

# Editorial Page

## The Welcoming Season

With the 1961 Travel Season well under way in Ontario, signs point to another good year. Indications of increased interest in the Province's vacation attractions is provided by a resounding volume of travel inquiries which at the end of April, were up over the total compiled during the first four months of 1960.

Basic factors in developing or maintaining visitor interest remains an extensive publicity and promotion program. But this program has been aided by a continued improvement in standards of accommodation, facilities and services offered to tourists. It has also benefited from the first-class standards of Ontario's vast highway system.

The main reason, however, for Ontario focusing more tourist interest year after year is probably the fact that it is getting more popular, more developed and advanced with each calendar year, with more sightseeing and entertainment opportunities and a consequent boost in rating as a tourist magnet.

Also, travel-business consciousness is becoming more evident among local govern-

ments and civic organizations, resulting in the staging and promotion of many events calculated to bring in the visitors. All through summer, Ontario offers its guests a choice variety of spectator events that will go on well after Labour Day. World-renowned Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, summer stock theatre, ballet festivals, horse racing, regattas, centennials, fishing derbies, baseball, football, golf, tennis, Highland Games, barbershop quartets, extravaganzas, at the Canadian National Exhibition and other seasonal fairs—the nomenclature of the events and things to see and do covers every day of the summer, reaches into every city, town and village and touches the whole scale of human interest.

Ontario's hotels, motels and resorts are ready to take care of the visitor influx. As a result of construction programs, the Province can offer many completely new establishments.

Let's all make the touring visitor feel welcome whether he comes from American states, neighboring provinces, or within Ontario itself.

## Be Wary and Wise

Hundreds of unsuspecting Canadian homes owners will be swindled out of their household savings this summer by fast-talking door-to-door salesmen selling shoddy home repair jobs.

This warning was made in a story appearing in a building supply publication, Toronto. The story drew particular attention to the large number of complaints in the home improvement field that have poured into local offices of the Better Business Bureau across Canada.

In Toronto, for instance, an itinerant repairman told a 73-year-old woman that her roof would collapse if it were not repaired immediately. She agreed to pay all her savings of \$760 to have the roof fixed. The workman appeared for a day-and-a-half and completed his "repairs" with tar paper. A charitable estimate of the job's real worth—\$260.

In Vancouver another operator was seen to climb the roof of a house and pry a brick loose from the chimney. He took the brick to the homeowner and professed amazement that the roof hadn't caught fire. When the frightened homeowner agreed to pay \$65 for repairs, the chimney was painted a bright red. Probable cost of labor and paint by a reputable firm: \$15.

In Montreal an 80-year-old woman contracted with a "freelance" jobber to have some repairs done on her house. She was billed for \$3,000 and had paid \$1,000 when an alarmed relative stepped in. The local Better Business Bureau was called and an investigation revealed that the repairs shouldn't have cost more than \$600.

The magazine story also offered several tips on what homeowners should do when confronted with the offer of a "bargain" home improvement job by a stranger:

1. Never sign a contract on the first call or until you've read all the fine print.
2. Always ask for a calling card and check the place of business.
3. If you're interested in the offer, call the place of business and see how long it has been located in that spot.
4. Remember, the genuine salesman from a reputable local business will always welcome your inquiries about himself and the firm he represents.
5. Most important, get at least two prices from long-established, local business firms before you sign any contract.
6. If you're in any doubt about a firm, check first with the Better Business Bureau, Chamber of Commerce or the local police.

## Poor Spenders

"Annual income twenty pounds," wrote Charles Dickens in David Copperfield, "annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought six, result misery." In a somewhat different form that old and sound idea so well expressed by Dickens was the theme of the keynote speech at the annual conference of the Canadian Welfare Council.

In the wealthy society of North America, Professor Harry Johnson proposed to the Ottawa meeting, the average family should be expected to save enough, or borrow enough against future earnings, to look after such normal crises as short-term unemployment and minor illness.

Welfare benefits, suggested the University of Chicago economist, should be the protection against the disastrous effect of prolonged unemployment or illness against which the ordinary individual cannot very well insure himself. This is a reversal of the present policy, which, for instance, provides financial help to the man who is out of work for a short time but cuts off the aid when the need is greatest through extended unemployment. It seems like a revolutionary idea, but it is really only a return to the sound principle of individual responsibility.

In the ten years 1950 to 1960 government transfer payments to persons—money collected by taxation and then paid out for welfare social security, etc.—more than tripled, from \$1,030 million to \$3,116 million. Not one person has escaped the bill for that increased spending. It must be paid for out of production, must directly raise prices through taxation and indirectly through

inflation. An additional \$1 billion is provided through private donations to the voluntary welfare agencies. Yet it is said that real hardship can still exist.

The unpleasant truth is that while we have been big spenders in this field, we have been remarkably poor spenders. We have been taken down the easiest, the most politically popular path. We have kidded ourselves that there is no limit on what the state can provide and that someone else pays the bill, and that it is only proper that everyone must have equal benefits regardless of need. So we do too much for those who don't really need help and too little for those who really do, and discourage thrift and self-reliance.

## Community Night

Community Night this Saturday in the park will provide novel entertainment with fun, singing and dancing for everybody and a very unusual program of authentic ethnic dances.

And it's all for a purpose — to raise Acton's quota of \$3,500 for the North Halton school for Retarded Children at Hornby. At first, when Acton's sum was set, no organization here was willing to undertake raising the funds. Then the small but active Acton Scottish Dance Club decided, with the help of other organizations, they would try. Rather than another door-to-door canvass, they wanted to offer a full dollar's worth of entertainment for the dollar given. Community Night will be an enjoyable way of helping the drive for funds, and is certainly worthy of your support.

# The Acton Free Press

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The only paper ever published in Acton  
G. A. Dills, Editor-in-Chief  
David R. Dills, Managing Editor

NEWS AND EDITORIAL OFFICE PHONE 600, ACTON

## "Eskimo Kiss"



—Photo by Esther Taylor

## Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

In a recent editorial, Hugh Tomplin of the Fergus News-Record, one of the deans of the weekly newspaper field, outlined the arduous duties of the weekly editor. He described a typical week in the editor's life. It was not exaggerated. It showed the editor working a killing week, taking an almost superhuman role in the affairs of the community, and serving as a general swilling wall and information service for his readers.

Closing his editorial, he remarked that it was no wonder, in view of all this, that some weekly editors with college degrees were leaving the field for the short hours and high salaries of the teaching profession. I flinched when I read this. Then I flushed. I felt like a deserter. "Why, the sonofagun," I thought, "I'll bet he couldn't stand it for a week."

Before this trickle of traitors becomes a stream, hear me out, old friends in the publishing business. First, cling to that swivel chair with both hands. Hook your legs around that battered desk and hang on. Say to yourselves 40-times a day, "I'm a happy weekly editor." Don't even admit that you want to college.

I have just completed one year of teaching high school students. On the surface it had little effect on either of us. The students are a little taller, or fatter, or thinner than when we began. Some of the girls have different colored hair. Otherwise they are unmarked by the experience. Nor do I show any signs of the ordeal. Aside from a tic that makes the left side of my face look like Boris Karloff every 20 seconds.

But inwardly neither of us will ever be the same. The students have had to revise their ideas about teachers entirely. They began on the third day of school, when their teacher howled, "Turn around, ye clown!" at one of the class delinquents. Since that day, we've roared with laughter together. We've argued bitterly, with them winning sometimes. We've teased each other. I've followed them and they've glared right back at me.

And I, too, have had to re-furnish my notions about teaching and teachers. First of all, let me say it is a grinding, hard job, mentally and physically. If the teacher had nothing to do but impart knowledge, it would be a cinch. But this is only a portion of his duties. The rest of the time, an occasion demands, he is cop, coach, counsellor, father, mother and babysitter.

I don't know whether it is true or not, but I heard someone say

the other day that there are more mental breakdowns in the teaching profession than any other. It's no wonder. Recently, I was teaching a sea story by Conrad. I carefully instructed the kids in such nautical terms as port, starboard, aft, the bridge, the hold, hatches. Then I gave them the test. One girl defined "bridge" as "a group of hard boards nailed together to cross a lake, river etc." I had to give her a mark, as I hadn't specified the bridge of a ship but I almost had a breakdown right there. The same kid told me "starboard" meant "a board covered with stars in the captain's cabin by which he navigates."

Another boy informed me, in an essay, that there are more people drowned in summer than on highways. I couldn't argue with him, there but I nearly bit a gusset when he warned that we must be careful not to get caught by the "undertones" when swimming.

Now, about those short hours. Hugh Tomplin, Teachers work nine to four. Unless they are coaching a team, directing a play, helping with the yearbook, or doing one of a hundred similar tricks, in which case they are around the factory, at all hours. Add to this about 20 hours of lesson preparation, at four hours a night, and you find that teachers work a minimum of 50 hours a week, a far stunt in this day and age.

Big salaries? My take-home pay is a little over \$80 a week. A union linotype operator or bricklayer working the same hours would sweet at my putance. True, after 15 to 20 years of teaching, one can make from \$8,000 to \$10,000, depending on qualifications. There aren't many lawyers or dentists who aren't doing as well or better, and in a lot less time. These salaries have been achieved only in the past couple of years. They are not the result of a sudden wave of benevolence on the part of school boards. They are the direct result of the rule of supply and demand. Teachers

## G.A.D. About

When I was a kid attending school and the four o'clock bell dismissed school for the day we all scattered for home as fast as we could and got away from the place as far as we could.

But today the children seem to like to linger awhile. Perhaps the equipment in the playgrounds is more attractive than that to be found anywhere else but you will find them playing at the school any fine afternoon and later in the evening most any day of the week and on Saturdays as well. I think this is a splendid place for them free from traffic dangers of the street. I am glad the children have discovered it for themselves because they are more

were scarce because of the shabby salaries.

Now, the salaries and security of teaching are attracting many of our best and brightest. The people who should be teaching. This cannot fail to raise our standards of education. The increase in education costs hurts the individual taxpayer. It's going to keep on hurting. No longer can a boy quit school at 16 with a grade 10 education and hope to find a happy life. Technology is rapidly wiping out the laborer. One man with a power shovel does the work of 20 ditch-diggers. The "Harvest Excursion" to the west is a thing of the past. The machine has replaced the men once required.

Here, wait a minute now, I am starting to talk about stuff that is away over my head. Let's get down to brass facts. All I can say about teaching is that I have never worked harder in my life. But it was worth it, to see those shy smiles of gratitude and affection on the faces of my students as they tramped me into the floor on their way out, the last day of school.

Don't worry, old friends in the weekly business. I'm not letting down the team. You should hear me talking to these teachers when they start complaining about how hard they work. "Why, you spoiled, pampered pedagogues," I tell them, "you don't know what work is. This is a snap. You're overpaid and underworked. Now, when I was in the weekly newspaper business..."

You'll notice, friend Hugh, that I have carefully avoided the matter of holidays. This summer and next, I have to go to summer school at considerable expense. But I am making plans for the summer of '61. At first I thought a trip to Europe might be nice. But I have pretty well decided to spend July and August on a tour of Canada, dropping in on weekly editors in all the provinces, shorts and letting them cry on the shoulder of my cool, crisp sport shirt.

## Schools More Popular Today

likely to continue its use and employment.

Of course the school grounds are much more spacious than they were when I went to school. There was just about twenty or thirty feet to the school lane. The Storey tannery property came up to the front and the Sidney Smith property occupied land on the west, north and east sides. There was scarcely room in the grounds for a baseball diamond at any one spot. This was the only school grounds now known as the Robert Little School when I went to school a half century ago. I was reading only a week or

(Continued on Page Eleven)

# THE GOOD OLD DAYS

## BACK IN 1941

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 26, 1941.

Wednesday morning around 2:30, thieves making a break-in at William Cooper's clothing store were frightened away after taking only a few shirts when the burglar alarm sounded. After practically breaking down the strong door to make their entry, the alarm sounded awakening Ed Jennings living across the street. Making their escape in a stolen car, the thieves were fired at by Mr. Jennings from his upstairs window.

Constable Locker arrived on the scene to take the licence and the investigation proceeded. The car to be stolen. Fortunately, Mr. Cooper had taken every precaution after his last series of break-ins and had installed an alarm system.

Work commenced on Tuesday morning on the East Ontario Robertson for Acton with an excellent site chosen on Main St. Mr. C. Anderson, proprietor, has selected the best of equipment and when completed, the plant will be one of the most modern in the area.

In less than a year, the 100,000 square feet of space obtained by the Wool Combing Corporation and Tuesday work began on the construction of a new two-story addition which will allow an extra 12,000 square feet of space. Over 125 employees are now on the payroll at the plant and with the new addition, it is expected more personnel will be employed.

A group of six little girls, Joan White, Lorraine Paton, Phyllis Robertson, Loreta Kowles, Jill Merner and Betty Wilds, sold lemonade and cookies in a booth on Mill St. on Saturday afternoon. They were able to forward \$7.12 to the British War Victims' Fund as a result of their efforts. This was better than a dollar apiece for these little girls and it was all on their own initiative.

During the monthly meeting of Dublin Women's Institute this week, it was agreed to send two cases of jam over to the Red Cross. It was also agreed to have the secretary purchase yarn in order to knit sweaters for the boys of the district who are serving in the armed forces.

## BACK IN 1911

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 22, 1911.

Two rinks of Acton boulers, skipped by W. J. Gould and Joseph Holmes, journeyed to Guelph on Saturday and enjoyed a day's outing with the host club. Mr. Gould's rink won one and lost two and Mr. Holmes' rink lost the first one, thus being eliminated. The players reported a most enjoyable time in spite of the loss.

During the meeting of the Free Library Board Monday evening, seven applications were received for the vacancy caused by the resignation of librarian Mrs. R. D. Graham. After careful review of the applications, the position was offered to Miss Ethel Coleman, who possessed all the qualifications deemed necessary for the position.

A fine saddle horse owned by Torrance Beardmore was killed Thursday afternoon while out in the paddock for an airing. The valuable horse, prized by Mr. Beardmore, was kicked in the head by another horse and died instantly.

While turning in at the gate to attend Hugh Mann's funeral on Monday afternoon, Mr. Henry Cole's horse shied and capered the carriage, with Mrs. Cole trapped underneath. She suffered painful injuries and was shaken up but fortunately was not seriously injured. The shafts of the buggy and some of the harness was destroyed.

The streets in town are much improved since the paving program began three or four weeks ago but this week workmen ran out of oil and work had to be halted. It is hoped that a new supply can be obtained in order to curtail the amount of dust flying around.

A very successful garden party and social event took place at the spacious lawn of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Goady's home, Lumberhouse and the population of the village was increased by some 600-700 persons attending the event. A special treat in the evening brought in nearly 200 people from Acton and Guelph. At the conclusion of the excellent affair Rev. R. F. Cameron reported that proceeds had aggregated nearly \$185.

## PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY AND TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

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