

Editorial Page

At County Level

Last week Acton Council recommended county study to the appointment of a County Welfare officer.

The possibilities of such an appointment would seem reasonable when one realizes the increasing complexity of the administration of welfare and its increasing importance.

Welfare is available under a number of different provincial acts and through several county agencies such as the Children's Aid Society, the Halton County Health Unit and the Halton Centennial Manor. All these cover certain small segments of welfare. Nowhere is there one co-ordinating agent who could co-relate the various services.

The present procedure is for an applicant to present his request to the municipal clerk for welfare. An investigation should follow, a number of forms be completed and if deserving, welfare administered.

To retain the local autonomy in the administration, this procedure would differ little if a county administrator were appointed.

The difference might be that a more thorough investigation would be undertaken by a trained social worker who would submit a recommendation to the local municipality.

A directory of welfare services recently compiled by Halton Community Welfare Council indicates the associations and organizations in the social, health, welfare and recreation fields. It is an extensive and impressive list.

The suggestion of the county appointment indicates too the future strength of the county system in broader fields of services to the municipalities that span municipal boundaries. It is practically impossible for centres in the smaller population categories to employ full time competent welfare officers. One competent individual with the entire county as his territory assisted by local clerks and welfare officers could make for an effective welfare program.

There is indeed some merit in the county study of appointment of a full time welfare officer.

A Big, Big Bill

To his woe, the bill-paying husband knows how easy it is for the little woman to go wild with charge accounts, credit cards and such treacherous inducements to heady spending.

But, husbands beware! It's going to get easier for stay-at-home wives to part you from your income.

Now what a leading industrial designer in the U.S. has to say about the merchandising techniques of tomorrow:

"A housewife sees an ad for a percolator in a national magazine. She phones the manufacturer or outlet and asks to have a five-minute demonstration put on the TV set. The film is dialed in by telephone, and after the housewife decides she dials back and orders. The outlet telephones the factory

where the percolator is made to order. This gives the customer a styling option and minimizes inventory costs. When ready, the percolator is air-expressed to the customer and charged on a universal credit card."

This, says a writer in the U.S. monthly, *Nations Business*, is part of the growing trend for manufacturers to sell directly to the customer.

If this is, indeed, the shape of things to come, independent retailers might well ponder its implications for their businesses. The answer for them may be greater emphasis on specialty shop operations.

But whatever the outcome, husbands would be wise to dole out those universal credit cards with care. — Financial Post.

Keep Canada Green

Each year forest and bush fires destroy more than \$20,000,000 of Canada's national resources. Across the country 6,000 fires of this type can be expected each year.

Human carelessness causes most forest and bush fires. Unseasonably warm, dry weather this year could cause additional losses.

Each Canadian should take these precautions to help prevent forest fires:

1. Never throw cigarettes or matches from car windows—16 percent of forest fires are caused by careless smokers.

2. Build campfires on rocks or bare earth. Be sure your fire is well away from dry timber.

3. Drown campfires or smother them with earth before you leave the campsite.

4. Break matches in half before discarding. This precaution insures that the flame is extinguished.

5. When hiking, stamp cigarettes out on rocks or bare earth; if possible, douse them with water.

6. If you live in the vicinity of a bush or forest, equip all chimneys on your home or cabin with spark screens.

7. Broken bottles should be buried. The sun's rays when magnified by glass can start fires.

8. If you spot a forest fire, however small, report it to police or forest official immediately.

Partners

By C. J. Harris

A survey of Canadian manufacturing companies reports that in 1959 on each \$1.00 of sales the average profit was 5.1 cents. This was an improvement over the 4.6 cents profit averaged in 1958 but it is likely only one-quarter or one-fifth of what most people would assume to be the average manufacturer's earnings. Also of interest is the point that of each 5.1 cents of profit, 2.6 cents were retained in the business for upkeep and expansion, and 2.5 cents went to shareholders as rental on their money.

A final point is even more interesting. On each \$1.00 of sales the average tax payment was 4.2 cents. That is, government sits in as a partner and takes out more than either the companies or the shareholders. If you take the attitude, as some labour leaders and others do, that the first function of industry is to provide employment, the tax collector's share of earnings is away out of proportion. The money that industry is able to keep certainly maintains and probably expands employment; at least part of the money paid out in dividends is re-invested to provide jobs; but the cash collected by the third partner, government, only indirectly and only to a minor degree ever comes back to productive use. Nor does government spending create new tax revenues, as does the spending of the other two partners.

On the same theme and even more startling is the statement made to the Atlantic Tax Conference by W. O. Twait, president of Imperial Oil Limited. Last year, said Mr. Twait, his company paid \$225,000,000 in taxes, while net profit amounted to \$54,000,000. He noted, too, that to give one man a job with his company cost \$60,000 in capital investment. No doubt the nature of the oil industry makes this per-man job-cost higher than in most businesses. But in primary steel the cost of creating one new job is now about \$22,000, and even in a branch of manufacturing that requires only the simplest of tools the per-man cost of acquiring plant space and machinery would run to several thousand dollars.

In the final analysis, government is able to take such a large slice out of industrial earnings because there is a senseless prejudice against profit. Everyone applauds when industry builds new plants or expands old ones and thus provides more jobs. Overlooked is the point that such expansion is achieved only because profits have provided the capital. And if a company expands its volume of business and earns a greater total profit even though it may not be a profit that is a higher per cent of total business, the applause for the new plant is replaced by suspicion and criticism of the increased earnings.



—Pict by Kathr Taylor

"Salting the Salad"

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

There's something mighty attractive about the city, in summer. Don't think I don't miss the leg show back home, as the tourist gals walk down the main drag, all brown limbs, bare midriffs, red toenails, sun-bleached hair and dark glasses so you never know whether or not they're giving you the big eye, but you're pretty sure they're not.

But that's what I mean. For 10 years I had that, and I'd grown as callous as the doorman at the Folies Bergeres. Down in the city, I climb on a stretcher, pull my shirt loose from me, and view with interest some doll, looking as though she'd stepped out of a cold shower, cotton frock clinging close, spike heels, upswipe hair, and dark glasses so you never know whether or not she's giving you the big eye, but you're pretty sure she's not.

A few notes for the girls at home. The office girls in the city, who are usually right on top of fashions, are wearing shorter, skin-tight skirts. Not graceful, attractively disturbing. There's also a new coiffure in vogue. Let your hair grow longer. Then gather it all up in both hands, pile it in untidy heaps here and there on your head, with plenty of wisps escaping, and stick some pins and things in it.

There is a vague resemblance to the hair style of the Masai warrior of Africa, but it is not so neat, nor do the girls plaster it with cow dung to keep it in place; as do the Masai.

Don't worry. I'm not going to talk about girls all through the column. After all, I've been away

from home before. One weekend, back in '54, I will add only one remark. Fortyish friends of the male sex—we were born about 25 years too soon. I've had a pretty good look at the crop of new teachers who will invade the high schools this September, and some of them are enough to start a riot. And I do not mean the men teachers.

Perhaps I shouldn't say it, but some of these babes should be cigarette girls in nightclubs, not teachers. I can just see them writing a sentence on the blackboard, jiggling like jelly, while the big lunks in Grade 11 hink hard to keep their eyeballs from rolling down their cheeks. If these fultome females expect to impart any information beyond the fact that they are well stacked, that they would be wise to put their hair in a bun, and don horn-rimmed specs, flat heels and Mother Hubbards.

These summer classes for teachers certainly produce a mixed bag. In my classes there are Indians, negroes, new Canadians who are going to teach English and can't speak it yet, a number of priests, a pregnant lady, a scattering of living dolls, a smattering of young punks just out of college, and two old men, another chap and myself.

Big shock to me was to find that I had to take Latin. Last time I studied it was 22 years ago, and I can't say that I had quite mastered the language, even then. After that interlude, the only Latin I knew was Migne Carta, habes Corpus and in flagrante delicto. None of these have come up in

my Latin class, so far. If I have to teach the stuff, about all I can do is hurl myself on the tender mercy of the students. And teenagers, on the whole, have a quality of mercy about as tender as that of the Emperor Nero.

The university is crawling with teachers in the summer. They all look very serious, but I have a lurking suspicion that most of the men, at any rate, are taking some sort of special course solely for the purpose of getting away from their families for a few weeks. An ignoble thought, perhaps, but fundamentally sound. There's nothing wrong with leaving a woman to cope alone with the house and children for a few weeks. Nothing that a session in the booby-hatch can't cure.

It's funny, when I went home for my first weekend, I thought my wife would be fascinated by my Latin, the dolls in the class, my timetable, which gives me afternoons off, and all that stuff. She wasn't even interested. She just gave me a long hard look and started listing all the troubles she'd had during the week.

However, I cheered her up while she was doing my laundry, late Friday night. I sat there cooling off with a long drink, and called interesting little anecdotes about summer school to her, as she filled the tubs. Pretty soon she ceased complaining altogether, and stalked off to bed, pausing only to observe, in measured terms, that she'd lost five pounds in the last week.

It was different with the kids, though. They were delighted to see me, and I got huge hugs and kisses. They listened enthralled to my gay little tales of summer school. For about four minutes, before silently sliding out of the room into the outdoors.

Oh well, I suppose I can't expect them to realize what I'm going through here in the torrid city, while they sport around in the cool north country. Why, some days it's so hot I don't really enjoy my afternoon nap, and I scarcely have the energy to walk the three blocks to the air-conditioned movie in the evening. However, nunc dimittis, as we say in Latin.

New Special at Fair of \$10 for Painting

A new prize of \$10 will be offered at the Fall Fair by the Acton night school. The annual award will be for the best entry in a special category, and this will be changed each year by night school officials.

For the introduction of the prize, entries are to be oil paintings done by amateurs. Any size will be accepted, but the work must be original—that is, not a copy of another's work.

No entry fee or membership tickets are required to enter, and there will be a professional judge. The night school instituted the prize to stimulate interest in the classes, and expects to change the category to that of another popular craft another year.

With the high prize money, fair officials are counting on a large

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1910

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, July 28, 1910

Mr. Cecil Cameron this week completed a quarter century as clerk of the Township of Nassau, having resigned the position. A committee was formed and arrangements made for the presentation of a complimentary address and a gold watch.

It was moved by Murray McDonald, seconded by Wm. Cooper, the plan of Knox Street, leading from Main Street to the park, having been duly registered and given to the corporation by the owner, Mr. John Kennedy, through whose property the street is laid, this council hereby declares the said street open to public traffic.

Messrs. Beardmore and Co. have been given permission to hold a switch line leading from the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway to their tanneries.

The railway strike has had a very serious effect upon business men in Acton. Messrs. Beardmore and Co. have learned over forty loads of leather to Milton for shipment on the C.P.R. and George Super, merchant, brought up a load on Tuesday.

The equipment for the new branch of the Metropolitan Bank arrived and has been installed in the Agnew Block and the new bank opens its doors for business this morning. The local staff comprises Mr. A. M. Brown, manager, Mr. Crosby, teller, and R. A. Storey, junior.

The congregation of the Methodist church met in the Sunday school to pay their respects to the members of the choir and the event was made the occasion to express special thanks to Miss Lottie Speight who had just resigned from the position of organist, which she had filled with much acceptance for 25 years.

The address, very artistically composed, was read by Dr. Arthur Miss Fern Brown is Miss Speight's successor.

The foundations for the Pattern block are about completed.

Used in every corner of the world—Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, 25c a box.

Administer rug for sale, \$25.

BACK IN 1940

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, July 25, 1940

Organization plans were commenced for Halton on Monday for the registration that will take place in Canada for everyone over 16 years of age. The work will all be done by voluntary workers. Here's your chance to help on the home front. If you can help, please hand in your name to Mr. C. F. Leatherland, municipal clerk.

Councillor W. J. O. Oakes was the winner Saturday night of a five dollar, war saving certificate in the Acton Businessmen's weekly contest. The black on Willow St. was packed when the draw took place. Winners of \$1 prizes were Mrs. Alex Curtis, Mrs. D. McArthur, Norma Kwantz, Angus Thompson, Mrs. W. Marchmont, D. Willing, F. West, J. B. Watkins, Patricia Ardrie, Miss Annie Thompson.

The marriage took place quietly at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McDougall, Erin, on Saturday when Marion Mabel, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hepburn, Erin, became the bride of Mr. Ernest William Sauter, Acton.

Acton boys enlisted: This week's register: John Gibbons and Laurie Atkinson.

Two showers were held this past week for Miss Laura Hall, a bride-to-be of this month. Knox chaut had the evening out Wednesday to Eden Mills and held a kitchen shower. A very delightful kitchen shower was held at the home of Mrs. Jan MacDonald, Church St., Tuesday.

Funerals were taken on Friday in the "Learn to Swim" campaign at Acton Park under the Y.M.C.A. Three boys completed the distance: Jack Cragdon, Jack McDonald and Kenneth Adamson.

Friends and relatives were given to learn of the sudden passing of John Ramsden, formerly of Acton, at the home, Rhode Island, last Wednesday evening. He is survived by his widow and three sons including Bing of Acton.

The exterior of the Storey Globe factory is being repainted. Saturday night crowd in Acton get bigger and bigger.

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...Dodging 'Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

BRAMPTON—We learned this week of a real wedding special they're offering here. According to the Times and Conservator, "A package deal with the photographer will give the bride a large album with approximately 12 photographs in it..." Just what a new bride would do with 12 photographers, except us.

MILTON—In a musical chairs session, Reeve Art Desjardine resigned his council post to move to Toronto, and Deputy Reeve Mary S. Pettit will replace him. Meanwhile, councillor John Charlton moves up to the Deputy's chair and Glyn Roberts, who pulled the most votes of the losing council candidates in the December election, takes the empty council seat.

ORANGEVILLE—Overhead phone wires will disappear from the scene when the Bell Telephone's \$2,000,000 construction program to provide dial service gets going. The lines will be laid underground along the most vulnerable route in the downtown section.

BURLINGTON—The Chamber of Commerce and a minority group of plaza merchants are searching for the loveliest girl in Burlington—even if she has to come from elsewhere in Halton or Peel Counties. Guess there weren't enough pretty gals in "Canada's largest town" so the organizers of the Miss Burlington contest extended the boundaries of their contest to close to Toronto's border.

GEORGETOWN—The public got a look at Go-Karts at the new private North Halton Kart Club track south of Limehouse on the Fifth Line. An open house and races were held to let the people see what goes on behind the closed gate.

SUMMER SHORTS—The summer craze for shorts and sports shirts is evident in Brampton and Oakville. At Oakville, one hotel's waiters donned Bermudas and the editor of the Oakville Trafalgar Journal warned his employees they might be fired if they came to work in ties, whereas shorts would be just fine. Over in Brampton, salesmen at a car lot bared their knees for a special sale. It might work here???

BRAMPTON—H. G. Norry has been named Peel County's new agricultural representative and brings eight years of experience to his position. He takes over the post formerly held by Jim McCullough entry.

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