

Editorial Page

A Western Neighbor

Saskatchewan is regarded as a changed province with an awakening economy.

No longer is wheat its only product. C.W.N.A. representatives were told by the province's minister of minerals and resources.

Regina itself, with a population of close to 100,000 is a rapidly growing centre set in the midst of the southern wheat plains.

The province is proud of its oil wells, its new steel products, its potato industry, its lumbering in the north and its attraction to holiday crowds.

Spectacular scenery and unsurpassed sports fishing in northern Precambrian glacial lakes are two of the province's assets.

Representatives of C.W.N.A. made a trip through the famed and historic Qu'Appelle Valley. This is one of the most remarkable indications of the earlier ages. A sharp gouge in the landscape, the valley dips deep and runs north of and parallel to the Trans-Canada Highway east of Regina. Its chain of lakes, its rolling hills and tree-

lined areas make it an arresting change from the endless prairie that surrounds it.

One of Regina's most interesting attractions is the Provincial Museum of Natural History opened in Saskatchewan's Golden Jubilee Year, 1955. Its displays of zoology, archaeology and paleontology which occur nationally in Saskatchewan are quite interesting. The displays were being readied for the Queen's visit and all was a busy scene of activity.

Regina too, has remained an important administrative and training centre for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. A view of their training program assures the visitor of the high standards required of Mounties.

Indians too form an important part of the province's attractions. An evening of Indian dances was one of the highlights for C.W.N.A. representatives. Young Indians from their early youth were taught the historic dances of their race.

Saskatchewan is an interesting province and one of increasing importance in the economy of Canada.

Charity Please

A news-report notes the U.S. is ready to stockpile atomic weapons in Canada but full control and custody of the weapons must rest with the U.S.

Meanwhile we learn that Defense Minister Peakes a short time ago stated that the U.S. retains custody of the weapons "until they are released for operation in the country itself."

Our Defense Minister's statement further stated: "The country then has a veto; the country need not use them. They are available and once they have been as it were, handed over to the occupying country or the user country, then they are employed under the direction of the government of the country."

The news report records that a U.S. State Department official commenting on this statement said Peakes may be laboring under a misconception. He said the U.S. would not release custody or control at any time.

Unless vetoed by a joint resolution of the House of Representatives and Senate, the agreement with Canada will go into effect Friday.

It is difficult to believe there should be such a variety of conclusions when the agreement is that close to going into effect.

There has been bitter debate in the House of Commons on many occasions about the decreasing control Canada has over its own defense items. There isn't any doubt that common defense on a continental basis is the only logical and realistic pattern.

We don't like the idea of atomic weapons being stockpiled in Canada but we have stronger doubts when it appears there is some confusion on who is to have control over their use.

Add this problem to the continuing doubts of the value of the Bomarc missiles that have replaced Canada's Arrow program and there seems to be something seriously indefinite in the Defense Department.

We can only hope that if the agreement on allowing stockpiles goes into effect on Friday the Defense Minister has a clear idea of what it involves.

While we have every respect for the forces of the U.S. we have enough pride in our own forces to not have their moves dominated by south-of-the-border decisions.

Two Price System

It's constantly amazing the number of people who have plans for redistribution of governmental revenue without increasing its taxation needs. The big problem seems to be that they never quite work out.

Saskatchewan Wheat Pool vice president C. W. Giddings told delegates to the Canadian Weekly Newspaper convention in Regina the wheat problem is a question of revenue the government already has.

We were fortunate able to follow his reasoning because the speaker suggested a two price system involving a higher price than what is the market price for the wheat but a lower price for the flour. It is a question of increasing governmental revenue.

The speaker suggested a two price system because the government pays the cost of production and the farmer gets the price. It is a question of increasing governmental revenue.

difficult to maintain and protect the individuality of a farmer or businessman.

It is perhaps deceptively simple to suggest that every family pay 10c to 20c more a week for bread to assist the wheat farmer but who is to discourage every other producer to suggest a similar solution to the problem of increasing prices.

Undoubtedly the heavy western production of wheat is a problem as domestic costs of production price the country out of the world market. The distribution of U.S. wheat at below cost to needy countries has aggravated the problem of selling Canadian wheat.

As competition on foreign market becomes increasingly greater there is nothing to stop each affected producer or manufacturer from suggesting a similar two price system.

We don't think it's a good thing to start

No Time for Complacency

It is a very common error to be lulled by the fact that the forest fires are not as numerous as they were in the past. The fact is that the forest fires are not as numerous as they were in the past. The fact is that the forest fires are not as numerous as they were in the past.

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started the and no such reduction, so the forest fires are not as numerous as they were in the past. The fact is that the forest fires are not as numerous as they were in the past.

But all the efficiency in the world will not save forests without the public's help. The overwhelming majority of forest fires are caused by human carelessness and however serious the punishment of offenders, the losses they caused are irreparable.



"In Nature's Solitude"

Sugar and Spice

Driving down the highway last Sunday night, with the family all asleep after a big day of sun, swimming and a huge barbecued steak, I found myself cursing with a fine, fat vehemence that sounded vaguely familiar.

The object of my affection was an approaching driver who refused to dim his lights, and I nearly went into the ditch in a combination of blindness and rage.

When I had cooled down, I tried to remember where I'd heard those particular phrases before. In just that tone, then I knew -- my Dad had used them, in identical tones and an identical situation, about 30 years before. Except that he had gone in the ditch.

I guess my father, and I say it with pride, was the worst driver that ever came over a hill right smack in the centre of the road. He wasn't reckless, careless or a show-off. He was just an incredibly bad driver.

Of course, he was about 40 when he bought his first car. I believe it was a 1921 Chev. He was the steadiest man alive, but every so often he'd do something on the spur of the moment. That's the way he got the car flunked down the cash, took a driving lesson, which consisted of twice around the block, and drove it home. He tore in the gate at full bore, completely forgot how to stop, and went right through the back of the barn.

I'll never forget the annual trip to the cottage in the "Old Chev" as it is still fondly known in the family. It was about 85 miles, and an all-day journey in those days. My Dad would be up

bright and early and would lash all the heavy luggage to the bumpers, roof and running-boards. As soon as breakfast was over, he'd go out, walk around the Old Chev, give the tires a kick and climb in. There he'd sit and honk the horn angrily, while my mother ran around the house like a demented person, grabbing up babies, lunches, jars of preserves and all manner of things.

Then, with his kids piled in the back, on top of the bedding, we were off, with a great grinding of gears and hunching until we got on the open road. After ten miles or so, my mother would be almost relaxed, when Dad hadn't hit any loose gravel and had managed to avoid several cars coming from the opposite direction.

But then we'd come to a detour. In these days, the detours weren't the simple swing-outs we have now, on a highway construction job. They were sheer tests of nerve and skill, with wobbly wooden bridges, cliffs of crushed rock, holes you could lose a hippo in, and murderous bits of bog.

The next five minutes were sheer terror. We kids clutched each other in the back seat, all eyes and white as paper. My mother clasped the baby close to her breast, dropped her head and moved her lips rapidly. My Dad glared ferociously at the hazards, ground his teeth and pressed through, hitting the holes with a bone-jarring drop, skidding perilously near the edge of a minor precipice, and confounding the blasted idiots who had created the detour.

Lamp and sweating, we were always glad of the flat tire that

inevitably followed the detour. We'd job out, hop the fence and dash about like animals let out of a cage. My mother would head thankfully for the shade of a tree and change the baby's diaper, while Dad changed the tire, with appropriate incantations.

Next major panic was getting the Old Chev onto the ferry. We had to cross the Ottawa River, and it was a great thrill each year. But watching Dad trying to get that car onto the ferry was enough to mark a child for life. Year after year, when he saw my father drive up, the ferry captain would roll his eyes and run for help. He'd enlist the engineer, the wheelman, and every innocent bystander, warn them, and arm them all with large chunks for throwing before and behind the wheels.

Eventually, Dad would get the Old Chev wedged across the ferry so that nobody else could get on or off. The skipper would throw up his arms, shrug eloquently at the rest of the waiting cars and cast off. Dad would seat triumphantly in the car, ready to scare everybody out of another year's growth when we got to the other side of the river.

There was only one other obstacle that really put us through the wringer, and that was The Big Hill, a few miles before we reached the lake. We'd go down a long, steep hill and right back up another one longer and steeper. Each year we played we'd make it. Each year we all three body Engle into the halting climb. And each year, Dad would forget to change into low gear, and stall about 20 feet from the top. Then there was the dreaded ordeal of making down for another run, and the final agony of going and leaving the farmer with his farm, his three futile and fearful attempts.

Next time when I see a movie about teenage school drivers who don't know how to drive, I'll be sure to look up the man who was the first to get into the car. I'll be sure to look up the man who was the first to get into the car. I'll be sure to look up the man who was the first to get into the car.

Water Y's Club Take Life Saving Course

Mr. Backland, instructor for the Water Y's Swimming Club, Life Saving course, is reporting that the club members, both young and old, are taking a keen interest in the course.

Mr. Backland noted this week the enthusiasm among the pupils at a high level and the majority of the club members are enjoying the course well.

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The supervisor of the club reported the results of the week's activities would be available for publication next week.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Back in 1939 Back in 1909

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 27, 1939.

Residents on Elgin Street were amazed last Friday to see sparks coming from one of the big maple trees that line the street. Investigation by the fire chief, R. M. McDonald, revealed that a section of a large limb, that was partly dead, was on fire in the centre of the tree and burning briskly.

A call to Superintendent Wilson was put in as it was at first surmised that the fire originated from electric wires that passed through. A pall of water poured from the top extinguished the blaze and it was found the wires were ten feet distant from the fire. The only other conjecture of the cause of the fire is that a bird carried a cigarette butt to its nest in the tree and started a fire in the hollow limb.

Motorists who have occasion to use the second line from Acton to Milton find that Highway 25 has had some attention but little improvement. The roadway was silted last week and the dust nuisance was alleviated. A few loads of loose gravel were put in the holes one day and thrown in the ditch the next by the traffic. The result is a dustless road but so rough that it is hardly fit for travel.

Miss Muriel Beckett of Guelph was hired by the Acton Public School Board Thursday evening to fill the post caused by the resignation of Miss T. F. Hunt. Miss Beckett has good qualifications both in music and academic work. Present for the meeting were trustees Dr. A. J. Buchanan, Dr. P. W. Praren, J. W. Boyd and F. S. Blow.

Acton Intermediate baseball team lost two games this week, first to Georgetown 3-7 and then to the Oakville "Oaks" 13-4. The Oakville 13 seems to be the bugbear of the Acton team, the last two games. Last night's game with Oakville was a sure indication that Acton should drop back into "B" company, Oakville being the roughest of all the way.

Acton tennis players played host to the visiting Georgetown club last Thursday and after a round robin series, the Acton team ended up with an 8-4 score. Players for Acton included: G. Williams, J. Ross, Dr. W. Cullen, Helen Moneey, Helen Ostrander, Ted Hansen, C. Tyler, J. McGeachie, Kay Chapman and Bob Battye.

After the trial, Chief Lawson took his prisoner into the room adjoining the cells, proceeding to lock him up for the night. He had removed the handcuffs and had turned to lay them upon the table when Reid sprang through the open door into the hall and bounded out the front door into the street. The constable and a number of others gave chase but he was not yet apprehended.

Council at their council meeting decided to waive a portion of Mill Street near the Kamman property and instructed the clerk to notify all residents affected by this transaction.

The continuous rains of last week did much good. Comparatively little rain was out and it suffered little damage.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY AND TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

MEDICAL	FUNERAL DIRECTORS
DR. W. G. C. KENNEY Physician and Surgeon Office in Symon Block 43A Mill St. E., Acton Office Phone 78 Residence, 115 Church St. E. Phone 150	Bumley Shoemaker Funeral Home Phone 606 night or day Bruce E. Shoemaker, Mgr.
DR. D. A. GARRETT On vacation June 26, 1959, until August 4, 1959. In case of emergency, please call Dr. A. B. McCarter, TA 2-1351, Guelph.	CHIROPRACTOR A. D. MOORE, D.C. Palmer Specific Chiropractor 17 Mill Street Phone 40 or 68 Office Hours Wed. 2 - 7 Sat. 2 - 5
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DR. A. J. BUCHANAN Dental Surgeon Office: 5A Mill Street Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Closed Wednesday afternoon Telephone 148	TRAVELLERS' GUIDE GRAY COACH LINES COACHES LEAVE ACTON Daylight Time Eastbound 6:33 a.m. Daily except Sun and Holi. 8:58 a.m. 11:33 a.m. 2:05 p.m. 3:08 p.m. 6:33 p.m. 8:33 p.m. 10:08 p.m. (Sun and Holi) Westbound 10:27 a.m. 12:57 p.m. 2:57 p.m. 4:27 p.m. 7:27 p.m. 9:42 p.m. 11:22 p.m. 11:22 a.m. (Fri., Sat., Sun. and Holi)
LEGAL C. F. LEATHERLAND, O.C. Barrister & Solicitor, Notary Public Office Hours: 11:00 a.m. - 12:00 a.m. 1:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m. Saturdays by appointment only Office 22 Phone Box 131 ACTON	CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS Standard Time Daily 5:40 a.m.: Daily except Sundays 7:14 p.m.: Sunday only 8:01 p.m.: Daily except Sunday Flyer at Georgetown 8:21 a.m.: 6:27 p.m.: Daily Flyer at Georgetown 10:11 p.m. Westbound Daily 11:44 p.m.: Daily except Sunday, 8:30 a.m., 6:53 p.m., Saturday only 1:22 p.m.: Sunday only 8:05 a.m. (flag); Sunday only Flyer at Guelph 7:05 p.m.: Daily except Sat. and Sun. 5:31 p.m.

THIS SUNDAY'S CHURCH CALENDAR

UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA Acton, Ontario Rev. Gordon Adams, M.A., B.D. Minister Mr. George Elliott Organist and Choir Leader SUNDAY, JULY 26th 1959 July 26th to September 13th 9 a.m. Morning Prayer (free) 11:15 a.m. July 26th to August 23rd inclusive, Rev. R. Brook will be guest preacher. Church School meets with congregation at 11:15. Classes and treatment at approximately 11:40	PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA KNOX CHURCH, ACTON Rev. Andrew H. McKinnon, M.A., B.D. SUNDAY, JULY 26th 1959 11:00 a.m. Morning Worship in the decorated Sanctuary. Sermon theme: The Touch of Love THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR ANGLICAN Reverend The Rev. H. B. Stokroff, L. Th. S.T.B. 185 Jeffrey St. phone 263 The Ninth Sunday after Trinity SUNDAY JULY 26th 1959 9:30 a.m. Holy Eucharist 11:00 a.m. - Matins
BAPTIST CHURCH ACTON Pastor: Rev. Gordon M. Holmes, B.A., B.Th. -115 Bower Avenue SUNDAY JULY 26th 1959 9:45 a.m. - Church School 11:00 a.m. - Public Worship 7:30 p.m. - Open air service on the church lawn. Wednesday, 8 p.m. - The mid-week Service for Bible Study, Witness and Prayer. All are Welcome	ACTON PENTECOSTAL TABERNACLE PAOC 31 Church Hill Road Rev. Kenneth J. Reid, Pastor 75 Cook St. phone 640-W SUNDAY JULY 26th 1959 10:00 a.m. - Sunday School 11:00 a.m. - Morning Worship 7:30 p.m. - Evangelistic Tuesday, 8 p.m. - Prayer and Bible study Thursday, 8 p.m. - Christ Ambassadors - Christ is Your Answer A Friendly Welcome To All

The Acton Free Press

Published by the Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Limited
Founded in 1875 and published every Thursday at 36 Mill St. E., 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. Subscription prices 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.

The only paper ever published in Acton

G. A. Dills, Editor-in-Chief
David R. Dills, Managing Editor

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICE PHONE 600, ACTON