

What ever happened to happenstance?

'Bombing around'

Georgetown used to be hip, writes Ted Brown



TED BROWN
Column

Every once in a while, The Sidekick and I go out on a date.

We refer to it as 'Date Night' and it might involve dinner, or attending an event, and once in a while a show.

Last Saturday, we put in a pretty busy day, accomplishing more than our share of jobs.

The Sidekick and I didn't feel like preparing dinner, so we enacted the 'Date Night' measures act.

When we pull out of the driveway, the direction I turn often determines where we're having dinner. North means Acton, Guelph, Erin, etc., and south means Georgetown, Brampton or Milton.

We were pretty peckish and didn't want to drive too far, so we stopped in Acton. After a great dinner, we paid the bill, tipped our server and headed out the door to the car.

Again, depending on which direction I turn when pulling out of the restaurant parking lot, determines where we are heading.

I turned left, which meant we were driving away from home, not toward it.

The Sidekick asked a simple question, "Where are you going?"

To be honest, I didn't know - I was simply re-enacting my old pastime from 40-plus years ago.

We called it 'bombing around'.

You see, most young guys who had access to a car could be seen out 'bombing around' all Friday or Saturday night. Those who were wealthy (or convinced their parents to co-sign their car loan) would be out with their muscle cars, while the other less fortunate guys had to settle for the family sedan, which usually came with its own curfew.

So young guys all over Halton Hills would be out bombing around, into the wee hours of the morning, meeting other like-minded car guys, mostly by 'happenstance.'

Those guys who had girlfriends wouldn't be available until after midnight (depending on their girlfriend's curfew,) but they'd join in after dropping off their girlfriends.

And those girls and guys who didn't have a girlfriend/boyfriend, usually took to the streets, hoping to run into some of their friends - also by happenstance.

Most guys would tour Acton or Georgetown for a few laps through town, and then park their car to see who else was out on the tour.

Parking the car was significant. It had to show the car off in its best light, making it a source of envy for all those others out there driving the family sedan.

In Acton, THE prime parking lot at 1 a.m. was the

Beer Store. In Georgetown, there were a couple venues, but parking at Fobert's Real Estate office was hard to beat (it was located on the hill where McDonald's now sits.) The car wash was a close second, where the Petro Canada gas bar is today.

During those gatherings, we'd discuss our cars, and how fast it was, or perhaps some other conquest, usually involving a girl. Both subjects were most likely based on lots of conjecture and embellishment.

The key aspect of this entire social network was the fact it was based on happenstance, where we simply met by chance.

There were no cell phones - we would randomly meet.

As The Sidekick and I drove through Acton on my old touring route - Mill Street to Elizabeth, through Lakeview to Hwy. 7, and left through the lights on Mill to the Beer Store... again, and again... I was taken back to those times. (There was a similar route in Georgetown, and The Sidekick and I drove there after our Acton tour.)

Bombing around seems to have become a lost art, probably due to the fact we have other forms of social entertainment, like smart phones filling the void.

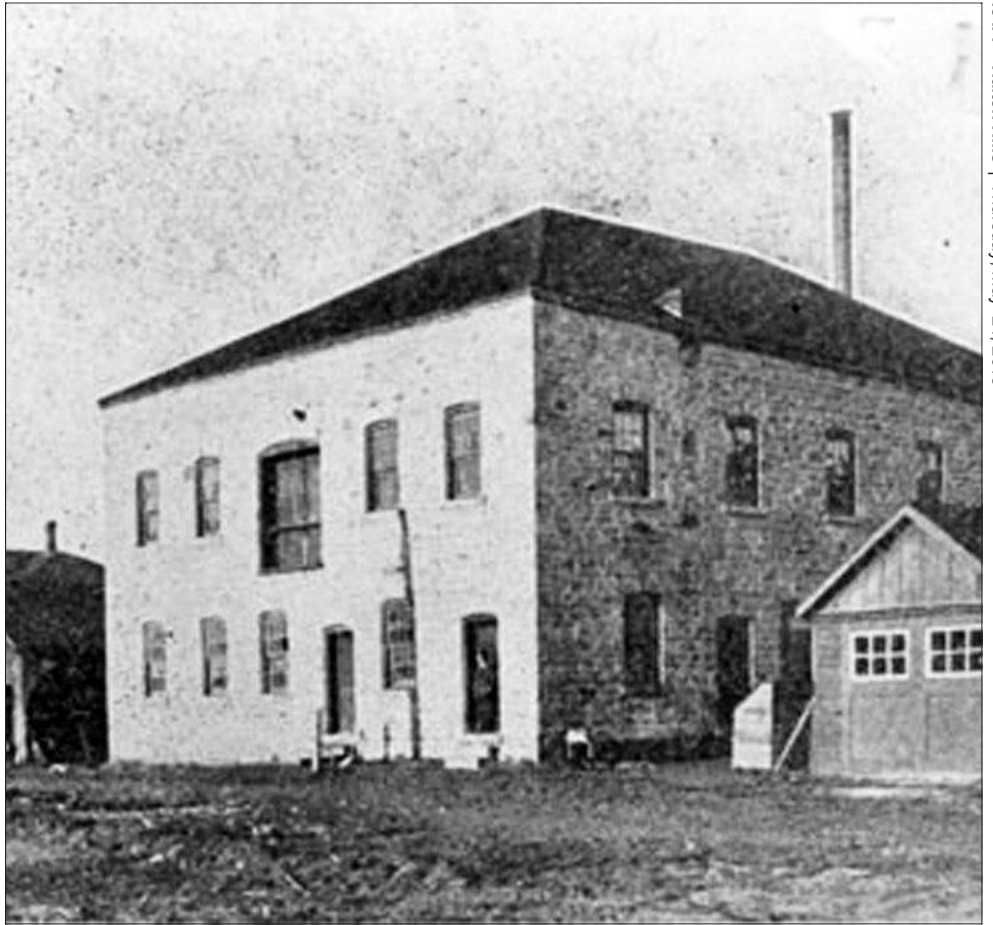
I don't know if anyone 'bombs around' anymore, and if they did, I'd probably never know.

Cuz, when the clock is striking 1 a.m., I'm sound asleep.

Not out bombing around, meeting my friends by happenstance.

- Ted Brown is a freelance writer for the Independent and Free Press. He can be reached at tedbit@hotmail.com.

THE WAY WE WERE



EHS

Built as a stone planing mill in 1897 by H.P. Lawson, 8 James St., was sold in 1909 to J.B. Mackenzie who used it as a lumber site. The stone building features a flat roof, segmentally arched six-over-six windows with stone sills and voussoirs, and stone quoins. Now home to the Halton Hills Chamber of Commerce, it is a listed cultural heritage property.

• OPINION •

We need more information on Lyme disease, says reader

Last year my six-year-old began feeling under the weather. Complaining of a headache, joint pain and tiredness.

I noticed a bullseye on his right upper arm. I took him immediately to a clinic and was told it was a hive. I went to three different clinics, stressing that I thought he had Lyme disease. However we never did see a tick.

The third clinic agreed to do a blood test even though the physician stated I was wasting his time.

I eventually emailed the Lyme Disease Association of Canada. I sent them pictures of the rash which has now spread over his entire body. They gave me the information I needed to get my son treatment.

Eventually I was notified by the health department that he did test positive for Lyme disease. It took four doctors and three weeks to diagnose it. No one listened.

Bottom line, if you feel like no one is listening, keep pushing. If I had left it my son would have been at risk for getting very sick! We need more information regarding this ever-growing concern.

Katherine Saarinen

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