

Are Nine Seconds Worth It?

Altering speed limits on Wallace Avenue to protect pedestrians, particularly children, can hardly be expected to have any more result than the present limit if motorists pay no more attention to the newer rate than the old.

It is unfortunate that the 1000 foot stretch is without sidewalks but their installation is a costly project and not one that can be undertaken on limited budgets. Reduction of the speed limit to 15 miles per hour might, of course, get drivers down from the 45 several have been clocked at to the more reasonable 30, but the limit would still be excessive.

One of the difficulties in talking about drivers is that the one who reads it always

thinks it's the other fellow you're talking about.

Has it ever occurred to you that driving this stretch at 30 takes 27.3 11 seconds, and driving at 45 it takes 18.5 11? That's just a nine second saving less than a quarter of a minute.

Those nine seconds just don't seem worth it if you weigh the possible lives or injuries against them, do they?

Parents can help of course in instructing children in the proper way to walk on streets and setting a good example themselves.

There are a lot of similar situations in town but it all boils down to whether those nine seconds really need to be saved, and whether drivers and pedestrians can cooperate in minimizing the danger.

Let's Just Consider . . .

The last advertisement was printed yesterday. You have cut it out and put it away to show your grandchildren. With it, a way of living as you knew it, has passed forever.

Tonight you will want to see a movie. You pull up to one, saw it last week. At another, but no, you don't like it. Six and six, acting. Let's go home. It's too much gas and time to waste on a show. Next month half of the theatres will close. Poor attendance.

Tomorrow you will want some groceries. You will go to the nearest grocery store and buy some Rib roast, perhaps, and lima beans. Pretty soon your husband will wonder why the food bills are so high. The last advertisement was printed yesterday.

Next month is Aunt Jane's birthday. Well, if you think I'm going to spend half a day tramping from store to store looking for a gift that I used to find by turning a page can't afford gifts anyway. We're spending money like water and living like poor folks.

Old cars wearing out. Can't afford a new one. Chevies and Fords are both \$3,500. Demands fallen off. They've had to up prices to meet plant expenses. Most of the others have closed down. Don't know how the government will feed all the new unemployed.

Canadian Weekly Newspaper Week

Ever wonder what makes a weekly newspaper tick? Now is a good time to examine the question during Canadian Weekly Newspaper Week.

The important thing in any weekly newspaper is you. Yes, without our readers we would be lost. You are the reason we exist. Our job is to serve you with local news and views. And the industrial plant that publishes this weekly newspaper owes a good deal of its prosperity to just how well you think we do our job.

If a nation is healthy, the main reason behind its health is that its small towns are vigorous, developing communities. Around the centre of that energy and vigor Canadian weekly newspapers are proud to feel they play an important part.

The weekly press is really the voice of small town Canada. More than 700 of them from coast to coast report and record local news and views. Through their advertising columns they aid in the gigantic job of moving local and national merchandise. Their job of informing you continues week-in and week-out. Whichever way you look at it they are the basic medium of communication in the Nation.

Now, during Canadian Weekly Newspaper Week, is a good time for us to assess the importance of a Free Press. Look through this week's issue of this paper. It won't be as far as the New York Times nor will it have the circulation of Life Magazine. But it's likely the only newspaper in the world that gives a hoot about your town. It is glad to back local projects, glad to help local organ-

izations because its future and yours run down a common path.

Vast improvements have been made in the industrial plant that produces your newspaper. During the past decade, right across Canada, new presses and typesetting machines are common sights in weekly plants. Newspaper publishers are proud of the progress they have made. . . they are proud to each week to serve you with more local news and pictures than ever before.

Right at the beginning of this editorial we made the statement that weeklies are the voice of small town Canada. Well, that's still true, but we note in recent years with interest the growth of the weekly suburban press. These posh cousins on the outskirts of big cities are a new national phenomenon. Right under the nose of the big dailies and lots of TV stations, the suburban weeklies are prospering at a terrific rate. You see right across the Nation people are used to hometown news and even when they become a part of big sprawling cities they want to belong to something like the old home town.

Now it's plain to see in our very complicated society today that the big city dailies have a place and so do radio and TV stations. How could we do without them? But wherever you go or wherever you come from chances are there is a weekly newspaper ready and able to serve you with local news, views and advertising and now during Canadian Weekly Newspaper Week the weeklies of Canada take pride in the service that they have given to Canadian society.



Photo by Esther Taylor

"Quiet Interlude"

GAD. About . . .

No. 4090 Discharged

Two weeks ago the writer of this column was discharged from hospital after an illness which required treatment for a five week period. I drove down from Guelph Hospital with glowing advice on a beautiful autumn day that that week I would get back with my regular column. Perhaps you have been enjoying Jim's Jottings the past few weeks and would relish the change that was necessary. My observations are limited in these columns from an upstairs window. I am using the same which a few months ago I thought I would have no use for and for a girl who over forty years ago took me for better or worse is assuming the job of not only being nurse but also stenographer for this column. It is apparently one of those periods that is worse instead of better. This column may be a bit rambling.

A hospital room can within its four walls conjure up many fantasies. I am thankful to say that with the treatment and a good rest received and the joy of getting back home I have been making progress which to me is fantastic. One of the joys of being taken out of circulation for a brief period is the fact that is so often impressed that one has many well wishers and great friends. It is a remarkable assistance toward recovery. And for the kindness that added so much I can think of no better expression than to say, "Thank God for friends." They are life's greatest blessing. I wouldn't for an instant attempt to enumerate them.

Getting home to Lashair surroundings is a great joy. Every morning I hear my neighbor Jack Lambert back out his truck and I know full well I am not going to be antimated or scared because 26th city workers are threatening to eat off the streets. I hear the truck delivery making the rounds and I know that no teamsters union is

going to stop the delivery of supplies. There are other good things to be thankful for. One of the joys which I am so glad to have is the fact that I was able to give visitors a way to answer the question, "where are the wash rooms." I would really scan the horizon and point out various beds, rows and later the arena. This year around the clock relief there must have been for the officers to point out with pride to the new facilities.

Just another comment from the hospital. These are days when there are shortages in ambulances. The ambulance entrance was the count yard below my room. One night after midnight an ambulance drove in with a patient with the siren howling. The patient was discharged and the ambulance drove away again with the siren at full blast through the city. We call attention to this lack of training and experience of volunteer drivers due to the fact that fully half of the hospital patients were helping under the influence of a substance. I might point out that the count yard is fully flood-lit and my nurse could see the municipality to watch the ambulance being led. I will say that it was Guelph or Acton and I feel sure that drivers will be cautioned that it is not their task to keep an ambulance from that of an ambulance.

I don't know the future of this column or how regular it will be in its appearance under the above heading. But I do know I will be glad to get down to town in a few weeks. Thank you all for many kindnesses.

Tips on Touring

By Carol Lane
Women's Travel Authority

Have you ever thought of utilizing a trip to get acquainted with your neighbors? This may strike you as a novel idea, but thousands of Canadians take friendship field trips every year.

When I use the word "neighbors," I don't mean your next-door neighbors, but rather those who live in other towns, cities and provinces. Neighbourliness doesn't imply contact only with those people in your immediate proximity, but with those who, though far removed by distance, are closely akin to you in interests and habits. Webster has a simple definition for "neighbourliness." He defines it as "friendliness," and this is what I mean, too.

Exchange Recipes
When I travel, I am as interested in the people in a new community as I am in the sights. A highlight of many of my trips is exchanging recipes with housewives from Vancouver to Newfoundland. Fishermen the country over search out local angler and exchange pointers on fly's rods and reels and regally one another with tales of the "one that got away."

An elderly lady of my acquaintance is an enthusiastic amateur violinist. She always takes her violin along on trips. When she arrives in a community, she looks up the local instrumentalists and joins them in long, pleasant evenings of chamber music.

Collects Shakers
I know another woman who collects salt and pepper shakers from all over the country. While at home she corresponds with collectors in other provinces. When she travels, she looks them up and thus makes new friends and neighbors away from home.

Travelling brings home the fact that your neighbors aren't restricted to the people who live next door. Your neighbors in interest may be across the continent.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1908

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, October 1, 1908.

The farmers will appreciate the convenience provided by the reopening of the chopping mill and merchants and business men smile because the farmers are not obliged to go elsewhere to get their chopping and in consequence, the more or less trading out of town.

Seldom have the people of this community experienced as dry a spell of dry weather as that which was broken by the copious showers on Monday. For six weeks there had not been rain of any consequence. That region very where wells and cisterns were dry on all sides. Monday's showers were refreshing and revivifying.

Mr. Adam Cook shipped a car of apples to the British market on Monday.

The young men who disturbed the Jewish services in Milton last Friday evening are being held in custody. The law is being enforced by the police. The young men who disturbed the Jewish services in Milton last Friday evening are being held in custody. The law is being enforced by the police.

On Wednesday of last week at 11 o'clock the Toronto before a large and fashionable gathering of guests the marriage took place of Miss Katherine MacKenzie to Mr. Walter Williams. The bride and groom were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie, all of whom are in Acton in future after a trip to England.

At the convention of the Conservative Party of Hamilton and Friday Mr. D. D. Henderson of Acton, who has occupied a seat in the House of Commons for nearly 20 years, was the unanimous choice of the party.

Rev. G. W. Barker and Mr. H. P. Moore attended the great Laymen's Missionary Convention at Hamilton last week.

It has become manifest that some of the numerous farmers and others who have the free use of the Methodist church shed every day during the week are poor drivers. Within 10 days one man backed against and smashed one of the shed windows and another backed against the wire fence at the rear of the lawn, breaking through the iron railing of course. Both these gentlemen went to the officials and offered to settle for the damages entailed.

BACK IN 1938

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, October 6, 1938.

Another industrial development of importance in Acton has taken place in the past week in the transfer of the big Henderson and Co. warehouse at the corner of 24th and Main Streets to the hands of Messrs. W. H. and G. H. Henderson. The building is a complete three stories of wood work with metal roof. The new premises provide for the present and future expansion of the industry. A factory building was erected in front of the building and a new lighting plant was installed on the site.

Jack Gilbert of Main Street was badly injured on Friday afternoon when his truck, loaded with a load of orange metal, passed over the bridge. He sustained three fractures of the spine and the injury was badly injured. He is making satisfactory progress in hospital. The accident occurred near the bridge.

Acton's Citizens Band took part in the 24th Anniversary of the 100th Anniversary of the Acton. The band received 44 points. The second place was taken by the Hamilton. A band of 100 members took part in the contest.

The 100th Anniversary of the Acton was celebrated in a grand manner. The citizens band took part in the contest. The band received 44 points. The second place was taken by the Hamilton.

The annual convention of the Hamilton Teachers' Institute is being held in Burlington today and Friday. On Friday a noon day luncheon will be held at the Estabrook school. J. M. Brown is secretary of public school inspectors for Hamilton County. Will be the honor of the day.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY AND TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

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ACTON PENTECOSTAL TABERNACLE 33 Church Hill Road P.A.O.C. Rev. Kenneth J. Reid, Pastor 75 Cook St., phone 699-W	CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS Standard Time Daily 5:40 a.m. Daily except Sundays 10:00 a.m.; 7:16 p.m.; Sun- day only 8:01 a.m.; Daily except Sunday Flyer at Georgetown 8:02 a.m.; 8:37 p.m.; Daily Flyer at Georgetown 10:11 a.m.

THIS SUNDAY'S CHURCH CALENDAR

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA KNOX CHURCH, ACTON Rev. Andrew McKenzie, M.A., B.D. SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1938 11:00 a.m. - The celebration of Holy Communion 7:00 p.m. - Evening Worship	BAPTIST CHURCH ACTON Pastor Rev. G. M. Holmes B.A., B.Th. 115 Bower Avenue SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1938 9:45 a.m. - Sunday School 11:00 a.m. - Morning Worship Com- munion 7:00 p.m. - Evening Service
THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR Rector: Rev. H. B. Stokreef, L. Th., S.T.B. 185 Jeffrey St., phone 265 18th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY Harvest Thanksgiving SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1938 8:30 a.m. - Holy Eucharist 9:45 a.m. - Church School 11:00 a.m. - Choral Eucharist 11:00 a.m. - Beginners' Class	UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA Rev. Gordon Adams, M.A., B.D., Minister Personage 150 Bower Avenue Phone 78 Mr. George Elliott Organist and Choir Leader 78 Bower Ave., Acton, phone 6 SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1938 10:00 a.m. - Morning Prayer 10:30 a.m. - Junior Church and Church School 11:15 a.m. - Morning Worship

The Acton Free Press

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