

Well done!

Editorialists have been termed "the type who come out of the hills after an attack and finish off the survivors." Not so!

We'll be as quick and to the point as possible in our summation of the results of last week's election. Well done to all three candidates.

Your short stint in the harsh light of an election campaign has proven that you were and hopefully will

continue to be, involved, interested citizens who were willing to put your necks on the line for 35 hurried days.

All three came through physically a little worse for wear. As to all other aspects—presentation, communication and effort—you ran a fine campaign.

Now to the winner...We and the public will be watching.

Now that's communication

Isn't it marvellous—this age of communication in which we live! Just imagine — flying from London, England to Toronto in a little over two hours! That's what the new Concord jet can do, and since it beats the sun by several hours, it could deliver a letter in Toronto today that was sent from London tomorrow — (barring a mail strike, of course).

Now that's communication! Meanwhile, satellites are flashing picture messages around the world in seconds; computers are spewing out a volume of informative messages that boggles the mind — and sometimes the computer. How many telegraph wires and cables are sending messages at this very moment? How many telephones are ringing right now with potential messages?

The irony of it is that in this great age of communication we find more and more evidence of lack of communication — between husbands and wives, parents and children, minority groups and the establishment, management and labor, and between nations.

Individuals, groups and nations reach out for the help of marriage counsellors, psychiatrists, group therapists, strike mediators, special ambassadors and truce teams — all in an effort to communicate.

Words pile on words to create a

monument to our tragic inability to communicate with each other in a significant way.

There is an ancient story which is, in itself, useful commentary on the art of communication.

It tells of an old gardener and a very close friend who shared his love of gardening. They used to take long walks together and they drank their evening tea together, saying hardly a word but exchanging views and emotions by a shake of the head, a smile or a frown.

In time, the friend was sent to a distant land and after many years, the old gardener was thrilled to discover his friend had finally sent a message.

The letter was very brief but it brought a flood of memories and joy to his heart.

It said simply: "Today I pruned my rose tree."

It took months for the old gardener to compose a reply to his friend — one that would express all his affection, his memories and loneliness. At last, the return message was ready — and expression of the ties that bound the two old men together — and it read as follows: "TODAY, I too, pruned my rose trees."

Surely, his friend got the message — loud and clear.

(St. Thomas Times-Journal)

Viewpoint

Dream on

By Gerry Landsborough

Had any good dreams lately? That question may not be as silly as it appears on the surface, as this week Viewpoint takes a look at the strange world of dreams.

Scientists the world over, are making remarkable discoveries into the world of sleep — the world of dreams. Researchers have shown that we all have dreams, even though some people have more difficulty remembering them than others. Using a machine called an electroencephalograph, scientists have been able to monitor a sleeper's brain waves through tiny metal electrodes taped to the temples, around the eyes, and the top of the head.

They have discovered, among other things, that we all dream in colour even if we don't remember it. Sleeping pills apparently decrease the ability to remember a dream, perhaps because it produces such a deep sleep.

The sleep cycle is divided into four stages. The first is a period of light sleep, with rapid eye movement. It is during REM (rapid eye movement) dreams that we dream our most colourful and vividly remembered dreams. The second and third stages are known as NREM (non-rapid eye movement) periods. NREM dreams are harder to remember and not as vivid or emotional. The final stage is the Delta sleep period. It is the deepest sleep of the cycle.

Everyone goes through all four cycles many times during a night's sleep. Usually this occurs about once every 90 minutes.

Sir Walter Scott was reported to have said when things just didn't seem to go together "Never mind, I shall have it a seven o'clock tomorrow morning." Many famous figures in science and literature such as Edison, Robert Louis Stevenson, and J. B. Priestly to name only a few, have all stated that their most famous discoveries or works of literature have come to them in sleep — in a dream.

The ancients also knew of the power of the dream and practised "oneirology". A means of foretelling the future by the in-

terpretation of dreams. Today in the study of parapsychology a new science studying telepathy, and related subjects, researchers are finding out that dreams often do reveal glimpses of the future.

A complete analysis of dreams is a very complex field requiring a trained therapist. However, anyone can do a little dream research of his own in very simple form.

The brain is divided into two halves — the right side, and the left. The right side is where the creative process takes place, while the left side performs the logical and rational thought process. By learning to monitor your dreams many ideas that answer questions that perplex you during the daytime will come to your aid. To do this try keeping a notebook record of your dreams. Some will be just plain silly, but some may hold the key to an important question in your life.

Back in 1930 a chap named Henry Cobbs turned a small business into a multi-million dollar operation by keeping a record of his ideas immediately upon awakening.

Recently in Toronto a member of a management consultant firm, Dr. Derm Barrett gave a seminar to business executives which included a discussion on how to turn dream ideas into profitable and practical business realities. According to Dr. Barrett most of the ideas formed in the right side of the brain are "impractical, foolish, and even immoral." The important thing to remember is that some of them are "brilliant inspired and practical."

Now using the above, one might find that most of what is being written down upon awakening is so much nonsense. However, by utilizing just a few minutes in the morning you might find that you have solved an important problem, or possibly discovered an innovation that might change your entire lifestyle.

You won't be able to interpret every message your dreams are trying to tell you — but as you keep at it you will get better and better. The next time that someone suggests "why don't you sleep on it," give it a try. You just might wake up with all the right answers. "Pleasant dreams."



The only way to go!

By Susan De Facendis

During the last three weeks of August, young Teresa was enrolled in a Red Cross swimming class — and the physical exertion nearly killed me.

I should enlarge on that statement by explaining that as I do not own a car, the only method of transportation at my disposal was a bicycle, with Teresa perched on the carrier behind.

For a sedentary person like myself, who considers getting out of bed in the morning a major achievement, setting out for a 20-minute bicycle ride to the pool, at 8.30 each day, was hardly a joyous experience, and no one will ever convince me, that the sudden exposure to all that unlimited early morning oxygen can possibly be good for you.

However, due to my motherly devotion, there I was on all of the 15 mornings, riding up hill and down dale at daybreak, and up hill it certainly was.

A hill of formidable proportions had to be navigated that, in a very short while, became my nemesis. In fact, by the middle of the second week, it loomed more like a mountain. Each morning, my first conscious waking thought was having to once again beat that hill.

I now know, that all these expensive multi-geared bicycles are just a rip-off. Kids glide up and down hills with ease, simply because they are kids. For the average adult, a hill is a hill, whether you have one gear or 25.

The whole effort was complicated further by my daughter, who not only likes to ask a

thousand questions a minute, but demands an answer, and halfway up a long sloping hill on a bicycle, is not really an occasion conducive to conversation.

"Mummy," she would ask. "Why don't you go faster?"

"Ugh! Wheeze! Pant!" was my reply. "Aren't we going to be late?"

"Ooof! Pant! Gasp!" — and so on. However, my feeling of self-satisfaction on finally surmounting this obstacle each day, can only be compared to how Hannibal must have felt, after negotiating the Alps with his column of elephants.

There were, of course, some side benefits. Not only do I now look like a muscular, short-haired version of Mr. Universe, but I was cheered on each day by a group of Bell Telephone men. This is one

company, by the way, that must have an unwritten law about hiring only good looking men. (Isn't it strange how, as you approach forty, the young men all look far more attractive than they did when you were twenty.)

They no doubt believed it inconceivable that a mature, approaching middle-age lady would be riding around on a bicycle in a pair of short shorts, and probably thought I had to be an old-looking eighteen.

However, one way and another, it was not entirely a wasted effort. Teresa finally learned to put her face in the water and, besides, think of the advantage it will give me twenty years from now, when I can trately say to her —

"Ingratitude! After all I've done for you!"

Queen's Park Commentary

So much for number 30

By DON O'HEARN
Queen's Park Bureau
Of The Herald

Ontario's thirtieth provincial election probably got underway two years ago last winter with a couple of air-plane flights.

Premier Davis took his family on a skiing holiday in Vermont and Provincial Resources Secretary Bert Lawrence went to Cuba taking along his wife and his deputy and his wife.

Both used government aircraft and both got a lot of publicity when they leaked out. From that point on one started to hear gripes about the premier and the government, particularly about the premier.

As time passed the gripes didn't lessen but grew, and most notably a surprising share of them were from Conservatives and other people who normally wouldn't be expected to gripe.

One could sense that politically all was far from well with the government.

A year later this took substance when there was a by-election in Huron, a seat which the Conservatives had held since 1945, and the Liberals won. Some months later there was a by-election in another '43 seat, Toronto St. George. The Liberals won again. Last fall there were other by-elections in Stormont and Carleton East, and the government continued to be shut out, the NDP taking Stormont and the Liberals Carleton East.

Then in February of this year there was the clincher, an opinion poll. It showed the Liberals at 42 percent, up 10 points over two years before and the PC's at 30 percent down 12.

There was then no doubt that the Davis administration was in serious trouble and the PC's 32 year strong hold on power in the province was threatened.

There were many facets to it, and a variety of reasons for its striking result.

There was the admirable NDP campaign. The mood of the public which was largely one of bewilderment at our troubled times with a groping for some stability. And then particular sectional grievances such as regional government, farm incomes, disastrously high-cost housing and rents, civil servants (some of them) and teachers (some of them) who had found militancy.

But over-riding all was the underground disaffection with the premier and his government.

Strangely, this was something that couldn't be pointedly pinned down. An exact finger couldn't be put on it.

There was no shape to it. It must have puzzled the premier and his advisers. For it was there, and they had to know it

was there. Perhaps if you said that a good section of the public of Ontario was weakening in its love for its government, you would be as close to the situation as you could get.

And it proved as reluctant to mending as most disrupted love affairs.

In the five weeks of the election the PC's left an impression of bewilderment. They were working very hard but they didn't seem to know just where they were going, or where they should be going. They didn't know how to sell themselves back to their swain, the voters of the province.

Not knowing where or how they couldn't be positive. And not being positive they drifted into pique. They were publicly hurt and offended and personal, and said they weren't being treated fair.

And the swain didn't buy. Why should he have. All he

was being offered was the claim that the government was "strong". And he already had his opinions of that.

Then, of course, came a flood of goodies and repentances. Bouquets and inherent admissions of wrong.

But it was too late for these. And when the time of decision came the voters, if not saying an absolutely flat no, made clear it was going to reach a lesson.

The successful romance of the campaign, of course, was conducted by Stephen Lewis. He was carefully restrained at first, then when he got down to aggressive wooing in the later stages showed in his concern over rents and his plans for them that he was understanding and firm.

The voters weren't ready to marry him but they told him that they liked what they had seen.

As for the Liberals? Tragedy. At one point the polls

showed them with 44 percent of the vote. They ended up with more than 10 points less than that. The voters were ready to welcome them. But they didn't want to be shown. And they weren't.

There were promises. But no assurance that they could be delivered. And in the last week particularly there was little substance. A loud drum perhaps — the party was vigorous and noisy. But hollow as any drum.

In terms of a love affair the election was crumbling romance for the PC's, a suitor that didn't measure up in the case of the Liberals, and with the NDP a suitor that won affection but about which there still were doubts.

And now we have minority government. Afraid! Don't be. In the 32 years of Tory dominance in the province the two best years almost certainly were 1943-45 the years of minority government.

Years ago Sargent zoning administrator

FIVE YEARS AGO

A Georgetown area man, John Mileham, leaves for Europe this week where he will be part of a 17-man Canadian motorcycle team that will spend six gruelling days of rally-type riding there, starting October 5. The event is a six-day trial in Estoril, Spain. A former resident of Georgetown, Will Wilson, will also be part of the six-man team.

Doug Sargent, a former mayor, reeve and warden of Halton County has been hired as zoning administrator and building inspector for the town. While Mr. Sargent was a member of council he helped draft the Official Plan and Zoning Bylaws which he now must administer.

TEN YEARS AGO

Break-ins at Holy Cross School during the past week have resulted in a reward posted at \$50 for any information concerning the break-ins. Since some keys have been stolen from the school the separate school board has decided to change all locks on the doors.

In recognition of his years of service to the local Rotary Club, Frank Petch, well known auctioneer, was made an honorary member of the club this week. Mr. Petch has acted as auctioneer at the Rotary's annual spring auction for the past several years.

Georgetown Golf and Country Club's 1964 club champion, Mike Pullen, added the 1965 crown to his collection Sunday without counting a stroke in the scheduled 36-hole final round.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

Passengers on a Gray Coach bus which passed through Georgetown Sunday night arrived at their destination about half-an-

hour late because the driver followed the arrow on a traffic detour sign, right into a school parking lot. Police said that the detour sign was placed across Maple Ave. opposite Holy Cross School by pranksters who had found the sign.

Constable Ted Scott and Evan Rollins raided the IGA Foodliner after receiving a tip-off from a local citizen. They apprehended two Hamilton men who were attempting a break-and-enter at the store. The two apprehended men were in a truck at the back of the store and an investigation revealed both the front and back doors of the store had been badly damaged in the attempt.