

# Editorial Page

## Some "Expert" Recommendations

If Acton Council threw up its collective hands in desperation we honestly wouldn't blame them.

No, it's not because they're having a rough tussle with the budget—that's an annual event. No, it's not because the curling rink roof caved in—that's just one of those acts of God.

What we're all worked up about is the recommendations Council received—no, not recommendations either, they're hard facts. The Department of Highways plans to recommend to someone else in the Department that the speed limit in town be raised to 40 miles per hour in several sections, two of them very close to school crossings. Their reason for this action is that no one observes the 30 mile limit so it should be 40 so less people will break the law. A second reason is that pedestrians will be aware of how fast cars will travel so they're more inclined to stay out of the road.

The 40 mile limits in the town will be at the three main highway approaches; from the east limit to the Ajax corner (Charlie Hansen will likely have more and more cars on his front verandah); from the south limit to the bottom of the cemetery hill (and no sidewalk in the area for the pedestrians); from the west limit to the Highway Garage (almost on top of the school crossing).

But probably the most infuriating bit about the whole thing is the recommendation that no stop and go traffic signal is necessary at the Mill and Main corner. Representatives from the Department surveyed the scene and advised local officials that in all likelihood a signal would be recommended because of the amount of traffic. One citizen was assured in a letter a signal would be installed.

What is the plan to solve the traffic tangle that develops at that corner? A red flashing light facing Main St. south a yellow flashing signal facing Main St. north, a red flashing signal facing Mill St. west and a yield sign facing Mill St. east with no light.

No parking would be allowed on the north side of Mill St. east for one block; on the south side of Mill St. east for 110 feet; on Mill St. west for 60 feet, either side; on Main St. south for 45 feet and on Main St. north for 75 feet.

With recommendations like this there seems little hope the newspapers of the country will ever be able to drop their safe driving pleas.

And we wouldn't blame the council if they threw up their collective hands and let the province run the town completely, education costs, debenture payments and the whole traffic tangle they're building up.

## An Insidious Growth

There is an increasing amount of passive resistance and lack of conviction in this "modern," "progressive" age. Morals are more and more determined on the basis of what the other fellow does or what we can get away with than on what is legal and what's right.

Today unfortunately seems to be the age where it's smarter to break the law in minor ways than abide by it; unless we get caught. It's the day of exceeding the speed limit and watching in the rear view mirror to be sure we're not followed by an enforcement officer. It's the day of trying to "beat" the income tax authorities. It's the smart thing to do.

What is right and what is wrong has converged into a lack of clear definition—a muddled conception. Our morals lack the conviction, the clarity. They're in a muddled grey haze. A television show is revealed as a farce and not a contest of skill. Its central figure, and big winner, is praised because after unsuccessfully evading the subject through several deceptions, he confesses. In earlier days when convictions were stronger and morals more defined he might have been horsewhipped.

Companies laugh at laws that restrict publication of brand liquor advertising and seek ways to skirt the law. The sale of lottery tickets is illegal but how many of them are sold and because they are sold we press governments to legalize them.

Our only defense when we're confronted with the situations is to conclude there's really nothing wrong with it. Our point here is not to deal with any single item but the whole general insidiousness of the growing evasion of law. There is a growing trend of bending the law to suit our purposes rather than our purposes to suit the law.

We're all guilty. But is there any hope that our convictions will gain sufficient definition to divert the present trend? Is there any hope that our resistance will become any less passive? Or are we all too comfortable and too satisfied with the status quo.

## Between the Lines

It will never be a best seller, unfortunately, but the government's newest Blue Book makes very instructive reading. The 600-page volume details the departmental estimates—the money the various departments want to spend in the twelve months ending March 31, 1961, and what they want to spend on it. The total, with old age pensions costs added in, comes to \$6,330,168,920. Even at that, the report from Ottawa is that the Treasury Board—the finance committee of the cabinet, chaired by the Minister of Finance—trimmed \$300 million off the amount asked by the departments.

The sums involved in what might be called housekeeping items show just how big an enterprise the federal government has become. Picture, if you can, how much \$22 million will buy in the way of stationery, desks, typewriters and other office equipment and supplies. Or how much travelling

of government employees and servicemen and their dependents, and moving of their household goods, will be paid for with \$67 million. Or how much telephone, telegraph and other communications service will be covered by a bill for \$22 million.

The above are only minor items of government spending, and only a few of the minor items. The major items cover such things as public debt interest at \$774 million, a civil service payroll of \$748 million, more than half a billion dollars to each of family allowance and old age security pensions, \$229 million for ships, aircraft, fighting vehicles and weapons for national defence.

A perusal of the Blue Book is likely to leave a reader with contradictory thoughts. The one is how difficult it must be for a Member or a House committee to put a finger on a particular spot where extravagance or waste might exist.

## Distinctively Canadian

Tourists in Canada from other countries must be appalled at the lack of originality used in preparing menus. Seldom in our travels have we ever seen an item such as Pancakes and Canadian maple syrup.

It's the season for thinking about maple syrup and nothing is more surely Canadian. Prior to the arrival of white men in Canada the Indians made maple syrup and sugar each spring when the sap began to flow in the trees. According to legend they discovered its properties when one of their squaws used the sap instead of spring water in which to boil venison.

We noted recently an article claiming that only the lower quality grades of syrup

were offered for sale in most stores and restaurants. While this is discouraging there is no doubt that price is a factor and while production of maple products has remained fairly constant United States buyers take more and more of our production to augment their dwindling supply.

There is a tremendous amount of work involved in producing maple syrup. It is worthy of top flight promotion by restaurants and stores who care enough for their customers to provide the best.

We have no doubt that a tourist in Canada would welcome the knowledge that it was Canadian maple syrup he was eating.



—Photo by Esther Taylor

## This is Spring?

## Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

There is no more constant critic of the Canadian "way of life", whatever that is, than yours truly. I am so attracted to the vast handsome visage of Canada that I cannot resist the temptation to try some rough surgery on any ugly wen that threatens to mar it.

But there are two types of people who arouse in me a furious defence of my country and my fellow-countrymen, to the point where I get so carried away that I'm apt to declare flatly, with nothing but hot rage to back it up, that we are both well high perfect.

The first of these is the Canadian who affects to find nothing of value in this country or its people. These birds claim there is no culture this side of the Atlantic. They aver that Canadians are crude and crass. Other Canadians, that is.

They are the people who read the book critics, not the books. They were indignant because their fellow-Canadians would rather watch a first-class hockey game than a third-rate French movie. They have never been east of Kingston, Ontario, but compare Canadian manners and modes ruthlessly with those of Europe.

With one breath they sneer that Canada has absolutely no culture. With the next they rhapsodize over some dog's breakfast of a play the CBC has inflicted upon us.

They live in the city, these characters, but come from small towns. They haunt the fringes of the arts, but have no talent. If they take you out to dinner, you'll eat in a quaint dump with a soiled tablecloth and get a bottle of cheap bingo with the inevitable spaghetti and meatballs.

Their numbers are small, their opinions imbecile and their influence featherweight. They have sharp tongues and bad manners. Nevertheless, while irritating, they are harmless. Best thing to do is let them drive around among themselves, being all continental and cultured. Which I do, when I can control my temper in their presence. Which is seldom. Which is foolish.

The other type that makes me a roaring-Canadian nationalist, however, is a bird of a different plumage, and a more worthy foe. This is the disgruntled European, whose personal frustrations and bitterness spill out in stinging, clever diatribes against Canadians and their manner of living.

Frequently, these are well-educated, intelligent and sensitive people, who simply cannot adjust to a new life. I have met them and fought them right down the line, but it's hopeless. Last one I encountered was a Czech who seemed to have a chip on his shoulder about all things Canadian.

## ...Dodging 'Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

**WEARIN' THE GREEN**—Today we honor the Patron Saint of Ireland, St. Patrick, and the Flannigan's Fighting relatives of the publisher on the maternal side... quoth the front page of the Meaford Express last week, as the weekly issue came out in green ink on St. Patrick's day.

**Going to the Dogs**  
GEORGETOWN—Council is on the cusp of deciding whether to renew a \$2,790 contract with the Oakville Humane Society, or let the town go to the dogs again. Council approved \$1,500 toward dog control for another year, but the Society said it would have to quit unless another \$1,290 was appropriated toward the service. The Herald suggests a local service club might come to the rescue with the extra cash.

**Another Prudhomme's?**  
TRAFALGAR—A million dollar convention center rivaling the Prudhomme's Garden Center at St. Catharines may soon become a reality, according to plans announced by Len Papple, owner of the Country Squire restaurant. The scheme plans to locate restaurant, dining lounge, motel with bar, bowling alley, swimming pool, zoo, golf course, riding trails, archery ranges, picnic spots, and horseshoe pits at the north end of Kerr St. overlooking the Sixteen Mile Creek ravine.

**Red Feather Halfway**  
BRAMPTON—The 1959 United Red Feather Appeal has failed to reach its objective by about one-half the campaign treasurer reported. A total of just over \$13,000 was collected and it would appear each of the charitable agencies would receive only half their budget.

**Pay For French Lessons**  
TRAFALGAR—At least 60 parents are willing to have their public school children learn French as an extra-curricular subject—so willing that they have agreed to pay the tuition fees themselves. The program was introduced in Oakville schools with success, but the township school board decided against instituting French lessons in the Trafalgar system.

**Two in the Family**  
GEORGETOWN—Dr. Sheldon Zavitz, a veterinarian, doesn't need to worry about the office when he's out on farm practice calls. His wife is Dr. Vicki Zavitz, also a vet, who will take charge of the pet clinic and office in town.

**New Conservation Area**  
BOLTON—The Humber Trails Conservation Area—50 acres of play, picnic, shade and camping area, will be opened this year by the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority, and will accommodate the occupants of 70 cars. The M.T.R.C.A. plans to spend \$19,000 on the area this year.

We ended up shouting at each other across the bar in his recreation room in his \$25,000 home, him trying to tell me that all Canadians were interested in money and cars, and me trying to tell him that our grandfathers were carving a new land out of the wilderness and building transcontinental railroads when his grandfathers were carving each other up and building international ill will.

That's the trouble with these discussions. They get out of hand. A cynical European tells me, "That continental accent, that Canada has not the vestiges of a national culture. What I should do is calmly trot out Stephen Leacock. The Group of Seven, Karsh, the Stratford Festival, the Calgary Stampede, and Wayne and Shuster, lively monuments to our unique cultural development. Instead, I wind up hollering at him."

The trouble with these sad dogs is that nobody is particularly impressed by them. The crude Canadians are too busy making money and helping with the dishes and building homes and meeting payments to be enthralled by glowing tales of the fabulous culture of Europe. That is the first shock to the ego of these Europeans who scorn us.

Another thing is that many of them come from large cosmopolitan cities straight to Toronto. That is a traumatic experience in itself. Thus they see none of the grandeur of Canada, nothing of the simple nobility of us Canadians. No blushing now, chaps.

Fortunately, these soured critics are only a tiny minority. Most Europeans who come here are realists. They find fault with some things in our Canadian mode of living, as we all do. But they are ready to adapt and accept. They have cut the umbilical cord. They realize that if they are willing to give of themselves to this country, they will receive from it. Then we are glad to have.

## Help Raise Gift Of \$200,000 For Child Help

A gift of \$200,000 was raised for the United Nations Children's Fund by children across Canada who participated in Halloween for UNICEF.

The amount showed an increase of \$65,000 over 1958 in addition, purchases of UNICEF cards increased 50 per cent over the 1958 figure of \$779,000. Announcement of the results was made by Mrs. Jean Arnold Torr, national chairman of the UN Canadian Committee for UNICEF.

Supplying medicine, food and equipment for maternal and child welfare services. UNICEF last year aided more than 55,000 children and mothers in 104 countries.

Many Acton youngsters took part in collecting pennies for other children, and enjoyed a special party in the Y afterwards.

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

### BACK IN 1940

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 28, 1940.

In the most sweeping verdict ever rendered in a Dominion general election, the people registered their whole-hearted approval of the war policy of the government. 178 seats were accorded the liberals as against 169 at dissolution. A record majority was given the Mackenzie King administration. For the conservative party the election was not only a defeat, it was a rout.

On Monday evening at 6.30, a group of young business men will gather at the Y.M.C.A. for supper for the purpose of discussing the possibilities of the formation of a Y's Men's club. Two representatives of the Guelph Y's Men's Club will be visitors for the evening and there is the possibility that Mr. Bert Friddle of Kitchener, regional director of the international association of Y's Men's clubs, will also be present. A large turnout is expected.

Before Tom and Bus Nicol left for overseas, we asked them to write a letter occasionally so that the folks back home would know something of overseas conditions. The first letter appears this week. (In part it reads...)

"After spending nine days on the ocean part of our trip, we landed in Scotland... we got our shore leave of five days which we spent in London. We were fortunate to meet a few Actonians and visited with George Lazenby and Bill Nicolak, who are stationed about 20 miles from us; and Mrs. Levers in London.

"Well, we hope you never have reason to have a blackout in Acton. At night the sound of aircraft echoes in the sky, searchlights play back and forth to endeavor to catch the markings on the plane as enemy aircraft could easily reach us here if they could get high enough so as to escape being recognized. But with air forces all around us, we're pretty well protected."

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## The Acton Free Press

Published by the Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Limited  
Founded in 1875 and published every Thursday at 59 Willow  
St. Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of  
Circulations the C.W.N.A. and the Ontario-Quebec Division  
of the C.W.N.A. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions  
payable in advance. \$3.00 in Canada; \$4.00 in the  
United States; six months \$1.75; single copies 7c. Authorized  
as Second Class Mail. Post Office Department, Ottawa.

The only paper ever published in Acton

G. A. Dills, Editor-in-Chief  
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BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICE PHONE 600, ACTON