

Doctors prefer cities...

Doctors, according to a recent report, are much like their patients: they prefer city life to living in small towns or practicing in the country. More than half of Canada's 23,000 registered medical practitioners are located in centres of 100,000 and over. Specialists are even more inclined to practice in larger centres. According to a Canadian Medical Association census 85 per cent of specialists practice in towns of over 25,000 people. Over half the doctors - 12,000 are rated as specialists. One-third of all general practitioners in the 25 to 34 age group practice in towns under 5,000 population. This would seem to indicate it takes a lot of intestinal fortitude for a G.P. to locate in a small community. Most of the attraction is for young M.D.'s anxious to get experience and able to work without modern medical aids common to the city. Twenty-five per cent of the doctors reporting to the survey work from 50 to 59 hours a week. Another 25 per cent put in from 60 to 69 hours on the job. Obviously this age of affluence

and computers has done nothing for the working hours of doctors. They're expected to be ready for duty 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Although there's much grumbling about the high incomes of the medical profession it surely can be tempered by long hours and high expenses. Average expenses of a doctor alone in practice are about the same as a two-doctor or group practice. This accounts for the increase in medical groups as well as being more convenient for doctors. Most medical men see between 100 and 125 patients in a week on the average, which means almost 20 a day. Some no doubt would be house calls, others office calls and hospital cases. A doctor's diploma, it is obvious, is an introduction to a life with little leisure but many rewards. However, Canadians are not flocking to medical schools. In spite of increased population and education there may not be enough students to fill Canada's new medical schools, a fact which is causing some concern.



PEDESTRIANS AND MOTORISTS have few good words for an ice storm which makes walking and driving hazardous, breaks branches off trees and valuable bushes. When the storm leaves and a brilliant sun returns to highlight winter scenes the same complainers often stand in awe at the beauty of the scene. This country road near Acton is a picture post card. (Staff Photo)

Free Press Editorial Page

Neglected relatives...

General Charles de Gaulle doesn't cavil at attacking, all at once, The Financial Post comments, the Canadian Confederation, the U.S. dollar and Britain's economy while busily muddying the already-troubled waters of the Middle East and Vietnam. The way he tells it, The Financial Post notes, you would think that mainland France has been deeply concerned about its French-speaking Canadian brothers for the past 204 years. It was only that long ago that the Treaty of Paris effectively ended the French reign in North America, except for the tiny islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. The remaining French colonists had

to work out their own destiny under a different colonial power and later as active partners in an independent nation. Looking over the situation, a few centuries later, de Gaulle obviously thinks that French-speaking Canadians have performed well and that they would make an impressive addition to his dream of a powerful new France. So impressive, thinks the General, that France is once more ready to lend a helping hand. About those 200 years of neglect? The Financial Post makes this comment: Nobody is perfect.

Male better driver...

It has long been argued that women are "better" drivers than men, because they have fewer accidents. Opponents of the theory point out there is a big difference between the amount of driving and the kind of driving as between men and women. This is now supported by the detailed British survey, which related the miles travelled by drivers and passengers of accidents. It finds that, per mile travelled, the

casualty rate for women drivers is between 65 and 70 per cent higher than the rate for men drivers. The survey indicated that women have less driving experience than men. Their weekly mileage is only about 40 per cent of the mileage driven by men. Surprisingly, the survey found a significant difference in the casualty rate for passengers. The rate for men passengers was 24 per cent higher than for women.

Centennial Picture Gallery



W.A. OF THE METHODIST CHURCH posed for this group picture years ago. There are a few blanks in the identifications. Front row, left to right, are unknown, Mrs. Frank Kennedy, Mrs. Isaac Wedge, Miss Lottie Speight, Mrs. Alec McDonald, Mrs. William Blair, Mrs. Richard Johnston, Mrs. A. T. Brown; centre Mrs. William Lambourn; Mrs. McIntosh (?), unknown, Miss Emma Hawthorne, Mrs. Nelson Moore, Mrs. Agnew (?), Mrs. Spielvogel, unknown, Mrs. Herb Brown; back row Mrs. Albert McKeown, Mrs. John Scarrow, Mrs. Henry Denny, Mrs. Charlotte Johnson, unknown, Mrs. Jim Ramshaw, Mrs. R. H. Wansbrough, Miss Alice Elliott, unknown, unknown.

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Maybe it was the approach of Christmas that got me thinking about money. Maybe it was Kim asking me what "collateral" was. In trying to explain, I got into gold reserves and depreciation of the pound and inflation, and we both wound up refreshingly bewildered. Only thing of any value that came out of it was the ridiculous nature of modern money. Money, or some form of it, is as old as man, whether it be wampum, bits of elephant tusk or fancy sea-shells. Gold early became the favorite, because it was heavy, malleable, decorative and hard to get hold of. Silver and copper made up the unholy trinity, and we're in business. But from early times, and even into the last century, money was real. You could feel it, bite it, smell it, heft it, look at it shine, and listen to it ring. It had weight substance. You could put it in a sock and feel like a banker. You could bury it in the ground when you heard the tax collector was coming. Try that with modern currency. What fun it must have been to go into a tavern with friends, spin a gold guinea on the table, and shout: "Landlord! Three game pies, a haunch of venison and three of your best brandy." And get ten jingling shillings in change. Mine host stirs the fire, cooks bustle happily off-stage and waiters scurry, tugging at their forelocks and brimming up the tankards. Compare. Today you go into a tavern with friends. Half an hour later, when your eyes have adjusted to the gloom, a waiter, either surly or insolent, hands you a large piece of paper. This, eventually, produces a very small drink at a very large price.

After a suitably lengthy period of anaesthetisation, in preparation for the coming shock, another waiter, this one morose or bellicose, hands you another large piece of paper. Eventually, this produces a platter of something which you're lucky it's too dark to see. Later, he brings another very small piece of paper, with a figure on it which you're also lucky it's too dark to see. In turn, you show him a piece of plastic, called a credit card, and sign a paper. Or if you're just a peasant, you hand over a number of pieces of colored paper. He takes it away and comes back, promptly this time, with a little tray. All your paper is gone and there is a quarter and four pennies on the tray. He stands, glowering, until you put another piece of paper on the tray. He grunts, snatches it, and departs. On the way out, you fork over the quarter to ransom your overcoat. You are left with four pennies. They don't exactly jingle. Point is, no real money has changed hands. There is no personal contact, and therefore no satisfaction in it. Every month, I receive a piece of paper with figures on it. The figure at the extreme left is fairly substantial. Then there are a lot of other figures. The figure at the extreme right bears no relation to the first one. It is one jump ahead of the old-age pension. This is known as a pay cheque. I take it to a large building, write some figures on another piece of paper, present both to a nice lady, and she gives me back some other papers, green, blue and brown, with figures on them. My wife gives them to another nice lady, in exchange for a big basket of groceries and maybe three pieces of real money, coins. Once a month we sit down and write things on some different paper, put the paper in envelopes and send them to all sorts of people who have previously sent us pieces of paper with figures and the words, "Please!" or "Last Warning!" on them. It's all very logical, of course. And the crowning piece of logic is that the whole thing is based on digging gold out of a hole in the ground in Northern Ontario and burying it in another hole in the ground at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Editorial Notes

When reversing in the dark, if you do not have back-up lights on your car, put on a turn indicator. The flashing red glow increases visibility considerably. The tip is courtesy of the Ontario Safety League. Bill Middleton thought this was a topical quote: "Today's citizen is defined as the guy who wears last year's suit and drives this year's car on next year's salary." The best safety device on any car is a rear vision mirror with a policeman in it. Christmas lighting certainly makes the holiday season the most colorful time of the year. With snow to accompany it, town and district scenes make greeting cards pale by comparison. Modern printing techniques produce beautiful Christmas cards but somehow a small child's first efforts with a crayon tug at the heart strings more. A nickel is not as good as a dollar - but it goes to church more often.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS
PHONE 853-2010
Business and Editorial Office

Founding in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 59 Willow St. Acton, Ontario. Member of the Radio Bureau of Circulation, the C.N.A. and O.N.A. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance \$4.00 in Canada, \$7.00 in all countries other than Canada; single copies 10¢. Authenticated as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for, but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate. In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell and may be withdrawn at any time. Dells Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd. David R. Dells, Publisher. Harry Cole, Editor. Don Ryder, Advertising Manager. Copyright 1967.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 11, 1947. Acton Junior Farmers elected their new officers - president Kerwin McPhail; vice-president Ken Allen; secretary Molly Cutts; treasurer Ray Everdell; sports committee Bob Marshall, Betty Britton; education Donald Switzer; citizenship Gordon Leslie; recreation Elwood Johnston; music Mansel Nellis; pianist Mrs. Early; assistant Ralph McKeown. Some folks are getting anxious to get ice in the arena these days. Skating on the pond was not for long. All the houses in Wartime Housing have the outside structures completed now. Acton will have an Intermediate hockey team this season. New officers are president J. Royston; vice-president Dr. Sirrs; secretary treasurer H. Jolley; executive committee Ivan Harris, Frank Terry, Harry Holmes, Fred Dawkins, Robt. Anderson, R. Mason. New rulings have made the entry possible. Tuesday night was Parents' Night at the school. The rooms were well decorated and a credit to the 300 pupils who attend the school.

50 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 13, 1917. The Hydro-Electric service continues to make most annoying breaks. Sometimes it is only for a few minutes. On Monday, however the current was "non est" for six hours and came on at a quarter to 11 when most orderly people were preparing for bed. Mr. Arthur Swackhamer's fine new brick residence at Churchill is almost completed. A long letter was published from Corp. Fred Wright in hospital in England. "My whole body inside and out was fearfully burned. It was the new "Mustard Gas" the Huns gave us. One of its ingredients is Prussic acid which is used for burning through steel. I was blind for weeks and my right lung has a hole burned right through it. I expected to have leave to go to Canada but the blockheads at Ottawa stopped us. They said they would not let us leave for home until conscription was in force. That is all Tommy Rot." Dr. Anderson, the Unionist candidate, had two meetings here Tuesday. In the afternoon at the town hall the ladies were carefully instructed in marking the ballot. The terrible tragedy that occurred at Halifax is the worst that ever befell the country. There are 11,000 casualties. Acton is sending a relief shipment today. S. J. Stauffer, fish dealer - kippers, pair 15¢, fresh caught sea herring 3 for 10¢, sea salmon steak 30¢.

75 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 15, 1892. At the invitation of a number of young ladies in town Miss Colvin of St. Marys, late of London, Eng., has organized a class in instrumental music and will visit Acton weekly. A piano recital was held in Dr. Uren's parlors Tuesday afternoon and evening and quite a number of our citizens had the pleasure of hearing this talented pianist. During the recital several solos were creditably given by Miss Lottie Henstreet and Miss Jessie Nicklin. Rockwood now has telephone connection with the outside world. The Central office is in Messrs. Pasmore's store. Rockwood's new constable Samuel Soper is having his hands full just now. It is hoped that his appointment will have a salutary effect on the morals of the village. The doors of the Law Society of Ontario have now been opened to women. Mr. H. Ramshaw, photo artist, has just added several new back-grounds and accessories. The following have passed the professional examinations for Third Class Teachers and will receive their certificates when they have complied with the law respecting certificates of age, character, etc.: Euphemia McPhail, Campbellville; Annie Magee, Rockwood; Jennie Hutcheon, Nassagaweya.

100 years ago

Taken from the Issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, December 12, 1867. There will be a concert given by the pupils of the Milton Common School in the new town hall, on Monday evening the 23rd inst. Admission 15 cents. Proceeds to be applied for the purpose of purchasing school apparatus. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance to commence at half past seven p.m. We regret to learn that Mr. John Black, an old and much respected farmer of Nassagaweya, was choked by a piece of beef sticking in his throat, at Colelaugh's Hotel, Kibridge. An inquest was held by Dr. McGregor. Mr. T.L. White of Kibridge wishes to inform the public that though he is presently unwell, and unable to attend to business, Mr. Cooper, the managing clerk of the firm will conduct the great Clearing Sale at present going on; and that the unprecedented bargains may be obtained by calling at one. Pay up your taxes before Monday, and you will secure your vote, and save the discount by paying in silver.

Free Press Church Notices

THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR ANGLICAN
Corner Willow St. and St. Alban's Drive
Rev. Ritchie McMurray, M.A., S.T.B.
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1967
Advent III
9:00 a.m.—The Holy Eucharist.
10:30 a.m.—Church School
10:30 a.m. Apostolic Rite of Confirmation administered by the Right Reverend W. E. Bagnall, Bishop of the Diocese of the Diocese of Niagara.
7:00 p.m. Christmas Carol Service sung by the choir of St. Alban's under the direction of Mrs. F. Oakes, Organist and Choir Master.

TRINITY CHURCH (The United Church of Canada)
Minister: Rev. Gordon B. Turner, B.A., B.D.
Organist: Dr. George Elliott, M.A., Ph. D.
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1967
10:00 a.m.—Morning Worship (Nursery provided) Sermon Series: THE PRAYER THAT SPANS THE WORLD AND THE WORLDLY. No. VI "Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil!"
SUNDAY SCHOOL
10:00 a.m.—Junior School (to Gr. 4).
11:15 a.m.—Senior School (Gr. 5 to Gr. 8).
7:00 p.m.—C.G.I.T. Candlelight Service (White Gift Service for Sunday School)
8:00 p.m.—Hi-C for Teenagers

BETH-EL CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH
Minister — Rev. P. Brouwer
Acton, Ontario.
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1967
10:00 a.m.—English Service.
11:10 a.m.—Sunday School.
2:30 p.m.—Alternating Dutch and English Service.
Saturday — Bible Classes 10-12 a.m. Everyone Welcome

EVANGEL PENTECOSTAL TABERNACLE
P.A.O.C. 33 Churchhill Road
Rev. S. M. Thoman, Pastor, 853-2715
Sunday School Christmas program Friday, December 15 at 7:30 p.m.
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1967
10:00 a.m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a.m.—Morning Worship.
7:00 p.m.—Evangelistic Worship.
Tuesday, 8 p.m. — Prayer Service and Bible Study.
Thursday, at 8 p.m. — Christ Ambassadors.

MAPLE AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH
81 Maple Ave., Georgetown
Pastor: Rev. Robert C. Lohnes
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1967
Here is our sincere invitation to the whole family to attend church.
9:45 a.m.—Sunday School. All ages
11:00 a.m.—Morning Service.
7:00 p.m.—Evening Evangel
7:45 p.m.—Wednesday Prayer Meeting
Acton 853-1956 Georgetown 877-6665

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA KNOX CHURCH, ACTON
Rev. Andrew H. McKenzie, B.A., B.D. Minister
Mr. E. A. Hansen, B.A. Organist and Choir Master
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1967
9:45 a.m.—Church School for ages 3 to 15 years.
9:45 a.m.—Minister's Church Membership Class for Teenagers.
11:00 a.m.—Advent Worship. Sermon Theme: "Celebrating The Divine Break-through."
2:30 p.m.—Junior-Intermediate Department's Christmas Program. Parents are invited.
Everyone Most Welcome

ACTON BAPTIST CHURCH
Founded 1862
Pastor: Rev. Stanley Gammon
Res., 144 Tidy Ave., Ph. 853-1615
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1967
10:00 a.m.—Sunday School classes for all ages.
11:15 a.m.—Morning Worship "His Name is John"
7:00 p.m.—Evening Special. Rev. Armond Wright Chaplain of Guelph Reformatory will tell how some are reached with the gospel. Special invitation to young people.
Wednesday, 7:30 p.m.—Prayer, Bible Study
Thursday, 6:30 p.m.—Explorers
Thursday, 8:00 p.m. Choir Practice
Friday, B.H.F. meet at 7:00 p.m.

This is an invitation to attend the Church of your choice on Sunday.