

Editorial Page

Only You Can Do It

Only you can do it. Only you can lift the heavy burden of shame of Canada's national disgrace. Picture a highway 5,000 miles long, a highway of fire carelessness, a gruesome, smouldering road—Canada's hell.

The Atlantic to Pacific has lots 100 feet apart on both sides, an eighth of Canada's homes. All these homes have been struck by fire. Each mile of this tedious road has a cairn for the dead. More than 500,000 homes have been destroyed or damaged by flames—not since the birth of Canada—but within the last 10 years.

You painted this tragic picture of carelessness and only you can do something concrete about it. You cannot wipe away this picture for it is brushed with indelible colors, but you can prevent another picture being painted.

You are at a disadvantage for the pic-

ture of the next 10 years has already been started. Every week which passes 1,000 homes on the highway of death have burst into flame. In terms of dollars it means a yearly loss of maybe \$30,000,000, although the typical house fire averages under \$500 in damage. Nine out of 10 fires are the result of sheer carelessness and thoughtless neglect of simple precautions. Three-quarters of all Canadian fire deaths occur in these typical house fires. Hundreds of persons are horribly burned and often permanently scarred. They died. Ignorance was the cause.

Only you can do it. Only you can keep yourself and your children off the burning highway. Remember, children make up nearly half the victims on this road.

Make Fire Prevention Week (Oct. 9-15) a lifetime job.

Heed Hunches

The person who congratulates himself on some pretty astute guessing when a hunch proves to be right, is casually dismissing one of his most remarkable mental faculties: intuition. That is the view expressed in a recent magazine article. How right. We've never forgotten driving through Hornby just after the last big twister hit there and casually dismissing a felled tree as isolated damage. We knew we should check further but didn't and missed the fact bars that had been leveled.

The magazine writer said that intuition originated hunches, and intuition was always based on knowledge acquired through the years. The person whose hunches were consistently correct almost invariably was well informed in the field to which his hunches related. He quoted Louis Pasteur who observed, "Intuition is given only to him who

has undergone long preparation to receive it."

Investigating the popular and long-standing belief that women were more intuitive than men, Mr. Remington found that women had certain intuitions rare among men, but only in the areas they normally monopolized. When the interests of men and women were the same, their hunches and intuitions were similar too, with only individual variations. When men and women had different major interests, their intuitions were different. The difference arose from the nature of the interests, not the nature of the sexes.

Intuition could be developed by a broadening of interests and mental activity, the writer felt. "The wider your experience and the more open your mind, the better chance your intuition has to operate."

Hunches can be important.

Full Employment

Full employment is a phrase that has been bandied about quite freely in the years since the end of World War Two. It is a deceptive phrase. Originally it conveyed the idea that in Canada, it should be the government's role to accomplish an orderly transition of the economy to peacetime conditions and then encourage the economy to function so as to provide a high level of employment. More recently, however, the phrase has been twisted to mean that it is the government's responsibility to see that everyone, always, has a job. That is, the words full employment are now being interpreted by some to mean that the state must direct the national economy so that no one is ever out of work.

Speaking in the Upper House recently Senator Thomas A. Crerar put his finger on the point that if government is to have that responsibility, it could not be government as we know it. "It is to be the responsibility of government to find jobs, to provide work at all times, for the unemployed?" he asked. "If the answer is in the affirmative, if we conclude that it is the responsibility of government to see that unemployment is banished from the land, then we must go the

further step and consider how we can place our governing authorities in the position where they can discharge that responsibility. I think that is fundamental."

As Senator Crerar recognizes, in any state where the people permit or demand that government guarantee jobs for all times, the means to that end is supreme authority of the state over the individual and the end is jobs that workers must take, not jobs that workers may want; that is, conscription of labor.

To theoretical socialists this is an economically logical, politically desirable course. The founders of the socialist party in Britain assumed that peacetime conscription would be a policy of any socialist government. When the Labour Party there came into office with a clear mandate, its failure to impose compulsory national service was a source of undisguised chagrin to some of its doctrinaire members. Of course the British public would never have accepted that situation, nor would Canadians. Nevertheless, that is what is implicit in the new meaning that is being given to the phrase full employment.

Not Facilities Alone

It seems to be pretty well acknowledged that the younger generation is not as fit as their parents.

Apparently the reason for this unfortunate state of affairs is attributed to watching television for hours on end and riding about in cars both of which are scarcely conducive to physical fitness.

The post war generation is different from any that preceded it with some young people spending nearly as much on pleasure as breadwinners earned a generation ago.

Greater emphasis on the importance of participating in sports rather than merely sitting and watching them is important if we are not to decline further in our status of physical fitness.

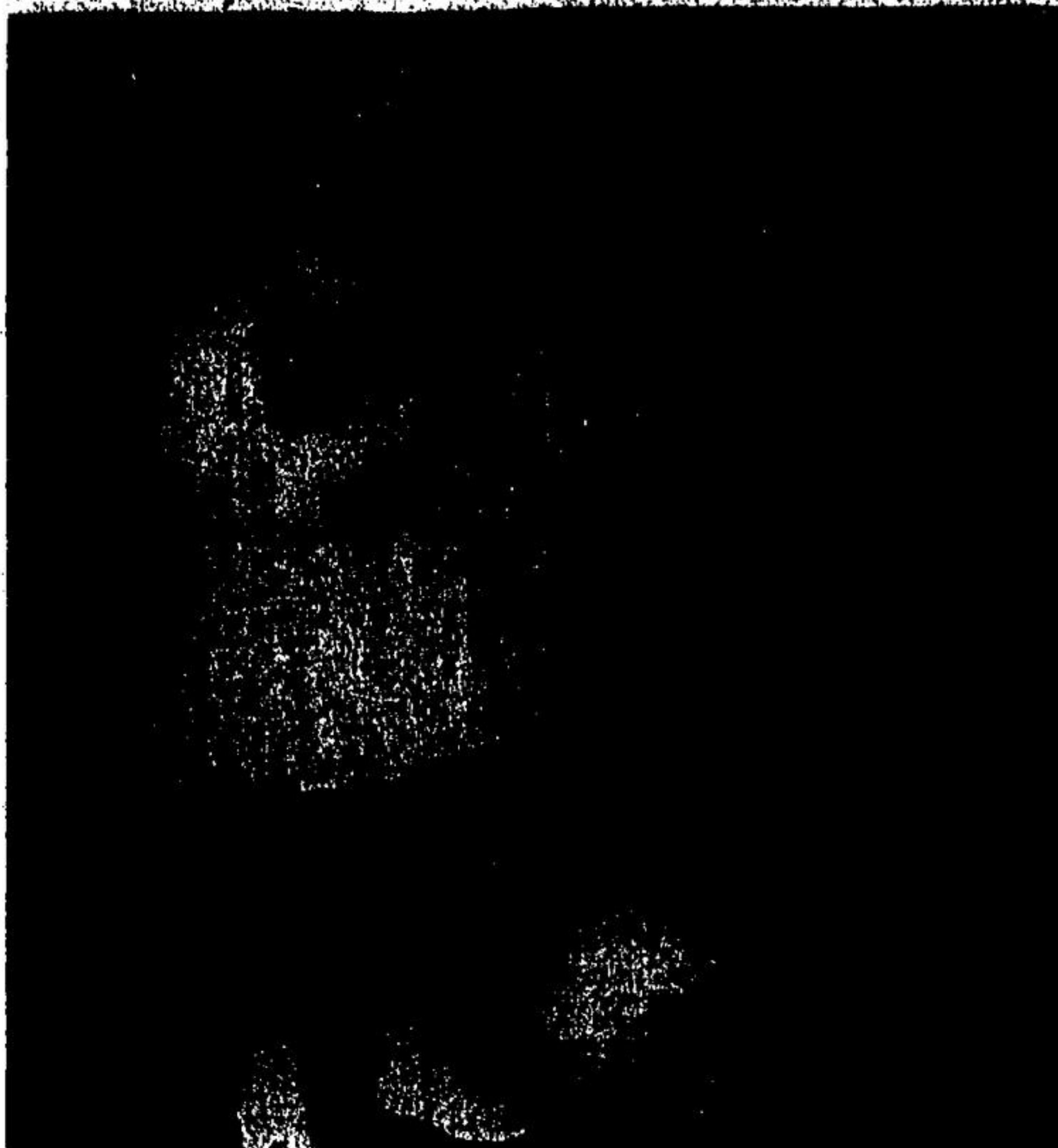
Acton has for many years had the benefit of a Y.M.C.A. building with a gymnasium that could accommodate an indoor basketball league, and other gymnastics. Strangely

enough it seems difficult to develop interest in those activities.

The solution to improving our general physical fitness is present in the way of facilities. Instructors are no doubt available even though it sometimes takes a little digging to find them.

The thing lacking, however, seems to be the desire to be physically fit. In this "status age" one seems to be more impressive squealing car tires in a thrilling start from a stopped position with an automobile than executing some neat gymnastic movement or scoring a basket in a highly competitive game.

The first necessity towards improving our physical fitness nationally and as a community and individuals would be a program to inspire young people with a desire to excel in the field of sport. Facilities alone are not enough.



"Harvest Festival"

—Photo by Esther Taylor

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

Canadian males, in general, are agreed on one thing. They are judiciously when they hear that delightful song from the musical *My Fair Lady*, which asks the question: "Why Can't a Woman be Like a Man?" They realize, reasonable chaps that they are, what a pleasant, placid world it would be if women, by some miracle, could be transformed into sensible, kindly, decent, regular, jolly, good-natured, easy-going people like men.

Canadian females are just as judicious on a gripe to which my wife goes when the other evening, for perhaps the one hundred and eleventh time, "Why is it," she fumed, "that Canadian men never treat a woman as a human being?"

"Wuddaya mean?" I asked in my courtly, Canadian male fashion. She told me. It seems that Canadian men lack, among other things, gallantry, good manners, and a good, sound leer.

A woman, she says, goes to a party with her husband. She has a new dress, a new hair-do and reeks of "Treachery" or "Pure Vice" or something similar for which she has shot \$5. Three minutes after she arrives, she is sitting with a circle of other women, babbling of babies and bathrooms, drivers and drapes. All the men are out in the kitchen, drinking happily, or huddled at the other end of the living room, haggling over politics and football.

The only communication between the sexes during the evening, claims Mr. Old Woman, occurs when one of the men hollers across the abyss: "Hey, Ma! What year did we get married?" In an effort to prove his point about which year Ottawa won the Grey Cup.

One other point of contact is made between the segregated groups, says Mr. Girl, when the hostess serves the food.

Weaving among the Hailing arms of the men to pass the pickles, she receives less attention than a waiter in a beverage room, she avers.

The way she sees it, the sexes should mingle freely. The women should stand about decoratively, looking slightly seductive. To them should come a steady procession of men, who indulge in fierce discussions of art, politics and religion, in the process bestowing on these mysterious and desirable creatures an occasional deep, longing look, or a whimsical, frustrated "lilt" of eyebrow.

Well sir, fellows, you'll be glad to know that I didn't just sit there and swallow all this stuff without coming back with some pretty good ones of my own. First of all, I pointed out that this is a young country. It's only a couple of generations since the men did all their drinking out in the harness shed. Already, they've got inside, into the kitchen, and they don't even spit on the stove.

I also suggested that Canadian men are hagridden. All they hear from their wives when they come home from work is about how there's something wrong with the washing machine, and that darn milkman only left two quarts, and the kids have been awful today, Joe, and you've got to do something about them, and the church is after me again for pies and I don't see how you expect me to keep this house up without a cleaning woman and if you think you're going fishing on Saturday...

Not a sensible, kindly, humorous expression in the entire out-pouring. Not a trace of a feminine wit, a dab of perfume, a black negligee, or a soft look. Not a suggestion that she's glad to have him home. Not a hint that he might have had a few things go wrong today at work. Not the slightest admission that she

might be a bit of an old hat. Note even one husky cold beer in the toolbox, because she split the last one with the other female martyr from next door, this afternoon.

Thirdly, I observed that we Canadian males are not to be compared, even by the most wildly romantic woman, to the princes, the intellectuals, and the waltzers of Europe. I'd like to see one of them fix a kid's bike, put on the storm windows, or stand calmly up to his bosom in icy water, fishing rainbow trout, for eight hours, without getting a bite. We are, as I mentioned, iron men compared to those hand-kissers.

Another thing. Time after time, I have tried to engage a Canadian woman in a continental-type conversation. "You're looking particularly delicious tonight, my dear," I purr. "Hoo," she giggles. "Diane is doing far too much homework for her age." Or: "Well, you've certainly been busy at the punch bowl," she litters. Or: "Oh, this is just an old thing I picked up in Eaton's," she blushes.

Trying to get a Canadian woman into a sexy, scintillating conversation is about as easy as trying to convince a millionaire that he can't take it with him. But don't be discouraged, girls. We're coming along fast. Every so often, you'll see a couple of us rise when you enter the room. But don't be annoyed if we manage to do it without looking at you, and without missing a single adjective in our description of the golf game we turned in last Sunday.

Mutual Aid

More and more across Canada, fire departments are geared to quick equipment interchange over large areas, with threads of hose couplings and fittings and standardization or subject to ready adaptation. This is part of the program known as mutual aid. For example in Western Canada the provinces of British Columbia and Alberta and neighboring U.S. states work closely together. And in Ontario, where there used to be no fewer than 103 different hose threads, firefighters can go into action in bordering communities of Quebec, Manitoba, New York, Michigan and Minnesota, with the latter available to repay the compliment if needed.

Student Council Campaigns Start

Student council nominees began to map out their campaigns last week, with some of them even appointing managers. Posters and publicity plans will soon be making the high school corridors gay.

Barry Kirkness can relax at last. He is in the office of president, by acclamation. But for the vice-president, Norman Elliott, Bernice Wasowicz and Allan Hayward were all nominated: for secretary Mary Beth Elliott, Bob Foyers and Carmen Woodburn; and for treasurer Susan Heard and Bill Dawkins.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

20 YEARS AGO 50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, October 10, 1940

Many of us who have spent most of our lives in Acton cannot recall when such a thorough job was done in renovating the town hall. The auditorium was redecorated some years ago but the rest was left. The walls have become broken and of insufficient number. We cannot remember when the exterior was painted.

This year the window frames were all repaired. The building has been repainted and the stage curtains are being cleaned and dyed. Some new seats of a good type have been purchased and a start made on re-seating the auditorium. Most citizens are pleased with the work and will take pride and pleasure in the improved appearance.

Mr. D. H. Lindsay is adding a two storey section to his flour and grist mill. The new section will give much needed storage for the products produced at this busy spot.

On Wednesday afternoon in the manse at Knox Presbyterian church, Dorothy Jean MacArthur, elder daughter of Mrs. MacArthur and the late Wm. D. MacArthur, became the bride of Harry Woodrow Norton, elder son of Mr. W. R. Norton and the late Mrs. Norton. Rev. H. L. Bennie officiated. The couple left for Northern Ontario and will reside in Acton on their return.

The local Y's Men were hosts to the Toronto Gaelic and English clubs on Monday evening at a supper served in the gymnasium. Mr. Cliff Schell of the national club was guest speaker. The local club received a beautiful plaque from the London club and the Gaelic club inducted three members of the Acton club.

All preparations are in hand for the big Spittire Carnival in Acton on Saturday night. Two lucky draws will be held on an inner spring mattress and a reg. Jersey or Shorthorn call. The arena with its various booths, games and bingos will resemble a big midway.

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

The Pink and White Tea given by the Epworth League 20 years ago this month will be duplicated next Tuesday evening when a delightful evening is anticipated. Admission is 10 cents.

During the severe electrical storm which prevailed last Friday evening, the bank barn of Mr. Robert Johnstone Jr., lot 1, con. 2, Erin, a mile above Acton, was struck by lightning shortly after nine o'clock and completely destroyed. Only the horses and a wagon were gotten out of the burning building.

The season's crops, nearly all his implements, two calves and two thoroughbred brood sows and 150 fowls were destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$2,250. There was \$500 insurance on the building and \$600 on the contents. This is a serious blow to one of our energetic young farmers who by his hard work and careful management was getting nicely upon his feet.

The terrific wind on Friday night and Saturday did much damage to the winter apple crop. Thousands of bushels of fine varieties of fruit were blown off the trees.

Misses John Cameron and Robert Campbell have sold to Messrs. Beardmore and Co., a block of 17 lots on Fairy Lake adjoining the Aquatic Club house.

Mr. Geo. Havill has had the second floor of his store finished and an entrance stairway erected from the side it is to be occupied as a billiard room.

At the store of Johnstone and Co., the window near the rear door was similarly smashed but the door could not be opened. A basement window immediately beneath the other was then smashed and the thief entered. The breaking of the glass awakened Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Johnstone in their apartment over the hardware store. Calling to his wife to get the revolver Mr. Johnstone went after the intruder who made a dash for the window, jumped out and escaped. Nothing in the furniture store had been disturbed.

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...Dodging Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

MILTON—Council has on a test drilling program north of town, in a search for more industrial water. The site is the closest to town of five sites suggested by the Ontario Water Resources Commission.

WATERDOWN—The Memorial Hall is no longer an eyesore. The Waterdown Chamber of Commerce undertook to tidy up the grounds but only three men turned up to do the work. To Jack Stuppel, Wm. Donkin and Joe Sams goes the credit for tunning up the bushes and lawn, painting the doors, the railings and the drinking fountain.

GEORGETOWN—What do you do with a quarter of a car? Four gas office employees split a ticket in a local jamboree, and had the group ticket drawn. The town's population has passed the 10,000 city-size—10,034 to be exact. Total assessment is now \$13,994,300, with a 74-26 residential over industrial-commercial ratio.

BURLINGTON—A local "Y" with facilities for everyone in the family was projected last week as service clubs met with the Chamber of Commerce to map out the details. Gordon Gallagher was named deputyreeve to fill a vacancy left when W. J. Bennett died, and Barry Humphreys was added to council to fill the seat made vacant by Gallagher's elevation.

BRAMPTON—Parking meters in town parking lots may soon be cleared away, at the request of merchants who feel they are losing business because customers have to pay for parking. As soon as \$13,000 outstanding on the purchase of the meters is written off, the one-armed bandits are to be moved.

OAKVILLE—Amalgamation of the Oakville and Trafalgar areas seems pretty definite, as the Municipal Affairs Minister William Warrender and his Deputy Lorne Cumming seem impressed with a plan forwarded jointly by both municipalities. Suggested name of the new town-status area is "Oakville-Trafalgar".