

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Vacation Over.....

In theory an editor should return from vacation full of vim and vigor, ideas by the barrelful, a complete digest of national and international affairs and words flowing so fast he can hardly gear his typewriter to the pace.

If such is so, this editor doesn't deserve the name for it has never happened.

Perhaps we are a creature of routine, for our best work seems to come when we are at the daily grind without even a day off.

This year, old age and a number of contributing factors combined to give us a quiet two weeks at the beach. And unless we were to digest the daily contents of the Globe & Mail for our readers, we received no inspirational bits of wisdom to pass on for posterity.

Main items of conversation at a beach seem to be (a) how long are you staying?

and (b) the weather. This year, the latter had more than its share. We endured two days of the coldest weather this side of Christmas for a start, a couple of in-betweeners and two of the nicest days one could ever dream about. Perhaps that's par for the course.

We had a weekly shopping trip to the neighbouring town, cut up a bit of firewood, installed one veranda screen and read two books—or to be honest one and a half. We can recommend 'My Name is Morgan', borrowed from the town library as an excellent book which will, undoubtedly, become a movie with someone like Kirk Douglas in the starring role. We can equally recommend the first half of 'Hawaii'—but if you intend to read it on vacation, you will have to be one of the luckier individuals who get at least three weeks.

Mothers Mean a Lot.....

Actually, we planned these two weeks this year because our mother, who lived in a nearby town was ailing. And we used the time to slip down to see her as often as possible.

Mother had lived a full and useful life. Her good times had well outnumbered the bad. She had almost reached the fine age of 85. For a year she had been in what is called 'failing health'. There was nothing too specifically wrong, but bit by bit it became more noticeable when she remembered something for more than a day or two than when she forgot.

Each time we visited she seemed to be a little weaker physically, though she was able to be up and about until the day before her death. We spent that day with her. She would sit up in bed for a minute or two, but mostly just slept. She

had a dislike of hospitals (she had only had one small illness in all her life) and when the decision was made that night, we were thankful that she never realized where she was going.

We arrived at the hospital late the next afternoon just as it happened. She sighed, fluttered her hands and passed into that final sleep.

One would not want it any other way. Who could be more blessed than the person who goes to sleep with little of the suffering and the sedatives which too often accompany this last long journey.

The tears we shed that day were not for mother but for ourselves. Like most mothers, she was the family bulwark, clearing house for family news, meeting place for brothers and sisters, reminder of each phase of our growth, link with the town of our birth.

We shall miss her.

Town Guest Book.....

Georgetown has often been visited by distinguished persons.

In our time we can recall two prime ministers, a governor general and several provincial and federal cabinet ministers. There have been distinguished representatives of social and service clubs, top-ranking businessmen, municipal officials from other countries and a few people who have made their mark in the theatrical world.

While their visits are perpetuated in the pages of the Herald in word and picture, we think a formal record should be kept at the municipal office of this.

We suggest that a guest book be kept at the office and when a distinguished person visits our town, he should be asked to visit that office, sign the book and a short record of the occasion be included.

Think how valuable this would be as a display had this been done over the past century for the planned 1964 town celebration.

We can't have it for this one, but we can start now to keep this bit of history for the days to come.

On The Lighter Side....

When readers gleefully point out the obvious errors appearing in newspapers, they very seldom stop to consider the thousands of letters which are correctly printed. It is very easy for a linotype operator to set a letter incorrectly and even easier for a proof reader to miss a seemingly obvious error. The result of missing just one incorrect letter is often amusing, sometimes embarrassing.

Recently in a wedding write up, we stated "the broom was attended by his brother."

Here are a few other typographical errors calculated to amuse.

"For sale - young dressed birds. Absolutely clean and ready for the rooster."

"Piano for sale by Southern lady with carved mahogany legs."

"Beauty rest mattress for sale by detached government girl stuffed with feathers."

"English bull terrier for sale. Eats anything. Very fond of children."

"The ladies of the church have cast off clothing of all kinds. They may be seen in the basement of the Church on Thursday evening."

"Due to a newspaper shortage," said one paper, "we postpone a number of births until next week."

"Other restaurants have increased their prices, but our diners are the same as before."



DISCOVERIES OF THE DEEP



SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

What a difference a general gets his dirty great boat in the ton or so has wrought in the water, running in all directions (you art of summer cottons lugging vast cans of gas, about 30 years ago, it brutally heavy outdoors, and was a gypsy sort of existence, break-breaking cases of beer.

When everything is operating, he gets to dash off to the val nerve wrecking and organized such as a box of tissues, a lot of olive and some more for the gin. When he gets back, he has to take the kids for a swim, set up the bar for the party they're in, and then he has to go back to the village for some cigarettes.

In those days, the cottage he built was a cottage on a small island in the summer home. Today the structure would be called a shack and they'd run you right out of the subdivision (which could be the best thing that ever happened to you).

Can you imagine one of these young married couples, the kind who grin and wink feverishly on the beer commercials, going, with their children, to a place away off nowhere, with coal-oil lamps and a two-hole out back and no supermarket within 50 miles.

Can you imagine a woman going in a single car? Can you imagine a man with just one house, little road? Can you imagine a child without water, skis and transistor radio? It's pretty appalling, isn't it?

And yet, summer cottaging was, within memory, a simple almost pioneer existence, with its own very special pleasures, its deep delights, its subtle joys. It was a wonderful, golden two months each year in the lives of many youngsters, a time they still remember with savage regret for what they have become.

For one thing, Father did not have to thunder up a highway with thousands of other cars, each and every one intent on getting there in the shortest possible time and taking nothing off a nobody in the process. Father was a summer bachelor and he loved every minute of it.

When school ended, he had led down the old car to the graining point, piled the kids in the back, took the whole family to the cottage, dumped them and went sensibly back to town where all the other sensible fathers spent the summer.

He got a rest from his wife and children, and spent the evenings quietly and happily at the bowling green, or pottering among the raspberry bushes, or running around with the local grass widow.

And what was Mother doing? Don't worry. She was kept busy, and therefore happy, taking slivers out of feet, keeping bowls open, taking the kids swimming twice a day, and filling their greedy little guts with unpasteurized milk, ungraded eggs, and unspiced meat.

Nowadays my heart aches for cottage parents. The day they arrive, Dad charges around like a bull moose, hooking up the pressure system, blowing fuses in the hydro system, trying to

Wants Town Support For Forty Hour Week

The Oakville and District Labour Council committee for the 40 Hour Week again at the Municipalities of Acton, Georgetown, Milton and Oakville. A letter to the councils was mailed several days ago. The Labour Body pointed out that cities like Windsor and Niagara Falls (Ontario) have endorsed similar resolutions from the respective Labour Councils in their area.

Committee members Messrs G. G. Dixon, Ed Bruce and William Morris expressed pleasure for the manner in which the Councils of Burlington and Toronto Township acted upon the resolution. Both Councils referred the matter to committees for study and action.

We hope that the councils will do a realistic with our request at this time said G. G. Dixon, President of the Labour Council. Ed Bruce, President of Local 707 FAW (Ford Plant, Oakville) stated, 'Surely some positive action can be demanded from our elected municipal representatives on this matter'.

The head of the Carpenters desired."

Letters From a "Trouble Spot"

Letters from a Georgetown soldier in Viet Nam

When he received a posting to the Far East, a member of the Canadian Military U.N. delegation, Albert Carter began putting his observations on paper and sending them home to LOL 243. The lodge found the account so absorbing that they submitted them to the Herald and part of a letter appears below as article No. Twenty-one of a series.

The carvings in the outer galleries record the battles of the king, the life of the court and the peasantry, and illustrate religious legends, and the like. Some of the carvings we could do today, the things are certain, they do the things like they used to.

During the religious strife in the thirteenth century, the place became a Buddhist temple. Exit the Hindu gods. Then the Hindu religion had a temporary comeback. Au revoir Buddha. Buddhism made a comeback, and absorbed the Hindu religion. Out Vishnu, in Buddha again. It must have been rather profitable to be in the statue carving business in those days.

The whole area was abandoned in 1431, when, stripped of the western provinces by the Thai revolt, the capital was left to be too exposed to foreign invasion. Cambodia ceased to be a world power and has never really recovered.

But to get back to Angkor Wat. The thing is actually too vast to be beautiful. It impresses with its great size more than with its appearance. But the greatest thing of all was the work that must have gone into it, and the engineering used to construct it, for except for modern restoration and repairs, there is not a speck of cement in the whole place. Each rock is wedged into place and held there by pressure and gravity alone.

The next town was Angkor Thom. Angkor means 'Great' and Thom means 'Town'. As Angkor Thom stands today, it is only a fragment of what it had been first planned. The temple that once stood in the very centre of the city is now a quarter mile OUTSIDE the walls and most of the ENCLOSED area is ten miles around. Inside this smaller and newer city (dating from 1180-1220) are some pretty interesting remains. One of the most interesting is a temple called 'The Reclining Buddha'. It is a temple of the Hindu god Vishnu. It is a temple of the Hindu god Vishnu. It is a temple of the Hindu god Vishnu.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

In thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—Psalm 16:11.

Joy is very hard to find these days. And so, people are accepting all kinds of substitutes—tainted pleasures. Joy is an exotic thing. It is found only in the Lord.

Georgetown Herald

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A grid of business advertisements including: W. H. Carr, P. Eng., Consulting Professional Engineer; Donald A. Gay, Tues., Thurs. & Sat. for appointment call TR 7-3401; Dale, Bennett, Latimer & Baines, Barristers & Solicitors; George C. Hewson, Barrister and Solicitor; Frederick A. Henson, Barrister and Solicitor; M. E. Manderson, Q.C., Barrister and Solicitor; T. Van Sickle, B.A., Barrister, Solicitor, Notary; Wallace Thompson, 3rd. Division Court, Clerk & Commissioner; Robt. R. Hamilton, Optometrist; Monuments, Pollock & Campbell, Designs on Request; Print Distinction, Statements, Envelopes, Invitations; Georgetown Animal Clinic; Red Shield Thanks Herald For Support; Orangeville, Residents of Orangeville and their Centennial guests will be wakened at six o'clock Monday, Aug 5th.

DISTRICT NEWS AT A GLANCE

BRAMPTON - The flower town continues to blossom with new industry. DHJ announced last week it bought a-site, land and buildings of a Streetsville porcelain plant for more than one million dollars in Bramalea. Construction was expected to begin shortly on a 45,000 square foot plant for an American firm, Oakite Products Ltd. BURLINGTON - Ald. E. R. Hennessy last week informed the town fire and police committee that he had received complaints from residents of one street concerning the operation of an ambulance service in their neighbour-

OAKVILLE - A multi-million dollar liquidation is being considered for an 18-acre Oakville site. It was learned last week that the large head office for Canadian Liquid Air would be built in conjunction with the refining plant. TORONTO TOWNSHIP - An obviously hostile Toronto Township council turned a deaf ear to Cr. Harold Chappell's vision of the City of Mississauga when he presented a motion last week calling on the council to apply to the Ontario Municipal Board to change the township in a city.

Red Shield Thanks Herald For Support

The Herald, Georgetown, Ontario. Dear Sir: It is our pleasure to express the thanks and appreciation of the Salvation Army leaders for your excellent support which your newspaper gave to the Red Shield Appeal, and should also like to have the opportunity to say to all donors—help us how grateful we are for their generosity and for services rendered. With every good wish Yours Sincerely, L. BURSEY, Lieut. Colonel, National Campaign Director.