

Editorial Page

Development of Facilities

Laying the corner stone for the new Robert Little School addition on Monday morning signified another step in the progressive development of modern educational facilities in Acton.

All the original red brick and stone school house has been removed and new facilities are rising above them in keeping with the first modern addition beside the original school.

The past decade has seen tremendous growth, not only in the town but also in the town's population and hence in the number of children attending school.

Additions to the original stone school-house were made in 1892 and 1914. There was no further additions to Acton schools until one room was added to the Smith residence that was serving as Acton High School, in 1948. A new addition containing six classrooms and auditorium was added to the school that has now been demolished in 1951.

A new Acton High School was constructed in 1957 and the beautiful new M. Z. Bennett school was built in 1957 with an addition to it the same year as a result of the fire that gutted the rear section of the school now demolished.

This year the Robert Little School becomes a completely new structure within the past eight years, with 19 rooms, plus three rooms in the Stone School.

With the construction of the new High School the Public School took over the old Stone School on their grounds and it is also used to accommodate the growing Acton school population.

In 1939 when Principal G. W. McKenzie took over from Miss M. Z. Bennett there were eight classrooms in Acton Public Schools, now 20 years later there are 34. An indication of how Acton and Acton's population is growing.

The Disappearing Conversation

What is more interesting than an evening of good conversation? Yet in these days when television has invaded the living room of so many homes our communication with one another, through good conversation, has dwindled.

An essay of 1877 noted "One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation".

If you have trouble with conversation you might find this list of points from a recent magazine article helpful as we did:

Listen Attentively. Many people concentrate so hard on what they plan to say next that they don't hear the other fellow.

Talk about the Other Person's Interests. If you encourage him to discuss his pet projects you'll never suffer an awkward silence.

Avoid Dull Details. It doesn't really matter if an incident happened on Monday or

Thursday. Stick to the important facts of your story.

Speak Precisely. If you jump from one topic to another, chances are your listeners will get lost and give up.

Avoid Interrupting. If you really must break in, try to do it gracefully. Use the name of the person you are interrupting to ask: "John, may I add something to what you just said?"

Be Tolerant and Tactful. If the speaker irritates you, try to concentrate on the facts. Forget his personality.

Be Free With Your Praise. But remember to direct it toward something specific. Telling a speaker you liked his speech, for example, is less meaningful than praising a specific point he made. It shows you really listened.

Even if you forget the points try an evening of conversation for satisfaction.

Community Enthusiasm

When did you last do something for the town that would prove you had a degree of enthusiasm for the place you live?

It may seem that most small towns are similar as you drive through but if you hesitate a little longer you may find a very noticeable difference.

It's the degree of enthusiasm that exists within a town that makes it better or worse than another town of comparable size.

Enthusiasm for one's town is evidenced in a number of ways. There is an active interest in municipal affairs with no particular problem getting candidates at nomination time. There are active churches serving the needs of the congregation and participating in the building of a strong moral community. Community organizations have active members who collectively seek the betterment of the town through a variety of projects.

Of course the enthusiastic town is also blessed with cheerful merchants who exude their confidence in the town they serve and with interested industrialists who seek the

betterment of the community in which they are located.

The passerby may notice some of the evidence of an enthusiastic community but the real evidence is there mainly to those who stop a little longer.

Enthusiasm is an advantage to a community and strangely enough it all starts with you, a single citizen. You are the motivating force behind an active community. You are the community. There isn't any room for "them". There isn't any room to stand on the sidewalk and watch the town parade by. The observer is too often hypercritical as a means of justifying his position.

There isn't room in the enthusiastic community for destructive criticism, only the constructive kind that builds communities. In the enthusiastic community, that one that vibrates with co-operative efforts, there is only room for action and active interest.

Do we measure up? When did you do something for the betterment of the community as a whole?

The "Ex" Is Open

The Ex is open. As close as we are to the continent's greatest show we often fail to appreciate it but each year around this time there is a certain urge in most of us to spend some time at the Ex.

It may be the vastness of the grounds for they cover some 350 acres or it may be the multitude of buildings for they cover 25 1/2 acres in themselves. Perhaps it's the tremendous number of things that go on display there every year for there are more than 19,000 commercial, industrial and government exhibits. Perhaps it is because of the crowds that we have an urge to see the Ex again for there are nearly 3,000,000 there each year.

It may be that the Ex brings with it the thrill of entering livestock in competition with the country's best, it may be the variety

of band music that attracts us, the bright lights and endless barkers of the midway, the beauty of the flower show, the picnic lunch, the vastness of the grandstand show, the exotic and appetizing aromas in the food building.

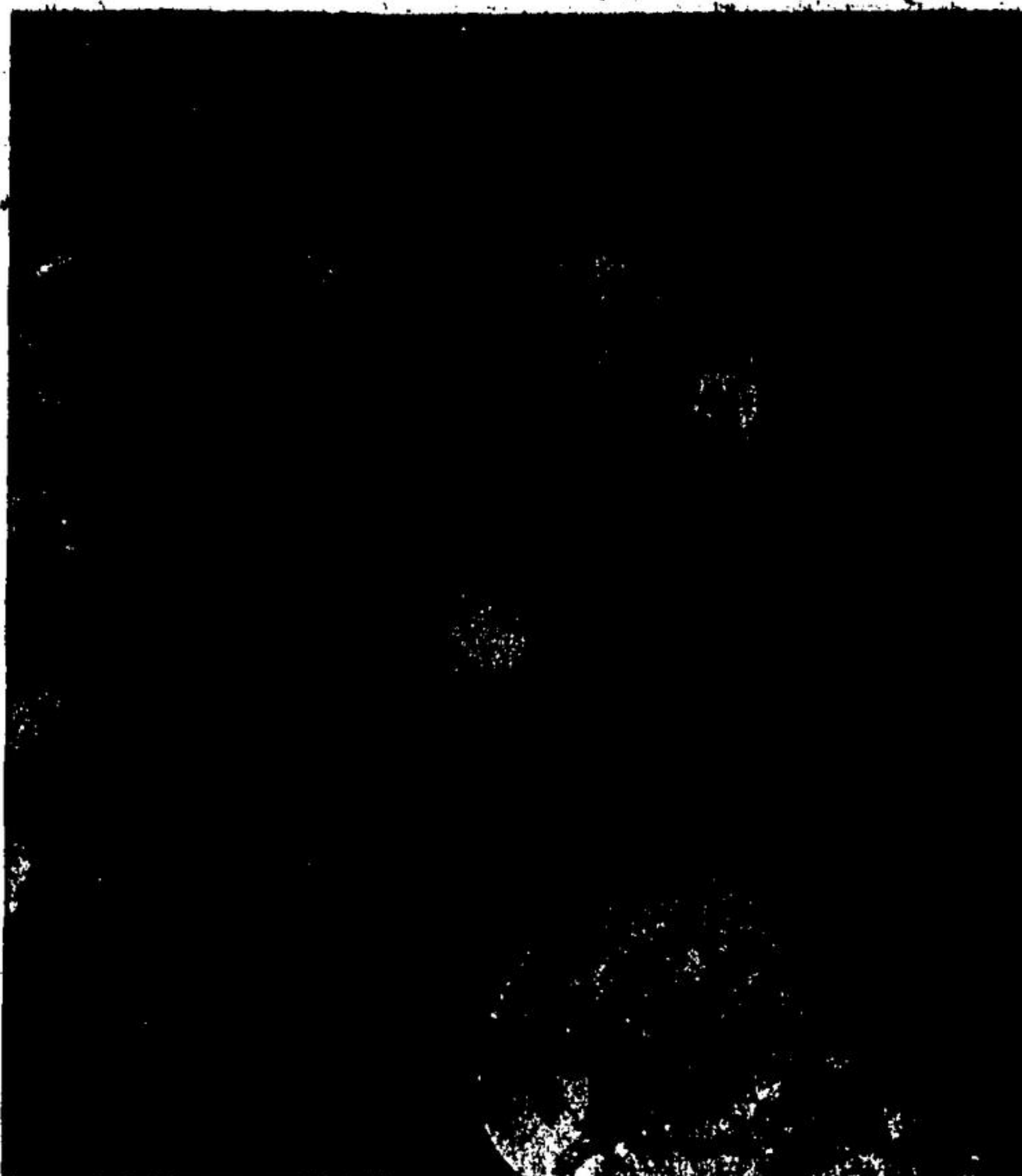
The Ex is many things. That, of course is one of the reasons it has continued to grow and prospered since it succeeded the Toronto Exhibition in 1878. That's why today it is the world's biggest exhibition with land, buildings and equipment valued at \$50,000,000.

We're looking forward to visiting the Ex again this year and we think a good many from this area will also be counting on a day at the event. When you're this close it's really a shame to miss it and the new world of wonders it displays each year. See you at the Ex?

The Acton Free Press

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BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICE PHONE 600, ACTON



"Mermaid and Water Lilies"

Sugar and Spice . . .

BY BILL SMILEY

After about ten years in the business, a weekly newspaper editor becomes something of an authority on "banquets".

Now a banquet, when I used to read about them as a kid, was a sumptuous affair. The word conjured up visions of Roman voluptuaries reclining on couches, drinking Falernian wine and gorging themselves on all manner of goodies borne in by half-naked Nubian slaves.

Twenty-five years later, I'm prepared to admit that a banquet consists of a shot of tomato juice in a paper cup, a plate heaped with mashed potatoes and gravy, cold turkey and lukewarm, lumpy turnips or canned peas carrots; a piece of pie which can range from delectable to gawdoffal, depending on who made it; a slug of warmish tea or coffee poured from a large porcelain pot by a perspiring and rather cross lady member of the catering organization.

But not only the vands are changed. It's the atmosphere. At the banquet of my boyish imagination, the participants began about 9 p.m. They ate and drank in leisurely fashion, exchanging quips, epigrams, verses. Their digestion was aided by the muted strumming of lutes. About midnight, glassy-eyed, they would totter off, aided by their servants for their sedan chairs, home and bed.

Nowadays, the banquet starts sharp at 8:30. So everybody mills around hungrily until 10 to 7, while the good ladies in the kitchen mutter imprecations and try to keep things hot. There is a vast shuffling of chairs as everybody is seated. The vice-president runs madly about trying to squeeze two

extra chairs in at the head table because somebody goofed.

Then there's a sharp "ping" as the chairman hits his waterglass and mutters something. There is another vast shuffling as everyone lurches to his feet. There is a pumpled clinking of glasses for the Queen, followed by Grace. That Grace has been following the Queen for years and doesn't let her get along on the Royal Tour this summer.

Then there is the painful struggle back into the narrow space, the chairs clanking as close as the Grenadier Guards' shoulder to shoulder. The ladies rush in with plates. They are halted in their tracks by the chairman, who announces he would like to introduce the head table. The table is unimpressed but those seated at it bob up with various expressions and stand there with their arms hanging down.

When this embarrassing ritual is ended, the ladies, not to be denied again, hurl themselves upon the head table. The chairman's wife, who hates lumpy turnips, carries on a sparkling conversation with the Guest Speaker, who knows that she is supposed to be charming to the locals, but is wishing she was home watching TV and wondering why she drove 60 miles from

the city with that megalomaniac husband of hers who can't refuse an invitation to speak.

Meanwhile, down in the rest of the hall, it is not exactly hilarious. At first, there is a little scattered conversation. Then the pangs begin to strike. Murously watching the head table guests wading into the turkey, everyone gets into the celery and olives and eats his bun.

Just about the time the head table hogs are served their coffee and are lighting up, the common types at the end of the last table get their plates. They eat like fury, but are just starting their pie when the chairman pines his glass. From then on, they have to sneak bites and chew unobtrusively, their heads twisted toward the head table.

While the Guest Speaker is introduced, the catering ladies introduce about gathering up dishes with the silence of a crew of auto wreckers. They go out in the kitchen and enjoy their own dinner, and a phenomenal rattling of crockery and subdued peals of laughter that have the Guest Speaker gritting his teeth.

Oh, I'm not down on banquets. Don't think that for a minute. I love them. But I think I was born about 2,000 years too late. I'll bet I've been at 300 banquets in the last ten years, and I haven't had a nibble of Falernian wine, been waded on by a Nubian slave, or seen a single dancing girl, at one of them.

Tipson Touring

By Carol Lane
Women's Travel Authority

You can have perfect eyesight, and still be driving blind right into an accident. The reason is that you don't see it. It's not your eyes that are the trouble, it's your brain. It's the message from your eyes and your brain that is the trouble. It's the message that says "I see a car" but your brain doesn't pick up the message.

More Attention
Scientists, studying the way safety experts that driving a motor vehicle is a complex task. It's not just a matter of seeing and reacting to what's in front of you. It's a matter of seeing and reacting to what's in front of you and what's behind you. It's a matter of seeing and reacting to what's in front of you and what's behind you.

See Importance
Share your perspective. Learn to see things from other people's points of view. This is a skill that is essential for success in any field. It's a skill that is essential for success in any field. It's a skill that is essential for success in any field.

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Back in 1909
Back in 1939

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 3, 1909.

Mr. Peter McNabb has returned to Acton following a trip to the Old Land. He had a most enjoyable time visiting among friends and recalling scenes of his childhood and youth. He visited his only surviving brother, James and Alexander, and together they took a trip through the south of Scotland before he set sail for home again. Mr. McNabb said he enjoyed every minute of the five week trip but stated he saw no place he preferred as much as Acton.

A quartette of boys was brought before the magistrate on Saturday afternoon, charged with annoying Mrs. John Ritchie and family, Lake Avenue, by throwing stones and using insulting language from the grandstand in the park a few days previously. The boys admitted the charge, promised not to do it again and were given some good advice by the magistrate. They were let off in the hope that their good behavior in the future would warrant this leniency. Mr. Ritchie has been much annoyed by thoughtless boys and sometimes men by their unseemly conduct on the grandstand which adjoins his property.

The sad news reached Mrs. W. Nellis this week of the drowning some time in August of her son Ben, who had left Acton some time ago on a trip and had stayed in Cuba, taking a position with a lumber company. The former Acton man was drowned in a small stream near Galbas.

A delightful outing was enjoyed last Friday afternoon when the annual Methodist Sunday school boys' ride was staged under the bright clear skies. 11 bands of rollicking young people headed by Acton Citizens' Band proceeded to the grove where a full afternoon of entertainment was provided.

At a recent meeting of the congregation of the Baptist church, it was decided that a full time pastor should be engaged as soon as possible. It has been thought for some time that in view of the growing interest of the congregation, it would be better to have a pastor who devoted his entire week to the workings of the church.

Acton's ball team was put out of the running for the balance of this season when they suffered a 7-5 loss to the Millon Intermediates last Saturday.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 31, 1939.

The European crisis took on local evidence of its seriousness during the week when Capt. Early of the Lorne Rifles arranged for a guard at the armories here. Four men have been doing guard duty at the armories since that time. The men on duty are Corporal H. Dion, Pte. Nicolak, Pte. Jamieson and Pte. A. Buchanan Jr. They are on duty 24 hours a day.

A tent has been put up outside the building and the men sleep there and in the armories. This is in keeping with the policy throughout the Dominion, in putting a guard on the waterways, power plants and Dominion buildings. Each day seems to give a brighter outlook on the European situation but there does appear to be war preparation on all sides.

Acton Intermediate "B" baseball team will meet Galt Pickards in the first round of the "B" playoffs. The last game will be in Galt on Saturday and the return game in Acton on the following Saturday, September 9. Galt Pickards are last year's juvenile champions who moved up as an entire group this year to Intermediate "B" standing.

About twenty-four of the Watson clan from Toronto, Orangeville, Shelburne, Cressman and Grand Valley gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watson, Mill Street, on Sunday afternoon, to meet M. and Mrs. W. George Watson, lately returned from Washington.

A bad accident took place at the corner of Guelph and Water Streets in Georgetown on Tuesday evening when two cars collided. A car going east driven by C. Davis, and another going west driven by G. Snelker, both of Georgetown, met almost head-on at what has become known as Calamity Corner. In the Davis car with the driver were several Georgetown passengers who were returning from work at the Stacey Glove Shop in Acton. All were badly shaken up.

Traffic officer Bert Howell, who has been patrolling the beat through Acton on his motorcycle for some years has been promoted to sergeant and will take charge of the provincial police in the central division in Ontario. Next spring when traffic becomes heavier, the car will be a full time constable attached to this district again.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY AND TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS Standard Time Daily 5:40 a.m. Daily except Sundays 9:12 a.m. (flagstop), 7:10 p.m.; Sunday only 8:01 p.m. Daily except Sunday Flyer at Georgetown 9:31 a.m.; 6:21 p.m. Daily Flyer at Georgetown 10:11 p.m.	WESTBOUND Daily 11:41 p.m. Daily except Sundays 8:30 a.m. 6:51 p.m. Saturday only 1:32 p.m. Sunday only 8:01 a.m. (flagstop) 8:33 p.m. Daily Flyer at Guelph 1:55 p.m. Daily except Sat. and Sun. 8:33 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 AUGUST 30th, 1959 7:30 a.m. - Morning Worship 11:15 a.m. - Morning Worship Church services meet with congregation at 11:15. Classes at 11:30 a.m. and 12:00 p.m.	PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA KNOX CHURCH, ACTON Rev. Andrew H. McKenzie, B.A. B.D. SUNDAY AUGUST 30th, 1959 11:00 a.m. - Morning Worship Conducted by Rev. Reginald A. Black, J.D., C. of Canada The service will be held at 11:00 a.m. and 12:00 p.m.	THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN ACTON THE MARTYR ANGLICAN Rector: The Rev. H. B. Spokee, B.A., M.A. 183 Jeffrey St. phone 265 The Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity SUNDAY AUGUST 30th, 1959 9:30 a.m. Holy Eucharist 11:00 a.m. - Latin and English All Are Welcome	ACTON PENTECOSTAL TABERNACLE 33 Church Hill Road P.A.O.C. Rev. Kenneth J. Reid, Pastor 75 Cook St. phone 648-W SUNDAY AUGUST 30th, 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	BAPTIST CHURCH ACTON Pastor Rev. Gordon M. Holmes, B.A. B.Th. 115 Bower Avenue SUNDAY AUGUST 30th, 1959 9:45 a.m. - Church School 11:00 a.m. - Public Worship 7:00 p.m. - Gospel Service Mr. Holmes will be in the pulpit Wednesday 8 p.m. Bible Study Prayer, Testimonies -All are Cordially Welcome
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