

Editorial Page

Ontario Education Week

Public comment on education is often inclined to follow the line of least resistance.

Education is unquestionably a good thing. So when the annual Ontario Education Week comes around, as it has this week, we may be tempted to pat Education kindly on the head and pass on to more "pressing" topics.

We should remember that there is no need more pressing, more fundamental, than the improvement of our educational system. It is the key to the future — to our future development, our prosperity, our stature in the world community, even our survival. Canada will need all the well educated people she can get in the future. As Canada's largest and most influential province, Ontario

bears the responsibility of producing the largest number.

In their program for Ontario Education Week the Ontario Teachers' Federation and its co-sponsors from government, business, industry, labour and citizens' groups, have set their sights high. They stress not only routine academic subjects, but are urging local committees to create activities based on Education's broader objectives — community teamwork, international understanding and cultural development to name but a few.

Their aim is to enrich the process and meaning of education, to develop a system that is capable of meeting the challenges of the future. Nothing is more fundamental than that.

Challenges of Today

It's often said that good after dinner speakers are difficult to obtain. But then the standards by which they're judged is so varied as to compound the situation. Personally we prefer the speaker who plants a challenge, perhaps not as glibly as some, perhaps not as shrouded in jokes as others, but who leaves you uncomfortable, challenged.

We consider ourselves fortunate to have recently heard a word picture on the great unknown continent of Africa and later an explanation of how costly education may yet become.

It is shattering news to know that in that great complex and troubled continent of Africa there are, for instance 8,000,000 suffering from yaws that could be relieved by a 10 cent injection of penicillin; that while western missionaries train 90 per cent of those who are able to read and write we allow the Communists to provide the literature that they eventually read because we fail to provide the books.

We found it beyond our comprehension to even imagine the magnitude of Africa where the Sahara Desert could contain the entire United States and have room for a second Texas left over. The poverty is incomprehensible where an average income of \$140 is general in a year.

It was interesting to hear the work of Dr. Schweitzer in his native hospital. A 500 bed institution is has about five doctors and 15 trained nurses. They look after the treatment and the patient's family moves in to care for the patient.

Perhaps the most shocking aspect of Africa is the tremendous wall of insulation that we have put between that continent and ourselves. Our ignorance of it and failure to do anything concrete to bring about a better existence for the 250,000,000 people who live there. No such insular wall separates Russia from those new Africa nations. On the first invitation they send in their technical assistance, their low interest money and their doctrine.

From Biblical stories long since learned

A Day to Remember

A new generation is taking its place... a generation that is not familiar with the holocaust... the sacrifice of war.

There are many though to whom the threat of war still strikes like a searing knife as the only slightly dimmed remembrance can crowd in. There are hundreds who experienced war, hundreds who lost buddies, friends and relatives to the sacrifice of war.

It is against this stark background that November 11 has an ominous meaning. The date itself is perhaps not significant, the remembrance that we set aside that day can crowd in on the memory of those who knew war, at any moment of any day.

But November 11 is important because it is a day set aside for common remembrance when those who knew war or those who merely accept the benefits of the freedom we now enjoy, can together remember and pay tribute to those who fell on our behalf.

The blood red poppy, immortalized by John McCrae, is today's badge of remembrance; the annual cenotaph services that take place in so many places are an outward display of gratitude... of regrets... of sym-

pathy for those who lost so much... and for those who gave so much.

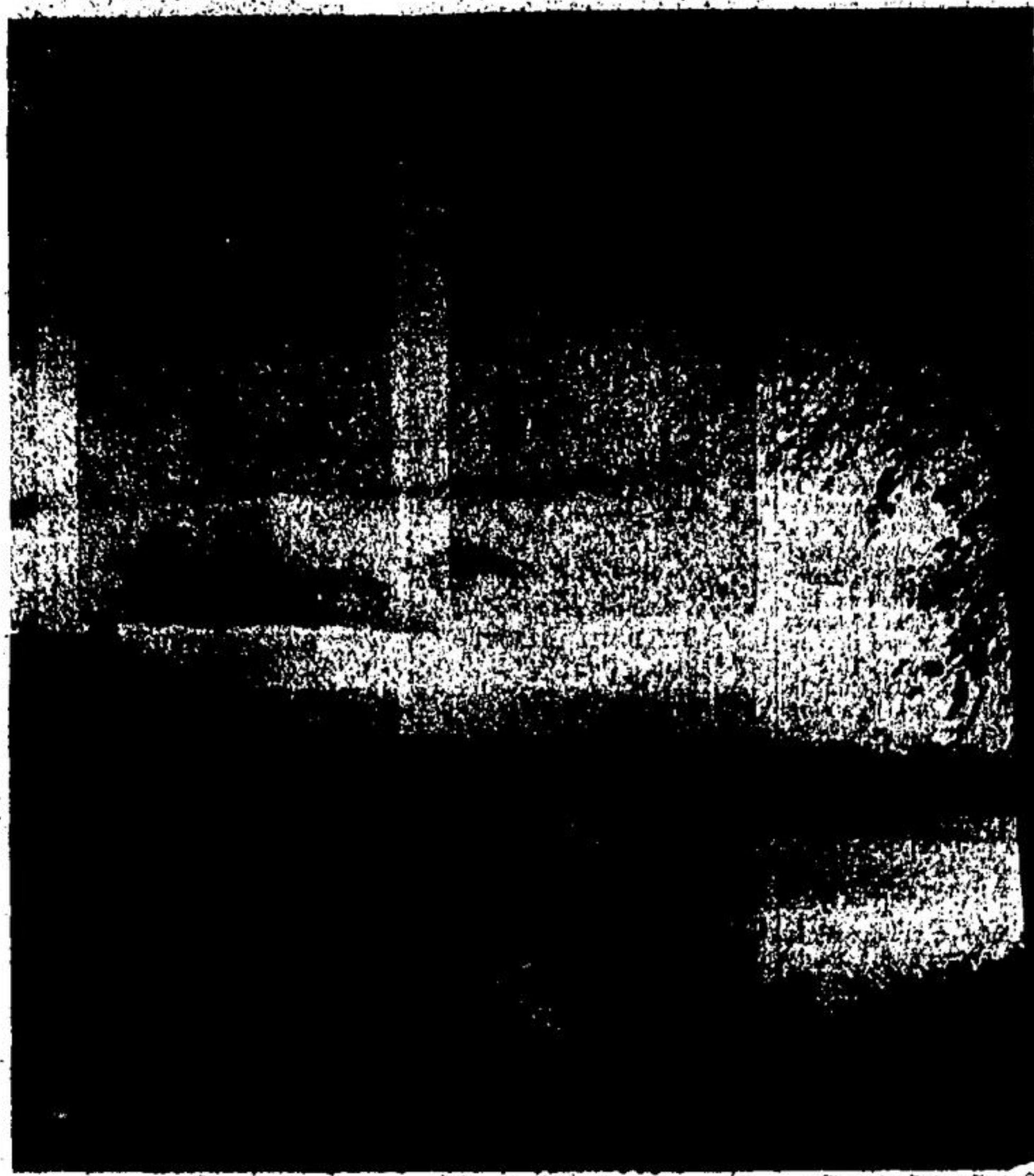
The chilling notes of the last post, the stirring sounding of reveille carry with them an annual challenge to make this world a better place and to extend to new fields and areas the ideological battle for men's minds on behalf of freedom.

A new generation is taking its place: its responsibilities are grave... to build on the pillars of freedom, planted by the sacrifice of two world wars, a world where peace is not a distant unattainable goal and where the ideal of world brotherhood is not fogged in discrimination and ignorance.

A Good Sign

It was encouraging to hear the necessary renovations at Acton arena can qualify for assistance under the winter works program sponsored jointly by the Provincial and Federal Governments.

While final approval has not been obtained, it may be expected that Acton arena could be in a position to operate offering proper accommodation.



—Photo by Esther Taylor

"Last Gold"

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

It made my blood boil to see Toronto critics picking on Marlene Dietrich when that lovely creature graced Hogtown recently with her theatrical presence. They made the brilliant discovery that Marlene can't sing, and annoyed her with puerile questions about being a grandmother.

Of course she can't sing, and never could. But she can make the skin crawl on the back of your neck with that husky snarl. And, grandmother or not, there is more sex appeal in one long look from above those haunting cheek bones, one twist of that heart-broken smile, than in all your strutting, hip-wiggling pouter pig-corns of half her age.

Perhaps I'm a little warped on the subject of Miss Dietrich. She was the first woman in my life, the first member of the opposite sex who made me realize there was more than one sex. I was 10 years old at the time.

Don't tell me you can't fall in love at 10. Perhaps that is the only age at which your love is completely selfless, utterly pure and absolutely undemanding. I didn't even expect her to marry me. I knew she wouldn't marry any 10-year-old kid. All I wanted to do was think about her, and nurse my pain to myself.

It happened at a movie. I was a young devil for going to matinees. In those days, they had them twice a week, after school, as well as the usual Saturday show.

I had been threatened with everything from the children's aid to the reformatory. I had been licked several times; my mother had given personal orders to the theatre manager that I was not to be allowed

in, and still I went to the matinee every time I could find enough empty bottles to raise the price. I'd arrive home about 6:40 p.m., my inner glow from the movie a buttress against the outer glow I would have shortly on my butt.

At any rate, I fell for Dietrich in a movie called Morocco, about the Foreign Legion, in which she appeared with Gary Cooper. I didn't realize it at the time, but Miss Dietrich had the role of a woman of ill repute. I thought she just worked in this bar, maybe as a singer or something.

She sang, in that whiskey tenor of hers, and I was enchanted. She smiled, that rascal, knowing smile, and I turned to molasses. She winked, that naughty wink, and I twisted my hands until my fingers cracked. She smoked, with that mysterious elegance, and my heart leaped painfully within me.

I thought I would burst with pride and devotion when the picture ended with her forsaking her job at the casino to follow Gary into the desert. The last shot showed her, barefoot in the sand, dragging a goat as she struck off after the Legion, with the other women camp-followers. I can't describe the gallantry with which she threw back her hair and gave a splendid, brave smile as the desert wind struck in her face. Nor can I convey the misery with which I realized she thought so much of that big jerk, Cooper.

For about three months, I was literally sick with love. My mother thought I had some disease, because I wouldn't eat. She was convinced of it when I stopped going to matinees. How can a boy of 10 tell his mother he is desper-

ately in love with a movie actress?

Oh, I had a good many affairs after that. There was a neighbor girl who used to catch me and kiss me heartily every time we played Run, Sheep, Run. That ended when she pushed me out of a hay mow one day, just for fun, and I broke my ankle. Then there was a brief episode with the French teacher when I was in high school. This came to a climax when I kissed her up in an apple tree one gladsome day in spring. I thought I'd never get out of that apple tree.

And there was a Brazilian girl I met at college. She couldn't speak any English. By the time I'd taught her to say "park bench" and "kiss me, daddy" with the best of them, I'd missed so many lectures I hadn't a hope of passing my year, so I patriotically joined the air force.

There were lots of girls after that, in England, France, Belgium. Some of these affairs were sweet, some bitter. I even asked one of them to marry me, but I was too late. She'd just accepted a proposal from another Canadian who had a big country place in Canada. It was big, and it was in the country: 200 acres of stone and swamp in northern Ontario.

Then, of course, and I know you think I'm just putting this in for self-protection, and how right you are, there was the BIG love of my life when I met the Old Bawltke and started battling my way through the domestic junkies. Since then the only other girl I've kissed, except the odd one on New Year's Eve, has been my wife's daughter.

I guess, all told, I've been in love about 12 or 20 times. But it never again had the impact of that first swooning, searing sickness over Dietrich. And that's why Marlene, if the crude remarks of those Toronto critics bother you, feel free to call on me. My ardor may have cooled and I may not be quite as pure as I was 30 years ago, and you may have become a grand mother in the meantime, but by George you're still the most beautiful, glamorous, mysterious woman I ever fell in love with. I wish you were. My grandmother

...Dodging 'Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

MILTON — Council turned down a request for a Sunday sports and movies plebiscite in December. The request came too late to be included in this year's Day C vote, and council objected that the request came from Oakville District Labour Council and not a local group.

BURLINGTON — 78 entries were received in the first hobby fair and attendance was over 300. Robert Allen won 208 votes and the grand prize for his model of a boat. Winners in the various classes were judged by the people visiting the display.

GEORGETOWN — Efforts are being made to form a Junior Chamber of Commerce and three local men are spearheading the organization with the assistance of Galt Javices.

STRETSVILLE — Police lodged nine youths and one juvenile in Streetsville jail Halloween night when they were caught throwing fireworks into the night chute of a dry cleaner's. They kicked out the windows and bars in the temporary cell at Streetsville police station and had to be transferred to Brampton jail.

ORANGEVILLE — Police Chief Traynor is still searching for the lost cannon. It was a World War II artillery piece, taken from the Legion grounds over a month ago. The Army Provost Corps has searched the area within a radius of 100 miles, but has unearthed nothing.

BRAMPTON — All-number telephoning dialing made its first appearance in Peel County Sunday when Huttonville, Snelgrove and Victoria rural exchanges were switched over, affecting about 1,115 users. In Dec. 10 election, voters will be asked to cast a ballot for or against the four-year bus franchise being negotiated between Parkinson Coach Lines and the town.

MEADOWVALE — A prized Central Peel landmark, a huge tree 200 years old, was set ablaze Halloween night and it is believed pranksters were responsible. Its removal as a safety measure, had been recommended by Toronto Township fire officials.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1910

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Nov. 10, 1910.

The west siding to the G.T.R. freight sheds was shifted last week and now runs into Beardmore and Co's new brick warehouse. All the loading and unloading of leather can be done under cover.

Municipal officer Harvey would appreciate information as to the whereabouts of the brass lantern belonging to the fire brigade which was taken from the Mill St. pavement works on Halloween night. If the lantern is returned to the office safe and sound, no further action will be taken. If the responsible party insists on withholding it and is found out, he could be in serious trouble.

On Halloween, 300 students from the O.A.C., Guelph, went to the theatre and raised such a disturbance that two of them had to appear in the police court. They were released but will have to pay for damages amounting to \$60. Further damages have been assessed to the students of a similar sum for other damages committed.

Two out of three men lodged in Guelph jail the first part of the week for being drunk and causing a disturbance at the G.T.R. station in Guelph were from Acton. The men were released the following day and allowed to proceed home.

Work on the new pavement on Mill St. was called to a halt by council this week when it was thought heavy frosts might cause damage to new cement. Workmen have proceeded to level the area off and make it presentable for pedestrians until weather permits completing the project.

The club house of the Toronto Hunt Club, of which Mr. George W. Beardmore is master, was destroyed by fire Sunday morning. The loss is estimated around \$40,000.

Carey Brothers, well known apple growers and entertainers, lost their automobile valued at \$1,500 when it was destroyed by fire Tuesday afternoon on the Guelph Road. While the brakes were being adjusted, somehow or other the gasoline tank became ignited, completely destroying the car.

BACK IN 1940

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Nov. 14, 1940.

Cold driving rain interfered with the usual large crowd attending the annual Remembrance Day service in Acton this year but a good representative parade was held with a brief ceremony at the cenotaph. The second part of the service was held in the United Church with Dr. E. J. Nelson playing the organ for the hymns and other selections. Rev. I. A. Brooks, Rev. G. C. Gifford and Rev. H. L. Bennie, chaplain of the Acton Legion, all took part in the splendid service.

1941 car markers went on sale in Acton on the weekend and Inspector J. K. Gardner reports a marked increase in the first of the season rush.

Mr. Stuart Lantz suffered a painful injury while at work at the Beardmore Company plant last Thursday, whereby he lost the index finger of his left hand. Stuart was operating a machine for cutting out the leather half soles when the finger was caught beneath the machine and so badly crushed that amputation below the joint was necessary. All wish him a speedy recovery and regret the mishap.

The gale on Monday night and Tuesday did not do as much damage in Acton as is reported from many other quarters. There was a brief power interruption for a few minutes and two services were put off of commission when trees fell across the lines. Window panes were blown in in some sections of town and trees were blown down. Judging by the reports from other centers, Acton got off lightly with their damage.

The west inside entrance of the post office has been improved and a greater comfort will be had for the staff by a slight change in the section which was formerly around a revolving door.

At a quiet ceremony last Friday evening at eight o'clock, Dore Evelyn Bilton, daughter of Mrs. R. Bilton of Acton became the bride of Alfred Henry Doby, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Doby of Rockwood. The Rev. P. H. Lawson officiated at the ceremony which took place in the parsonage.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY AND TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

MEDICAL

DR. W. G. C. KENNEY
Physician and Surgeon
Office in Symon Block
43A Mill St. E. Acton
Office Phone 78
Residence 115 Church St. E.
Phone 150

DR. D. A. GARRETT
Physician and Surgeon
Corner of Willow and River Sts.
Entrance River St.
Acton, Ont.
Phone 238

DR. ROBERT D. BUCKNER
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Frederick Street
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TELEPHONE 19
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Dental Surgeon
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Closed Wednesday afternoon
Telephone 148

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Public
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Saturdays by appointment only
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173 Main St. S. Acton, Ont.
Phone 578
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1 p.m. — 9 p.m. Saturdays
15 Cook St. E. Guelph
TA 4-212
Office Hours: 9 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Saturdays 9 a.m. — 12 a.m.

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Chartered Accountants
51 Main St. N. 212 King St. W.
Brampton Toronto
Phones: GL 1-4824 EM 4-9131

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

GRAY COACH LINES

COACHES LEAVE ACTON

Standard Time
Eastbound
8:33 a.m. (Daily except Sun and
Hol); 8:58 a.m. 11:23 a.m.; 2:06 p.m.;
5:08 p.m.; 6:33 p.m.; 8:33 p.m.; 10:08
p.m. (Sun and Hol)

Westbound
10:27 a.m.; 12:57 p.m.; 3:57 p.m.;
5:27 p.m.; 7:27 p.m.; 9:11 p.m.; 11:33
p.m. (Sun and Hol)

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Standard Time
Eastbound

Daily except Sunday 6:45 a.m.;
Daily except Sunday 9:12 a.m.;
(Theater); Daily except Sat. and
Sun 7:14 p.m.; Sat. only 6:04
p.m.; Sunday only 8:01 p.m.; Daily
except Sunday Flyer at George-
town 6:27 p.m.; Daily Flyer at
Georgetown 10:08 p.m.

Westbound
Daily 11:30 a.m.; Daily except
Sunday, 1:30 p.m.; Sat. only 3:15
a.m.; 2:52 p.m.; Daily except
only 8:45 p.m. (Theater); Sunday
only Flyer at Guelph 7:08 p.m.;
Daily except Sat. and Sun. 1:30
a.m.; 3:15 p.m.

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