

Editorial Page

Let's Get On With It!

The interest being generated by the mention of an arena project is very encouraging. At a joint meeting of the three men's service clubs last Thursday evening, Mayor Johnny Coy outlined the town's position in regard to the project. By his remarks it becomes more and more obvious that the project will be impossible to finance by the town council either through current revenue or through a debenture issue. The only apparent way a project of this kind can be completed is through a public subscription appeal.

One major item that must come under consideration is the interest which has indicated that an artificial ice installation should be a part of the whole project. If it is possible to do a complete project, the first stage would be the rebuilding of the front section of the arena, which has been estimated to cost \$75,000. The second stage would be the installation of the ice plant estimated at between \$25,000 and \$40,000. This would bring the total cost to \$60,000 to \$65,000 — an ambitious project.

As a result of the interest of the Thursday meeting and the interest generally, the Mayor called a meeting on Tuesday. At this meeting he appointed a committee to investigate the possibility of raising this money. The committee, representatives of local organizations, will decide whether to go ahead and conduct a campaign to raise this money and present a plan by which to do it.

We must remember, if the plan is approved by council and implemented, the committee's only objective is to raise the money for the project. It will be council's duty to plan the building, carry out the construction and administer the operation of the arena.

We feel the project can and will be completed. No one person is going to contribute the money. It has to be a community effort in which we all share. Let's get on with the job.

Seven-Year Switch

Manufacturing is the leading wealth-producing industry in seven of the ten provinces — Ontario, Quebec, British Columbia, Manitoba, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland in that order.

Alberta, Saskatchewan and Prince Edward Island, however, are the exceptions. Alberta and Saskatchewan have seen the rise of industry in the first five of these is one of the most significant developments of the past decade.

The most recent survey of production issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics reveals that between 1951 and 1952 (the latest year for which final figures are available) the per value of manufacturing production as a percentage of provincial income went from 14.1 per cent to 22.8 per cent in Alberta and from 0.8 per cent to 14.4 per cent in Saskatchewan.

Over the seven-year period only construction and agriculture contributed to provincial wealth declined dramatically in both provinces from 78.9 per cent to 40.7 per cent in Saskatchewan and from 44.9 per cent to 23.8 per cent in Alberta.

These particular figures speak volumes. Most Canadians are aware that things have been happening out West, but few, we suspect, have realized that they have wrought quite such a startling transformation in the economic base of the nation's two traditional "breadbasket" provinces in so short a space of time.

Clearly, important as it still is, wheat is no longer the undisputed king of the prairies it used to be. And while it may be some time yet before manufacturing is as big a factor in the economies of Alberta and Saskatchewan as it is in those of seven of the other eight provinces, that time is much closer than it would seem possible a decade ago.

It may be too soon to start speaking of Ontario's industrial West, but not on the evidence which is so soon.

A Million Here and There

It is doubtful if anyone is really looking forward to the imposition in September of the new three per cent sales tax.

New taxes are never popular and yet the appeals for more dollars from the government to subsidize at the municipal, provincial or federal level. The grand old story that someone else is paying taxes to never die.

One of the things that we fail to appreciate in our ignorance is why the provincial government should be contributing a million dollars to the Teachers' Superannuation Fund.

And why a million dollars in the province would be interested in a referendum that could be called at the province's leisure when it became economically insecure. However, most of us are forced to see it as insurance.

Companies that insist on being actuarially sound and require money invested for money returned.

Taxpayers at the community level are constantly moaning about the cost of education, rightly or wrongly, but the day of the underpaid slave-like teacher does seem to have disappeared. Perhaps this business of subsidizing the teachers' retirement plan started when teachers were at the lower end of the salary scale but it would seem a change has been effected.

A million dollars doesn't seem like much when we read that the new sales tax will provide 150 million dollars in a full year of operation, but that 150 million will come in reduced purchasing power as another million is put on the line of consumer spending. A million saved here and there just might keep a little.

Share the Wealth

Their popularity has waned, but the TV programs that gave away large sums of money achieved some of the highest audience ratings in television's brief history. A bit earlier radio had a similar experience with shows that offered a grab bag of household appliances and other merchandize. Only a handful of people in the audience were players in these games, but almost everyone was excited by the distribution of thousands and even hundreds of thousands of dollars.

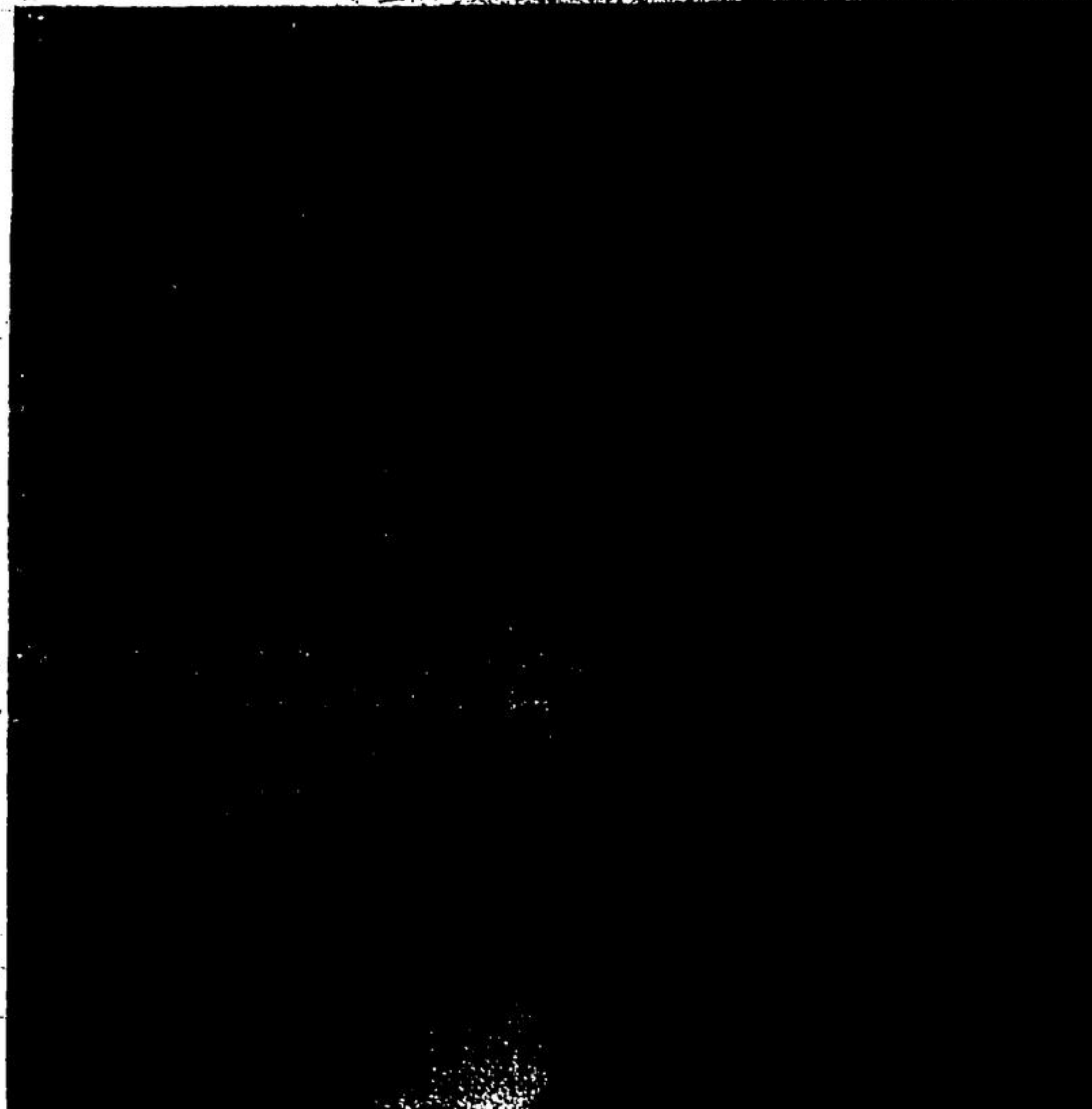
In view of the popularity of this share-the-wealth process it is surprising that more of us are not aware that even the most generous of the radio or television programs really was a piker in the field. As far as Canada is concerned, the biggest spender is the one who this year is giving away three and three-quarter billion dollars. Yes, that's \$3,750,000,000. The donor? Us. We, the people.

These financial facts are noted in the annual report of the Canada Life Assurance Company. The company's president, Mr. E. C.

Gill, says that this year the federal government will collect and spend 19 per cent of Canada's Gross National Product. The sum involved is \$6,800,000,000. And of this total, he points out, more than 55 per cent — or \$3,750,000,000 — will be handed to someone else in the form of transfer payments or subsidies. Part of that money, Mr. Gill goes on to say, is deducted from personal and corporation taxes where it might have entered the flow of savings for investment.

The tax sharing philosophy that has been so greatly extended in Canada since the war has achieved a greater equality of income. It could be argued that it has, that raised the national standard of living, such redistribution of wealth is mainly expended on consumption goods and in that sense it serves to raise living standards. However, to the extent that such wealth is then not available as capital to be invested in projects that expand the economy, producing new wealth and creating new employment, this redistribution process can become a sharing of poverty rather than a sharing of plenty.

"Spring Thaw"



—Photo by Zether Taylor



Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

times when I can't quite remember their first names.

Another reason for embarking on a teaching career was all those holidays. Two months in the summer. A week at Christmas and another at Easter. Of course, last summer I had to go to summer school and work like a dog for two months. And this year I have to do the same. And at Christmas, I spent exactly 47 1/2 hours during my holiday week, marking papers and it will be the same at Easter. And then, at the end of another year, when I am qualified as a teacher, I have to go back to summer school for yet another eight weeks to get my specialist's certificate. But just think — in 1963 I'll have the whole summer off. That's certainly better than the one miserable week a year I used to get in the newspaper business.

And then, of course, the money is good. My take-home pay is better than that of many truck drivers — almost as good as that of a welder or a bricklayer. Unlike them, I don't draw overtime, but think of the security. All I have to do is teach for 35 years and I get the full pension. Am I ever going to raise hell around the town bowling club when they get on that pension? Wheelchair or no wheelchair.

But all these things are mere adjuncts to teaching. After all, we're not just interested in money and security, are we? Well, ARE WE? Of course, we're not. Money is no more important than, say, breathing. No, what we are concerned with in life is the deep, basic things. Like, uh, satisfaction in a job well done, and, uh, the rich reward of guiding young lives, and, uh, stuff like that.

You have no idea of the thrill a teacher feels when he realizes that but for the guidance he has given young Joe, the latter might have wound up in the penitentiary. Instead of just reform school.

And there is nothing to equal the rich satisfaction a teacher derives when he has taught something so difficult that the sweat is running down his back. And he knows he is getting through to them when he sees young Mary's face light up like a flower. And he nods to her in kindly fashion when her hand is raised. And she asks, contentiously and intelligently, "Sir, may I go to the washroom?" It makes everything seem, you know, sort of worthwhile.

There's a completely different atmosphere in the schools these days. When I was in high school, it a kid got out of line, the teacher would clobber him. My old science teacher could clip a large foot right off his stool, across two desks, and into a lamp heap of rags on the floor, with out disturbing a rest tube. My old maths teacher favored a two knuckle smash just above the kidneys, which enabled you to say nothing but "Huh! Huh! Huh!" for about four minutes.

That old brutality has all gone by the board now and a good thing, I say. Nowaday if a kid does something that qualifies him for a sound belt in the shop, you realize he's not doing it just for hellery, he's emotionally disturbed.

And the kids appreciate it. Aside from the fact that they'd have a lawyer on you if you gave them a dirt look, there's a wonderful new sympathy between teacher and student. I'll bet there's not a single kid in any of my grades who would refuse to sign the class card of condolence to my wife if I were to be run down by a bulldozer.

How do I like teaching? Well, say I haven't really time to discuss it, right now, I have four hours' homework to do, an examination to prepare, and an hour's work on the school year book. Come back and ask me in the summer of '63.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1911

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 16, 1911. The Inn house of Mr. Len Lasby near O'Springe was destroyed by fire last Thursday morning while Mr. Lasby was at an adjacent farm with a head of calves. The fire will be a costly one to the farmer as nothing was saved.

A young man named Chase fell under the wheels of an engine at Georgetown Saturday morning and had his right arm crushed beneath the wheels. He was hurried to the town by a doctor, who bandaged his injury temporarily and rushed him to Guelph. It was found necessary to amputate the arm. The young fellow was working on the night shift at the paper mills and he had jumped on a moving engine which was shutting in the yards.

Mr. Stephen Cordner has purchased the brick shop and dwelling at the rear of the lot, corner of Mill and Wilkin Streets, from Mr. Watson. Griffin of Toronto. Mr. Cordner expects to convert the shop part into dwelling space.

Mr. William Brown has decided to dispose of his splendid herd of dairy cows and decisions of the dairy business. Mr. Brown arrived at the decision because his foreman intended leaving within a few weeks to take up farming in the north west.

Following the spring thaw, Henderson's saw mill has commenced spring operations, and already has a good supply of logs for sawing. A number of the employees will certainly be welcome this good news.

A large audience attended the leading musical event of the year for this community when the recently formed Choral Society presented their concert Tuesday evening. The music was up to expectations and everyone enjoyed the splendid numbers presented under the direction of the leader, Professor Ernest M. Shick of Guelph. Every reserved seat in the hall was sold by last Friday and the general seats were much in demand for this popular group's concert.

BACK IN 1941

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 26, 1941. Faced by the Acton boom, faded and never-fading captain Frank Gibbons and managed by the manager of champions Vic Rumble, the Beartooth team in the Acton hockey league emerged as the winner and possessor of the Rumble trophy, last Friday night. They had to meet the popular North team, who had only met defeat once during the regular schedule before the final game. It was a battle between two well-matched clubs, the Beartooth team, who made a shaky start at the first of the season, won the game 3-1.

Acton's third municipal nomination meeting for 1941 brought out the usual crowd of about a score of voters. The proposal of a dozen candidates were proposed for the three vacancies and three citizens of wide municipal experience were prevailed upon to complete the year's municipal work. Lawrence Ames Mason, ex-councilor Frank Jones, and former chairmen of the board, Mr. J. M. McDonald, held a contest of the posts and agreed to carry on council work for the balance of the year.

During the meeting of the Public Affairs Committee Tuesday evening, it was decided to discuss a number of subjects in articles on May 14, 1941. The committee further announced immediate action to be taken in cases where remedial action had to be taken.

The coroner's inquest on the fatal death of a young boy, Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. ... each line, south of ... Tuesday ...

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BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICE PHONE 600, ACTON

G.A.D. About

Business and Habits Change

Sixty years ago, there were three blacksmith shops in Acton and there were shops at every crossroads throughout the county. There were shops at Ballinacraig, Knaithill, Darbyville, Campbellville and other strategic locations. They are all gone now. The buildings are all standing in Acton but are used for other purposes. Oh Main St. there was the shop of John and Anthony Stephenson. Besides general blacksmithing, they made the Stephenson Plow, which gained considerable fame when it was exhibited at the Worlds Fair in Chicago.

Harry McIntosh earned on the shop for a while but it was sold a number of years ago to Sandy Melsaie. He remodelled it after it was moved from the west side of Main St. to its present location on the east side of the street. The other shop on Main St. was also operated by two brothers, James and Noble McLean. It is now occupied by the Acton Auto Body.

The third shop was at the corner of Mill St and Park Ave. It was owned by Henry Grundell and he had William Mason as his assistant. The original shop was burned and when he replaced it, it was quite a substantial brick building. He also had a machine shop with a lathe and a steam engine. Later he installed one of the first gasoline engines in Acton. It was made by Spreight and Brads of Georgetown. We had a similar one at the Free Press for several years, in fact until Hydro came to Acton in 1913, and I can tell you that it was no self starter.

As I sat the other night and watched TV depict the supposed terrible plight of an unem-