

Shore 'nuff

There are few places better to spend a hot, summer day than at Jack Darling Park on the shore of Lake Ontario. Seven-year-old John Barkla would certainly agree as he digs his way towards the earth's core, unbeknown to his mother, right. The two young lovers, below, probably don't really care where they are, but the lake breeze and shady trees of Jack Darling make it that much nicer. And the young nature-lover below right thinks Jack Darling is as nice a place as any. He's just happy to be free.

Photos by
Peter McCusker



A contest to help me sleep better

It happens to everyone. Artists live in fear of the day they will no longer be able to paint. All poets dread the time when they will no longer be able to find a word that rhymes with anti-disestablishmentarianism.

Inside postal workers have nightmares about the day they can no longer play parcel soccer and basketball.

Columnists, too, have an uncontrollable fear of the day the mind refuses to produce, the fingers fail to type and the Reader's Digest Guide To Humor has been used up.

I have that fear. But I've got it worse than anybody.

It starts in the middle of the night. I break out in a cold sweat, start to shiver and finally wake up, screaming, "Hold the mustard!"

I've never been able to figure out why I say that. But I do know it's time I did something about this fear I have of someday not being able to write a column.

And I'm doing it this week.

For Mississauga, the most hilarious and the goofiest thing in Mississauga.

This contest will serve many purposes.



**Chris
Zelkovich**

First of all it will establish once and for all what is the goofiest thing in Mississauga. And believe me, there's a long list of candidates.

For example, I've always considered it incredibly goofy that the Mississauga Golf and Country Club is on Mississauga Road. Who put the extra 'u' in Mississauga? In my book that ranks along with the greatest

mispronunciations of the name of the city, they call it Labor Day when nobody works.

I have also found it stunningly goofy that

this city was named after the Mississauga Indians, who live in Brantford.

It is also very goofy that Mississauga's downtown has a roof on it. And why do they call it Square One when it's not square?

It is goofy that this city can evacuate 250,000 people without incident when a train derailed but it still can't get a bus to arrive on time.

It is goofy that Mississauga has many Irish setters, Siamese Cats, Japanese radios, Chinese checkers but no Massasauga rattlesnakes.

It is goofy that there is a street in Mississauga called Old Pheasant Road. Why would they name a street after an aging bird?

It is goofy that there is a corn field across the street from City Centre Drive.

It is goofy that the city's main street has six lanes and is called the Queen Elizabeth Way.

It is goofy that in Mississauga there is a street called Marf Avenue.

It is goofy that Irv Weinstein can pronounce Cheektowaga and North

Tonawanda, but can't pronounce Mississauga.

Marf Avenue? It is goofy that the biggest event in Mississauga is called The Fritterfest.

Those are just a few of my entries for the contest and when the contest is over we're sure to have established Mississauga's goofiest thing.

This contest will also supply me with at least one more column in which I'll list the best entries. It will supply me a third one, because first prize is a column about the winner, written by me in my style.

And most of all, this contest will help me sleep better. Because with three columns I don't have to worry about, I'll be sleeping like a baby.

So start sending in those entries to me, c/o The Mississauga Times, 2300 South Sheridan Way, Mississauga, Ont. L5J 2M4.

Remember, the more you send, the better.

P.S. This contest is for real and not a joke. For an example of a joke, see page 38 of The Reader's Digest Guide To Humor.