

The Acton Free Press

The only paper ever published in Acton



Founded in 1875 and published every Thursday at 56 Mill St. E., Acton, Ont. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, the C.W.A. and the Ontario-Quebec Division of the C.W.A. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance, \$3.00 in Canada; \$4.00 in the United States; six months \$1.75; single copies 7c. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Published by the Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Limited
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Business and Editorial Office - Ph. 600 Acton

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1956

The Need for Leaders

Like the children in a family group, youngsters at large in the "family" that is the community must have coaching and leadership. Organized sports and other recreational pursuits are essential for the formation of any healthy and happy child, and Acton is fortunate that there are adults in the community who will not let the constant need for coaches and leaders go unfulfilled.

A few weeks ago, with school back in and youth and adult groups reorganizing for autumn, there were worrisome vacancies in the Scout, Cub, Girl Guide and Brownie leadership posts. An appeal was made through the news columns of this newspaper, and the appeal brought results. Last week it was announced that a full complement of leaders for all four of these organizations has been realized.

But last week also brought another appeal, from the Y and from the Legion Minor Sports Association. To look after some 100 hockey-minded boys this winter the Legion needs managers and executive members for the teams and association. The Y death of leaders is just as acute, with adult assistance required to conduct badminton, basketball, gymnastics, woodworking, hobby club and Gray club programs.

The response to the Scout, Cub, Guide and Brownie appeal is heartening. Those citizens who volunteered their leadership are evincing a sense of belonging and responsibility to the community that speaks louder than any words. We sincerely hope there are others who will recognize a similar responsibility and volunteer their time and talent for the Y and Sports association leadership vacancies.

From time to time we hear the criticism that the town is "over-organized", or that there are too many activities for the youth of Acton. This is a strange criticism, and one that hardly holds validity in the face of the fact that youngsters kept busy, kept active in competitive sports, kept encouraged in worthwhile recreational programs and hobbies, seldom have time to cause themselves, their parents or their community any serious trouble.

A Question of Taste

It is the liberty of any newspaper to publish matter which is of news interest or in the public domain. But it is also the license of a newspaper not to publish matter at the editor's discretion.

From time to time questionable cases, over the border of public decency, come to the attention of every editor. These cases may involve suicide, morals charges or juvenile prosecution. Here the license of an editor not to publish becomes a professional responsibility.

No purpose is served, for the newspaper or the reader, if this responsibility is neglected or disregarded. Newspapers, and weekly newspapers especially, aspire to inform, educate or amuse through their news columns — and all within the bounds of public decency. It is the debateable place of the garish tabloids to lure readers — those who will be lured — over these bounds of public decency and into the mire of sensationalized social conduct.

No weekly newspaper is ready to, or needs to, trade its editor's sense of responsibility and readers' faith for lurid headlines.

A great American newspaper, with a world-wide reputation for its thoroughness and vigor, has carried on its name plate for years the statement: "All The News That's Fit To Print". This is no excuse for prudishness. It's a committed trust, the publishers hold to their readers' sense of dignity and decency.

This same trust is the basis of a weekly editor's responsibility to his readers. In a small community people are close; the newspaper is often an adhesive agent to this closeness. For the editor to revoke his responsibility-in-trust, by printing accounts of conduct out of the community's concepts of decency, he slashes at the fabric of friendship that covers his townsmen.

Changes in This Issue

This week's issue introduces several changes we're sure readers will have noted by now.

Our page size has had an extra column tacked on and each column is one inch longer. This has given us an opportunity to effect several changes in the layout of the weekly edition.

Perhaps they aren't all for the better but we hope so. When a paper is undergoing change the full impact of each alteration can't be fully anticipated. For that reason further changes may be made as the weeks progress.

We'll welcome comments from our readers because even though contest judges can reflect some of the paper's qualities the readers are more to be considered.

Behind the paper's alterations are a multitude of in-the-plant changes. New rectangular metal frames were designed, new styles were studied, new headings designed and new production schedules mapped out.

To the reader the 12-page paper in the new size will contain just as much material as the 14-page paper in the older size. To be completely accurate the larger size allows the present 12-page paper to carry the equivalent to the older 14 page paper plus 56 inches.

The new size is a fairly standard metropolitan paper size and in keeping with the growing community and expanding size it was felt the larger size would be more in keeping.

As we promised earlier the staff and editors of the paper continue to seek areas and methods of improvements.

About Highway Safety

The Attorney General's Department, Provincial Police, the Department of Highways and such organizations as the Ontario Safety League have been, and are continuing to promote the kind of driving that will reduce highway accidents. The police have, and will continue to curb the kind of driving that ends in a death. These efforts are making the progress noted in provincial highways. But what about local traffic fatalities?

Frequently the victim of motor mayhem on local streets is a pedestrian and too often the victim is a child. To cope with this local traffic toll in Ontario cities and towns, the Attorney General has stressed: "We are particularly interested in formation of local safety councils and in the maintenance of these local safety councils at a high standard of efficiency. They are not only worthwhile, they are essential to a fully successful traffic safety drive."

After ten months campaign to cut the traffic toll in this province Attorney General A. Kelso Roberts could report some considerable progress recently. Fatalities on provincial highways were reduced during this period by 14 per cent, as compared with the same period in 1955.

This is substantial achievement, but as the Attorney General, himself, pointed out, the death toll is still high. Nearly two persons are killed every day on provincial highways, another dies on the roadway of a city or town in the same period. On the average one able bodied person dies on the roads of Ontario by violent means every eight hour working shift," he said.

Ontario has 970 municipalities — cities, towns and villages where traffic safety is of concern. "We would get at the root of this safety problem," says Attorney General Roberts, "if every solitary municipality organized a safety council, put at its head a responsible citizen aware of the problems, and determined to solve them at the local level."

Happy Hollering

Recently in a town not too far east of here and renowned for its lacrosse teams, a victorious team of young players returned home late one Saturday night with a championship to their credit. To indicate this to the townsfolk, however most of them might long be asleep, the fire siren was turned on and let wall long and lustily.

Other towns we know do the same when a sports victory is to be hailed. Others turn out the town band to rejoice with the trumpets or — in the case of another lacrosse town north of here — the bagpipes. In other places and at other times the triumphant sportsmen and their supporters just tear around the town cheering and hollering about it to everybody's approval.

So we see it — or more properly, hear it — time and time again. When something good happens, something big or important, then shout about it, make a noise!

Actually, the idea has been around for a good long time, and it seems to be one of those fadeless shades of human nature that make one think the species isn't such a bad apple after all. People, when enjoying or proud of an accomplishment, can't quite feel it fully unless others know about it.

Whether you're hollering or hearing, everybody likes something to shout about.



Counting the Coloring Leaves

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Fall Around; Squirrels Abound

By Gwendoline F. Clarke

Our geraniums are still blooming, thank goodness. We had a touch of frost last week; not enough to do any real harm but enough to get everyone worried about their gardens — just in case. Now the danger seems to be past and we can prepare ourselves to enjoy Indian summer, the maple trees already having taken on a reddish hue. By present appearances, it looks as if we should have a beautiful, colorful fall. There is plenty of sap in the trees so the leaves should stay on the trees longer than they did last year. We had a decidedly dry fall then, if you remember. The leaves dropped quickly and there was little of the lovely coloring we associate with the fall season. This year the story should be different.

Another thing we are noticing — squirrels! More squirrels than we have seen for many years. Black, grey and red squirrels. A few days ago, a big grey squirrel fell out of the Virginia creeper on to our bedroom window. For a minute we wondered what on earth was coming as the furry creature slithered downwards. We are wondering what can be the meaning of this sudden increase in the number of squirrels. Where did they come from and where will they winter? We know at least supposed to be the sign of a hard winter ahead when squirrels lay up a big store of nuts. But an increase in the squirrels' themselves — that has us puzzled.

Still another surprise ... I

was poking around in the garden and what should I see but four nice buds on the Easter lily that Joy and Bob gave me last April and which I set outside after it had finished blooming. We seem to have the most erratic plants around here. A cactus that blooms at Christmas and again at Easter and now it appears we shall have Easter lilies at Thanksgiving.

Partner is still busy on his "redding up" campaign. And in that connection he told me last Tuesday that he had broken up something over which I was liable to "raise Cain."

"And what was that?" I inquired.

"The old 'barrel churn,'" he answered.

It was wrong. I didn't mind in the least, I had no sentimental attachment for that derelict piece of equipment. I was never the world's best butter maker. Probably I never had the right touch or something. I remember I used to churn and churn for ever so long — sitting, standing, reading or just merely thinking, as I worked the handle back and forth. Sometimes I would hopelessly raise the lid, expecting to see the cream just about ready to gather. Usually it wasn't. Many times I thought the cream was bewitched — it would get so far and no further.

So, it was always with a sigh of relief that I finally heard that welcome plop-plop that told me there was butter at last. And then came the job of washing and working the butter. And last but not least, taking it down town and

selling the golden prints at 25c a pound. Or was it 15c? Anyway, since I used to regard butter making as more or less of a necessary evil, Partner didn't get any black looks from me when he demolished the old barrel churn.

"Mrs. N. C., may I take this opportunity of thanking you for trying to help us with our TV problem — that is, in regard to Channel 6. It was so nice of you to write and to say so many nice things about this column. Now I am happy to report that we are finally able to get Channel 6 without any trouble at all. Not because of anything we did but because — or so we think — CBLT finally made adjustments so that viewers can now bring in Toronto quite clearly."

This may make you smile. Some people have trouble with children. I have trouble with dogs. You know how it is — a mother is taking little daughter out visiting. She gets her all prettied up in a dainty little outfit, complete with white socks and shoes. "Now, you just sit quietly in the garden for a minute while Mummy fixes herself up," she is told. Well, nine times out of 10 you know what happens. Mother comes out and there is little daughter with her shoes and dress all mussed up.

Well, last Friday I took Robbie out visiting to a subdivision house in a nearby town. The streets were not marked and I wasn't sure where I was. I parked the car and got out to inquire. Unfortunately two things happened. I was parked near a deep and dirty mud puddle and I didn't close the car door properly. Robbie jumped out of the car, slip bang into the middle of the mud puddle. Of course I couldn't take him into anyone's house after that and I won't the inside of my car was like I will leave you to imagine.

Robbie didn't like it any better than I did as he is a dainty little dog and hates to get his feet wet. He was also very hurt because he wasn't allowed to visit in the house. So you see what I mean — does can get into mischief just as easily as children. When they should be on their best behavior they never are. Isn't that right, D. S. D. S. of Siberian Wallflower fame, I mean?

Hygiene School To Visit Halton

The 10th annual visit of the University of Toronto School of Hygiene to the Halton County Health Unit will be made October 12. It was announced by Dr. D. F. Damude, County veterinarian.

He said the School of Hygiene, made up of doctors, dentists, engineers and veterinarians, will visit Oakville and Trafalgar to see the health unit in operation. Students will visit the Oakville and Milton Offices, a rural school and a modern dairy farm.

It will be an international group with pupils from various countries taking part in the visit. Dr. Damude said, He said the students were taking the course through the benefits of federal professional training health grants, and will become full time public health workers on graduation.

REMEMBER THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS BACK IN 1936 BACK IN 1906

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, October 1, 1936.

The annual field day of both Acton public and high school was held last Friday. It was a beautiful fall day and there was a good attendance.

Murray Bauer was the junior boy champion and Irma Watson the junior girl champion. In the intermediate class, Gordon Bilton was boy champion and Myrna Rawson and Ethel Fargeter were tied for the girls' championship. Jim Jones was the senior boys' champion and Kay Chapman carried off the honors for senior girls.

A very pretty September wedding was solemnized at St. Joseph's church, Acton, on Wednesday when one of Acton's popular young ladies, Lillian Winfree, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Byrne of Acton, was united in marriage to Mr. Clifford James Bradshaw, youngest son of the late Capt. and Mrs. William Henry Bradshaw of Bracebridge. The bride was prettily gowned in white satin and carried a bouquet of white gladioli. Her veil was held in place by a coronet of orange blossoms. In a shower of gifts and the best wishes of the guests, the bride and groom left for a trip to Bracebridge and the Muskoka lakes.

The fourth annual sectional meeting of the W.M.S. was held on September 30 in Knox Presbyterian church, Acton. Mrs. H. L. Bennie, as president of the section, presided. Mrs. F. Blow welcomed the guests.

The 90th anniversary of Church-ill United church was a good success. The fowl supper and entertainment of Monday night was of the usual high order and greatly enjoyed by over 250 people.

The farm property of the late Stewart Robertson at Hornby of 50 acres has been sold for \$4,000. R. J. Kerr made the sale.

Today's sad thought, from Saturday Night: "If television replaces the newspaper, what will we wrap the garbage in?"

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cules have returned to Acton to reside again.

Carl Hubbell, pitching ace of the New York Giants, led his team mates to a 6-1 victory this week.

From the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, September 27, 1906.

Housecleaning and Millinery Openings are two of the events most looked forward to by the ladies at this time of year, though we cannot say that both are anticipated with equal rapture. On Friday and Saturday three local firms who show dainty feminine headwear announced themselves "at home."

The popular shape this year appears to be the Vesta Tilley, with a profusion of sailor and flop shapes coming second. For trimmings, wings and quills predominate. Dresden and striped ribbons are much used while flowers of varied hues continue standard.

Messrs. Henderson and Co. have a really "taking" display in their millinery rooms in the second flat of their new store, Miss Gray is at the head of the department.

H. H. Unsworth, with the assistance of Miss McMillan, has made quite an elaborate parlor with cosy corner and pleasing decoration.

Miss Annie Smith has a dainty though petite showroom in Mrs. Secord's building on Main St.

A football team composed of Toronto employees of Beardmore and Co. journeyed to town on Saturday and played a game of "soccer" football with a team picked from the local employees of the firm. The game was interesting but the violent rainstorm interfered somewhat and put the ground in rather questionable shape. Owing to the greasy state of the ball accurate shooting was impossible. The Acton team, which won 1-2, was composed of Holden, Woods, Small, Windmill, McPherson, McEachern, Gardner, Garrett, Nicklin, McAuliffe.

The home of Mr. George Campbell, Victoria Villa, Victoria Ave., was the scene of a happy event on Tuesday afternoon when the daughter of the home, Miss Edith, was married to Mr. Edgar Gamble. The ceremony was performed under a magnificent floral ball which was part of the quite elaborate floral decorations. The bride was gowned in cream lustré and carried white roses.

Canada is certainly a land of wonder. A plum tree was in bloom on the Swackhamer homestead on Swackhamer hill.

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