

Editorial Page

Look Before We Leap

Nine southern Ontario counties, including Halton, have asked that a commission be set up to investigate and report on the future of county government in Ontario.

In their initial meeting with Premier Frost the inter-county group has been able to arrange a meeting with the Department of Municipal Affairs in May or June.

These nine counties have been working together for about two years toward this commission probe. To date 23 of the 38 Ontario counties have indicated their support.

One Toronto newspaper suggests the commission might "very well ask whether the county system, which has changed little since its constitution under the Baldwin act of 1849, has any place in Ontario of today."

Later the paper suggests "The Board (Ontario Municipal Board) might be the proper authority to start an overall review of the larger municipal boundaries . . ."

If there are boundary problems anywhere there certainly are in Halton. Oakville reached north to seek a section of Trafalgar, Trafalgar suggested a huge municipality including Milton, Oakville and sections of Burlington, Nassagaweya and Esquesing; Milton is hemmed in with little or no industrial land; residents in the northern section of Burlington are showing signs of dissatisfaction at one of

the O.M.B.'s bad experiments in large area municipalities. Georgetown and Acton seem content for the moment with their areas.

Rather than scrapping the county system, as the Toronto newspaper suggests, it would seem wiser to expand it into more of the essential services. The stumbling blocks of planning and zoning are the municipal boundaries; a county-wide police system and central justice administration building seem highly logical; water will never be pumped to northern municipalities from the lake without the undertaking of a number of municipalities that could be co-ordinated through the county system; nonsense in our school boundaries takes children from within walking distance of Milton's new high school, by bus to one north of Burlington proper.

We don't like to see too much centralization of authority; it becomes too unwieldy and impersonal. But if there is to be streamlining, it appears only logical that county jurisdiction be extended to reach over municipal boundaries for the development of essential services.

Too often we hasten to abandon something as outdated rather than study its original concept and update its operation to changing times.

More Real Service

The horror of higher urban tax rates is echoed constantly by municipal officials and ratepayers in towns and cities across Canada at about this time each year.

Actually though it's at the municipal level that tax money goes farthest.

The Toronto Daily Star reckons that the average home owner in its city pays 70 cents a day toward municipal government—two packs of cigarettes. With this his children are educated, his streets maintained, his garbage collected and his property protected. He also gets parks, libraries and other amenities. In Acton it averages out to about 79 cents a day.

Tax dollars spent at the municipal level seem to buy more of the useful things of life than dollars spent at the provincial and federal levels. They provide, in a tangible way at least, the mechanics for satisfactory living.

Imagine if you can the interest a new garbage truck has in town compared with a new missile being launched somewhere.

We've paid for both but we're all rather localized in our thinking and selfish in appreciating those things that concern us most directly.

It's shocking in a country with our standard of living, that our municipal services are often primitive and that our municipality offers so little for the senses—attractive flower beds for instance.

It is in our towns and cities that more and more Canadians live. Life should be more than satisfactory—it should be pleasurable too. It should breed appreciation for the finer things, for the aesthetic beauty that stimulates.

In this highly practical age this takes money and everything is judged on that basis. We put tarvia down rather than grass.

Higher tax rates should not be the horror of our times unless they are poorly administered. Citizens get more real services from their municipal tax dollar than from any other.

Remembered Still

It has been 15 years since the end of World War II. Perhaps that's one reason we were pleased to read this week that the graves of Canadians in lands across the sea have not been forgotten. The following article indicates that those 15 years have not deteriorated the appreciation of those in Holland, for the sacrifice of our allied soldiers.

"ARNHEM — Spring in the Netherlands seems to lend particular warmth and color to the cemeteries where nearly 4,000 Canadian soldiers lie buried.

"The Dutch welcome with gratitude and pride the annual pilgrimage of friends and relatives to the Canadian war cemeteries at Groesbeek and Holten.

"Like all other graves of the Allied war

dead, the Canadian cemeteries in Holland are the charge of the Imperial War Graves Commission.

"They have been landscaped in some of the most beautiful corners of the country, on land which was granted in perpetuity by the Dutch government.

"Next May 4, school children will again go in silent evening procession to lay flowers on the graves.

"Fifteen years after the war, they still observe with their parents the day when peace and liberty returned to their country.

"The annual ceremony is one of the most touching manifestations one may witness in Holland."

Here's Hoping

We're rooting for Princess Margaret and her fiancé. Oh, we know she will have a wonderful wedding, receive hundreds of gifts and have thousands of photographs taken but what we're really hoping is that she can keep the point of her honeymoon a secret.

Following the announcement of their engagement that caught the gossip columnists and editorial writers by surprise there was an aura of enchantment. Then, faced with demands for copy every day the writers dragged out the old "Townsend Affair", implications about the best man who was forced to withdraw because of illness, implications about why so few members of Europe's Royalty would be present, and all kinds of personal profiles, biographical sketches, and photo reviews.

All these printed implications could hardly have been enchanting reading for the Princess and her fiancé. The brief sunshine in their engagement announcement was not in clear skies for long.

Royalty has its obligations, its penalties and its pains. It has to accept what any one of the millions of ordinary British folk would take as a cruel and wholly unnecessary invasion of the right to happiness.

That's why we were overjoyed to learn that the invitation to a honeymoon at the City of Niagara Falls was rejected as have been all kinds of invitations from the dozens of other resort areas.

Any bride and bridegroom keep the place of their wedding trip a secret and we're honestly hoping that Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones can succeed. And if anyone comes up with one of those stories "I honeymooned with Princess Margaret and Armstrong-Jones" when the ship they may take, docks after the wedding trip we'll be affronted and insulted.

It would be a sensation on its own account if the two young people could be left alone for a couple of weeks. We're cheering for them to succeed.



—Photo by Esther Taylor

"Spring Beauties"

Sugar and Spice . . .

BY BILL SMILEY

Next week has been designated as Austerity Week. All across the country, people are supposed to practise a week of austerity. Part of the stunt is to focus attention on the poor devils rotting in refugee camps in Europe, the Middle East and Asia. For them, every week is Austerity Week.

It's a noble idea, and I hope it works. But I fear the only people who will observe it are those who are already concerned enough about World Refugee Year to do something about it. They will give up desserts, or do without coffee for a week. The rest of us will pay no more attention to Austerity Week than we would to National Dry Cleaning Week.

Sad fact is that the great majority of Canadians are not only spoiled but selfish. Most of us know nothing about austerity beyond the bare meaning of the word. And most of us don't care, as long as nothing comes along to trim any of the fat off our own juicy slice of the good things of this world.

Now, if a refugee tried to tell me that, I'd get sore. With some indignation, I'd tell him that we're always sending money to missions and the Colombo Plan and overseas relief, and we give \$2 a year to the Red Cross, and we buy raffle tickets on all sorts of worthy causes, and if he doesn't like it here, why doesn't he go back where he came from.

But coming from me, I can't find any answer. Except to tell myself that at heart we're generous, decent people. And it's only human nature and it's only a short life and we only go through the

course once and why shouldn't we enjoy it and have some those bums got into those refugee camps in the first place and why don't those Europeans who are always starting wars anyway, look after them?

There's nothing mysterious about the reluctance of Canadians to think about the refugees of the world. The only refugees of whom we've had any experience are those who flee to Florida each winter, and no pangs of pity are felt for them.

After all, we didn't create the refugee problem. We didn't chase any Poles, or Greeks, or Arabs, or Koreans off their property and into camps. The Bad Guys did that. Why should Canadians contribute toward solving these people out of the camps and back into civilization?

The answer is that we shouldn't, unless we believe that old chestnut about all men being brothers. If we do, it's about time we started throwing our brothers' lifelines instead of lifesavers, peppermint flavor. Canada's contribution to the world refugee problem at present is about four cents per capita. Norway's is 60 cents per capita.

It's shameful to realize that the liquor consumed in this country on any given Saturday night probably costs twice as much as the contribution of the country, for a year, to the world refugee problem; that an average Canadian family eats more meat in a week than most inmates of refugee camps see in a year.

It's painful to recall the billions we've spent on defense since World War II. Personally,

...Dodging 'Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

BURLINGTON—The only class of its kind is being carried on at Mayfield School where fun and companionship are keywords. Students sew, drink tea, chat, play hooky by sneaking to a restaurant, play cards, and work for remuneration. The class is a new course for related adults, conducted by volunteers from two local churches.

An Old Easter Egg

GEORGETOWN—Due to the fact he isn't allowed to have sweets, W. O. Brownridge has a chocolate Easter egg which is just a souvenir. His 33 years old and still in perfect shape.

They Were at School

OAKVILLE—A comma, missing from the Department of Education Act covering closing schools in an emergency, has caused school children to be marked absent when the board ordered schools closed due to a heavy snow storm in February. Because of the missing comma, the act states that only troubles within the school plant itself can permit school closing with pupils marked present. Thus, grants on attendance are not available.

Traffic Tickets Wrong

BURLINGTON—The word "Burlington" was missing off many summonses in traffic court here last week, so 20 traffic charges were dismissed and another seven withdrawn. The Magistrate scolded policemen who listed the place of the offense but failed to list the name of the town.

Just Bad Publicity

GEORGETOWN—"One of the worst cases of bad publicity Georgetown has ever had" is the way Mayor Hyde described the recent Delver ratepayers' petition to secede from Georgetown. "This nonsense of secession was a foolish thing and is certainly not encouraging future industry or future residents," he declared.

I think Switzerland could lick us with one hand behind her back. And those billions could have conquered the refugee problem entirely, if we'd had the courage and the Christianity to use them there in the beginning.

It's too late for that, but it's not too late to take our fair share of the load, and more. What better time than Austerity Week? Ten cents from every Canadian, during the week, would not exactly wreck havoc with our economy or our creature comforts. It's a cup of coffee, a few cigarettes, a glass of beer. But what a fine splash it would make if we threw it into the World Refugee Year fund.

If there isn't a branch of the organization near you, send your dime to me. If I get enough of them, there'll be one more refugee, but he won't be in a camp. I've always wanted to go back and look up that blonde Ukrainian girl I was refugeeing down a German road with, just about 15 years ago. But I've never been able to raise the fare.

Tips on Touring

By Carol Lane

Women's Travel Authority
A little attention to proper steering can eliminate one of the major causes of driving fatigue on a trip. It's amazing how many people make this simple operation difficult.

There's the stillborn driver who sits too far from the wheel, the low slung driver whose face barely peeps over the wheel, and the crushed chest driver who tucks the wheel into his or her midriff. All these people have assumed uncomfortable and improper driving positions.

For best driving control and comfort, first adjust the seat so that your forearms are about parallel with the plane of the wheel and you are able to operate the foot pedals easily. If you haven't a clear view of the road, prop yourself up with a car cushion.

Incidentally, pretty gloves have no place on a steering wheel, if they're made of jersey, nylon, or smooth satin, since these materials may have a slippery grip. Capeskin or pigskin protect the hands without sacrificing safety or appearance.

More than three inches of play in the steering mechanism may impair your control of the car. It also may contribute to misalignment of the wheels—and consequently extra tire wear. Reputable garages can easily correct this.

Steering is the simplest driving operation when you've been steered tight to start with!

CAREFUL!
"Not be sure," the farmer's wife cautioned the druggist, "to label them bottles plain, which one is for the horse, and which one is for my husband. I don't want nothing to happen to that horse before spring plowing!"

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1910

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, April 21, 1910.

Herbert Doughty, a bright little lad of 10 or 12 years from the Barnardo Home who has been living with Mrs. Wm. Turton, Willow Street, the past year, was brought before H. P. Moore, J.P., last Thursday charged with stealing a watch and chain belonging to Mr. W. Douglas, a boarder at the same home. Chief Lawson had recovered the watch the same day from the child's school desk. The Barnardo Home was notified and an officer of the Home came up and took charge of the youngster.

Last Wednesday night, Clayton Penneylegion of Guelph arrived in town with a bay gelding and buggy and put up at the Station Hotel. He spent the night here, went down town in the morning, bought a new suit of clothes and strapped up to the G.T.R. station about the time the 10:35 train for Toronto was due. He secured a ticket and boarded the train, leaving the horse and rig as well as an unpaid hotel bill for Mr. Gibbons to collect as best he could. Toward evening, Chief Lawson received a message from a Guelph liveryman, owner of the outfit, to be on the lookout for them. The horse and rig were picked up on Saturday.

Assessor Harvey presented the assessment roll for 1910 to council during their meeting Monday night and it was learned that the assessment for the year aggregates \$431,020, an increase of \$8,815 over 1909. The population has increased by 121 during the year and 90 dogs have been enrolled. In looking over the roll, Reeve Hynds complimented the assessor on the fine roll and said it was a credit to the municipality and to the painstaking assessor.

Mr. E. W. Grace has disposed of his meat business to Mr. John Gibbons of the Station Hotel. Mr. Gibbons takes possession on May 9. He has had wide experience as a butcher and drover and is well qualified to conduct the business.

Councillor Alex Bell has disposed of his saw mill to David A. Henderson. Mr. Bell intends taking a trip out west. We certainly hope Acton does not lose an esteemed citizen.

BACK IN 1940

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, April 25, 1940.

Two Acton men got into rather a bad predicament during the weekend when they were alleged to have been caught bringing a still to Acton. According to reports, the two men went to Toronto with a recently purchased car. The apparatus was loaded into the car, but proved too much weight and the machine broke down. Police investigating into the accident found the load to be a still and equipment for manufacturing intoxicating liquor. The two men were arrested and will stand trial in Toronto next Monday.

Police have been investigating the disappearance of two harrows and a quantity of scrap metal from the farm of sheriff W. J. L. Hampshire, and a cultivator belonging to John Irving, both of Esquesing township. Sheriff Hampshire said the implements were left in the field Saturday for use again the first of the week and he believes they were carried away in a truck operated by scrap metal dealers.

Eleanor Beatty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wes Beatty, suffered an injury to her foot when she fell on the stairway at Acton public school on Monday. Her school chums wish her a speedy recovery and quick return to her lessons.

During the council meeting Tuesday evening, council approved a by-law prohibiting dogs from running at large within the town's boundaries. The by-law becomes effective next week and any dogs caught running free will be picked up and if not claimed, will be destroyed.

During the same meeting, tenders were received for painting the town hall and after reviewing three tenders, council accepted the one from W. J. McLeod, Rockwood, which totalled \$445 for the interior and exterior of the building.

The "Life of Riley", a three act play, was presented by the Knox players before a capacity crowd in the town hall last night. The crowd in attendance was enthusiastic at the excellent performances given by the young players. Between acts, the Knox orchestra provided special music for the audience.

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