

EDITORIAL COMMENT

An Egg Mars

Most readers of the Globe and Mail are daily followers of Bruce West whose column, front page, second section, rarely fails to amuse with its pointed comments on the contemporary scene.

One recent column, titled "An Egg Mars" was particularly suited to us. We too had watched the historic pictures, the first close-ups of a planet about which man is so curious.

For those who didn't see the column, we'll take a chance on the copyright laws, with a promise to the G & M that we don't intend to start reprinting a series of Mr. West's columns. Hope our readers get the same chuckles from it as we did.

Although I keep looking and looking at those supposedly sensational pictures of Mars recently released by U.S. space scientists, they continue to bear a marked resemblance to the outer edge of a fried egg. I want to be impressed and I do my best to read something into these undoubtedly dramatic photos, but they still come out looking the same way every time - fried eggs. Even the little line I spotted on one of them turned out to be not a Martian version of the Welland Canal but a fault in the television transmission. If I want to look at lines on a television picture I can see all I care to see on Channel 4, from Buffalo. It's all so disappointing. Ever since last November I have been waiting patiently for those first Mars pictures to appear in the press. When they finally did turn up, I rushed out and bought all the early editions of the newspapers, carried them home and then sat down near the light coming in the window to see what in heavens Mars looked like. The leifdon can

only be described as the kind you might get when you eagerly bought a set of French postcards and rushed home to find that you had just acquired 48 different poses of General de Gaulle. The scientists say, of course, that later shots in this photo-series are likely to be much more sensational. But I dunno - the last time I heard the sales pitch was when the Barker at a carnival told us to stay over for \$1 extra to catch the special hootchy-kootchy show. As I recall, wasn't worth waiting for, either.

But supposing they do come up with some clearer, sharper photos which make Mars look like the outer edge of a poached egg rather than a fried one? Just what will this mean to the chap who is often called the Man in the Street? Will this bring his income tax down or reduce the cost of living index? After all, we earthlings are getting quite blasé these days. Even if they came up with a picture showing little men with eyes on their toes and those on their heads and six arms, some of us would merely sigh wearily and assume that we were looking at a group portrait of the newest rock n' roll quartet. (Those who saw The Green Man when they were appearing in Toronto will know full well what I mean.)

At any rate, I feel quite sure that any one who has attended any of the recent exhibitions of modern paintings or sculpture are not likely to get greatly excited over photographs of anything which might be waiting us on Mars. The fact is that we have been subjected in recent years to so much that can only be described as being out of this world that it's going to be mighty hard to come up with an exciting encore, even from outer space.

One More Needed

With tongue in cheek, a columnist in the Canadian Dairy and Ice Cream Journal takes a friendly poke at the increasing bureaucracy which brings more and more inspectors into the world of commerce.

He reviews inspection visits to his office of men representing the dairy products division, health department, food and drug division, fire department, local by-law, unemployment insurance, income tax, and sales tax.

To these he adds the following: for female labour, a woman comes to the office to check on time cards which must not exceed 44 hours a week. Before her chair

is vacated, a man is here from the Department of Labour to perform a similar check for male employees. Then comes the Weights & Measures man, boiler inspector, plant safety inspector and Workmen's Compensation man.

He ends his column with a bit of verse, which includes:

Bring back again those happy days
Of Caesar, Brutus, Hector,
They bought and sold and lived and died
With never an inspector.
When all is ended and Old Nick,
Has got each malefactor,
We hope in each spot in H...
There sizzles an inspector.

NEWS ECHOES

From the pages of the Herald 1955 and 1945

TEN YEARS AGO

- Some local youngsters are promoting the new community swimming pool by doing some fund raising. Last week a basement variety show at 9 Margaret Street attracted 40 neighbourhood children. The program included dances, plays, puppets and instrumental numbers. Spark plugs of the show were Doug and Carol Mills, Virginia Lee, Vivian Reynolds, and John Bennett. The proceeds were given to the pool fund.
On Thursday at the home of Sandra Lloyd, 11 Normandy Blvd., Joy Barber, Myrna Cook and Sandra had a bazaar. A fish pond, games, and candy booth realized \$5.40 for the fund.
Freshie and lemonade has been sold by various groups of children to raise funds. Patsy and David Barrager and David Mackenzie raised \$6.14 by this method downtown. In the Queen Street district, a dollar was raised in a similar effort by Frances Linton, Lynda Hyde, Carroll Farnell and Ellen Biehn, and in Cloverdale Heights Donna Joynson headed a little group that raised the same amount.
A modern one-storey building is being planned to replace the present hydro office on Main St. Tenders have been called by Georgetown Hydro for the new building which will be erected on Water Street beside the post office.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

- Georgetown residents are this week welcoming home from overseas, L. Sgt. Herb Harlow, LAC Jack Kemshead, LAC Ed Collyer, F/L Kenneth Mackenzie, Pte. Ken Beerman, Sgt. George Long, Pte. C. E. Stapleton, Pte. Bernard Tennant.
Fire which spread from a coal oil stove in the back kitchen late Monday afternoon completely destroyed the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack McLaughlin, on the 6th line. The family had just spent considerable time and money in renovating the house. Wilfred and Fred Harding, Bill Hyde and Bill McDonald succeeded in getting some of the furniture out.
A resident of Georgetown for the past three years, Mr. Walter Carpenter will commence his new duties as head of the Classics Department at Chatham Collegiate Institute next month. Mr. Carpenter has been acting principal at Georgetown High School during the absence overseas of Capt. J. L. Lambert.

IN THE MAIL BAG

No Ward 3 Acclamation Promise of Ratepayer

97 Sargent Road,

To the Editor:
In the Herald of a few weeks ago the report of the week and deputy reeve announcing their ambitions for higher office in council brings dire thoughts of misgivings for the future of Georgetown.

Could these premature announcements be a smoke-screen for something more important, such as land release?

More than ever our town needs a leader having no fear or favour, a person who is genuinely interested in the good welfare of Georgetown, and a man who does not look for personal gain by being elected to the office of mayor.

Also he should have the intestinal fortitude and the initiative to introduce and carry out his ideas for the betterment of Georgetown.

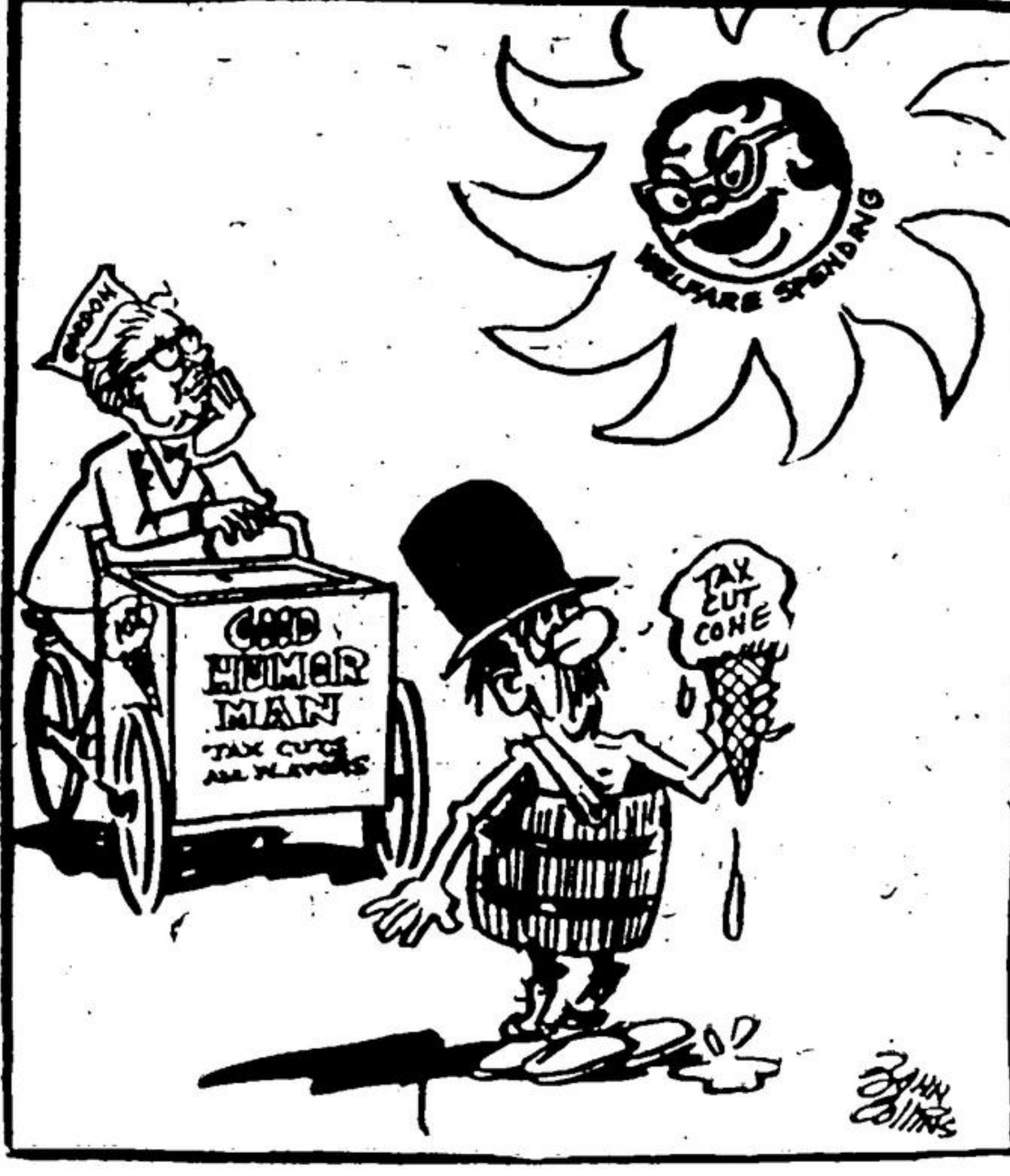
Age should not be used as a measurement. Lots of people are older at, for example 58 years than other people are at 76.

Past records of council meetings have proven that only one of the candidates has any and all of these qualifications.

Georgetown needs a person for Reeve, who is well informed and able to represent the town at county council.

Does Mr. Hunter believe that his record as road chairman is complimentary to him and to qualify him as the next reeve?

Apart from the newly rebuilt section of the highway, of which credit should go to the province, there is hardly any paved roads in town that are not in need of repair.
People have been complain-



HOW LONG WILL IT LAST?

NEWS DESK EXTRAS

by Terry Harley

The following story, our nomination for the best summer vacation story of the year, appeared in the London Free Press.

By Jim Etherington in the London Free Press
A Sarnia man who found himself standing in his underwear on a draughty interchange on Highway 401, west of London now finds he can laugh about it.

He can even manage a smile when he thinks of the \$1,500 damage his wife caused when she drove the family car through the garage later the same night.

After all, she was probably surprised when she saw him watering the lawn - the last time she had seen him he was in the mobile home being towed by the car she was driving.

It happened this way. The couple recently went to Toronto to buy a small mobile home for summer vacation. On the way home the man, who remains unidentified, became tired and climbed into the trailer to sleep while his wife drove.

After her husband had slumped down to his shorts and fallen asleep, the woman made a wrong turn, attempting to find a service centre, and, in stopping, slammed on the brakes.

ing of the condition of sidewalks for years. Apparently Mr. Hunter has been unable to manage his road budget to carry out these repairs.

Or has Mr. Hunter been too busy taking advantage of real estate opportunities that come through contacts made as a member of Georgetown council? So how can we expect a better job from him in a more responsible position?

Numerous decisions in council are passed or defeated by a vote of 5 to 4.

No wonder, as this is also about the representation of council members that are wholly interested in Georgetown's improvement.

Another member of council apparently is more interested in the construction of a monumental water tower than the necessity or the ability of the taxpayer to pay an increased water bill for the next twenty years or so.

Another council member, who has investments in real estate in town, has put more, if not all, his efforts, into securing apartment building permits.

I agree with Mr. Young who said "We are at the crossroads" in pertaining to land release.

For too long the town has stagnated as to industrial and residential growth.

And there is no need to put off any longer, the reaching of an agreement between the town and Delrex.

But if we expect the agreement to be just and fair to all concerned then we, the taxpayers, must take a more active part in municipal affairs.

For too long we have left it

Her husband, thinking something amiss, leaped from bed, dashed out the door - and stood shivering in the cold night as his wife sped off.

He flagged down a car and after a long explanation hitched a ride to a nearby service centre.

The man's plight was discussed by several motorists and a salesman decided it best not to try flag down the man's wife because she would probably panic when she saw her husband alongside. Since the salesman was going to Sarnia, he gave the unfortunate man a lift. Of course they arrived before the wife.

The man decided to give his lawn a quick watering while he awaited her arrival.

The poor woman - with who knows what thoughts running through her mind when she saw him in the yard instead of asleep in the trailer - stepped on the accelerator instead of the brake.

The car, and new trailer behind, ended in the backyard, with the roof of the garage perched on the roof of the trailer.

up to a small few to handle our affairs. If people in the past and any who are now on council have made personal gains then again we are to blame. They have been given wide-open opportunities to do so with only a token resistance.

In the coming municipal election every seat should be elected and can be heavily contested. Then we can feel sure the right person has been elected.

I fully agree with Mr. Freeman that acclamations are not good for municipal affairs, and so intend to cooperate with him on this point.

There will not be any acclamations for council seat in Ward III this year.

— Albert A. Porter.

CONCRETE GRAVEL BUILDING SAND ROAD GRAVEL FILL and TOP-SOIL STONE WORK TOM HAINES Glen Williams - TR. 7-3302

SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley

In A Tourist Town

Living in a tourist town must be quite different from living in a town of corresponding size that has no link with the tourist industry.

I grew up in a small town that was just beginning to find its potential as a tourist town. Quite a few cars in town were evident in July and August. Everybody thought the tourist business was a good thing, and something should be done about it. A few people with large houses and small incomes, including my mother, put up "Tourist accommodation" signs and were not only flabbergasted but delighted to rent huge, immaculate bedrooms for as much as \$2 a night.

But on the whole, the tourist business was just a little extra gravy, and the town drew through the summer, the merchants leaning in their cool doorways, waiting for a customer to come, so they could close up and hustle off to the ball park after gulping their supper.

What a difference from the slum-bum thank you's at the atmosphere of the modern tourist town!

Today the tourist business is not only a little extra gravy, it is the cream in the coffee, the icing on the cake, the cheese with the apple pie and any other garnishing you care to nauseate yourself by imagining. It is the difference between survival of the fittest and getting along nicely, thank you, in the business world.

For the grocers, the hardware, the drug stores, the tourist season is a mixture of exhilaration and exhaustion. The harmonious tune of the cash register is offset by the discordant scream of achin' feet.

Aside from its economic injection, the tourist business has a very strong impact on the life of a small town. When the first visitors begin to arrive, in May and June, they are as welcome as the first flowers. They add color, excitement, a touch of the outside world, with their different accents and different clothes.

They are warmly welcomed, not just for their financial contribution. Most of them are very nice, friendly people, and

It's a pleasure to greet the repeaters each year, on their first trip to the cottage. We have a little yarn about the winter we've spent, and like as not they'll urge: "Now you be sure and come up to the cottage and see us this summer. We'll have a cold one together."

They start to come in a trickle that quickly becomes a stream, then an avalanche. The pace quickens as the small town is swarmed by them. By mid July the whole town is throbbing with this heady addition to its life stream. You can't find a place to park, shopping takes three times as long, and you can scarcely cross the street because of the constant stream of cars crowding through.

About this time, the tourist town has almost lost its identity and individuality. Merchants and resort operators are like fishermen who find themselves in the middle of a vast school of fish. Like farmers intent on reaping the harvest before the first touch of frost kills it.

As August nears its end, and the golden days fall rapidly away, there is a little sadness in the air, as the tourist season nears its end, and the new and old friends among the campers are seen heading out of town with their sunbleached children and their piled high cars.

But when Labor Day arrives, and the avalanche flows in a trickle, the town becomes a town again, not just a shopping centre. The citizens slow down, stretch their backs, and look around each other. Within a week, they have forgotten the scramble and the rush and the foolish business of making money, and, full of renewed interest in their town and themselves, get down to something serious like planning a hunting trip, or having a party.

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BIBLE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

"Then these men assembled, and found Daniel praying and making supplication before his God." Daniel 6:11

Keep up your prayer life. The world is waiting and God is listening.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Grid of business advertisements including: CHIROPRACTOR DONALD A. CAY, D.C.; O. Y. WALKER, O.D.S.C. OPTOMETRIST; Dale, Bennett, Latimer & Baines; Frederick A. Helson; M. E. Manderson, Q.C.; T. Van Sicker, B.A.; WALLACE THOMPSON; GEORGETOWN ANIMAL CLINIC; Murray Rumack, Stern & Co. CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS.