

# Editorial Page

## A Necessary Oasis

Probably the timing is about right in the suggestion that the Toronto ratepayers should be allowed to vote on Sunday movies.

It isn't too many years ago that Sunday sport was allowed with the strong assurance that it would never lead to a "wide-open" Sunday as we know or hear of it in the United States.

The arguments in support of Sunday movies are many. Roomers, people who live in hotels, visitors and young folks are said to find Sundays quiet, tedious and boring.

It is easy to argue against an "open Sunday" on religious grounds and perhaps the stronger arguments, the more adamant the opposition in some quarters. We are not discussing this aspect of the subject, for attendance at church is a matter of personal conviction and argument one way or the other is profitless. But this much can be said on the grounds of universal common sense: There should be one day in the week

when all but essential activities cease and man can restore himself. The ancients discovered the wisdom of this, and it has even more force in these frantic times than it had for a pastoral people.

The narrow Sundays of our forefathers, rigid and gloomy, devoted to reading prim and proper books, are no longer with us and perhaps most of us are glad they are not. But nothing can be more certain than that if we destroy what remains of this one oasis of rest in the week we shall be the poorer in health and spirits for it.

In the revolt against a too-rigid past much has been done to wreck the traditional Sunday highways are crowded with cars, golf courses are busy, radio and television have invaded our living rooms—yet in spite of it all there is still a measure of peace to be had for those who seek it. We should be wise to reflect before we allow restless commercialism masquerading as modernity to turn all our days and weeks into an unending treadmill of activity.

## Assistance, Not Pension

Perhaps it is a trend of the times... a trend in our thinking that the world owes us a living. How often in our daily glance at the quantities of letters to editors in daily newspapers do we see the old age assistance termed a "penny pension."

One recent letter wondered when the old age pension would be raised. The writer noted they had a clean room costing \$8 a week leaving "the wonderful sum" of \$15 or \$23 left each month to eat and buy clothes, drugs and car fare. How many of our government employees have tried living on 50 or 75 cents a day? Just try it.

We have every sympathy for the problems of loneliness, hardship and need that many aged folk endure. Quite often their lives and their generation have been fraught with hardships that many younger would never want to face. We fully believe too that the present old age assistance must be quite helpful.

This welfare measure has always been officially termed old age assistance. When the term "pension" creeps in the whole complexion is changed. We seriously doubt

that it was ever intended that people should not save some of their own funds along the path of life to supplement the government-sponsored assistance.

With the increasing life span, the early retirements and the shortening work weeks it will become increasingly difficult to continue increases to all our welfare payments including old age assistance.

The letter writer wonders how many government employees have tried living on 50 or 75 cents a day. It's too bad that government employees are singled out for the test. How many employees of any factory, office or store have tried it? Because it isn't just the government employees who foot the tremendous bill for old age assistance, it's the workers across Canada and if welfare payments now make it impossible for them to save now for their old age, governments of the future will have a tremendous number of requests for increased old age assistance in the generations ahead. Just as there should be some mental preparation so should there be some financial preparation.

## Rocket Pioneer

A \$1,000,000 settlement for infringement of patents has just been made by the U.S. government to the estate of Dr. Robert Hutchins Goddard who, 40 years ago, was ridiculed as Moon-Mad Goddard for suggesting in a scientific paper that would be possible to shoot a rocket to the moon.

The one-time teacher of physics and science at Princeton University wrote that it would be possible to note a rocket's landing on the moon by exploding flash powder. The Russian's moon rocket sent back such a signal in 1959.

Goddard, who died in 1945 at the age of 62, started his rocket research in 1912 by working out ways to improve the performance of British and U.S. life-saving rockets. At the end of World War One he had devised a rocket-launcher with which, he claimed, infantry soldiers could knock out tanks; the military establishment paid it little heed, although it finally came into use as the bazooka of World War Two.

Copies of Goddard's patents were available at the patent office for 10 cents and although his own government pretty well ignored his work the German rockets organization found it most instructive. Germany was first to have an anti-tank rocket, and many of Goddard's ideas were incorporated in the V-2 rockets that landed on London.

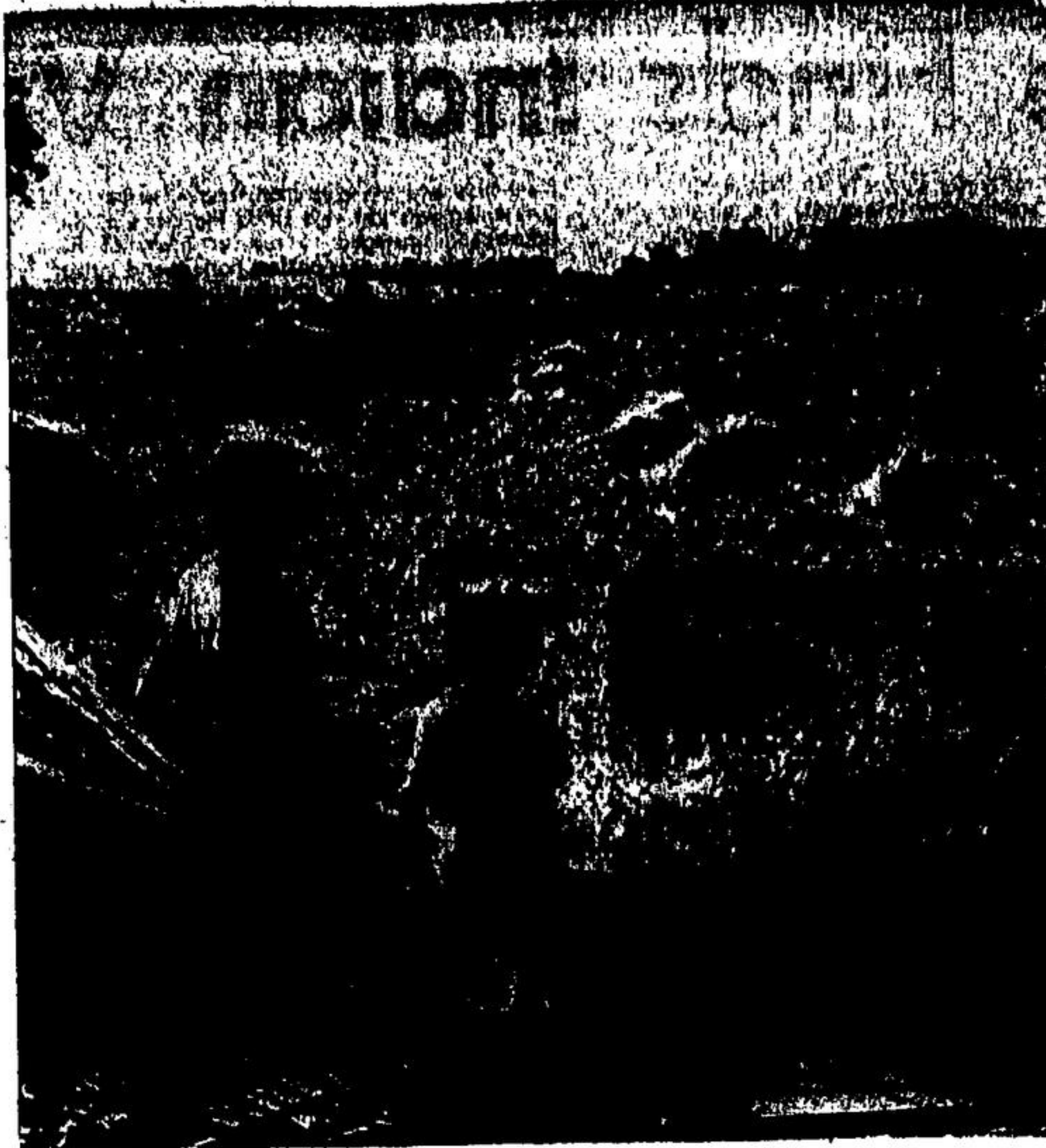
The patent claim against the U.S. military services dated only from 1951, when they stated serious work on ballistic missiles and infringing Goddard's patents on the use of liquid-fueled rockets to provide a sustaining flow of power instead of merely an initial explosion.

Dr. Goddard was not really ahead of his time but it is interesting to note that his determination kept him going in the face of ridicule. How prone we are to conform these days to avoid that same ridicule. Many good ideas that later become successful, are continued in the face of discouraging odds.

## Comment?

From Hansard:  
Mr. Azellus Denis (Lib. St. Denis): "Mr. Speaker, I wish to direct a question to the Postmaster General. According to a newspaper report, in England Jersey cows are being delivered by registered mail. Is the minister equipped to give Canada the same kind of service."

Hon. W. M. Hamilton: "Mr. Speaker, neither Jersey cows nor the kind of bull in which the hon. member indulges are properly the concern of the Canadian Post Office Department."



"Harvest Maids"

—Photo by Esther Taylor

## Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

This week the Old Girl and I will observe our 14th anniversary. You notice I didn't say "celebrate." We just observe them, rather coolly. She's been a little cool about anniversaries since the time I bought the present and the card, a few years back.

She'd been beefing about her paint brushes being hard to clean. On our anniversary, I gave her a lovely little package of paint brush cleaner, suitably gift-wrapped. I also handed her a beautiful anniversary card. It cost me 40 cents, and had flowers and cupid and all sorts of things on it.

Only thing was that it was headed off: "To my darling husband, on our anniversary. I'd forgotten to read it."

These anniversaries are harder to take than birthdays. The whole 14 years was brought graphically to the fore tonight at dinner, when I looked around, and realized that all these people belonged to me, and were my responsibility for feeding, clothing and housing, among other things.

Fourteen years ago, I was a young veteran of the air force, full of ginger and peculiar ideas. With the aid of other young veterans and various wenchies, I had been successful in getting through all my gratuities in a few months of high living. I was broke, free, cynical, selfish, and happy as a trout.

I thought Love was something made up by women and the movies. Marriage and children were for dopes. Money was something for other people to scramble after. The Home was where old people went when they ran out of

money. Family ties were neck-weir I borrowed from my brothers.

Those were pretty good days, in retrospect. All I wanted to do was read books, eat, drink and sleep when I felt like it, and avoid personal entanglements like the plague. My chief ambition was to avoid work, in any form, and my only desire was to find some exotic land crawling with beautiful native women, and there settle down in the sun.

But, even as the walls of Jericho, I tumbled. Like most young men of that age, I was just like an egg. I thought I was hard-boiled, but I wasn't even half-cooked. One crack in the shell, and I ran all over the place.

In short, I got married, and I've been running all over the place ever since. Our marriage, in those 14 years, has had its ups and downs. And a good part of the time we seemed to be going sideways. In those 14 frantic years, however, I've changed a lot. My cynicism has become merely a healthy scepticism. I haven't a hope of being selfish any more. But some things haven't changed. I'm still broke, and I'm still free.

Oh, not free in the old way, mind you. I can't go out with girls any more. I can't sit up with the boys until the wee small hours, and I can't throw all my worldly possessions in a bag and take off for Rio. Not unless I want to arrive at the airport with a kid clinging to each leg, and my wife flying from my neck like a pennant.

But I'm free in the things that really count. I can go golfing or fishing any time I feel like it. As long as the kids don't want to go

swimming, I can speak my mind freely on any subject, around my home, without fear of contradiction. As long as I do it down in the cellar, or while I'm mowing the lawn, I can stop my son from wearing my T-shirts and socks. If I can catch him before he gets out of the house.

Fourteen years ago, I abhorred the idea of possessions. I didn't want to own anything. I didn't want to sink any roots. Since then, I've collected an awesome assembly of junk, and my roots are so far down they're blocking the sewers. Besides the ball-and-chain, I've acquired two children who eat like sharks, two mortgages, a great big, old house that swallows every nickel I can raise, and enough accumulated stuff to fill a couple of warehouses.

A lot of water has gone under the bridge in those 14 years. And most of it has ended up in my cellar. But there's plenty on the credit side, too. We've two healthy youngsters whose daily presence is a joy in our lives, and also a great booster of sedative sales at the drug store.

Was it worth it? Would I do it again? You're darn right I would. It's been a wonderful experience, and as we step off into the 15th year, I can't help giving thanks for the gentle, loving, steadfast helpmate who has been by my side, ever ready with a word of encouragement, or a slam on the ear, if that didn't work.



Boris Zaitoff, one of the outstanding Russian writers of today, writes of the new translation in modern Russian of the four Gospels, in these words: "On my desk lies a small black-bound book, with a gold cross on the cover, and above it, also in gold 'The Gospel'."

This is a new translation of the four Gospels from the Greek, published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. The translation is by Bishop Cassian, assisted by a commission made up of Prof. Kartasheff, V. N. Rayevskiy, Prof. A. P. Wassiliev, N. A. Kuolomzine and others.

For five years every Friday, members of the commission sat for four or five hours reading the text over and over again, comparing, discussing, sometimes so carried away that tempers were almost lost.

"Once we disputed half an hour over the commas in one verse of Matthew. It also happened that, having decided upon one turn of phrase, two years later we changed it, only to return after two years to the earlier text. And now our five-year labors has taken the form of 234 small pages—the four Gospels."

So came into being the first "private" (not specifically commissioned and authorized by the Synod of the Orthodox Church) unofficial translation in the Russian language.

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

### BACK IN 1940

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Sept. 12, 1940.

Every effort has been made to make the Acton Fair of 1940 measure up and surpass the events that have preceded it for over 25 years through war time and peace time. The prize list offers new and special features which should bring out a good exhibit next Tuesday and Wednesday.

Arrangements were completed this week by Mr. David Hay, mayor of Listowel, who will establish a plant in Acton for dyeing of the wool tops made by the Wool Combing Corporation of Canada in the new plant now being established in Acton. Mr. Hay has leased a section of the building occupied by this company for this work and will establish here soon.

Acton Y.M.C.A. Board, meeting on Thursday to plan for the coming season, were faced with securing a new president, owing to Mr. H. H. Hinton, pasting the Royal Canadian Air Force. Mr. E. W. Pater, first vice president, and Mr. W. J. Beatty, second vice president, Mr. W. H. Clayton succeeds Mr. Kirkness as secretary.

The Halton Junior Home-maker demonstration team won first honors in the contest of the C.N.E. which brought out entries from 16 counties. Halton club boys won first on their Jersey group, second in Shortbush and third in Holsteins.

One of the last war souvenirs to arrive in Acton was received this week by Mr. John Nicol whose two sons, Buster and Tom, are serving with the Canadian forces "somewhere in England." It is a little bit of soiled white silk that has several parts of it badly scorched. It is a piece of German parachute from a plane shot down by an anti-aircraft gun which took fire.

All firearms must be registered before the end of the present week.

Harvesting operations have been practically halted. The rain is playing havoc with grain still in the fields.

### BACK IN 1910

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Sept. 6, 1910.

For several years past Mr. Joseph McClure, Church St., has been the first taxpayer to pay his taxes and this year he again heads the rest. The first installment of taxes is not due until Saturday last night, and early last Thursday, Mr. McClure sought out Collector Harvey and handed over the necessary coin. It is well he did not wait for Mr. Robert Brown St. James Ave., got in front by paying his dues first on Saturday.

The frequent showers on Labor Day rather dampened the spirits of the holiday seekers. The heavy rains of the past few days have retarded building operations considerably.

Miss Myrtle B. Matthews who has been serving on the occasional list of the Toronto public school teaching staff since the first of the year, received an appointment to the permanent staff last week and commenced her duties in Grace Street school Tuesday morning.

While attempting to board the 6:17 eastbound train at Yorkwood last Friday evening, a passenger who is supposed to have been a former C.P.R. conductor, had a narrow escape from death. The train was just pulling out of the station when the man, in attempting to board it, crossed his feet and fell between the platform and the train. He evidently had the presence of mind enough to keep his arms close to his side and fall in front of the platform, as when the train was stopped he got up, shook some dirt from his clothing and went in a crouch to read the morning paper. He took it all more readily than some of the passengers who saw the affair.

Although nothing has been done as yet toward tearing back the Arthur Brock to the sidewalk street line, the central was in formed at its meeting Tuesday night by those who expect to do the work that it was their expected operations would be completed very shortly. And they wished to be sure that it would be possible to have the new cement sidewalk laid before the cold weather sets in.

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