

# Editorial Page

## A Place For You

News of last week makes us wonder if Acton is over-organized or underpopulated.

The St. John Ambulance Brigade is having difficulty weathering the storms of continued operation. With a minimum of 16 required to keep the brigade in operation and only 13 on the roll, the future is indeed cloudy. Unfortunately the brigade is not something that is dispensable. They offer excellent service at the park and public events that couldn't be duplicated any other way. But quite simply, they need interested people.

The Home and School Association folded up last week after several attempts by the executive to breathe in the needed spark that would ignite public interest and support. There is an important area in which this organization can be effective but it requires public and personal support and interest. Again quite simply it needs interested people.

For the second time the Emergency Measures Organization staged instruction in a basic rescue course and eight men were on hand for the instruction. The work could

be helpful in dozens of emergencies even if the Russians never direct an atom bomb in this general direction. In time of disaster and emergency there are never enough trained people. This project too is important, and again it needs interested people if it is to continue.

Now on the brighter side, of course, the Night School showed an increase in enrollment and is operating quite smoothly. There's talk of entering an intermediate team in hockey circles and the Boy Scouts had a successful apple day. So while we might be tempted to take a critical look at the community's spirit it isn't as simple as that. The community spirit doesn't seem to be ailing, yet there just doesn't seem to be enough people to keep all the wheels of all the organizations going.

We fervently hope that if there's anyone within earshot who thinks there's nothing to do in a small town, they'll take the trouble to look into one of the many organizations which could use some support. There's a niche for everyone and certainly plenty to do in Acton.

## Up, Down and Around

Introduction of the Department of Municipal Affairs' Manual for assessment in North Halton municipalities this year is certainly bringing about some changes.

Like everything else, assessments are on the way up. Of course there's nothing wrong with raising assessments if you're also lowering mill rates. The problem seems always to be that municipal councils, hard-pressed to find enough revenue not already committed, look at the mill rate and determine how far they can go without being completely unreasonable. When assessments are raised there is sometimes a tendency not to affect the maximum mill rate reduction.

It's just about 10 years ago that Halton's assessors went to work on the basis of the assessment manual they have now discarded. At that time mill rates were in the 60's and 70's and the assessment was, on the average, doubled. That brought a wonderful reduction in the mill rates whacking them back into the 30's. The pendulum has gone the

full turn again though, and now we're back into the 60's and 70's and raising the assessment again.

This time the assessments are taking major jumps on the business, industrial and older home properties. Newer homes have a tendency to escape any major increases.

It is unfortunate that industry and commerce should receive too severe a blow, at a time when North Halton municipalities are hoping to share in the development indicated to some extent to the south. It is, however, inevitable since the form of assessment now being introduced here has been in use in the south of the county for varying periods of time. We fail, however, to understand how it is possible for Georgetown to exclude itself from the use of the D.M.A. Manual. In a county system it seems only reasonable that all should be used alike.

We don't like the new assessments any more than anyone else (who is increased) but we didn't think the municipality had a choice in the matter. Has Georgetown?

## Mr. Average Patient

If you were an average patient in an average public general hospital in Ontario last year, the employees of the hospital spent a total of 12.4 hours every day working directly on your behalf. Salaries and wages for these employees represented 65 cents out of every \$1.00 it cost the hospital to serve you. The drugs and medical and surgical supplies used in your treatment cost eight cents of each dollar, food was six cents and the remaining 21 cents covered everything else (linen, laundry, light, heat, depreciation, interest etc.). Only four cents of your dollar was required for administration of the hospital, apart from salaries and wages. These figures are revealed in the annual report which has just been issued by the Ontario Hospital Services Commission.

The five most prevalent reasons for admission to active treatment and convalescent hospitals were maternal deliveries; accidents, poisonings and violence; diseased tonsils and adenoids; complications of pregnancy; female diseases. In 1960, accidents, poisoning and violence supplanted diseases of the tonsils and adenoids as a second major reason for seeking admission to hospital. During the year, 155,157 babies were born in the province's hospitals.

A total of 948,374 adults and children were under care during 1960 in all hospitals of the province (public, private, Federal), and nursing homes temporarily approved by the Commission to provide care for the chronically ill. This was an increase of 4.2 percent over 1959. These patients used 11,555,922 days of care - 5.8 percent more than in the previous year. The number of admissions to all hospitals and approved nursing homes in Ontario in 1960 was 151 per thousand of population as compared with 148 the year before, and the days of care per thousand of

population increased from 1,835 in 1959 to 1,898 in 1960. The average stay for active treatment patients in public hospitals rose from 9.9 days in 1959 to 10 days in 1960.

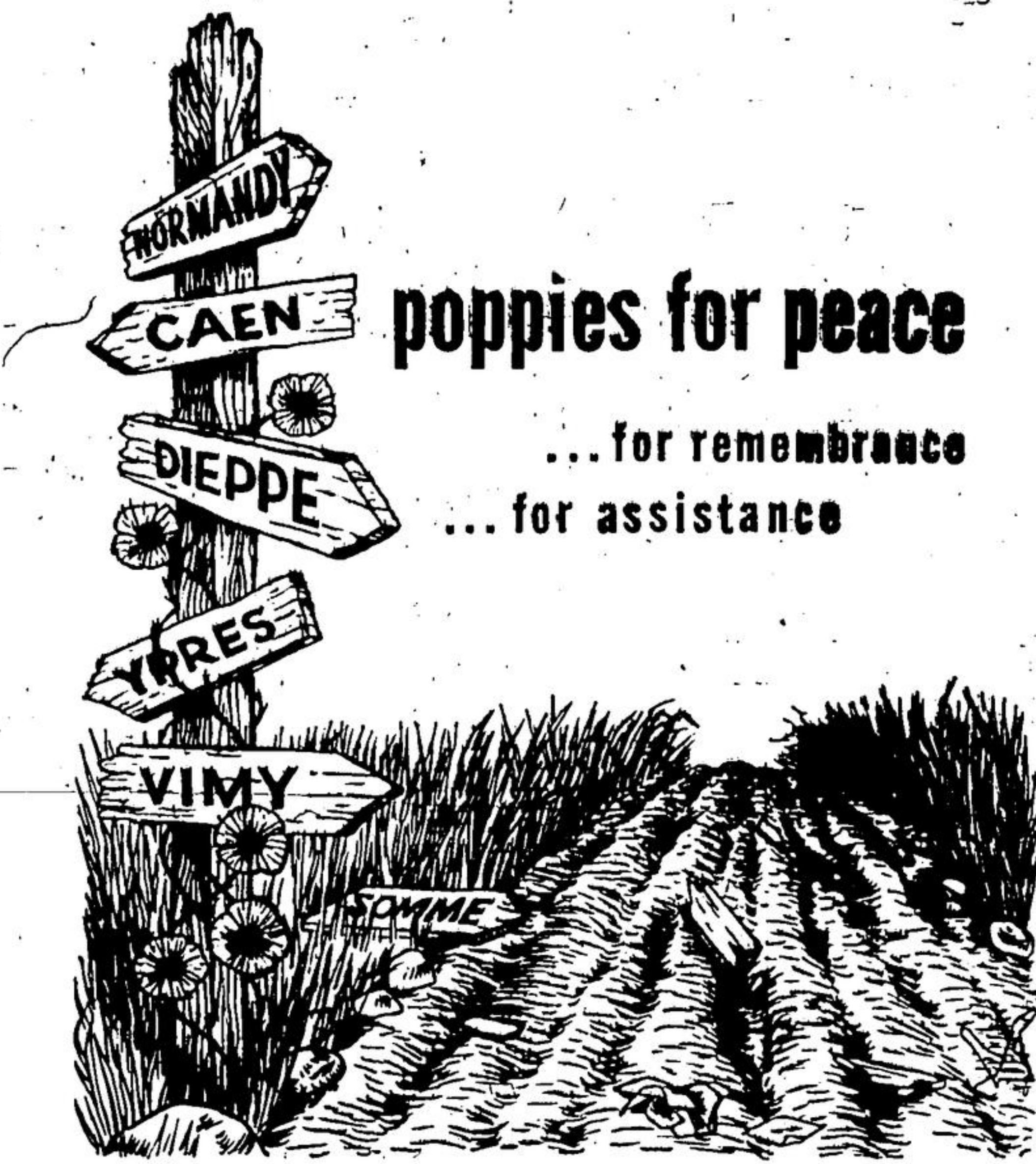
The total net allowable cost of operating all hospitals and other facilities paid by the Commission amounted to \$188,532,725, an increase of \$30,868,102, or 19.6%, over the comparative figure for the previous year.

### SOMEONE ELSE'S MONEY

"The greatest comedy of errors that ever happened" is the description applied by David Mansur, former president of Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, to the Moss Park multi-million dollar public housing development in central Toronto. Intended as subsidized, low-rental housing - with the added virtue of being a slum-clearance project - the redevelopment project, it now appears, will be very high-cost housing. Already the federal, provincial and municipal governments have jointly spent \$5,000,000 to acquire the land; on top of that, construction of six high-rise apartment buildings is budgeted at \$8,198,000, of which 10 per cent will be provided by the city and the other 90 per cent by a federal government loan.

As now planned, the four-year old Moss Park project will not be of much help to the large families in the low-income group that, presumably, it was intended to aid. Of the 884 suites, 90 per cent will be bachelor, one or two-bedroom apartments. Even for the smallest space the estimated rent will be \$89 a month, and for the few four-bedroom apartments it may go as high as \$114 a month.

Governments, spending someone else's money, rarely are good spenders.



## poppies for peace

...for remembrance  
...for assistance

## Sugar and Spice ...

BY BILL SMILEY

Inside is the tiny boy, waiting piteously. Outside are his father, telling the child, who doesn't understand a word of it, or anything else, how to unlock the door; the mother, screaming at the father to do something before baby suffocates (in a bathroom); the landlady, moaning, wringing her hands, and imploring the father to get him out but not to break the lock.

You've probably noticed that this column has taken on a little higher tone of late. There's a certain *je ne sais quoi*, a soupçon of noblesse oblige and a dash of summa cum laude that wasn't there before. And it isn't because I'm scared of that lady in Beamsville who reamed me out a couple of weeks ago.

No, the reason for the new note of gentility, the touch of sophistication, is that the Spileys have finally arrived. Years of struggle and poverty, of hardship and privation, have paid off. We have made it. We have acquired the status symbol, the nadir of nothingness, the acme of asininity. We have two toilets.

When I think of what we have gone through in pursuit of this pot of porcelain at the end of the rainbow, I could cry. Lots of these young newlyweds nowadays move right into a new home with a real bathroom upstairs and a powder room on the ground floor. We didn't even have one toilet of our own until our youngest was old enough to be self-supporting in the bathroom.

Let's see. When we married, the Old Girl and I took a furnished room in the city, close to the university. It was even closer to the redlight district. We shared a bathroom with the eleven occupants of the second floor. Every one of these was a baggy-eyed slattern in a dressing gown who spent hours every day friving onions over a gas fire on the landing just outside the bathroom door.

Our next abode was a three-room flat in the factory district. By this time we had a year-old son. Don't ask me how that happened. It's a long story. Here we shared the bathroom with only the landlady. She was a bit peculiar, but not a bad old skirt. She had a wail eye, a habit of sucking snuff, and a passion for antique furniture. You had to climb over an old settee and lower yourself from an ancient china cabinet to get into the bathtub.

That bathroom brings back fond memories. Once I was giving the baby a bath. I had soaped him, and he was as slippery as a speckled trout. He coiled out of my grasp. He scowled his face on the tub's edge, and belched. His mother rushed in, snatched him, examined him, found he'd chipped a tooth, and promptly tried to break every bone in my head.

Another time, the same kid, who could just toddle, got into the same bathroom, and managed to shoot the bolt from the inside. I know it's a classic situation and has happened to others. But if you want to know what hell is like, before you get there, try it.

Toilet. And you had to wash with your stomach against the sink, because the extra weight of the water would have torn it right off the wall.

You can imagine what happened. My wife went a bit psychotic after all those years of fruitless pounding on the doors of shared bathrooms. We wound up with a bathroom that would not have disgraced a sultan's boudoir, complete with shocking pink fixtures, mother-of-pearl toilet seat, and a \$1,000 bill at the plumber's.

But all that's behind. We've moved into a house with a downstairs johnnie, and there's a new grace and elegance in our domestic life. However, it's taking a while to get used to. We sometimes find ourselves halfway upstairs before we remember it, and are torn between going on up or going back down - a tough decision. And I still find that minute I get established in one of them - and it doesn't matter which one - there's kid beating on the door and pleading in agonized accents.

Then came the great day when we had a house all to ourselves. The bathroom apparently had been installed in honor of the Champlain's first visit. Oh, it worked. But you had to take the top off the tank and fiddle with the bulbs every time you flushed the

## Dr. Lavell Smith Guest Speaker On Anniversary

Guest speaker at the two special services Sunday marking the United Church's 116th anniversary was the Rev. J. Lavell Smith, Toronto, whose father was minister of the Methodist Church here from 1902 until 1906. He spoke to several after the services who remembered him and went to see others he recalled. He lived with his family near the entrance to the park. He had been here once before in the intervening years at a special service.

In the morning, he spoke on "Who Is Responsible?" and in the evening, his subject was "The Neglected Third Person". Members of other congregations joined in the evening service. **Dedicate New Gowns** New dark red gowns for the members of the junior choir were presented and dedicated. As 14 young girls stood at the front of the church, Rae West, president of the choir, made the presentation. The gowns were purchased with proceeds from All Long's Showings of his African safari films and the senior choir contributed the collars. Then the girls filed into the choir loft to join the senior choir and take a solo part in the anthem, "Lift Up Your Heads" by Willan. George Elliott is organist and choir leader.

## New Judge

Milton solicitor George E. Elliott O. C. was named Halton County Court judge Monday. He has practised law in Milton since 1928 and lived all his life in Halton.

**NASTY BUT NICE** Tact is the ability to say the nastiest things in the nicest way.

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

20 YEARS AGO 50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Nov. 6, 1941.

The regular monthly meeting of the Mary R. Moore Girls' Guild was held at the home of Miss Doris Blow this week. Inez McLellan led in prayer and the scripture was taken by Mary Ritchie. Secretary's report was given by Isabel McLeod and Inez McLellan took the business part of the meeting. An interesting reading was given by Joyce Deschamps and a helpful talk by Mrs. H. Mainprize. Mrs. Blow gave an intelligence test and a good time was had by all.

The regular meeting of the Acton Junior Farmers was held at Lorne school in the form of a Halloween party. Prizes were won by Isabel Swackhamer, Gordon Leslie, Irene and Annie Aitkens, Blanche McKinnon, Henry Nellis, Melvin McCullough, Elwood Johnstone, Margaret McPhail and Betty Allan. Howard Switzer conducted a few games, after which the students served. Dancing concluded a successful evening.

Miss M. Z. Bennett was guest speaker at the United Church Young People's meeting on Tuesday night and used as her theme for a talk, the 23rd psalm. The theme was furthered when Miss Ruth Gibson sang the psalm and Mrs. J. Adamson read it as a scripture lesson.

Biggest boost at one time to the Free Press Fund for the London, England, Sick Children's Hospital came from the High School dance arranged by the pupils. Net proceeds amounting to \$91.55 were turned over for the fund. The students took the project on their own shoulders after making up their minds to assist the fund in some manner.

The winds are slightly cool but the sunshine keeps things bright and cheery and glistens through the colored leaves still clinging to the trees.

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G. A. Dills, Editor-in-Chief  
David R. Dills, Managing Editor

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICE PHONE 600, ACTON