

Shipwreck in a Bottle

### Slides of Mexico Shown to Juniors

The regular meeting of the Acton Junior Farmers and Junior Institute was held at the home of Don Matthews. The boys' meeting was

in charge of the president, Calvin Sprowl.

The business included the organization of a farm machinery club with the time and place left to the committee to decide. R. N. Brown was guest speaker. He spoke on the future in farming after which a general discussion followed about it.

The girls' meeting was handled by the president, Ann McLaughlin. Their business was selecting two delegates to the Guelph Conference in April. Their guest speaker was Miss Eleanor Cook, R.N., who spoke on first aid.

At the joint meeting a euchre and dance was discussed. This was left to a committee to look after. Miss Grindley of the Acton High School showed slides on her trip to Mexico City. A dainty lunch concluded the evening.

Back in 1910 it took 35 man-hours to produce an acre of corn yielding 26 bushels. Today, with modern machinery, the same acre, producing 38 bushels, requires only 17 man hours.

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to

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### CANADIAN PLOWMEN ABROAD

By ROY SHAVER Past President ONTARIO PLOWMEN'S ASSOCIATION

Editor's Note: Roy Shaver of Finch, Ont., past president of Ontario Plowmen's Association, accompanied Douglas S. Reid of Brampton, Ont., and Algie Wallace of North Gower, Ont., Canada's champion plowmen, on their trip to the British Isles, Eire and France. This is the second of a series of five weekly articles he has written as team manager about their experiences and impressions.

By ROY SHAVER

Fame touched us fleetingly late in November when we were staying at the Gresham Hotel in Dublin and for a brief minute or so it looked as if Canada's champion plowmen and their team manager were going to be called to another and more glamorous career.

Registered with us at the Gresham was—as the placards around Dublin cried—"the incendiary American blonde," Betty Hutton, and her party. I must confess that the visit by Doug Reid of Brampton, Ont., champion tractor plowman, Algie Wallace, of North Gower, champion horse plowman, and their team manager Roy Shaver, of Finch, Ont., was rather overshadowed by this party. The American group was the reason for our new-found fame—it such it can be called.

Young Dummies seemed to roam around the hotel all day to catch glimpses of the glamorous Miss Hutton, and one day as we emerged onto the street in our tall white Western hats, we heard a shrill cry: "Oh, look! There's Miss Hutton's cowboy!" Through their legs were not bowed in the traditional Lone Star State manner, Doug and Algie carried off their new roles with a fine air of nonchalance.

However, though we sat at the next table in the dining room, we received no bids from Miss Hutton and so recessed the Atlantic as dairy farmers instead of cowpunchers.

Soon after our return to Canada someone asked Doug which part of the trip he would choose if he were allowed it over again. Without hesitation he said, "The trip to Ireland." Algie enthusiastically concurred. Their choice had nothing to do with Miss Hutton.



Douglas S. Reid

It was because, as Doug said, "The Irish really did us proud." That is not meant to decry or belittle our reception elsewhere in the British Isles. Far from it. Wherever we went we were welcomed with open arms. I

only say that the general enthusiasm with which we were received speaks volumes for the teams of Canadian plowmen who made the trip in previous years. The teams that went before us left wonderful impressions of Canada and Canadian plowmen.

So I don't think it was because the Irish did anything more to make us feel at home than anyone else, it was just that they did it with Gaelic zest that is probably peculiar to Irishmen.

Perhaps it was also that some of the things we saw in Ireland were unique and added a savor to the main diet of the trip.

Without arguing the pros and cons, or the ethics of gambling and sweepstakes, all of us were very interested to see the headquarters of the famous Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes. It has been said that more goes in prizes than is given to the hospitals, but I know nothing of that. One thing I did not realize though was that the livelihoods of thousands of people are wrapped up in this gigantic enterprise. In one vast room in the modern office building that houses the Sweepstakes we saw 2,000 clerks busily sorting and checking counterfoils, names and addresses. Doug immediately bought six tickets, one for each member of his immediate family including his two young children. He bought them even after Mr. Sheenon, the manager, told us that each ticket has one chance in ten million of being drawn from the huge barrel in which the counterfoils are placed. Doug refused to be squashed by these odds and as he placed his counterfoils in the drum, he grinned and said, "Here comes number ten million!" I hope he's right.

He seemed so sure of his chances that I began to wonder whether he and Algie had picked up some special information straight from the horses' mouths. Earlier that day we had visited the National Stud of Ireland and watched some of the finest horse flesh in the world put through its paces. One horse, Royal Charger, was valued by the Stud at over \$120,000, which as Algie remarked is "a mighty lot of horse." We saw many other famous horses, the names of which

I am ashamed to say I have forgotten; but then I am not a racing man.

Touring in the British Isles and Eire is like stepping back into the pages of history. I know we have our own history, but apart from Montreal and Quebec it has always seemed to me that we have never paid much attention to preserving historical sites and places. Doug made a similar observation the day we visited a castle in Ulster where once William of Orange had lived. We felt much the same the night we attended a play in that famous old playhouse, the Abbey Theatre. In fact one gets so imbued with this idea of living in the past that it is often quite a shock to come across modern hydro electric plants.

In all we spent six days in north and south Ireland, and we were sorry when the time came for us to board the packet boat for Liverpool. However, England soon produced its compensations for leaving the friendly Irish, and one of the first was a visit to the Shakespeare country at Stratford-on-Avon. We browsed around the estate of Ann Hathaway and leaned out of the cottage window in much the manner that Fair Ann was supposed to have done when she was courted by William Shakespeare.

From the Bard's country we slipped by car through Warwickshire and had tea in an old Abbey standing in the shadow of Warwick Castle. We would liked to have had time to have looked over this 700-year-old structure but unfortunately our schedule would not let us.

That night we had supper with the John Camerons. Mrs. Cameron's father had lived in Canada for many years, and went overseas with the Princess Pat's in the first world war. The Camerons lived in a 400-year-old house with the delightful name of Tinker's hatch. They had just had some restoration and redecoration carried out and the ancient oak beams gleamed warmly in the electric light. And I might add it was one of the few warm things about the house, for it was exceptionally difficult to heat. However, to an Englishman that is nothing, not having been bred on central heating. Perhaps our more modern buildings have some compensations.

Just outside Cambridge we met Mr. E. J. Shropshire, an elderly farmer, who 50 years ago had homesteaded at Carman, Manitoba. Even yet he talks nostalgically of the prairie country, though to-day he has a very successful farm, on which he raises fat cattle and large white hogs. While visiting him we saw our first flint stone house, for that was what Mr. Shropshire's farmhouse was built of, some 400 years ago.

History again and a visit to the ruins of the old abbey at Bury St. Edmunds where the English barons gathered in 1214 to draft the Magna Charta, and then on to Newmarket race track, the oldest registered race course in Britain, where hundreds of thoroughbreds are trained and Charles I wagered his realm away.

If there is ever a competition for the strangest farm on earth, David Alston, who lived nearby, could legitimately expect to place within the first 10, for he shares his grain farm with a disused airdrome. Originally he had 7,800 acres, but during the war the American airforce took over his farm and built an airdrome. Across 250 acres of his land still stretch the concrete runways the Americans laid down, and several other acres are taken up by hangers, one of which he uses as a store house and granary. The government won't release the land so Mr. Alston is still farming between the runways.

### Purple Dye Rare Was Royal Color

Why is purple not one of the colors chosen for this Coronation year? The answer is that purple is most frequently used ceremonially as a mourning color. Black denotes mourning as well when used in a similar way.

However, this allocation of purple and black as mourning colors is only given by common usage. There is nothing inherent in the colors themselves, nor is the visual effect to limit them, except when used with a design or occasion which suggests this restriction.

In China, and some other parts of the East, white is the color for mourning. Purple came to be known as a royal color many centuries ago. The dye was so rare and so expensive that no one but a prince could afford to use it. To-day the situation has all been changed by modern chemistry. The dyes that clog our highways, the planes that cross our continents make finer transportation than could be foreseen by ancient kings. Our textile advances and color range permit us to dress in finer garments than ancient kings ever wore.

Traditionally, purple suggests great richness. Silver and gold still suggest wealth, but the colors gray and golden may be used in many other ways without any implication of wealth.

It is not so important what colors you use as how you use them. Color is modified by design and application.

### Transform Village Into Thriving City

At Kitimat, B.C., a tiny village on an inlet of the Pacific Ocean, construction of the world's greatest aluminum-smelting plant is under way. Hailing this project the Reader's Digest reports that Kitimat's 1,050,000 horsepower is exceeded by no other dam except the Grand Coulee, and the striking difference is that Grand Coulee was paid for by the U.S. Government, whereas Kitimat is a private undertaking. Aluminum is the sole purpose of this hydroelectric titan.

Many people may wonder why the world's largest aluminum factory is to be located in a remote canyon, 30 navigable miles above Vancouver. The answer, is availability of hydroelectric power. The chief need of aluminum-making is low-cost electricity. The electric power consumed to reduce the bauxite ore for one ton of aluminum would run the average home for eight years. The Kitimat project has the prime necessity for cheap power—falling water. Grand Coulee's "head" or drop of water is 350 feet; Kitimat's will be 2,500 feet—16 times higher than Niagara Falls.

This sensational drop was not produced by nature, ready to be utilized by man. It is an achievement credited to Frederick W. Knewstubb, an engineer in British Columbia's Dept. of Lands and Forests. Knewstubb recognized the power potential in a chain of five British Columbia lakes. The flow from the lakes was eastward, but Knewstubb saw that a small earthen dam could reverse the flow to the west. Then he proposed drilling a tunnel through the Coast Range for ten miles from Tahsta, the westernmost lake, and pitching the western end of the tunnel in a sharp 2,580 foot drop to a powerhouse enclosed in the mountain itself. This is now being hewn out of solid granite and will make the powerhouse invulnerable to aerial attack.

From the powerhouse, current will be transmitted via aluminum cables 48 miles overland to the smelter at Kitimat. Knewstubb's plan, long languishing in government files, appealed to the Aluminum Company of Canada. Alcan's engineers checked and confirmed Knewstubb's calculations. Also, they found that deep-draught ocean freighters bringing ore from Jamaica could safely navigate the channels leading to Kitimat. The town of Kitimat itself is being laid out with streets and stores, hospitals, schools and home sites, the article says. By 1954, when the first ingot is smelted, the town will be an industrial community of 7,500 people. When the plant is operating at capacity Kitimat will have a population of 50,000 and will be the third largest city in B.C.

### NO TURPENTINE ?

Said the artist: "I'll give you five dollars if you'll let me paint you." The old mountaineer shifted his tobacco from one cheek to the other and back again. "It's easy money," said the artist. "That ain't no question 'bout that," the mountaineer replied. "I was just a wonderin' how I'd get the paint off afterwards."

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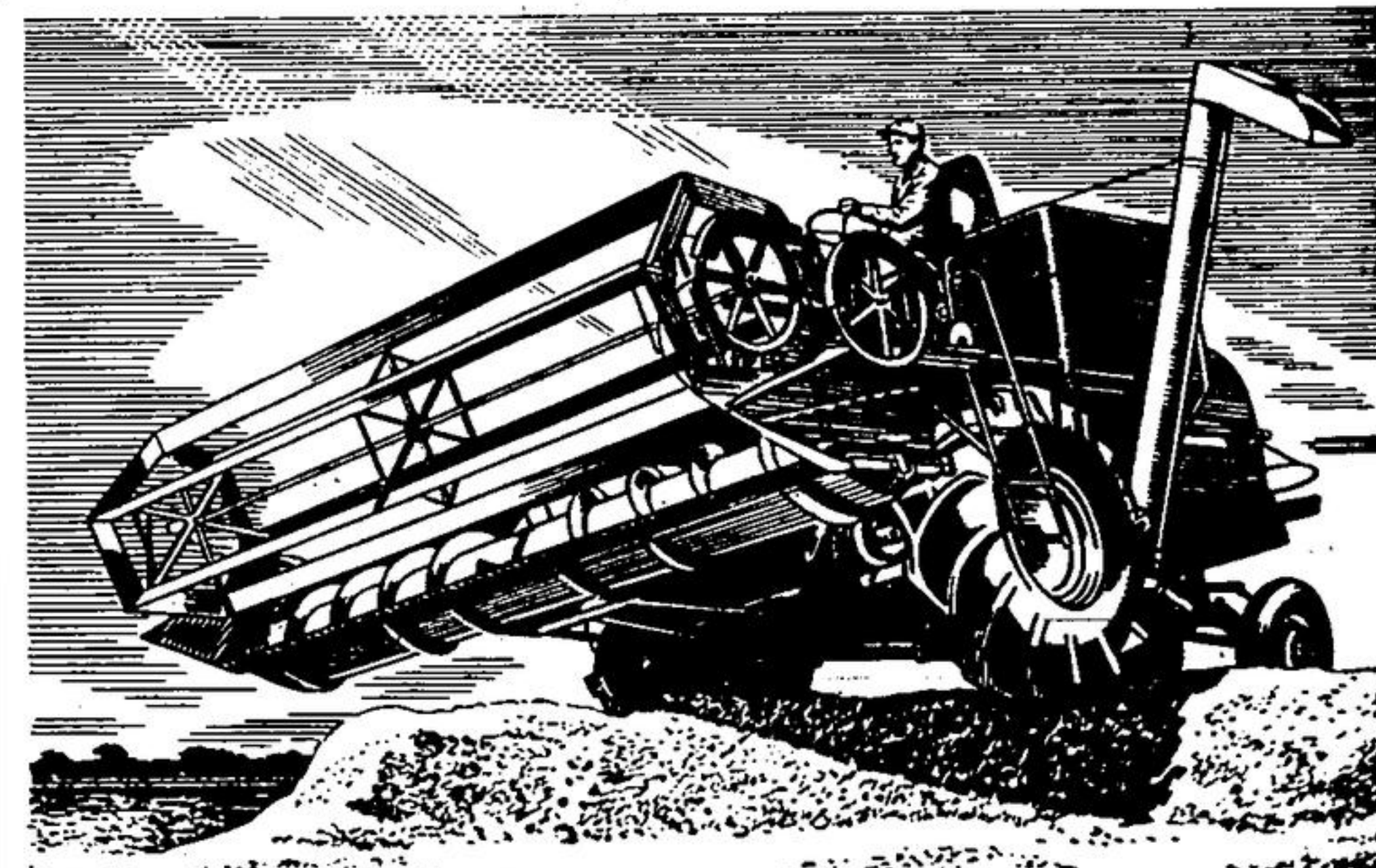
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