

# EDITORIAL

## Golden moment

We watched with great joy as Canadian hurdler Mark McKoy ran to victory in the 110-metre event on Monday.

What more can be written about McKoy that hasn't already been said.

McKoy's victory is Canada's first gold medal in track in 64 years but his medal represents more than this country's sixth gold at the XXV Olympiad — it erases McKoy's tarnished reputation.

McKoy left the Seoul Games in 1988 after sprinter Ben Johnson was found to be using performance-enhancing drugs — steroids.

McKoy was slapped with a two-year suspension from competition after admitting to using steroids himself.

But unlike Johnson — who stumbled (accidentally?) out of the blocks in his semifinal race and finished last in the 100-metre sprint — McKoy has recovered with a vengeance.

For the past two years, the 31-year-old has been training with British hurdler Colin Jackson and his coach. While the arrangement caused some problems for some British track followers, it has definitely worked in McKoy's favor.

"The only way I could come back after my suspension was to forget Seoul," he said after his medal victory. "What took place was a bad episode for and field and I have to put it all behind me.

"I was young then and all I believed in was track, but now my focus has changed. There's a lot more to my life than track."

Without being under the constant scrutiny of the Canadian press for the last two-years — "is he clean?", "can he make a comeback?" — McKoy has been able to concentrate on his form.

It is a strategy that has clearly worked — and despite some criticism here that McKoy had abandoned Canadian track.

"I will always be Canadian," McKoy continued. "I love Toronto and I hope all Canadians are happy to have me."

We certainly are proud to have McKoy.



This photograph of the 1961 Orange Parade on Main Street in Georgetown, originally ran in the Halton Hills Herald. The picture is now in The Story of Georgetown which is available from the Esquesing Historical Society. The picture was taken at the corner of Main and Mill Streets.

## Criticism offensive

Dear Editor:

I have been most offended by the criticism (publicity) that the Love in Christ Food Bank has been receiving recently. I am a Faludon Drive neighbor, my kitchen window, as do most of my windows, gives me a good view of the portable being used. I spend a lot of time at the kitchen sink and when I look out at that portable my first thought is one of thanksgiving that we have a community of people who care enough to try to provide for the less fortunate.

We do have an "eyesore" and that is that in what we see as our prosperous little town there are many people who are hungry, many peo-

ple who would gladly be working and cannot find work.

I would like also to remind the residents of Faludon Drive that their homes surround a school yard and they could easily be looking at, as do people in other towns, a number of portables sitting in the school-yard.

The Love in Christ Food Bank is a blessing and if anything comes of this criticism it should be a recognition of their needs — not only for your financial support but for your empathy.

Sincerely  
Beryl Matthews  
c.c. Mountainview Baptist Church

## A proud French Canadian

Dear Editor:

For seven years, I've been a resident of this province.

For seven years I have paid my taxes here and some have been here for much longer.

If only people would stop to think.

I am fed-up with hearing the constant jokes about Quebec: "Look's like you're gonna need a passport soon;" or even better, "When did you immigrate?"

If only people would realize that a long, long time ago our forefathers all came here from another country and mainly from Europe...the french, the italians, the

english, etc.

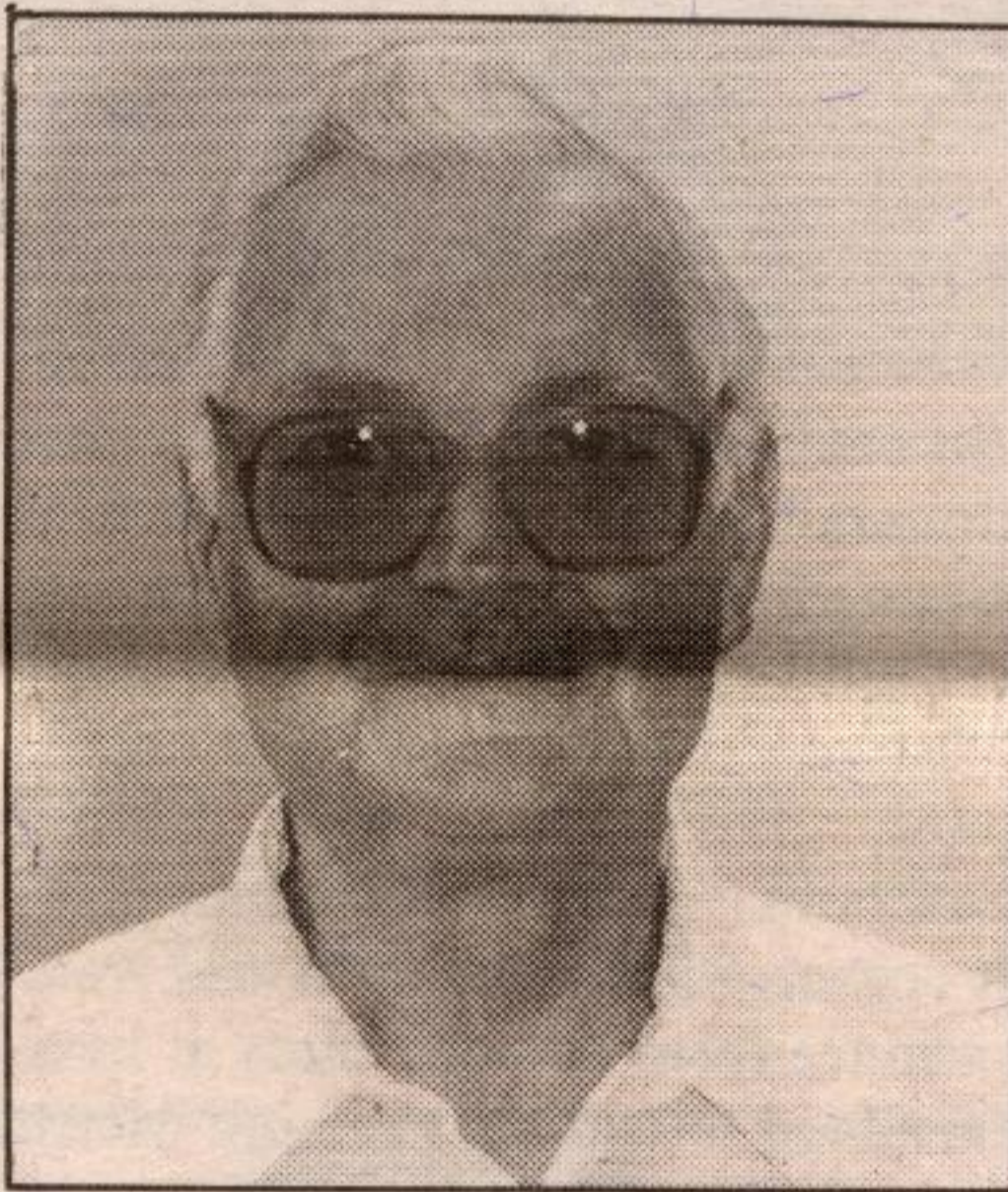
The "pig-headed" Partie Quebecois can't agree with the rest of Canada but that's politics in a democratic land.

As far as I'm concerned, some should think twice before they speak unkindly of a fellow Canadian.

The world isn't revolving around a handful of distinct "pea soup" experts.

Yes, life does and will go on. Let's not complicate it more for our children.

A proud French Canadian  
Sylvain Carriere  
Georgetown



Wheldon "Steamer" Emmerson

Halton Hills This Week is thrilled to have Wheldon "Steamer" Emmerson writing a weekly column. Steamer's anecdotes are always entertaining and usually full of insight into life's lighter moments. Look for Steamer's "Have You Got A Minute?" every week in this space.

Do you remember when Toronto Mayor Bill Dennison (1967-1972) had to hitch-hike a ride to City Hall?

Oh, what a tizzy that created for the assignment editors at Toronto papers, when poor Bill's car conked out, early in the early morning rush hour.

Mine didn't conk out. The "limo" driver drove off, and left me to swim for myself in the Credit River at the old Tenth Line bridge just east of Glen Williams.

Bill Dennison was unpretentious and often drove his own car into the city. I met him at a Mayor's Seminar once and over lunch I made it a point to tell him: "Drive your own car, Bill", when the city fathers pressed to have him chauffeur driven in a "limo."

My story of being stranded by my limo driver at the Tenth Line bridge struck a chord with him.

Let me explain how I became "Old Man River", without a paddle, a canoe and no limo. It was a "day of infamy", as President Franklin Roosevelt said of Pearl Harbor.

The Crazy Boat Races were held every year as a fundraising

## Have you got a minute? High and dry at the Crazy Boat Race

event by one of the local service clubs. The starting point was the Tenth Line bridge and the finish line was about three or four nautical miles down the river at the Norval bridge on Highway 7.

This event drew thousands of spectators to line the shores of the Credit River to watch an armada of madcaps sail in old bathtubs or outhouses that sometimes barely finished, or sank ignominiously.

One year during their parade to the Glen, I was chauffeured in a shiny black limo with a huge sign on the side proclaiming the Crazy Boat Race. In small print, unreadable to the naked eye was my name and position.

Arriving at the designated Tenth Line bridge, the limo doors were smartly opened by officials who greeted me warmly then asked me to climb over the wire fence to take up my position in the launching area.

I along with Councillor Harry Levy was to fire alternatively the starter's pistol to officially start the racers.

Once the pistol went "bang" the contestants would madly launch their bizarre, humorous, ingenious contraptions then set their course for the Norval bridge.

Caught up in the excitement and fun, little did I realize the crowd was diminishing rapidly to

seek spots further down the river to view this flotilla after being launched. When I pulled the trigger for the last time, even the lone hot dog vendor was rapidly pulling up stakes to follow the crowd.

It was only after my precarious return climb over the fence did it dawn on me the crowd had vanished.

Heavens to Betsy, I was left high and dry. The luxurious limo caught up in the excitement of the mass exodus had left without me.

I was aground.

I stepped to the side of the dusty road and in true Canadian style, thumbed a ride.

When Les and Jo Heed, local residents and recent arrivals from England, stopped to offer a ride, I gratefully accepted. Their car was a small English make, but it was a Rolls Royce to me. My wife's grandmother used to say, in predicaments like this, "big car, no gas."

My new found friends were astounded that the limo just drove off and left the Lord Mayor — as they say in England.

The next year, when they phoned me to participate I declined, due to another previous engagement.

Bill Dennison and I were having lunch at Whaler's Wharf.

## Letters Welcomed

Halton Hills This Week welcomes your letters. Letters must be signed and include your full name and address. Names will be withheld on request.

Halton Hills This Week reserves the right to edit, revise, or reject any letters on the basis of factual errors, punctuation, spelling errors

or as a result of space limitations.

Send your letter to:  
The Editor  
Halton Hills This Week  
232 Guelph St., Unit 9  
Georgetown, ON  
L7G 4B1

Halton Hills THIS WEEK

Halton Hills This Week is published every Wednesday at 232 Guelph St., Georgetown, Ont. L7G 4B1, and is printed in Oakville by Q.E. Web Printing.  
In the event of typographical error advertising goods or services at wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell which may be withdrawn at any time.  
PUBLISHER: Ken Bellamy  
EDITOR: Scott Kline  
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Kathleen Topolsek  
REAL ESTATE MANAGER: Kathy Toth  
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Marie Shadbolt  
HALTON HILLS THIS WEEK IS INDEPENDENTLY OWNED & OPERATED.  
PHONE: 873-2254  
FAX: 873-3918