## That beautiful squeal of tires

By TED BROWN

The other day I had an experience that brought back some memories.

I was sitting at an intersection in Georgetown, on my way back to the office, when there, ahead of me, sat one of those black, low slung 5 litre Mustangs.

You know the type; the ones with the fat tires and the rumbling dual exhaust. A masterpiece to behold if you happen to be young, (or young at heart.)

Anyway, this study in power and speed sat in front of me, with its engine revving. The light changed, and the black Mustang exploded into action like something out of the movie "Bullit" with two strips of smoking black rubber on the street in front of me as a reminder of the not so powerful vehicle I was sitting in. (After all, a four cylinder Topaz can't really

wrinkle the pavement behind it.) It brought back memories. I had a Mustang once, although it was a 1968 model, and it was long before the metric trend measured engine displacement in litres. Somehow, a High Performance 302 cubic inch engine sounded like it actually had guts, compared to the metric 5 litre designation.

I thought how most young male adolescents seemed obsessed with a stage of "burning rubber" in their growing years. Hey, I did it, and can still recall that feeling of male macho spiritualism from smoking away from the lights, (always in front of an audience, mind you.)

This story from my younger days came to mind.

Years ago, I recall a friend (who shall remain nameless) dropped by my house one night for a visit. He had a buddy with him.

They had his dad's family sedan. It was a Chrysler, and had a 440 cubic inch motor. (Yep, I'm giving shredded tire out of the trunk, that much away, but I won't bother to tell you it was a '67 New Yorker model. You'll just have to find that cords before they go flat!" out for yourself.)

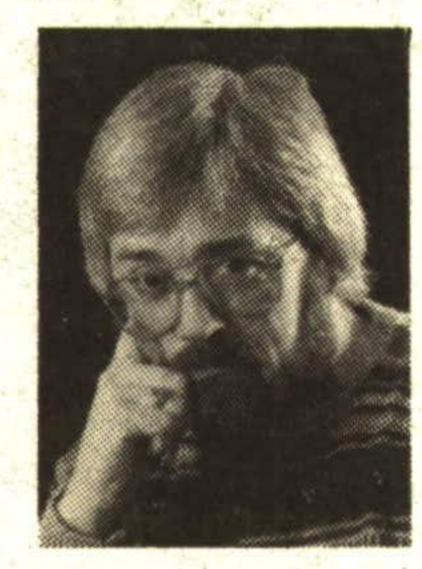
Anyway, when they prepared to drive home, they drove up the road over the old Limehouse bridge. Acton. (Did I say they lived in tires. Acton? Nope, you didn't hear that from me.)

Well, the old bridge in

MasterCard.

TED BIT

**BROWN** 



Limehouse was covered in planks, back then. You know, just cryin' for someone to squeal their tires on.

So they squealed their tires. Right across the bridge.

You know, it sounded so good, they thought they had to do it again. And again, just for good measure.

After all, it could be another full week before they got the "440" again.

Well, it seems no one told them about plank bridges. The planks are held in place with spikes. Big spikes. And those spikes have a nasty habit of working their way out on the wood as the planks wear down.

These spikes were no exception. So it was no surprise when they got a short distance up the Fifth Line when they heard that unwelcome sound; clunk-clunk, clunkclunk, as the rear corner of the car wobbled under the flat tire.

They changed the tire, with the cords hanging out of it, and put it in the trunk, in place of the spare.

A week passed, and I happen to be at his house.

I knew he had never told his dad about the flat. And, you guessed it, I was standing beside the car when his dad opened the trunk and spotted the tire.

"Well look at that!" he exclaimed, as he pulled the flat "Wow, those damn Seiberlings are some tire; they wear right to the

I had to turn away.

And he still doesn't know, (unless he reads this column.)

But I can assure you of one thing; After all, it was on their way to it couldn't happen with today's

Know why?

They paved the bridge in Limehouse.

VISA

## Our Readers Write

## Willow Park press coverage one-sided, resident claims

To the Editor:

My family and I are residents of Willow Trailer Park in Norval. I am having a hard time understanding drop-outs. We are young, older, retired families. Just why a story in your paper, dated Wednesday, May 1, can only give one side of a story.

The reporter wrote and I quote, "Smith briefly addressed the subdued councillors asking where they stand on the issue, but they refused comment." This was all that was written about what Mr. Smith had to say. This was not even near all what Mr. Smith had to say.

When asked of Councillor Joe Hewitt, the reporter almost word for word quoted everything Mr. Hewitt pointed out — that the residents have lived there rent-free for the past 18 months.

Why wasn't it reported that yes we have lived so-called rent-free, but pay all property taxes, insurance, snow removal, garbage removal, sewage, water and hydro. We pay now just as much in these services as we used to pay in rent and services to the previous owner. How can this be called FREE? All our utilities were and are owned privately and not by the CVCA or the Town of Halton Hils. They had us over a barrel and they knew this. You cannot live without hydro or water.

My family and I feel as if the Town of Halton Hills

and the CVCA are destroying a way of life and a whole community. We are not a bunch of gypsies or because we live in a mobile home, they do not want us. They say leave because you might be flooded because of a new housing development in Hungry Hollow.

But have we been flooded out? NO! We cannot just up and leave. This is our life. We pay mortgages. Yet tell us to go. Where do you go when there is no place to go?

They say to us leave your churches, your schools and your friends, but still pay your mortgage without anywhere to live. In Halton Region it is illegal to place a mobile home on property in this area. To me they are saying, we do not want your kind of lifestyle here.

Why won't the town tell us why it cannot help us now, when all along they said they would.

Why all the secrets? It is our life and homes they are dealing with, but no one will give us answers.

Where does a person go from here — when your own hometown doesn't want you?

TIME IS RUNNING OUT!

Eviction date is May 15, 1991.

Bernadene Kavanagh Willow Trailer Park, Norval





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