk.

If he's a guy, he'll understand.