

Editorial Page

A Decade of Development

Truly the fabulous fifties have meant tremendous growth and expansion for the town of Acton. At no comparable period in the history of the town has growth, development and expansion equalled that of the 1950's. Indeed the Town of Acton had its birth in 1950, 120 years after its origin as a settler's cabin. Until January 1, 1950 the municipality was officially a village. Through progressive action of earlier councils the municipality sought town status. In the 10 succeeding years this confidence has been more than justified because Acton has continued to grow and prosper in its vital position on the fringe of the golden horseshoe.

Progress is a vague term. Through this week's supplement to the Acton Free Press we are attempting to outline in concrete terms the visible, and real forms that progress has taken in this municipality.

Modern municipal services, paved

Room for Small Investors

You've heard it and so have we, all the hue and cry about the great quantities of American capital that are being used to develop and thus to control the country of Canada.

But before we complain too bitterly perhaps it's wise to consider our own approach and often our own quite evident lack of confidence in our country. Somebody summed it all up in another regard when he penned the lines about a poet being without honor in his own country.

Many look warily at the "big business interests" and quite longingly at multi-figure profits. In fact the very word "profit" has been given an unfavorable connotation even though it is an essential of our system and available to those who risk their capital.

The point of all this is that there is a great deal of capital available in a multitude of small amounts. This had led one forecaster to predict an increase of activity on the part of the small investor. This makes sense

A Compound Problem

Ontario Weekly Newspaper editors had a convention-look at Hamilton last weekend when the association met for its annual convention.

We, like everyone else, have heard a lot about the Steel Company of Canada. To see the magnitude of the operation in Hamilton alone, however, is to more fully appreciate the industrial giant that is so close to us.

While statistics can be monotonous we found it interesting to learn the Hamilton works cover over 500 acres, employ about 10,000 and have some of the most modern equipment on the continent.

Crossing track after track we learned there are 80 miles of railway track on the company grounds and the firm operates more diesel locomotives than the T.H. & B. Railway.

It's a fantastic operation too to see a nine ton glowing red ingot rolled from its cube shape to a sheet of steel perhaps four inches thick, and 30 feet long, by a machine that is fully a block long and controlled by two men.

Our guide pointed to the site of more construction. He explained that a new building to house some new process was being built at a cost of 28 million dollars.

St. Valentine's Day

St. Valentine's Day has long challenged historians to explain how a Christian saint became identified with a pagan custom of exchanging tokens of love.

The answer may be simply that somebody got his ABC's mixed up.

The research department of an encyclopedia points out that at one time the letters "v" and "g" frequently were interchangeable in popular speech.

Among the Normans, the word "gallant" referred to a lover of the fair sex. . . probably a wolf, according to present-day terminology. But the word often was written and pronounced "valentin."

By a natural confusion of names, the Christian martyr was established as the pat-

ron saint of sweethearts, and his name given to the Roman festival at which young men and women chose partners for the coming year.

Some historians argue, however, that there is another explanation for giving the name St. Valentine's Day to the Roman holiday. The early Christian fathers often had difficulty wiping out pagan festivals. Sometimes they simply appropriated the festivals and gave them a Christian meaning.

The Church fathers may have taken over the Roman holiday, which was celebrated on Feb. 15, and named it after three saints named Valentine, whose feast day fell on Feb. 14.

Probably this, coupled with a statement by Stelco president V. W. Scully, impressed us most. He noted in his address to Ontario editors later, that Stelco was not and is not controlled by foreign interests. Tremendous expansion is taking place and has taken place in the company's 50 years and yet Canadians have met the growing demands for capital to keep the company Canadian controlled.

Like any industry large or small there are undoubtedly problems. Indeed one of those problems was outlined by the president when he said that "in Western Canada today Canadian-made steel products are being displaced by products of Japanese plants operated by workers whose wages are about one-sixth of ours. This sounds bad enough, but it is not all. Our Government is subsidizing the export to Japan of Canadian coal to make the steel to make the products to be sold in British Columbia and Alberta to pay for the coal."

This is one of the compound problems that we must all face if our economy is to be maintained in the face of imports that can compete quite effectively with our home-made products. For an immediate object lesson we have only to look at our own town for examples in the textile industry.

Every year about this time there's a newspaper convention, and every year it takes me about three weeks to talk my wife into going. She can't go because she hasn't anything to wear. "So buy yourself a dress," I say. "Turns out she has a dress, but she doesn't have a fur coat. That brings that conversation to an abrupt halt."

Then she tries to make me feel like a heel with the old reverse psychology. "I can't possibly ask Mother to keep the children again. And you know how worn out we are after a convention. I haven't a stitch to wear except that old black thing. My ironing is three weeks behind. I simply can't go. In fact, I don't even want to go. Why don't you go alone? You'd enjoy getting away from us all for a couple of days."

This I get at lunch hour, for example. I am supposed to reply: "Now, come on, sweetie. Your mother won't mind having the kids. It does us good to get away. That black dress looks terrific. Don't worry about your ironing. You know I wouldn't go without you." What I say is: "O.K." When I get home at six, she has a dress ripped apart, her mother lined up, and is desperately ironing clothes for the whole family for the weekend.

This year, she tried a new gimmick. Instead of that time worn antic about having nothing to wear, she assured me, with some coldness, that I was so shabby she wouldn't be seen with me at a ragpickers' rally, let alone a convention of urban, well groomed newspaper editors.

This was unfair and she knew it. I have that good gray suit. I have a genuine Harris Tweed jacket, made in Montreal, that I got at the same time, the year we went to that convention down east, about '56. And a good stout pair of black shoes, resoled a couple of times, but taking a nice shine, that I bought for the same trip.

My topcoat is a bit shabby, but after all, it was second hand when I bought it three years ago from an old air force sidekick who'd gone a bit alcoholic. The two top button-holes are sloppy as a sow's ear, but the bottom one stays buttoned. And the lining is like new. It's detachable, and I never seem to get it zipped in for the cold weather.

Read in one of the gossip columns the other day that Cary Grant, the movie actor, made a special trip by jet 6,000 miles to Hongkong, to see his tailor. The item went on: "Cary thinks this particular Oriental suitmaker is the best in the world, and is anybody going to argue with Cary?"

Not me, Madame. Considering that item calmly, I could only come to the conclusion that Cary and I have a lot different things on our minds. And I don't say that in envy. I have a perfectly good suit. As far as I'm concerned, it's just as good as the day I got it, four years ago.

Only trouble is that I have just the one suit, which I get for Christmas. So, when it's the wash, I have to wear pjama bottoms or risk a cold. Couple of weeks ago, we were at the opening of the Legislature, and attended the Lieutenant-Governor's reception afterwards. There was a big lineup to shake hands with the host and his wife, and the Premier and his wife.

The Premier was really friendly. "So glad you could come," he beamed, and shook hands warmly. "Well, it sure was hard to get away in the middle of the week. . . . I started to tell him and my wife hit me a kidney punch from behind that almost downed me."

When we got to the Lieutenant-Governor, I watched the guy ahead of me in line, to see what he'd do. He bowed slightly as he shook hands with the L.G. So I did. And when my head went down, my eye was caught by something. A big, fat flap of red-striped flannelette pjama pants, draped over my shoe. It had slipped out of my sock, where I stuff them so they won't show.

There followed 20 minutes of acute anguish, in that huge reception room full of beauty and gallantry, before I could find a place to crouch and restuff them. And it took me three days to induce my wife to recognize my presence on earth.

She would agree to go to the convention this year only when I promised to wear my pale gray pjama bottoms instead of the red striped flannelette.



Photo by Esther Taylor

"Bleak Outlook"

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

Read in one of the gossip columns the other day that Cary Grant, the movie actor, made a special trip by jet 6,000 miles to Hongkong, to see his tailor. The item went on: "Cary thinks this particular Oriental suitmaker is the best in the world, and is anybody going to argue with Cary?"

Not me, Madame. Considering that item calmly, I could only come to the conclusion that Cary and I have a lot different things on our minds. And I don't say that in envy. I have a perfectly good suit. As far as I'm concerned, it's just as good as the day I got it, four years ago.

Only trouble is that I have just the one suit, which I get for Christmas. So, when it's the wash, I have to wear pjama bottoms or risk a cold. Couple of weeks ago, we were at the opening of the Legislature, and attended the Lieutenant-Governor's reception afterwards. There was a big lineup to shake hands with the host and his wife, and the Premier and his wife.

The Premier was really friendly. "So glad you could come," he beamed, and shook hands warmly. "Well, it sure was hard to get away in the middle of the week. . . . I started to tell him and my wife hit me a kidney punch from behind that almost downed me."

When we got to the Lieutenant-Governor, I watched the guy ahead of me in line, to see what he'd do. He bowed slightly as he shook hands with the L.G. So I did. And when my head went down, my eye was caught by something. A big, fat flap of red-striped flannelette pjama pants, draped over my shoe. It had slipped out of my sock, where I stuff them so they won't show.

There followed 20 minutes of acute anguish, in that huge reception room full of beauty and gallantry, before I could find a place to crouch and restuff them. And it took me three days to induce my wife to recognize my presence on earth.

She would agree to go to the convention this year only when I promised to wear my pale gray pjama bottoms instead of the red striped flannelette.

Every year about this time there's a newspaper convention, and every year it takes me about three weeks to talk my wife into going. She can't go because she hasn't anything to wear. "So buy yourself a dress," I say. "Turns out she has a dress, but she doesn't have a fur coat. That brings that conversation to an abrupt halt."

Then she tries to make me feel like a heel with the old reverse psychology. "I can't possibly ask Mother to keep the children again. And you know how worn out we are after a convention. I haven't a stitch to wear except that old black thing. My ironing is three weeks behind. I simply can't go. In fact, I don't even want to go. Why don't you go alone? You'd enjoy getting away from us all for a couple of days."

This I get at lunch hour, for example. I am supposed to reply: "Now, come on, sweetie. Your mother won't mind having the kids. It does us good to get away. That black dress looks terrific. Don't worry about your ironing. You know I wouldn't go without you." What I say is: "O.K." When I get home at six, she has a dress ripped apart, her mother lined up, and is desperately ironing clothes for the whole family for the weekend.

This year, she tried a new gimmick. Instead of that time worn antic about having nothing to wear, she assured me, with some coldness, that I was so shabby she wouldn't be seen with me at a ragpickers' rally, let alone a convention of urban, well groomed newspaper editors.

Every year about this time there's a newspaper convention, and every year it takes me about three weeks to talk my wife into going. She can't go because she hasn't anything to wear. "So buy yourself a dress," I say. "Turns out she has a dress, but she doesn't have a fur coat. That brings that conversation to an abrupt halt."

Then she tries to make me feel like a heel with the old reverse psychology. "I can't possibly ask Mother to keep the children again. And you know how worn out we are after a convention. I haven't a stitch to wear except that old black thing. My ironing is three weeks behind. I simply can't go. In fact, I don't even want to go. Why don't you go alone? You'd enjoy getting away from us all for a couple of days."

This I get at lunch hour, for example. I am supposed to reply: "Now, come on, sweetie. Your mother won't mind having the kids. It does us good to get away. That black dress looks terrific. Don't worry about your ironing. You know I wouldn't go without you." What I say is: "O.K." When I get home at six, she has a dress ripped apart, her mother lined up, and is desperately ironing clothes for the whole family for the weekend.

This year, she tried a new gimmick. Instead of that time worn antic about having nothing to wear, she assured me, with some coldness, that I was so shabby she wouldn't be seen with me at a ragpickers' rally, let alone a convention of urban, well groomed newspaper editors.

Probably this, coupled with a statement by Stelco president V. W. Scully, impressed us most. He noted in his address to Ontario editors later, that Stelco was not and is not controlled by foreign interests. Tremendous expansion is taking place and has taken place in the company's 50 years and yet Canadians have met the growing demands for capital to keep the company Canadian controlled.

Like any industry large or small there are undoubtedly problems. Indeed one of those problems was outlined by the president when he said that "in Western Canada today Canadian-made steel products are being displaced by products of Japanese plants operated by workers whose wages are about one-sixth of ours. This sounds bad enough, but it is not all. Our Government is subsidizing the export to Japan of Canadian coal to make the steel to make the products to be sold in British Columbia and Alberta to pay for the coal."

This is one of the compound problems that we must all face if our economy is to be maintained in the face of imports that can compete quite effectively with our home-made products. For an immediate object lesson we have only to look at our own town for examples in the textile industry.

Probably this, coupled with a statement by Stelco president V. W. Scully, impressed us most. He noted in his address to Ontario editors later, that Stelco was not and is not controlled by foreign interests. Tremendous expansion is taking place and has taken place in the company's 50 years and yet Canadians have met the growing demands for capital to keep the company Canadian controlled.

Like any industry large or small there are undoubtedly problems. Indeed one of those problems was outlined by the president when he said that "in Western Canada today Canadian-made steel products are being displaced by products of Japanese plants operated by workers whose wages are about one-sixth of ours. This sounds bad enough, but it is not all. Our Government is subsidizing the export to Japan of Canadian coal to make the steel to make the products to be sold in British Columbia and Alberta to pay for the coal."

This is one of the compound problems that we must all face if our economy is to be maintained in the face of imports that can compete quite effectively with our home-made products. For an immediate object lesson we have only to look at our own town for examples in the textile industry.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1940

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Feb. 15, 1940.

Thomas Storey, well known farmer who resides about four miles from Acton, was beaten by a lone robber on Wednesday night of last week and bound and left in his home in Nassagaweya township. His plight was not discovered until Thursday afternoon when a neighbor, Edward Watt, found the man bound.

The assailant, who is described as a comparatively young man, apparently knew that Mr. Storey had received some money lately. However, the larger part of the amount received had been paid out and Mr. Storey had only \$17 left, which was taken.

Representatives of both the Kitchener and Toronto West End Y.M.C.A. wrestling clubs visited the Acton Y last Thursday evening and entertained a large crowd with their mat prowess. Wes Wolfe of the local Y grappled with E. Miles of A.O.A. with Miles gaining a decision over the local man.

Acton Tanners continued to click on Friday night when they met the Waterloo Tigers and sent the boys back home with a 10-3 trimming. The Tanners were the best all the way and led the visitors from the very start of the game.

It was not until the third period that the Waterloo team registered on the scoreboard after the Tanners, were leading 9-0. They outskated and outplayed the Waterloo team all the way and only Dunbrook in goal saved the visitors from a worse defeat. Woods in goal for the Acton team turned in a stellar performance.

On Wednesday night the Tanners downed the Preston team 7-4 and cinched top berth in the playoffs. Preston needed the game badly and now will play with Elora to decide which of the two teams is eliminated and which one acts Acton in the finals.

The Acton Junior Farmers held their regular meeting in Lorne school and highlighting the evening was a spelling bee. Following the business session, the following program took place: Mansell Nellis, a violin solo; humorous readings by Mrs. J. J. Stewart; a club paper by Jack van Gozen; cornet solos by Ted Anderson and a reading by Dirk van Gozen.

BACK IN 1910

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Feb. 17, 1910.

Last Saturday as Mr. J. S. Matthews was assisting to adjust some steam pipes overhead in the machine shop at the works of the Acton Tanning Company, he became overbalanced on the scaffold and fell heavily to the cement floor seven or eight feet below. In falling, he struck his head, shoulder and hip, causing painful contusions.

Owing to the bad weather on Tuesday evening, there was a rather slim attendance at the hockey match between Brampton and Acton on the new rink here. The most part of the game was not fast or exciting but Acton became exciting for the few spectators on hand. Two of the Acton players were accidentally struck with the puck and required medical attention. When the game concluded, Brampton had a score of seven while Acton tallied five times.

The carpenters have completed the restoration of the skating rink on the power house lot and the young people are loud in their praise of Mr. Walter Beardmore in his good offices of restoring to them the winter pastime they enjoy so fully. In the re-erection, the waiting rooms were made more commodious and comfortable and the premises are altogether better than when the demolition took place.

The roads in the Crewson's Corners area are only in a passable condition now and the great fall of snow and high winds have filled them in badly. The depth of snow in the bush is from 25 to 30 inches on the level.

During a special meeting of the town council on Monday evening, the council met for the specific purpose of passing a by-law appointing a new municipal officer. Appointed to the position at an annual salary of \$600 was John Harvey of the town. Three other applications were received for the position.

Charges were laid against A. J. Lehman, proprietor at the Dominion Hotel, for selling liquor to a person on the "Indian list" and when he appeared in court he was fined \$25 and costs. Mr. Lehman claims he will file an appeal.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY AND TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

MEDICAL

DR. W. G. C. KENNEY
Physician and Surgeon
Office in Symon Block
434 Mill St. E. Acton
Office Phone 78
Residence, 115 Church St. E.
Phone 150

DR. D. A. GARRETT
Physician and Surgeon
Corner of Wilton and River Sts.
Entrance River St.
Acton, Ont.
Phone 238

DR. ROBERT D. BUCKNER
Physician and Surgeon
39 Wellington St. Acton, Ont.
Phone 679
Office Hours 6-8 p.m.
Afternoons by Appointment

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

F. L. WRIGHT
20 Wilbur St.
Acton, Ontario
Phone 95
Appraiser, Real Estate,
and Insurance

DENTAL

DR. H. LEIB
Dental Surgeon
Office, Corner Mill and
Friedrich Street
Office Hours By Appointment
TELEPHONE 19

DR. A. J. BUCHANAN
Dental Surgeon
Office, 5A Mill Street
Office Hours 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Closed Wednesday afternoon
Telephone 148

LEGAL

C. F. LEATHERLAND, Q.C.
Barrister & Solicitor, Notary
Office Hours 10:00 a.m.-12:00 p.m.
1:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m.
Saturdays by appointment only
Office 22 Phone 151
ACTON

A. BRAIDA, B.A.
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
173 Main St. S. Acton, Ont.
Phone 378
Office Hours 9 a.m. - 9 p.m.
13 Cork St. E. Guelph
TA 4-2242
Office Hours 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Saturdays 9 a.m. - 12 a.m.

HASTINGS & PAYNE
Barristers and Solicitors
Notaries Public
1A Mill St. Acton
Office Hours
Mon. - Fri. 10:00-11:45 a.m.
1:30 - 4:30 p.m.
Sat. 10:00 - 12:00 a.m.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Bumfey
Shoemaker
Phone 699 night or day
Bruce E. Shoemaker, Mgr.

CHIROPRACTOR

A. D. MOORE, D.C.
Palmer Specific Chiropractor
17 Mill Street
Phone 40 or 66
Office Hours
Wed. 2 - 7 Sat. 2 - 5

OPTICAL AND HEARING AIDS

E. L. BOCHNER, R.O.
Optometrist and Hearing Aids
40 Mill St. Acton, phone 115
Office Hours
Wednesdays only 2:00-6:00 p.m.
Evenings by appointment
House calls for invalids

ROBERT R. HAMILTON
Optometrist
Examined
Hearing Aid Service
181 Guelph St. Georgetown, Ont.
For appointment please phone
TR 7-3071

AUDITING - ACCOUNTING

LEVER & HOSKIN
Chartered Accountants
51 Main St. N. 212 King St. W.
Brampton Phone GL 1-4824 Toronto E 4-9131

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

GRAY COACH LINES
COACHES LEAVE ACTON
Standard Time
6:33 a.m. Daily except Sun and
Holi. 8:38 a.m. 11:33 a.m. 2:06 p.m.
5:06 p.m. 8:33 p.m. 8:33 p.m. 10:06
p.m. Sun and Holi.
Westbound
10:27 a.m. 12:57 p.m. 2:37 p.m.
5:27 p.m. 7:27 p.m. 9:12 p.m. 11:32
p.m. 1:12 a.m. Fri. Sat. Sun and
Holi.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Standard Time
Eastbound
Daily 6:44 a.m. Daily except
Sundays 9:12 a.m. (Georgetown) 7:08
p.m. Sunday only 6:01 p.m.; Daily
except Sunday Flyer at Geor-
getown, 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.; 6:44 p.m.;
Saturday only 2:32 p.m.; Sunday
only 9:48 a.m. (Georgetown) Sunday
only Flyer at Guelph 7:08 p.m.
Daily except Sat. and Sun. 6:44
p.m.

The Acton Free Press

Published by the Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Limited
Founded in 1873 and published every Thursday at 59 Wilbur
St. 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. Sub-
scriptions 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.

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