

The Action Free Press

The only paper ever published in Acton



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New Bonanza

- Canada's new uranium industry looms as a high-ranking enterprise among the country's great mining projects

The fact that this industry will employ some 12,000 persons with an annual payroll estimated at \$60,000,000 may surprise Canadians. Our uranium resources have been a military secret since uranium materials became important to atomic energy work following the Second World War.

Now that Canada's vast uranium reserves have been made public, there are indications that the uranium mining industry eventually will stand second only to gold mining, which in 1955 employed some 18,032 persons with a \$63,961,744 payroll.

Along with uranium mining by both private and government-owned enterprises, uranium metal production and other ore processing industries are expected to give the economy another boost.

There will be, for instance, the manufacture of fuel elements from pure uranium metal, the source of fuel for atomic power.

This year, Canada is expected to produce its first uranium metal, from the crown-owned Eldorado Mining and Refining Limited plant at Port Hope, Ont.

So far, uranium mining has been concentrated in northern areas of Ontario and Saskatchewan and the Northwest Territories. But Canada's uranium reserves have been hardly touched.

The reserves are estimated at 225,000,000 tons. The uranium content of this ore is some 237,000 tons, which means Canada has enough uranium to meet domestic requirements for the next two decades.

There will be ore, oxide and later uranium metal for export to friendly western nations without their own supplies, to further indicate a bright future for this new-born Canadian industry.

Horrible Battle

If a five-day battle during the last war had taken the lives of nearly 800 Canadians and Americans this nation would have been shocked to the depths of its soul. We need only recall such bloody events as the invasion at Dieppe to know the nation-wide impact of such wholesale death. Dieppe, by the way, cost 907 lives, a high but apparently necessary price to pay for a lesson that had to be learned.

But almost as many lives as were lost on that shell-torn beach in 1942 were bluffed out on the highways of this continent over the Christmas weekend and the tragedy of it all is that the toll had been coldly predicted before one of those motorists had got behind the wheel of his car. Not only predicted, but exceeded, since the National Safety Council had forecast a death list of 650 in the United States alone. The final count was 705.

Canada's casualty list was about the same in proportion to population. No general in wartime has ever been able to predict his losses as accurately as safety officials can tell in advance how many will die in the twisted wreckage of automobiles on any given holiday weekend. This grim forecast has been reduced almost to a science.

Think of it. Eight hundred dead. Eight hundred funerals, many times eight hundred grief-stricken widows and widowers, orphans and relatives. Yet virtually none of these deaths could properly be called accidental in the true sense of the word. Almost every one could have been prevented by simple, common sense, alertness and observance of the rules of the road.

How much more horrible will our road toll have to become before governments recognize its seriousness? It must be apparent to everyone that safety-driving campaigns and catchy slogans are a miserable failure. Some day, the driving of an automobile will be made a privilege, not a right. If this awful slaughter is ever to be checked, careless drivers will have to be penalized for what they are—potential murderers.—London Free Press.

East and West Opinion

The Financial Post has many able writers. To the joy of those who relish freedom of the press some of these writers in the same periodical take issue with the opinions of the other. Such a controversy is presently being waged between J. B. McGeachy and Bruce Hutchison. It concerns that western character, Mr. W. R. C. Bennett, Premier of British Columbia, who is currently in the Social Credit camp but seemingly most susceptible to any route that would lead him in control in Ottawa. Mr. Hutchison lives in British Columbia. We are not sure where Mr. McGeachy resides, but it seems it is not likely to be on the West Coast.

Here are the concluding paragraphs of the current article from the west coast in words of a very able writer:

"Now I do not mention these things or other clippings in the scrapbook to embarrass Mr. Bennett. He is beyond embarrassment. He is not listening. He is gliding in the ultimate outer space of euphoria without radar or ground communication."

Political politics he is far beyond the range of criticism because the Opposition parties are as vacuous politically as Social Credit is economically.

"Nor I mention these things for the information of Mr. McGeachy and the people of Central Canada only because Mr. Bennett forces a Social Credit government in Ottawa next June and, at the right moment, his own inevitable arrival in the prime minister's office."

It is not so in British Columbia to my other Canadian and vote against Social Credit. On the other hand, we are not called upon to save Canada by exporting our own precious native product.

"We suggest only that Canadians examine, on the record, what they are asked to do for us especially that they examine the personal phenomenon of Mr. Bennett."

He represents not merely a successful head of state of politics but the temperament of a large historic phenomenon constantly recurring throughout North American history.

"He represents nothing more or less than the old theory of soft money which may be properly called anti-social credit."

Having been subjected to one of Mr. Bennett's oratorical flights of "funny money doctrine" a year or so ago when in Vancouver, and having experienced the directness of his own style of collecting provincial taxes which isn't practised in Ontario, we are inclined to take the opinion of Mr. Hutchison who lives in British Columbia. It is very ably presented and reminiscent of earlier days of robust journalism that flourished many years ago.

Experts and Imports

We found an interesting interview the other night on television when Mr. Jodoin, the president of the Canadian Congress of Labor, was being interviewed. It held promise of particular interest at this time in view of the fact that the present C.P.R. strike is with one of the brotherhoods which comes under Mr. Jodoin's jurisdiction and we hadn't heard of his activity in the present crisis.

In view of the newspaper information that the strike call was sent out from Cleveland, Ohio, we had up to the time wondered if Canada was lacking in experts to settle our labor disputes. It was most comforting to hear this Canadian labor leader gave assurance that the Canadian organization had a staff of experts to deal with all problems with which labor is confronted. Beyond this the interview was, in our opinion, a lot of meaningless and evasive phrases which might have been satisfactory to those who are not too inquisitive.

We were left with this query in our mind with all the expert Canadian union advice available here at home, why was the strike call issued from across the border? It would seem that Canadian leaders were just the supermen but when it comes to the extra super-duper commands we are forced to call in the United States for the supply, which are not too inquisitive.

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The hearing of the Canadian problem was handled by a Canadian Board. It was accepted by a Canadian railway. The decision to strike, it appears, came from Cleveland. Where was Mr. Jodoin and his battery of experts? Why should he wait for any intervention from the Canadian government? Canadian labor leaders should show leadership and not their expert glibness at ducking responsibilities and giving meaningless interviews. Their duty is to the Canadian public and labor, not to the United States headquarters.

Brief Comment

Combined job probation and psychiatric treatment worked with a group of alcoholics at a company-sponsored clinic. Of 180 persons referred to clinic, 148 undertook the treatment. Of these, 82 per cent. overcame their drinking while remaining on the job; in contrast, of those who refused the treatment, only 50 per cent. were able to retain their jobs.

Refugee Hungarians may have heard enough speeches by the time they arrive in your community. At Halifax, a group of 120 stared at the ceiling through six long-winded speeches. One said afterward: "We heard lots of speeches in Hungary—the Communists always liked to bear themselves talk."



—Photo by Esther Taylor

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

By Gwendoline F. Clarke

Somewhere in my column last week I voiced the hope of a return to normal living. So what happened? Canada started the New Year with a railway strike. As you know it actually started as scheduled. My sister and nephew were here at the time and they had to return to Oshawa a day earlier than planned.

In a way we were glad because the weather was desperately cold and we were so afraid they might not be warm enough. Stoke by Stoke, like these big country houses amid the wide open spaces are exposed to every wind that blows; which makes it hard to keep an even temperature. Next day, that is the second day of the strike, the mail man came along as usual minus the morning paper. Now we are getting it again but always a day late.

That doesn't suit Partner too well because no matter what we hear by radio or television, he still wants his paper. More so than I do. Like to listen to the news of the day, condensed and delivered in tabloid form. That way I can keep on with my work and still keep up with the times.

But that doesn't apply to local weekly papers. They must be read, marked and inwardly digested without benefit of radio and TV. They are the papers we read from end to end and back again. We read the advertising, the council reports, social affairs, coming events, personal items and the highlights of the week's news. This applies—only more so—to readers who are quite a distance from home. We got a bundle of English broadsheets last week and to us they contained a goldmine of information.

Partner, of course, has been doing a bit of batchin' but as long as there is food in the refrigerator, he doesn't mind as he doesn't have too many chores outside these days. Our one cow is going dry, so we shall soon be buying milk until such time as "Bessie" comes in again.

Partner is also getting the barnyard cleaned out the easy way—by selling the fertilizer. This practice is against all good farming principles but not in our case. As all the farm is down in grass and will eventually be taken over by the Department of Highways, it is against all good principles and practices. Now, although he isn't on the farm, he has cut down on bulk feeds and instead uses those which supply vitamins and minerals. When we buy milk, we shall get skim milk for drinking and a bottle of cream for our coffee. That cream will be our one concession because we do enjoy our breakfast coffee!

We hope by exercising a little common sense to avoid trouble. Sometime the Great Reaper will catch up with us but we don't intend to go halfway to meet him! Perhaps some other folk may stop, think and eat according to their needs, rather than their fancy.

Attending the luncheon were the three sons of the couple, with their families, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Richardson and three children and Mr. and Mrs. Orville Richardson, Nassagaweya, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Richardson and two sons, Fergus.

The Richardsons were married on Christmas eve, December 24, 1901, in a double wedding ceremony. The other bride was Mrs. Richardson's sister, Jenny Fletcher, who became the bride of Mr. Alex. R. Clemens of North Dakota.

Mrs. Richardson is the former Florence Fletcher, daughter of Mrs. Hannah Fletcher, Darbyville, Nassagaweya, at whose home the wedding was solemnized by Rev. Flegg, assisted by Rev. H. M. Henton, Toronto, uncle of the bride.

Mr. Richardson farmed in Nassagaweya until his retirement about 10 years ago, when the couple moved to Fergus, where they still make their home.

They have four children, one daughter, Myrtle Jenny deceased, and three sons, Jack of Fergus, and Ivan and Orville of Nassagaweya. There are six grandchildren and the great-grandchild.

—Photo by Esther Taylor

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