By BETTIE BRADLEY Times community editor "It's growing every year. One day this will be the biggest community festival in North America," Hyl Chappell, chairman of Fritterfest '79, said last Saturday.

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The week-long festival attracted more than 60,000 people, proving Chappell may someday be right.

Saturday activities at Port Credit Park drew 50,000, 20,000 more than last year. Almost 1,500 went to FritterBash (the big party held Saturday at the International Centre) about 1,200 watched the NHL Oldtimers beat the city staff and more than 1,000 went to Cy Saddington Park for the kick-off fireworks. Other out-of-park activities included the secondary school FritterJam, the Meadowvale half-marathon, the karting championship, canoe races and a fish derby.

One of the biggest drawing cards at Port Credit park on Saturday was The Mississauga, Times' tug-of-war, which played to standing room only crowds. The crowds encouraged the Peel police, as they pulled the Mississauga Firefighters through the great batter pit twice, securing top spot and The Times' trophy. In the secondary school competition, Clarkson placed first and Westwood won the consolation spot. Once again, The Times beat The News.

The Saturday morning parade had its share of marching bands, drum majorettes and floats. The awardwinning float was entered by The Celano Italian Club. Second prize went to the Portuguese Club and St. Mary's Ukrainian Church and the Kinsmen Club tied for third.

The Ontario High School Single-Handed boating championships were held on Lake Ontario with Oakville placing first. Lorne Park was third.

Nine teams entered the bed races, raising \$900 for the United Way campaign. Consumer Gas won the championship.

Sunday morning's karting championships attracted entries from Windsor to Quebec. (See sports section for results).

The enormous garage sale on the west banks of the Credit River, attracted crowds from early morning, with eager buyers arriving before the displays were organized.

The biggest winners of all were the four lucky lottery winners. T. Saloma and guest (ticket 37966) will cruise the Caribbean. Thelma Whitwell (ticket 07957) won a trip for two to Puerto Vallerta. Louise Middleton (ticket 12690) will take a guest to the Bahamas, all courtesy of Skylark Holidays. Barbara Newman (ticket 39143) won the residential tax credit of \$1,200.



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If you're wondering where they are now . . .

The movers, the shapers and the shakers of yesterday are quite often the forgotten people of today. Those who helped make Mississauga what it is today have faded into obscurity, ignored by those who now reap the fruits of their labors.

In its continuing efforts to keep the public of Mississauga informed on its heritage, whether it wants it or not, The Mississauga Times has gone to great expense to find the heroes of yesterday and find out where they are today.

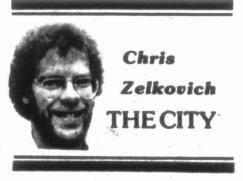
Hazel McCallion. Now there's a name that will cause a stir in the hearts of loyal Streetsvillites. Born in Quebec, Hazel moved to Streetsville and soon became one of its leading citizens. Always fighting for the underdog, Hazel rose to the position of mayor and vowed to keep Streetsville out of the provinciallyspawned conglomerate called Mississauga.

Today, Hazel still lives in Streetsville but is no longer its mayor. And Streetsville, of course, is now part of Mississauga. Although Hazel claimed she was too busy to talk, reports are that she spends most of her time these days with a pair of scissors in one hand and a shovel in the other, cutting ribbons and turning sod for new buildings.

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Justin Tyme. That name may not mean much to the John Travolt generation and it didn't mean much to people in Justin Tyme's

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day, either. He was the man who designed the Erin Mills Parkway-QEW traffic circle back in the '60s. Today Tyme designs mazes for mice at scientific labs. When contacted at his home in New Liskeard he said his only regret was that the government rejected his plan to put a large piece of cheese at each exit of the traffic circle.

Frank Bean. There was a time when bearded Frank Bean was the hottest political item in Mississauga. He rose from lowly councillor to become chairman of the Region of Peel. Shortly after taking the chairman's chair, though, Bean was usurped by a beardless man who goes by the same name. The real Frank Bean is reported to be operating a friedchicken outlet in Guatemala.

Jean-Paul Sartre. The famed French philosopher made headlines in the local press 15 years ago when he said, "Mississauga. Qu'est-ce que c'est-ça?" That phrase was used for many years as the city's tourist motto.

When contacted by The Times at his Paris home, Sartre expressed confusion. "I don't know why I said that," he replied in a heavy accent, presumed to be French. "I may have been drunk at the time."

- Bruce McLaughlin. The big developer caused a great stir of excitement back in the '60s with his claim that "Hurontario Street would become the next Yonge Street." Although some dismissed the statement because McLaughlin happened to own most of Hurontario Street, he was proven right when the first massage parlors opened on the street in 1974.

Westwood High School student Jo Anne Van Raven,

top left, thought the tug-of-war was the pits. She was

in it all day.

McLaughlin refused to return our calls but his secretary did tell us that he is now in the development and farming business.

Roland Koffy. That name may not mean much to the Darryl Sittler crowd, but back in the '60s Koffy was the toast of Mississauga. The two-fisted defenceman centre for the Streetsville Derbys captured the imagination of all hockey fans and was destined for NHL stardom, or a boxing career. Unfortunately, Koffy's carreer ended when NHL scouts found out he couldn't skate on single-bladed skates. Koffy is now employed by a local wrecking firm.

Noah Zark. Who can forget the man they called The Dixie Road Prophet? Zark made so many correct predictions about Mississauga in the '50s that many wondered how he did it. His downfall came in 1961 when he said, "If Lakeview doesn't become the Atlantic City of Canada I'll eat my hat." It was an unfortunate choice of words, since Zark owned the old Brown Derby Drive-In on Dundas Street.

Zark is still recovering from brick poisoning 18 years later.