

Editorial Page

Why Bother to Graduate

With final examinations either underway or about to begin at most schools there may be a high degree of interest in a pamphlet titled "Why bother to graduate".

We found the material a lot of common sense and rather than abbreviate it we decided to reprint it in its entirety, consciously believing that this is one of the most vital problems of the day. The article follows:

It's easy to leave school. You know people who have done it. They take a job, make some money, perhaps buy a second-hand car, and seem to become independent.

It's easy to escape boring subjects. It's easy to leave behind all the problems—homework, examinations, report cards, and lack of spending money.

But just a minute! Before you throw away your books, stop and ask yourself—"Where will my first job lead? How long will it last? Is it a dead-end job? What happens if I lose it? Where do I go from there? Will I ever get that job I've always dreamed about? How many jobs can I get with my present education?"

LET'S LOOK AT THE FACTS

You've probably been told dozens of times that school provides you the chance for a fuller life, opens new avenues of interest, broadens your knowledge and understanding of the world, makes you a better citizen. If you've thought about it at all, you know all of this is true and important to remember. However, there are also many other reasons, some of which you may not have realized before, why staying in school and seeking out formal training and education are important to you and your basic future security:

By dropping out of school before graduation, you close the door to large areas of employment. Only about 30 per cent of employment today consists of semi-skilled or unskilled jobs which require little education or training. Each year, the percentage becomes smaller. Most of those persons who do not prepare themselves for the expanding career opportunities available through technical or vocational training, or who leave school before graduation, will probably find themselves competing for these few jobs. At the same time employment is increasing for graduates of technical vocational and academic high schools, technical institutes, trade or other occupational training and apprenticeship programs.

You could limit your earnings for life. There is a direct relation between earnings and education or training. Even though the early drop-out from school gets a head start in earning money, it is estimated that by the time he reaches his top earning power, he will be making 30 per cent less than the person his own age who completed high school. According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, each year of high school adds \$238 a year to your income and the matriculation year alone adds \$466 a year.

On this basis, the value of a high school education (four years) over a grade school education in terms of 45 years, or what might be called "lifetime earnings", is about \$42,000, and completion of your matriculation year alone increases your life's earnings by more than \$20,000. This means that the capable boy who quits school before graduation to get a job and perhaps buy a second-hand car, will be throwing away thousands of dollars, more than enough to purchase a fleet of new cars.

You could shut yourself off from training opportunities. Industrial methods and machines are becoming more and more complex, with the result that industry generally is demanding that a young person entering apprenticeship or other training positions, have a good knowledge of high school subjects including mathematics and science. Without these, he may never get a chance to take specialized training.

You could find yourself in dead-end employment. Jobs requiring little training or education are often dead-end jobs. Many persons who leave school early, ill-equipped to meet the needs of business and industry, find themselves in jobs which have little future and limited promotion possibilities.

You could be headed for a lifetime of

inactivity, perhaps even unemployment. It is generally true that a company or business keeps its most highly-skilled and trained employees during slack periods or when changeovers to new machines and processes are taking place. The unskilled and untrained workers are usually the first to go. Even if a skilled or well-educated man is released from work, his chances of getting a job elsewhere are increased by the fact he has a high degree of training or education.

TO SEE UP

It is true that some men and women with very little formal education and training hold high positions, but they are usually self-educated, a process which means great personal sacrifice. Ask those who have gone back to school at night or have reached the top "the hard way" and they'll tell you it wasn't easy and that their road would have been smoother if they had had more formal education and training.

Stories of people succeeding with little formal training are exciting, but the hard fact remains that success in business and industry has one theme that repeats itself over and over—the more education and training you have, the better chance you have of getting permanent employment, getting additional training, and of being promoted to responsible and well-paid positions.

It should be said that graduation alone does not guarantee a person will get a good job. Most employers, when hiring, consider a person's work experience, personality, and general attitudes towards work and society, as well as his training and education. However, there is little doubt that graduating from school or a formal training program—academic school, vocational school, technical institute, trade school or apprenticeship—can open new doors to a wide variety of job opportunities.

Furthermore, representatives of the thousands of employers throughout Canada—the men from whom you'll be seeking a job—have gone on record as saying that it pays to graduate regardless of the type of work you plan to do when you leave school. They can't all be wrong.

Status Symbol

The status symbol to end all status symbols must surely be the "dream car" bought by a certain Bobby Darin who, it is said, sings for a living, much to the delight of the teen-age set.

Custom-made at a cost of \$100,000, the car in question is a 500 h.p. four-foot high sedan with a transparent roof, disappearing headlights, and a thirty-coat lacquer finish made of (hold on to your hat, gentle reader) fish scales and diamond dust.

Bought just for kicks, no doubt.

Malice Aforethought?

Up in Ottawa they are telling the story of the M.P. who recently received from a constituent a signed postcard to the following effect:

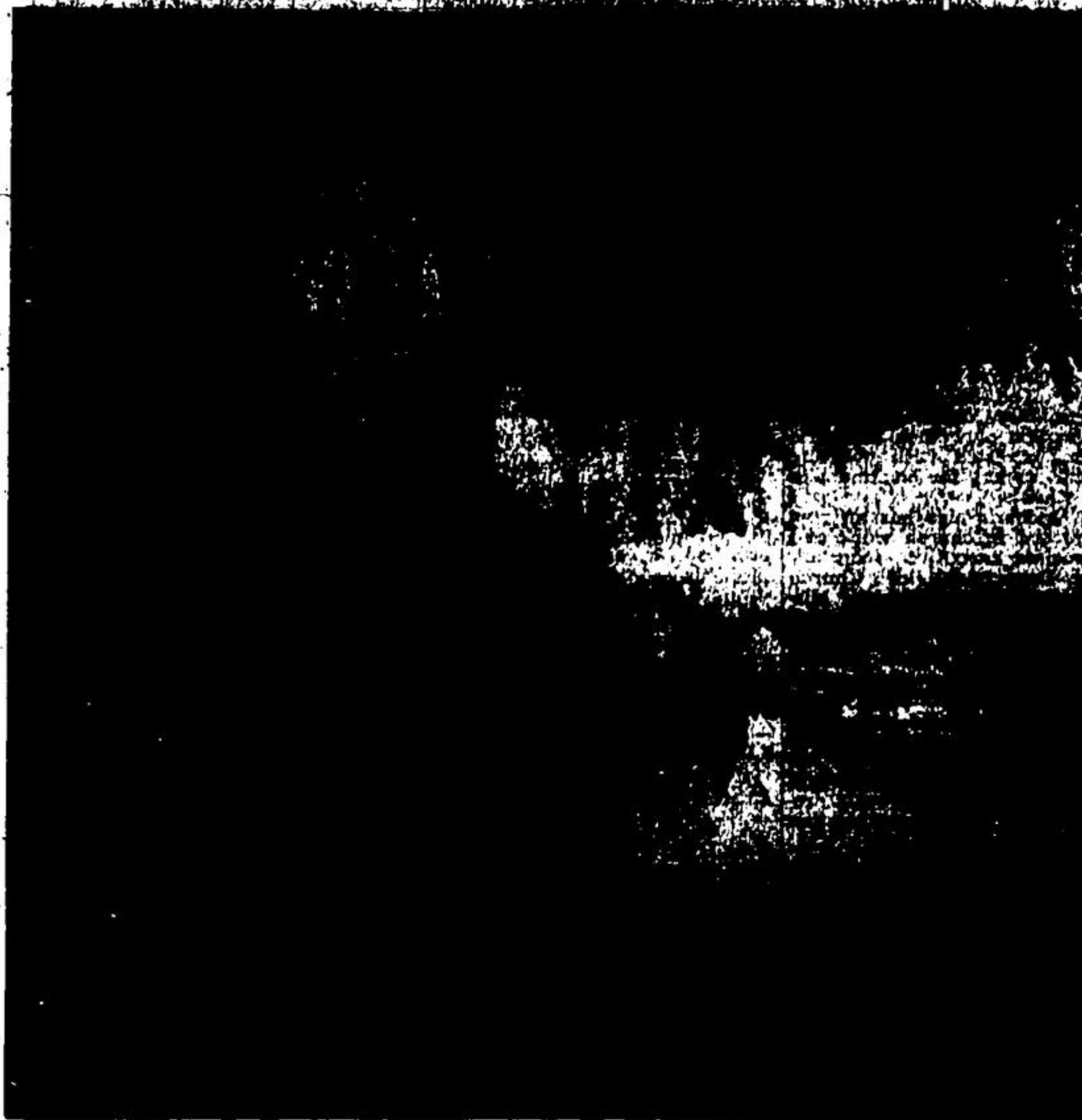
"Dear Sir,
Your record since you have been in parliament is positively awful. You have never met me so what have you got against me personally that you vote for everything I'm against?"

Even public service, it seems, is not without its complications.

Surprise, Surprise

No one has yet suggested a Royal Commission to look into the efficiency of clubs run by amateur directors, but when the day comes it is hoped that this particular group will not be over-looked.

At the final meeting of a very successful year the out-going president was asked to turn the chair over to a deputy and vacate the meeting room. The board then decided to show its appreciation to the president with a presentation at a surprise gathering two weeks hence. All this the secretary carefully entered into the minutes of the meeting and sent them to the president the next morning for his signature.



—Photo by Esther Taylor



It's not exactly a dull world we live in, with its wars and rumors of wars, its rockets and spacemen, its horror movies and delinquent children, its constant threat of annihilation. No, you couldn't exactly call it a dull world.

But don't you occasionally become heartily sick of stories about the trouble in Laos and the trouble in Africa and the trouble in Cuba? Don't you become a trifle weary of the never-ending stream of pronouncements from the Americans and the Russians, every one sounding exactly like the last one?

Don't you get a little fed up with the endless flow of articles about outer space? Don't you sometimes wish they would just skin Eichmann alive, or turn him loose, and be done with it? And don't you wish that, once in a while, they'd stop playing bongos in the Congo? Sometimes I become so bored with the monotony of our daily fare of science, murder, violence and hatred, that I'm driven to reading the used car ads and the real estate ads, for some light entertainment.

It isn't the fault of our newspaper people and our television newscasters, I guess. They do a conscientious job on the whole, and make a desperate effort to extract some sense from the sound and fury that make up our world. But they simply can't keep the stuff continually alive and vital for us. We've had too much of it. We're saturated. After a week of watching the greatest comedian in the world, we'd be yawning until the tears spurted.

Few of us could listen to even such great talents as Elvis Presley for more than 10 or 12 hours at a stretch. People who are interested in bird-watching don't necessarily want pigeon pie for every meal. And that's what is wrong with the ordinary Gus or Gert. That's why our keen, intelligent Canadian housewives read the slightly vicious columns by young women who offer advice to the lovelorn, rather than the latest from Tom Tom. That's why the cream of our Canadian manhood may be found with its head buried in the comics or sports page, rather than the editorial page.

We all know we should be concerned over China, riled about Russia, upset with the U.S. browned off with Britain vexed with Venezuela and having competitions over Cuba. But we can't do it. We're pulverized with world affairs, after two decades of war, hot and cold, bombs, atom and hydrogen, and wind, mostly hot. Even the first story about a landing on the moon will likely elicit no more than a

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

bored "And about time, too!" from us.

This was the frame of mind I was getting into lately, and I had almost ceased to use the daily paper for anything more than swatting bees and wrapping garbage. But I was saved by a couple of stories in the newspapers that revived my faith in human nature, and in the world as an interesting place to live, not merely a grim and gloomy sphere whirling about in the dust of man's destiny.

The first story contained a statement from a Mr. Samuel Shenton, secretary of the Flat Earth Society. He said flatly that these astronauts—Gagarin of Russia and Shepard of the U.S. could not go into orbit because there is no such thing. If Gagarin thought the earth was round during his satellite trip, said Mr. Shenton, he was simply repeating an error mankind has been making ever since Columbus. He added, "Humanity has been brain washed by scientists into the round earth theory."

Well, all I can say is, "That's telling them, Mr. Shenton." More power to you and the Flat Earth Society. For years, we've been swallowing everything the scientists tell us, without a question. I've never been convinced, myself, of that story about the earth being round, and I'm glad to see some healthy skepticism about it. And if the earth is

warmed by the sun, how come it's so cold in winter? And what became of the Garden of Eden? And why are women so hard to get along with? You see? The scientists have been telling us a lot of stuff about light rays and neutrons, but they shy away from the important things.

The second story to cheer me up was the one about the teen-agers at Blind River. As they pulled away from a service station, the attendant saw a human hand sticking out of the trunk of the car. He alerted police and they threw up road-blocks all over the place. They nabbed the young men, but couldn't find the body. The lads were fined for creating a public mischief. That stunt tickled me, though. I'm not keen on practical jokes.

Then I thought of the day a friend and I went out trout fishing, recently. We stood, up to our breast-bones in ice water, in the middle of a vast swamp created by a beaver dam. We couldn't tell whether we were fishing in the stream, or just in flooded fields. And we were happy as pigs, calling quietly to each other that "this is the life." As long as people are still able to deny that the earth is round, to pretend that they have a body in the trunk of the car, and to delude themselves into fishing there no trout has ever trod, there's hope for the old, news-weary world.

G.A.D. About

A \$100,000 Question

In June, the Canadian census will be compiled and among the questions each will be asked is the following: "To what ethnic or cultural group did you or your ancestor (on the male side) belong on coming to the continent?" It seems that when the first forms were printed, they were wrongly worded. They had to be reprinted at an added cost of \$100,000. It must be a very important question, so what does ethnic and cultural mean these days?

I went to the dictionary and found ethnic defined as "heathen or pagan", so I turned to cultural and found it defined as "the act of improving or developing by education." That is what the dictionary told me and I am sure all my readers will know whether they are heathen or improved by education, but what about my grandparents, who only had the little red school house?

I am inclined to agree with a writer in the Financial Post who says, "The census question about 'ethnic origin' should be abolished. It is quite unscientific and yields statistics that are either redundant or pointless." \$100,000—that is a lot of money for a foolish and unnecessary question. My grandparents on the male side were dead before I was born. My father was born in Canada. My grandparents' names were Samuel and

Rebecca. They were not heathen or pagan. Handed down to me are a pair of family Bibles with their names embossed on the covers and written in them is the family record, but there is nothing in them to enlighten anyone of the 1961 question required to be answered.

I suppose a century ago, no one even surmised that in these days such a question would ever be required. Just look at what our culture of the century has brought us. Another census will be required in 1971 and perhaps by that time we will learn what is important and what is not essential.

My father never told me about his cultural background. He did tell me stories about his early school days and going to school through the bush in the early fall when the frost covered the ground. They were barefoot and they ran along, and then held up one foot after another to warm their toes as they made their way to school. He told me that his mother had only the open hearth to do all the cooking for a family of nine. In the evening by the light of the fireplace, the word was carded and spun for the family clothing.

In those days, the boys went to school until they were old enough to help on the farm. Father had little jingles about words such as "finis" and

Continued on Page Nine

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1941

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 27, 1941.

With present machinery running at full capacity and orders piling up officials of the Wood County plant in Acton have decided to add an additional six combes along with the necessary carding, bleaching and finishing equipment. The machinery is ordered from England and subject to its safe arrival, the production of the plant will be increased by one-half. When the new equipment is in operation it is expected the capacity will reach six million pounds per annum.

Some time Monday night or early Tuesday morning, thieves broke into the service station and refreshment booth of J. Hargrave at the corner of Mill and Young Sts. Cigarettes, chocolate bars and other articles were stolen and the locks on the gasoline pumps broken and a quantity of gas taken. It is estimated that goods taken in the haul were valued between \$80-\$100.

A successful reunion was held when over 150 ex-pupils of Dublin school attended a reunion last Saturday. An enjoyable day was spent and many memories were recalled during the time. Under the arrangement of F. L. Wright, Dublin Women's Institute and many others, a delicious banquet and excellent program were included in the activities.

A spark from fireworks on the 24th of May set fire to a nearby barn on the premises of Miss J. McMillan, who had been away for several weeks. Had it not been for the excellent work of a strong bucket brigade, the building may have been lost. A call was sent to the Milton fire service, who responded immediately. By the time they arrived, however, everything was under control.

Quite a number of old and new members of the Acton Volunteer Civil Guard met last week under the command of Capt. J. M. McDonald. After a short period of drill under Ben Bayless, second in command, a series of lectures on gas poisoning was held. These lectures will continue to be given as well as other A.R.P. work.

BACK IN 1911

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 25, 1911.

A pigeon inadvertently flew through an open window into the Methodist Church, Sunday afternoon, when members of the choir were preparing for the evening musical service. Several of the members, fearing possible diversion of attention during the evening service, vainly tried to persuade the bird to exit, but the pigeon eventually flew through a window into the attic. One of the trustees crawled into the attic and handed the pigeon down to an attendant who liberated it in the open once again.

Williams' bus team made a start in the G.T.R. yards last week when they were started by the 3.30 train as it was pulling into the station. Fortunately, no passengers were aboard the bus. After the horses were stopped, a new tongue was needed for the bus and a new pump required for the G.T.R. yards. The old pump was torn from its impurities after the bus clipped it roadside.

Engineer Folster reported to council Monday evening the fire pumper had been tampered with when the water had been let out of the boiler and the tubes had all been drained. He pointed out that if the damage had not been noticed, it would have proved a drastic measure to the machine if it had been pressed into service in this condition. Council agreed to have a constant check made on the machine and anyone caught tampering with it would be dealt with firmly. During the meeting, council also approved a resolution to engage Mr. N. Hardie as special night constable following a petition by a citizens' committee.

Mr. Robert Lauby has notified council he will be unable to continue watering the streets twice daily at the present rate and some consideration is being given to having them oiled instead.

Isaac Lotteridge, who was tried for horse stealing last week, received a two year sentence at Kingston. He stole a horse and buggy from a farmer in Nassauwaga and after driving it to Hamilton, left it at a livery there and took another.

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