

# Editorial Page

## Key to the Future

In Canada, as in the United States, one of the most encouraging and significant developments in the past few years has been the upgrading of education. We are much more interested in and concerned about the state of national education than we were even five years ago.

That this is true is shown in large measure to the Soviet Sputnik there can be little doubt. Russian space achievements dramatized, as nothing else could have done, the priority given to scientific and technical education in the communist scheme of things. It also did much to arouse us in common with other free nations to an appreciation of our own deficiencies and for this at least we can be thankful.

Formation of a national organization, the Canadian Conference on Education is one indication of our increased concern. Founded two years ago following a meeting in Ottawa of several hundred representatives of many organizations, the C.C.E. financed and otherwise supported by industry, business, unions, educators and leading citizens in other fields, is doing much valuable work.

There are many other indications that we are now taking our educational responsibilities more seriously. Most of them involve the spending of money. Universities, for example, are finding it easier to raise the huge sums they must have to do their job of providing the buildings, equipment and qualified teachers necessary to cope with the rising tide of students seeking admission each year.

That the University of Toronto largest in Canada has in the past year raised nearly \$12 million more than in 1961 is a fruit of study and business which universities across the nation have a similar story to tell. Many more scholarships and bursaries too are now being awarded to worthy students.

In the past few years there has been an increase in the rate of school building and a corresponding effort to raise both the salaries and qualifications of teachers. Several technical institutes along the lines of the famous Rossby Institute have been established.

All this is heartening evidence of our determination to rehabilitate national education. But it would be wrong to think of it as anything more than a beginning. Much still remains to be done.

Most of all, perhaps we need to review the system whereby school costs are financed for the most part out of local taxes. A total expenditure, for all that they have to pay as much as they have still constitute but eight percent of total public spending or hardly more than three percent of the gross national product.

March 6-12 is Education Week. It is an appropriate time for all of us to give fresh consideration to the educational problems which confront us at the family, local, provincial and national levels. In the certain knowledge that today, as never before, education is the key to the future of our children and our children's children.

## Vacation Sense

The inevitable result of everyone deciding to go on vacation at the same time would be utter chaos. We haven't quite reached this point in Canada yet, but we are certainly coming closer to doing so with every year that passes.

For some unexplained reason the last two weeks of July and the first two weeks of August have an irresistible fascination for an ever-swelling number of Canadians. A recent survey by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association shows that 63 per cent of the firms replying shut down for vacations—and no less than 94 per cent of them do so within this peak period. In so doing most of them are complying with the wishes of their employees.

Predictably, the inevitable consequence of this mass preference for the last half of July or first half of August is mass inconvenience in the shape of congested highways, crowded resorts, limited accommodation, poor service. And of course the higher prices that are always present where demand is greater than supply.

All this hardly adds up to an enjoyable and beneficial vacation. Plainly, the sensible thing to do is follow the advice of the Canadian Tourist Association and contract out of this stampede by avoiding the peak period so far as possible.

In other words, our chances of a pleasant and unspoiled vacation will be much improved if more of us plan on going between the middle of June and the middle of July and the middle of August and the middle of September.

Incentives to do so are certainly not lacking.

## Farewell to the Farthing

A little English coin known as the farthing—small in size as well as in value—is being dropped from the British currency system. Its worth is one-quarter of a penny, which accounts for its demise in today's high-priced world. Not even to the thousands of servicemen overseas on their \$30.00-a-month dole during the last war was the farthing a familiar coin piece. Its weight in terms of purchasing power did not warrant carrying it around.

It's amusing to read an account of the few places where the farthing carried some respect to the end. One was in the English courts, where costs are figured to the accuracy of a farthing. Another outlet—you guessed it—was in northern Scotland where

it has been the custom to jack up prices of gasoline a farthing at a time.

While we don't mourn the death of the farthing from this distant vantage point, we do mourn the end of an era that had a place and purpose for legal tender in small denominations.

If four farthings make an English penny, can public contempt for the giant-sized penny be far behind? And what about our own Canadian cent which is gradually sinking into disuse and disrepute except around a few places like parking meters?

The farthing is a victim of our inflationary age, and more coins may be claimed in the battle before it's over.

## Potpourri

● Congratulations to John Goy on his elevation to the position of Mayor of Acton. Johnny is in his fourth year of municipal service and has good experience for the job. We have a sincere hope that there may be an improvement in relationship between the various civic groups. More co-operation can mean a greater Acton.

● Thanks to all for the comments on Open House at the Free Press. We really didn't order all that snow that undoubtedly deterred some from visiting us. Two bus loads of grade 8 students from the Milton Public Schools wound up the event last Friday. It's been a pleasure to have visitors see the machinery and people who help produce the weekly issue and the commercial printing.

● Seems like some new enthusiasm got piped into the North Halton Urban Board when members from the towns of Acton, Georgetown and Milton got together for the first time this year, last week. Industrial attraction is a subject dear to the heart of every town and no doubt one in which there is room for co-operation. Wednesday's was a brief and enthusiastic meeting.

● Confusion is mounting as more and more unfamiliar motorists arrive at the light at the Mill and Main Street corner. Surely the Department of Highways will soon look with favor on installation of a proper signal light rather than the flashing lights. Repeated efforts by the town have proven unsuccessful.



## "Snowbirds"

## Sugar and Spice...

It took a lot of planning, but I wangled a 36-hour leave the other weekend. It was the first time in about two years that I'd been off the reserve without the family hanging around my neck like an albatross.

It was nicely accomplished, if I do say it, I had to see a man in the city about a deal. Being an old and cunning husband, I let on to the family that I could see my man any weekend. This lulled my wife into a false sense of security, and she started planning our weekend in the city.

Waiting until conditions were ideal, I struck. She didn't have her hair done, one of the kids had a cold, and our favorite babysitter wasn't available. So I arrived home from work on Thursday, looking depressed, told her I'd just had a phone call from my man, that he was leaving on Monday for a month in the west, that I had to go down

the next day or the deal was off, and wasn't it a shame.

She couldn't do much but urge me to go. I protested that it wouldn't be any fun going alone. "You go on, now," she pressed, "it's important and anyway wouldn't you like to get away from us all for a day?" That's like asking an alcoholic whether he'd like a drink. But I was smart enough to protest enough to keep her on the offensive until she got a little sore at my stubbornness.

I finally gave in reluctantly, and after she'd searched my bag to make sure I hadn't any liquor, I went off, waving wistfully backwards at Draughty Windows. I've never seen the old place so picturesque, the garbage cans silhouetted on the snow banks, the icicles forming a pipe-organ effect over the door, in which stood the little woman, her brow darkening as she simultaneously waved and wondered whether she'd been conned again.

## ...Dodging 'Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

TALKING BACK—Pardon us for getting into sports in this column, but hockey needs more penalty shots! Is there anyone who hasn't seen a playoff series won on a penalty shot goal, and experienced the thrill of a lifetime as the lone forward skates swiftly and surely toward a cowering goalie, all alone in the net with nobody to help him? If you haven't, you just haven't seen hockey at its crowd-pleasing best. Of course players enjoy a P.S. too, so the crowd isn't the only factor getting any benefit out of the spine-tingling experience. A recent thubath in an Oakville/Welland game caused a penalty shot which sort of ended all hopes of the Oaks getting a playoff spot. Sure wish we'd been there to see it!

### Potpourri of News

ORANGEVILLE—In a special three-section supplement to the regular issue, the Orangeville Banner heralded the advantages of that town in an interesting industrial development issue. The problem lies in those handling money by the hour, like the post office and police parking meter collectors. They don't want to sort the U.S. from the Canadian when they handle thousands of coins a day, because it would involve hand sorting. The machine that can do this job hasn't yet been invented. moaned town treasurer Don Farmer, surveying piles of meter coins.

### Exchange is a Headache

BURLINGTON—Exchange on U.S. coins is a real headache in local banks. Some charge exchange on silver and some banks have a different exchange rate than others in the town. The problem lies in those handling money by the hour, like the post office and police parking meter collectors. They don't want to sort the U.S. from the Canadian when they handle thousands of coins a day, because it would involve hand sorting. The machine that can do this job hasn't yet been invented. moaned town treasurer Don Farmer, surveying piles of meter coins.

### Hidden Hydrants

OAKVILLE—Following the recent snowstorms, the Oakville fire chief asked motorists to watch where they park. Some were parking beside fire hydrants hidden in the drifted snow, and he termed it a serious fire hazard.

### Theatre for Town?

GEORGETOWN—There's a possibility this town may soon have a theatre again. A fire about two years ago gutted and closed the only local show, and ever since the residents have had to go out of town or sit at home with the 21 inch screen to see the programs they wanted. However, Odessa Theatres will survey the town on the feasibility of locating here and if enough names can be put on a petition theatregoers will again have a place to go.

### Score from Sidewalk Super

BRAMPTON—The Conservator is putting up a new building to house their newspaper, but a sidewalk superintendent (the president of the Brampton Branch of the Canadian Association) has strenuously objected because the construction firm hasn't placed any peep-holes in the boards surrounding the excavation. The man wondered how the new structure could be erected without "our expert advice and aid" and warned that unless corrective action was taken immediately, no certificate of worthiness would be issued.

That's when you really feel your age—when you leave home and loved ones on a 36-hour pass. Normally, I feel about 54, but that day I felt every one of my 39 years as I belted gleefully through a blizzard to catch the train.

When I arrived at Union Station, I found it was the weekend, the big snow had hit the city. About 200 people were waiting for cabs, and none in sight. Undaunted, full of good cheer, I was about to head for the subway, when I saw an old gentleman talking to the cab dispatcher in great distress. In my kindly Canadian way, I inquired why they were screaming at each other in fractured English. The old chap was in a flap. He was a stranger in the city, spoke almost no English, wanted to get to his hotel three miles away and couldn't get a taxi.

I made it known that I'd see him get there via subway. Tears of gratitude filled his eyes when he understood. As we emerged from the station, my carrying his heavy bag, a taxi pulled up to disgorge a passenger. My gentle old companion snatched his bag from me, leaped across a vast puddle, hurled himself into the cab and shouted "Vestibule Hotel" without a backward glance. As I tramped through the slush to the subway station, I reflected, somewhat somberly, that this was Brotherhood Week.

I thought a good dinner might lift my spirits. When I'm on leave, I do it up brown. I sup my appetite with appreciation. I glance at the other diners with disdain. I order exotic foods. This night, I was having pheasant au flambeau or something. A white-gloved waiter brings in your bird, which is blazing merrily, and with long skewers and a flourish, transports it to your plate. Quite impressive, the poor people eating steaks.

Only this idiot's flourish was a little too florid, his gloves caught fire and he dropped my bird on the floor while he beat his hot little hands together, to the delight of the other diners. I called the head waiter. Informed him with some hauteur that I had ordered pheasant au flambeau not flaming pheasant, and stalked out of the place.

My whole leave went like that. Had a shave in the hotel barber shop. Paid the cashier with a \$10 bill and was so busy trying to find a dime for the little guy, who was beating me round the shoulders with a whisk that I walked out without my change some \$475. Late for my train home, I ran, skidded on ice, tore a cartilage in my knee and have been on the gimp ever since. Bought some sandwiches for the ride home, set them on the station floor while I purchased my ticket, and walked off without them.

Next time my wife feels like pulling a dirty trick like sending me off on a 36-hour pass, all alone, she'll meet some pretty stiff resistance. I can tell you.

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

### BACK IN 1910      BACK IN 1940

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 17, 1910.

Wages have an upward spiral every at the factories this spring. The standard wage is \$100 per week and numbers of the expert lined men are on piecework. These payments are especially appreciated by the workmen owing to the large increase in the cost of living lately.

Last week there was more merchandise received at the G.I.P. station than in any one week previously. Over 100 cars of bulk oil fuel, coal and iron ore were received. Messrs. Boardman and Company paid Mr. Holmes the agent \$100 for freight charges on the contract that received by them during the week.

The leather warehouses at the G.I.P. station are to be enlarged this summer and a siding run into the building. The leather freight received during the past month is nearly larger, according to the report and the decision to enlarge was made recently.

P. J. Johnston's window of sugar bulk supplies with the complete in the center has been very attractive during the week end. Many of the residents have passed favorable comments on the display and commended the merchant on his enterprise.

David M. Evans, manager of the bank and grandson of Postmaster Matthews, had the first of his teeth set in gold, which he later lost. He had a dozen of Main Street leading toward the bank street, but the teeth were lost and when he reached around to steady the boat, the wagon struck a hole in the frozen surface of the ground.

He was injured by the fall of William H. Anderson, the merchant here, who was killed by a fall from a building. His body was found in the street near the corner of Main Street and the street was closed for several days.

Mark of the winter season is the snow on the roofs of the buildings in the city. The snow is deep and the wind is blowing it about the city.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 14, 1940.

Acton Farmers lost to Waterloo Tigers in the second game of the group finals Tuesday night as Dunbrook guarding the Waterloo nets shot rubber off himself like water off a duck's back. He topped in a stellar performance and had the best team outguessing every move they made.

Acton even lost the loss for the third game and it will be played in Kitchener tonight. So far as through the Acton crew underestimated the opposition and had it figured to take the game too straight.

Play was fast and rugged for the first period but the Waterloo team made a strong comeback in the final two periods and dumped a few goals behind Dunbrook. The Acton net played a large part in their defeat when the opposition took advantage of the team being outnumbered and played every man up the ice. Perhaps the next game will be a different story and the Tigers will have a better chance to win.

During the annual meeting Monday evening when the year's work was reported, the meeting of the board was presided over by Mr. J. H. Smith, president of the board.

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