



**SPRING CLEANING** — In the top photo, maintenance crews from the Dept. of Highways collect litter scattered along the roadside during the winter season as they prepare for the summer holiday period. Bottom, these scattered pieces of litter add to truck loads of refuse. Last year, the DHO spent \$980,000 on the collection and disposal of litter. As part of anti-litter campaign the Dept. appeals to motorists to take along a litter bag in their cars and use it instead of tossing litter along the roadside.

SEEING THE WORLD — PART 18

# Nepal — A Land Of Religious Festivals

Continuing a series of letters home from Janice Carter to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ormie Carter, describing a tour which she is taking with Karen Korzak of Glen Williams and some English girl friends.

Nepal was truly a breath of fresh air. The road into Khatmandu took us over a hundred miles of steep curving mountain roads where each bend in the road brought fabulous views of Himalayan scenery — snow-capped peaks in the distance and terraced farms cut out of the soil in the foreground, eagles overhead and sturdy mountain people climbing with heavy packs up sheer hillsides. We found a good cheap hotel (two Nepalese rupees each or about 16 cents a night) and we could get porridge for breakfast, and lemon tea, and real meat dinners (buffalo steak and mutton)!

Wow! that was a welcome change after rice and hot spicy vegetarian dishes. Not only that, we discovered a Chinese restaurant called the 'Lido' that must be famous by now as we have told everyone we have seen about it and anyone who has been to Khatmandu seems to know about it. There you could get heaps of steaming Chinese dinners for 3 or 4 rupees. We used to just fill in the hours (especially when it was raining) until we could decently appear again for another meal.

If it hadn't been so rainy and cold, we could have stayed much longer than 5 days as Nepal was the best so far. Everywhere there were temples of pagoda style where incense and little lights burned. On the steps around the outside walls, people were selling vegetables and woolen goods and trinkets of all sorts. We found the bazars interesting but disappointing—things like prayer wheels and Gurka knives (I bought one) but the prices were very high probably because since the restrictions on travel in Nepal were lifted so many tourists have flooded in. When we tried to bargain with them, they would only go down a little and then would say there was no use in trying to get it for less because they could get even more from another tourist.

We enjoyed seeing all the different faces — happy, sturdy people and the Tibetans were the best. They went about their affairs instead of staring at us. Some of the men had long braided hair and big golden pierced earrings and beads. We saw a lot of women with ten or more earrings in their ears and really heavy necklaces and often huge rings through the side of one nostril.

They have even more festivals than India — we saw several processions led by drums and

flutes and once saw a street idol washed in the blood of a recently-killed bull. At the hotel, we were given a little bowl of milk-boiled rice with sugar and nuts in it. The manager told us that this was a traditional spring festival dish — very tasty and nice to have as a present.

We visited some of the larger Hindu temples and Buddhist stupas as well. Poshpati is on the banks of the Bagmati and is a very holy place. We had to climb the hillside to look into it. There was a huge golden bull inside as the temple is dedicated to Shiva, the bull image of the Hindu god. I had lots of fun there with a lively little boy who undertook to be my guide and led me all over the site at breakneck speed telling me in limited English all about the temple. He had a slingshot to shoot monkeys with as they sometimes attack.

One Canadian boy at our hotel was taking rabies shots because he had been bitten. The little boy also had a small stringed instrument with a box and played and sang for me. I didn't mind giving him some bakshesh because he deserved it!

Bodhnath Stupa is a huge Buddhist shrine that has gigantic eyes painted on the dome. All around the outside there are prayer wheels set into the wall which pilgrims spin as they walk along. Swayamishu Nath sits above the city on the top of a steep hill.

We were lucky to come during one of the prayer times in order to see and hear the monks. The air was thick with the scent of incense and the less pleasant aroma of the rancid butter they drink in their tea. Two little boys played drums and two other monks blew on horns and conch shells. The sound is quite deafening by the time they reach the climax of their prayers; we were almost mesmerized by the loud steady beat.

Well, you know already that John couldn't sell his Land Rover. At our hotel, there was a British couple who had tried for several weeks and finally gave up. They were going off on a three week trek into the mountains with two Australian fellows, a Sherpa guide and porters. Sounded exciting! Ole and Asbjor wanted to go on a short trek but the weather was not good and with all the trouble with the car, decided to drive back with us rather than stay on until they could make arrangements for a trek. Actually, we enjoyed it at the hotel because most of the guests were healthy, outdoorsy types taking off here and there on foot and bicycles. You can rent a bike

for next to nothing and many of the young travel all over the Khatmandu valley that way.

People would go whizzing past, shouting 'hello' whether they knew you or not. There must be something in the fresh air that causes everyone to be friendly. We met very interesting people who had done a lot of travelling — quite a few had come from the Far East and Australia.

We met up with snow on the way back — skidded once quite dangerously where there was a 1,000 foot drop and were held up for some time by an accident in which a truck had skidded into the mountain face. At Daman, about 45 miles from Khatmandu, we had a snowball fight and then took turns looking at Mount Everest through a telescope. Then back to hot, dusty India.

(continued next week)

## Georgetown Members In Camping Club

Mr. and Mrs. D. Simmons of Georgetown and Mr. and Mrs. B. Goddard of Brampton are the new program conveners for the Brampton Ramblers' Camping Club which includes several Georgetown residents in its membership.

The Ramblers club is a member of the Canadian Family Camping Federation. They meet on the first Wednesday of each month at the Centennial Recreation Building in Brampton. The club is open to all families in the area interested in camping.

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# CHATTING . . .

with Mary Biehn

● **WONDER IF MANY** parents other member of our family was at the ideal age for camping, and we were determined that this great experience should not be missed. When the subject was broached, the response was something less than enthusiastic, so we thought an overnight camping stint with a group a short distance from town would be a good way to initiate proceedings in the direction of an eventual camping holiday.

● **SOMETHING ALWAYS** seemed to go wrong. Like the time camp was located on a clay hillside beside a spring stream. It rained cats and dogs for days on end, turning the area into a quagmire of mud. The running tap water got shut off for some reason, so that I used the now very murky stream for everything from washing socks, to cleaning teeth. A visit midway through the camping period, on parents' night, left me feeling mighty disturbed about the whole deal. The remainder of the camp term I spent fuming at home in a vacuum of anxiety, unrelieved by communication of any kind from the camper — reassuring or otherwise. Annoyance was added to worry. And when my holiday returned to the fold, rubbery legged with weariness induced by a long series of practically sleepless, giggle-filled nights — held upright mainly by mud-encrusted clothes, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

● **GOING TO SUMMER CAMP** didn't appeal to the other member of our family either. Every year we tried persuasion, feeling that passing up summer camp was also passing up a lot of valuable experiences and fun.

● **NOW, LO THESE MANY** years later, my only conclusion that in spite of their experiences, most campers do seem to have fun!

I'm ashamed to admit that our tactics bordered on abduction in order even to get the prospective camper into the car for the expedition to the campsite. Where do these notions come from that convince otherwise fairly sensible parents that such and such an experience will be 'good' for a child? hindsight tells us that problems arise because every child is different and so are the camps. You're only lucky when you happen to synchronize the two. Anyway, to go back to the case in point, parental determination I won out. The poor kid went to camp. For one night only. It was alpha and omega — the beginning and the end of a camping career.

After a good night's sleep, she recovered. The clothes never did. But always next year she wanted to go to camp again. Usually to a different one. So, away we'd go. This time would surely be different — good for her in all the many ways camp should be, for kids.

● **THE GRAND FINALE** came the year she really did become ill at camp. We had paid our usual Parents' Day visit, and were less alarmed than usual at conditions, but she had a few 'heaves' and didn't feel quite up to the mark that particular day.

When we went to collect her a week later, she had just been released from the infirmary where she had been languishing for a week, suffering from an undiagnosed ailment. A few pointed questions, plus the incriminating evidence of literally hundreds of what looked like keganit mosquito bites on her feet, legs and arms, left no doubt in our minds as to the cause of her illness. And ill she was for another three weeks after returning home, before the poison worked itself out of her system. Since she had been the only one in the cabin without a sleeping bag for protection, she had proved an easy prey to the invaders. That was 'lins' to camping for her.

## Toronto Phone Calls Plan for Huttonville

Huttonville '865' telephone customers will have local calling to Toronto by early 1970.

"Replies received from the exchange-wide survey indicate that 58 per cent of those who responded, favoured an enlarged calling area," said H. A. Blackford, manager.

The expanded area will include the exchanges of Toronto, New Toronto - Islington, Weston Willowdale - Don Mills, Scarborough, Toronto Suburban West, North and East, Clarkston, Castlemore, Caledon East and Bolton.

When the expanded calling is introduced the Huttonville prefix will change from 865 to 455, but the last four digits will remain unchanged.

Rates for the increased local calling were outlined in a letter mailed to Huttonville customers last month. Bell Canada will proceed with the plan subject to approval of its rate application now before the Canadian Transport Commission.

● **HOWEVER AS PARENTS** we are a stubborn couple. Or something. By this time an-

## More School Tax Aid For Halton, Snow Says

Financial aid to help alleviate local tax increases caused by higher education costs is almost a certainty for Halton County, announced Jim Snow, MPP for Halton East last week. The assistance to the county, in the form of additional provincial grants, will be around \$400,000 estimated Snow.

"I am confident that relief is coming although it was doubtful at first whether towns which underwent reassessment would qualify for the grants" he said.

Unofficial Figures  
"These figures are not official however," Snow emphasized, "but are my own calculation based on discussions with the department of education and the Halton Board of Education on the effect of the additional grants announced by education minister Bill Davis."

He said the grants will be divided among the municipalities in the county, with about \$200,000 going to Oakville and the rest to Esquesing, Nassagaweya, Acton and possibly Milton.

Not Specific  
On Monday night, education minister Davis had refused to be specific about what relief Halton taxpayers would get when he spoke at a dinner meeting of the Halton Young Progressive Conservatives.

He had said his department was still in the process of studying recently announced grant regulations to see if areas which underwent reassessment would qualify for the grants.

Davis announced recently that the province will provide grants to hold down tax increases in municipalities with less than 60,000 population.

The special grants will be eligible to those education boards which hold expenditure per pupil within 115 per cent of 1968.

## Help Taxpayers

Davis pointed out last week that the additional grants would not mean more money for education boards to spend, however, but the monies would be allocated to relieve the taxpayers.

Last week, Snow said final instructions from Davis will soon be going out to the Halton education board. Snow was speaking to about 200 ratepayers at a meeting held to discuss the 1969 education budget by the Southwest Oakville Property Owners Association.

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