

Editorial Page

One Vote Important

If you're one of those people who feel that one vote isn't important, and you might as well stay home from the elections this year, consider this:

Francis Cockrell lost the governorship of Missouri in 1874 by one vote. Jefferson was elected president of the United States by a single vote in 1800, when the disputed vote went to the House of Representatives. One vote made Washington, Oregon and Idaho a part of the United States. Charles the First of England was executed by a majority of one vote, and one vote created the Third French Republic in 1875.

But, apart from helping to decide who is to be elected, you have a duty to perform. Democracy is a fragile thing, sometimes lost by default. Carried to extremes, rank-and-file apathy has permitted eager-beaver radicals to gain control of unions and even government in some parts of the world.

While nothing so drastic is apt to occur here, it is quite possible that a kind of deterioration could set into our civic administration. The tendency to "let George do it" while we sit home and watch TV is apt to either discourage "George" or tempt George to give us poor government.

Too Security-Minded?

More rapid progress in northern development would seem to be one potential benefit to Canada of a more enterprising immigration policy. Not much is heard of it, but one deterrent to populating the north is that few Canadians are interested in living and working there. Not even the extensive defence projects of recent years have attracted many native Canadians to the area. Apparently most of that work has been done and is being done by newcomers to the country. Nor is there much indication that the near future will bring a change. Of McGill University's thirty-six graduate students in northern affairs, only five are from Canada. Twenty-two are from the United Kingdom and three from the United States. Fortunately, many of the thirty-six plan to stay here and work in the north.

In the past five years Professor Kenneth Hare, chairman of McGill's geography department and active in many organizations doing northern research, has made forty-

nine public addresses in an attempt to interest Canadians in pioneering the north. "I've enjoyed it," he told an interviewer from the Toronto "Star." "I've been well reported and well received. But I haven't had the slightest effect."

"We have a very difficult time in getting Canadians to go north," he went on. "This reluctance is pretty deep-seated. We haven't developed a sense of adventure connected with the north." Major defence and research projects in the north, he said, are likely to have "their labour force from Portugal and professional staff from the four corners of the earth."

Perhaps native Canadians are too security-minded, or too firmly rooted elsewhere, to seek opportunity in the north. But the area must have people if its wealth is ever to be discovered and put to use. If we have to, and it seems as though we must, we should encourage immigrants who are interested in getting on with the job of northern development.

Traveller's Deficit

Big, wide and wonderful as Canada is, a growing number of Canadians still evidently prefer to take themselves abroad. Why, but there it is.

Latest figures out of Ottawa show that last year, travelling Canadians spent a cool \$227 millions in other countries, up nearly five per cent on 1959.

This was nearly twice the sum spent in Canada by U.S. tourists and, for the tenth successive year exceeded by a country mile the total spent in Canada by all foreign tourists. The difference last year was a thumping \$207 millions, which sum was

entered on the debit side of our balance of payments ledger to further swell an already enormous deficit.

Reaction of some of those who regularly go abroad for their vacations, and especially to the United States, may well be of the so-would-you-have-us-all-stay-within-our-own-nation-borders? variety.

To which we can only reply, of course not. But ours is such a gloriously diverse land; unbelievably rich in scenic splendour. Is it so wrong to wish that more of us would choose to see it—and keep our money in Canada?

Digging In!

Turning the sod on the new county building last Thursday was surely indicative of an era.

The present county building in Milton was built originally in 1854-55 and added to in 1877. It was that addition that included the high walled courtyard and stone for the building was all quarried from limestone quarries within the county.

The walls of the building could probably tell many stories. There have been trials for murder, the jail escapes, the county deliberations and the countless other incidents within the building that no one alone could possibly record.

Turning the sod on the new building Thursday is indicative of the change rampant in the county. Only 30 years ago the population of the county was under 30,000 while today it exceeds 110,000.

Population alone is not a criterion for growth for with an enlarged population has come a new essence of county-wide co-operation in municipal services. Health service has been set up on a county basis and an industrious Halton County Health Unit is the product of years of co-operation on behalf of better health in Halton. Even Welfare has recently been considered as a county project.

And another fine example of a county community growing up through mutual assistance is the Halton mutual aid fire protection system, through which all fire depart-

ments are trained and prepared to assist the others in emergency cases. Fine facilities afforded Halton's senior citizens at Halton Centennial Manor, the county's home for the aged, are yet another instance of that municipal co-operation.

Turning the sod last Thursday was an indication that the county is growing up. It is growing in population but we also like to think it is growing in co-operation as it works its way along the trouble-strewn path of progress.

Perhaps we can all "dig in" towards that point.

Tongue-Twister

By way of illustrating the numerous different pronunciations of "ough," a Professor of English at a leading university has come up with the following: Though the tough cough and hiccough plough us through . . .

Now who was that who said English wasn't the most difficult of all languages to learn?

Quote

"Necessity is the plea for every infringement of human freedom. It is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed of slaves . . ."

—William Pitt.

"November Trail"



—Photo by Esther Taylor

Sugar and Spice . . .

BY BILL SMILEY

have their failures, but they bounce back and enjoy their good years, when the gamble pays off, the market holds and the new method works like a charm.

People keep asking me how I

like teaching. I find it difficult to give a direct answer. There are some things about it that I don't like at all and some that I like very much. It's difficult to be neutral. Some teachers are. They go through the motions, neither liking nor disliking their work, but treating it as a job which produces a fairly good living. They would be just as happy selling beer, or putting round pegs in round holes. Fortunately, they are few.

Teachers are like farmers. The poor ones do a mediocre job of working with what they have, refuse to learn new methods, let their implements grow rusty, complain steadily of the hard work, and avoid it whenever possible. The good ones make the best of what they have, keep in touch with new methods, keep their brains or machinery in good condition, face reverses with fortitude, put a great deal of themselves into their work, and look forward to the new term or season with a high heart and great expectations.

I'm not trying to imply that good farmers and good teachers are dedicated, dull people, who confront adversity with a sweet, Christian smile. Many a good farmer will make the air crackle with Olympian wrath when the weather ruins his crops. And many a good teacher will do exactly the same when his seedlings are touched by the frost of apathy or the focus of laziness.

But the good ones gird up their loins, spit on their hands, and go back at it, secure in the knowledge that one of these days the crop will be a good one, whether it's grain or brain they're developing. This faith is essential to both. It is really a sort of inner toughness, and without it, the farmer or the teacher is hiked. The farmer who doesn't have it sells out and goes to work for someone else. The teacher who doesn't have it has a fair chance of becoming a mental case.

Here's where the farmer has an edge, perhaps, over the teacher. He's not so apt to go goofy. When he wants to release his tension or provide an outlet for his frustration, he can always give his prize bull a boot in the behind. In this enlightened age, the teacher is restricted from doing this with his prize pupil, and must content himself with a glare, a pointing finger, and a voice quivering with controlled rage.

The most successful farmers are not necessarily those who stick to the approved, tried-and-true method. Some of them are gamblers. Others are innovators who will try anything that makes sense. They

It's the same with teachers. Those who stick by the book are not necessarily the teachers who kindle the desire for knowledge. Often it is the oddball, the erratic one with the unorthodox methods, who makes the lasting impression on the pliable young mind. They, too, have their failures, but they also have their brilliant successes. Both farmer and teacher must have one thing. They must be able to make things grow. They must be adept at planting the seed, careful in nursing its growth, and able to judge when it is ready to be harvested.

Another thing each must have is an affection for the living things with which he works. I don't mean the farmer must cherish an admiration for the chairman of the

school board. What I mean is that the farmer must have an abiding love for the growing things, animal or vegetable. And the teacher must have an affection and respect for the young animals and vegetables he is raising. (Don't think there aren't both in the classroom. Some of those kids would grow to prodigious heights if watered daily.)

The more I think of it, the more I wonder why I didn't go into farming instead of teaching. The life and the aims are practically the same. And in farming, you have the big advantage that you're out in the open all summer and not cooped up in some cottage at some darn old beach, or driving all over the country in a stuffy old car. Yessir, if I had my youth and health and strength, and if I didn't hate getting up early in the morning, and if I had about \$100,000 cash, I'd make the switch in a minute, even yet, and leave this emotionally exhausting profession for the rich, placid life on the land.

SILVERWOOD

W.I. Boosts Hospital Library Bake Sale, Euchre Draw Crowd

(Intended for last week)

The Silverwood W.I. met at the home of Mrs. Russell Miller, Thursday, November 8 with the president, Mrs. Clare Wilson in the chair. The meeting opened with the Institute Ode followed by the Mary Stewart Collect. Minutes of the last meeting were read and correspondence read.

A letter was received from the Old Stone School Association, that had been disbanded, with a cheque for the institute to use as they found fit.

Mrs. Harry Scott gave a report on the meeting that she and Mrs. Clare Wilson attended at the Halton Centennial Manor in regards to the Manor Auxiliary they are planning to form.

Mrs. Wilson introduced the guest speaker, Mrs. Hopwood, director of nursing from the Georgetown Hospital, who gave a very good inside light on the different parts of the hospital. She told the group of some of the needs of the hospital. It was decided that the Silverwood Institute would donate \$50 toward the hospital library fund. It was also decided to send the money made at the euchre and bake sale to the school for the retarded children in Milton.

The meeting closed with a social hall hour over a cup of tea.

Good Crowd The Silverwood W.I. held a euchre and bake sale in Stewarttown hall Friday, November 10 with a very good turnout.

Prizes for euchre went to Mrs. Lawson first, Mrs. Robin, second for ladies; men's first, Tom Warrington, second, Fred Campbell. The door prize went to Laura Henderson.

On Sick List

Friends and neighbors of Miss E. Moore will be sorry to hear she fell and broke her wrist. All wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. Harold Harris of Acton and Mr. Clare Wilson returned home from Haliburton on deer hunting, bringing home their count!

Visitors with Mr. and Mrs. H. Marchington, were Mr. and Mrs. Bob Marchington and family. Mr. Marchington is a teacher at the Prince Edward college in Pictou.

Mr. Tyler says any band instrument can be purchased at a discount price through the band. These instruments are brand new and will be purchased as orders are received. Those purchasing instruments could receive lessons from the band if they wished.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Back in 1941

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

During the nomination meeting last Friday evening, all invited positions were filled by acclamation. The usual 30 familiar faces were present for the meeting, but what it lacked in numbers was made up in enthusiasm.

The regular meeting of the Mary R. Moore Girls' Guild was held in the home of Miss Joyce Desautels. Isabel McLeod took the scriptural reading and Mary Ritchie led in prayer. The hosts were part of the meeting was conducted by Jean Bennie, after which Mrs. Bennie gave an interesting address. At the conclusion of the meeting, everyone enjoyed a social time during lunch prepared by the hostess.

Motor vehicle licenses for 1942 will be available at the Acton office the first part of December. Everyone is advised to stop early and avoid any last minute rush for plates.

The Acton and Vicinity War Service League are sending parcels to 103 men overseas, according to their report received this week. Christmas boxes have been sent and plans are being made to hold events in order to raise additional funds for assistance in buying supplies. A call went out this week to everyone not to waste anything but call the salvage committee and have old iron, fat, bones, rags and papers picked up.

The senior badminton club at the Y.M.C.A. played their first tournament of the season Monday night when they journeyed to Dundas. Games were fast and very challenging and when the score was tallied at the end of the evening, it was found to be 16 to 16. A return match will be played in the Y here next week. Y secretary Johnnie Gray and his wife have arranged classes for both boys and girls and everything seems to be working out fine for the time being.

Back in 1911

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Nov. 23, 1911.

About two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Alexander McKenzie, who was operating a winding machine at the Bradburne saw leather tannery, had the misfortune to get his right hand caught between the ponderous rollers. The hand was fearfully crushed and the arm halfway to the elbow Dr. Holmes was called and gave the injured member temporary dressing and took the unfortunate fellow to the General Hospital, Guelph, where amputation was made about four inches below the elbow.

It is quite likely that work will begin on the proposed radial extension to Guelph according to reports from Sir William McKenzie. Although the route of the electric railway is not definitely known, it is understood the road will run through Acton. It will be a continuation of the Toronto suburban division of the Toronto and York Road, which now terminates a little way beyond Weston.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williamson, who went out West in August, have returned here for a visit. Mr. Williamson, who is engineer of a threshing outfit in the vicinity of Saskatoon, says the crops in that section were very good but the wet weather came before the threshers could get the work well advanced. Fully 40 per cent of the crop remains in stock in the fields, unthreshed and nothing can be done with it before spring.

Last weekend's heavy snowfall blocked many of the roads in the county and some farmers are able now to get to town for additional supplies. Many report a shortage of some food commodities. At least the children have been able to enjoy the abundance of snow and they are having a grand time on the hills.

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The Acton Free Press

Published by the Dilla Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd. Founded in 1875 and published every Thursday at 59 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, the C.W.N.A. and the Ontario-Quebec Division of the C.W.N.A. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance, \$3.00 in Canada; \$4.00 in England and other Commonwealth Countries; \$5.00 in the United States and other Foreign Countries; single copies 7c. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. The only paper ever published in Acton. G. A. Dilla, Editor-in-Chief. David R. Dilla, Managing Editor. BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICE PHONE 600, ACTON