

Editorial Page

The Crimson Forest

Probably few weekends could be as beautiful as the Thanksgiving weekend experienced in this part of the country.

The warm bright days of the weekend served to highlight the beautiful colors of the leaves. October has a particular beauty of its own as the mantle of color spreads over the trees of Halton while the heights of land reveal the spread and magnitude of this colorful season.

From spring through summer, the green pigments in the leaves subdue the other colors until, as is often proclaimed, Jack Frost wields his paint brush.

Actually there's no need to change that imaginative description but really the fabulous fall color spectacle in Ontario is caused by the chemical processes of plant life reacting to the lessening hours of daylight as the sun passes through its autumnal equinox and recedes beyond the equator.

As the green chlorophyll forsakes the leaves and the trees prepare for winter, the brighter pigments, heretofore unseen, are revealed in all their dazzling glory. Because red is a sugary pigment and the Ontario maples are high in sugar content it is this species that accounts for the brilliant scarlet to soft russet tones that so effectively enliven Nature's annual pageant.

But we didn't mean to really get that serious about the subject and introduce a nature lesson. It's just that we've noticed a drive through the country is often less rewarding than a walk through the bush about this time of year. Whizzing by in a car a glance is all that is caught. Walking along the colorful panorama seems to reveal new colors and splendour at every turn.

"Along the line of smoky hills the crimson forest stands. . . ." someone caught the atmosphere so well.

What Can We Do?

The plaintive complaint of adolescent offspring that there's nothing to do is said to plague parents everywhere. Perhaps that depends on the parents but certainly the lack of planned activity is often given as an excuse for teen-agers in trouble. One parent in Denver, Colorado, apparently tired of the same old chorus, has summed up his feelings in an "Open Letter to a Teenager." The Crime Commission of Houston, Texas, considered it worth reprinting in pamphlet form:

"Always we hear the plaintive cry of the teenager: What can we do? What can we do?"

"The answer is go home! Wash the windows. Paint the woodwork. Rake the leaves. Mow the lawn, sweep the walk. Wash the car. Learn to cook. Scrub some floors."

"Help the Church. Visit the sick. Assist the poor. Study your lessons. And then when you are through, and not too tired, read a book."

"Your parents do not owe you entertainment. Your city does not owe you recreation facilities. The world does not owe you a living. You owe the world something. You owe it your time and energy and your talents so that no one will be at war or in poverty, or sick or lonely again."

"In plain simple words: Grow up; quit being a cry-baby; get out of your dream world; develop a backbone, not a wishbone, and start acting like a man or a lady."

"I'm a parent. I'm tired of nursing, protecting, helping, appealing, begging, excusing, tolerating, denying myself needed comforts for your every whim and fancy, just because your selfish ego instead of common sense dominates your personality and thinking and requests."

As a footnote to the above might be appended the advice of the late Will Rogers, that if any parent wants a child to follow along a particular line, the parent should skirmish on ahead.

Closest to the People

During the next few weeks in cities, towns and villages across Canada some thousands of candidates will seek election as mayors, Reeves, council-men and education board members.

On past performances this information—and the subsequent contests for local office—will be of interest to no more than three Canadians in every ten, this being the proportion of eligible electors who usually take the trouble to use their vote on these occasions. For the rest—the great majority—their reaction to local politics seemingly can be summed up in two words: "Who Cares?"

It is an extraordinary attitude to say the least for, as has been observed, of all three levels of government—federal, provincial and municipal—it is the last which, by the nature of the services for which it is responsible, is closest to the people.

These services—among them education, water, sewage disposal, police, fire, garbage collection, lighting, parks, street construction and repairs—are indispensable to modern life. They are largely paid for, of course, out of the local taxes that are levied on us. Whether as citizens we get value for our money depends, to no small extent, on the calibre of the men and women we elect to represent us in city, town, or village hall.

Individually and collectively such representatives will be required to take decisions affecting the well-being of the community in which they and we live and it may well be that these will not always be popular. Be that as it may, they owe the electorate no more than personal integrity, diligence and good judgment.

The rest of us owe it to ourselves, our families and our community to make every

effort to see to it that the candidates we believe most likely to display these qualities are the ones who are successful. We will make our mistakes from time to time—as who does not?—but the important thing is that we will not be guilty of that indifference to the elective process which if it becomes habitual, foreshadows the decay of democratic values and institutions.

The reply then, to those who ask "Who Cares?" in connection with local elections is: Every citizen who is interested in how his taxes are spent and his community governed.

Brief Comment

Our admiration for Dag Hammarskjöld has soared after he took a good sound wallop at those who demanded his resignation. It's so easy to quit when the going gets tough and there is little doubt it has been tough for him. It takes a man with a lot of courage and conviction to keep plugging as the UN secretary-general has. We imagine history will write him the important place he deserves.

Hunters, make sure what you're aiming at is game before you pull the trigger. It's one of the cardinal commandments of safety in the hunting field and no more applicable than in this season. A moment of uncertainty can lead to years of regret.

An item for every need. Now there's a thermo-electric baby bottle minder that keeps milk cold until feeding time, when it automatically warms up. When ready it sounds like an alarm to wake up mother. To make sure baby goes back to sleep, the bottle plays Brahms lullaby.

The Acton Free Press

Published by the Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd. 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

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, October 17, 1940

Boy Scouts, with baskets of lovely red Canadian apples, made an appeal to most everyone last Saturday that just couldn't be refused. They had a net of \$32 Saturday evening they assisted at the Spitfire Carnival.

It was an arena packed with a crowd in a holiday mood that greeted the Spitfire Carnival on Saturday night. The arena was gay with color with midway booths ranging down both sides. Over \$900 was realized to send to the Mayor of London, England to help buy a Spitfire fighter.

Negotiations are proceeding well toward establishment of another new industry in Acton. The former premises of the Massey Knitting Co. are well suited to the needs of Baxter Laboratories, now located in Toronto, and details are about completed for the transfer of the property. Sale of this building will see all vacant factory building in Acton occupied. It is gratifying too that none of them are of war-time growth but will continue to operate steadily even after the war is won.

The following is the question on which the electors will vote this year: Are you in favor of a wartime measure under the Local Government Extension Act, 1940, of the Municipal Council elected for 1941 holding office for a term of two years. Failure to have held a vote on the question would have meant that the two year term would have become operative. The council felt that this was a matter that the electors themselves should decide.

The matter of having the poll tax apply to women who are not householders the same as men, was discussed informally by council but no action was taken. The regular meeting of the Acton Junior Farmers was held Thursday evening in Lorne School. The election of officers for 1940-41 resulted as follows: president, Mansell Nelms; vice-president, Laura Johnston; secretary, Margaret McPhail; treasurer, Dick Van Goozen; executive Edna Cook, Lorena Lasker and Elwood Johnston.

50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, October 13, 1910

If the young man who accidentally smashed the light of the branch, he went to his new position on Monday. Mr. Maurice Paton of the Georgetown branch is now filling the position here.

Mr. Heber Williams, ledger keeper at the Merchants Bank, has been promoted to the position of branch manager. He was promoted on Monday. Mr. Maurice Paton of the Georgetown branch is now filling the position here.

On Tuesday afternoon as Earl Marshall, son of Mr. Richard Marshall, Limehouse, was engaged in operating a corn cutter on a farm near Cheltenham, he had the misfortune to have his hand caught in the feeders and before it could be extricated it was badly mutilated up to the wrist. The poor fellow was taken to the hospital at Guelph on the evening train and amputation took place above the wrist. Earl is a bright young fellow of about 20 years.

Rockwood fall fair had a very blue outlook on opening day when rain poured down nearly all day. Nevertheless exhibitors brought in a very large amount of inside exhibits and the hall presented a fine appearance. On Friday, the sun shone brightly and it is estimated that around 2,500 people crowded the grounds during the day.

The 20th anniversary of the Epworth League was celebrated Wednesday in the form of a pink and white tea held in the church basement. H. P. Moore, the first president 20 years ago, was in the chair for the meeting and presided over the program. Members of the board of directors at Campbellville expressed their satisfaction at the results of the successful fair staged there Tuesday. Exhibits were plentiful and interest was keen in the various competitions. Attendance set a new record for the one day show.

"Snow Clouds?"

—Photo by Esther Taylor

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

As I have now been teaching for a full month, I feel sufficiently qualified to point out all the flaws in the educational system, and demand their immediate correction.

However, as that would require an essay of the approximate length of Lady Chatterley's Lover, I shall content myself with suggesting one major change. I would like to see the "subject" known as Religious Instruction scratched, blotted or erased from the list of secondary school courses.

Don't think that this is going to get me in trouble with the preachers (not that it would be the first time). With a few exceptions, I think ministers and priests who are forced to teach this course consider it an abomination, in the same category as saying the burial service over some old brute who has ignored the church all his life.

What I'd like to know is: Who wants Religious Instruction in the schools? The students don't. They think, the more coherent of them, that it's an interference with their schooling, a waste of time, and something they have already received in "better" surroundings, at home or at church. Other, echo the remark I heard from one lad: "It makes a nice break."

The school board doesn't want it. The question of religious education is a prickly one, especially where there are half a dozen religious denominations, Jews and RCs. It takes a lot of broken field running to make sure nobody's toes are stepped on.

The teachers don't want it. They think, with some justification, that there is enough interference with their attempts to cover the course, what with field days, football games, assemblies, teachers' conventions, visiting speakers and other special events.

Is it the clergy which is demanding it? I don't think so, from what I've been told by a couple of reverends. For the average preacher, used to a silent, if somnolent, audience, it must be a bit hair-raising to face some 35 young hellions, 32 of whom consider this little more than a chance for a supervised visit with their friends. The clergyman, his chest-high pulpit exchanged for a mat-high desk, feels naked, neglected, and much like the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.

Is the whole business pushed by the Department of Education? I doubt it. The Department, with Machiavellian cunning, does not make Religious Instruction a compulsory subject. It leaves it to the discretion of the school board. This is like the Emperor of Japan issuing an edict that reads: "Now, we all know that suicide is old-fashioned. But if anyone requires a sharp knife, just fill in this form and send to . . ."

Do parents want it? Again, I would take some convincing. In a decade in the newspaper business, I don't recall a single delegation of parents, carrying crosses, making a pilgrimage to a meeting of the school board and demanding that their delinquent offspring be instructed in The Word.

Then who is responsible for this changeling, this awkward, unwanted child in the family of education? Is it a small but zealous group of stern Christians who believe that you can make a horse drink if you stick his nose in a trough? Is it a few frustrated, lonely clergymen of the old-beat sects, seeking a captive audience? I don't know. I'm just asking. Perhaps if one soul is saved, it is worth all the confusion and cursing it causes.

I am not opposed to religious education in schools. Where it is properly integrated, and where it is desired, it has a vital place. But where it is stuck into a curriculum for no apparent reason it is as digestible as a humbug in a rice pudding.



On the Brazilian version of the television program "This Is Your Life," TV Tupi of Rio de Janeiro featured Pedro Frederico Soares, a member of the Baptist Church of Neves, and a police officer of the Federal District in Rio.

After his conversion in his home state of Minas Gerais, he was active in the Central Baptist Church and led the open air preaching service at Camp de Santana until he was moved to South Gonalo in the State of Rio.

He gained the confidence of his superiors and his colleagues on the police force. Responsible for the safety of the children in the Grupo Escolar Rodrigues Alves, he was noticed not only by the parents of the children but also by the wife of the President, Senora Sora Lamey Kubitschek. He was admitted, and respected by all the people living in the district.

Armed with Bible

He was never armed with a weapon but he always carried a Bible which he read to the children in his free hours.

When he was interviewed he was asked why he never carried a weapon. Because I have a weapon from which nothing will separate me, he replied. Pedro. And what weapon is that? He asked the interviewer. Pedro took a copy of Holy Scriptures from his pocket and showed it to the television audience saying "The Bible, the Word of God."

On this program Officer Soares was presented with a gold whistle by the mayor of the city and the commander of his unit read an order of the day praising his qualities as a zealous and exemplary officer. Mrs. Kubitschek sent a message in which he was presented with a house.

Suggested Readings
Sunday, Psalms 95; 111; Monday, Psalms 100, 1, 101; Tuesday, Psalms 119, 124; Wednesday, Psalms 119, 133-137; Friday, Psalms 119, 133-137; Saturday, Psalms 91, 146; Matt. 4: 5-7; Saturday, Psalms 121; 14.

...Dodging 'Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

MILTON—Bartaglia Construction of Guelph was awarded the contract for \$61,000 to build an addition and make alterations to the Post Office here. Sandy Best announced. To be completed within six months, the contract calls for a one-storey basementless addition measuring 58 by 31 feet.

GEORGETOWN—One dog family here numbers three, and three quarters, and it's the fraction that's causing all the commotion on the R.R. 4 farm of Agac Osterander. One of the litter is a pup born without any front legs, but perfectly proportioned elsewhere.

OAKVILLE—The Journal asked citizens for a new name for the coming amalgamation of the town of Oakville and the Township of Trafalgar. One lady who recalled quaint English town names suggested that in the face of present circumstances in the area Oakville-up-a-Tree might be the solution for the name problem.

BURLINGTON—This town is certainly not going to stand in the way of true love," remarked Councillor Fred Simlari, as council named Roger Cloutier as deputy issuer of marriage licences. Simlari couples sometimes have to wait while clerk William Sains is busy engaged with other town duties. The appointment should speed up procedure at least.

BRAMPTON—Peel County's Grand Jury suggested "possible improper use of county buildings" here last week when they found liquor in a room in the superintendent's residence, which was used from time to time by county councillors. The jury also recommended a new county jail.

ORANGEVILLE—Laundry dryers metal stampings, fine tool and die work and manufactured goods will soon be pouring out of Orangeville as Monarch Master Manufacturing Ltd. of Toronto has chosen the town for the site of its new plant. They will move into a 5,000 square foot building in town this winter, and next year add a 20,000 square foot addition.

OAKVILLE—Generous response by the public to weekend tag days made possible the purchase of a second-hand ambulance for use by the St. John Ambulance Brigade. It will provide better first aid service at local events. Brigade members hope.

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