

Editorial Page

The Municipal Battle.

"Though man lives in the present, which in an instant becomes the past, he devotes the majority of his efforts and thoughts to the future. It is the future which judges man's deeds and profits from his achievements. The swift rush of technological change, which carries all else before it, bears both the hope of the future and a deadly fear of destruction."—S. M. Black.

Probably no single item is so common in municipalities today as the thought, time and effort directed to the expansion of the municipalities, industrial establishments.

A new industry in a town brings with it an enthusiasm that breathes new life into commerce, and citizens generally. For municipal representatives it means a new source of tax revenue in budgets that are already at limit.

Probably this is why a recent publication "Ontario Industrial Development" holds so much interest in its review of the past 10 years and its predictions on the next 10.

During 1959, 146 companies established new industries in Ontario through buying an industrial site, or renting, building or purchasing industrial premises. That means of course 146 companies to be shared by all the hungry municipalities who are exerting varying degrees of enthusiasm and activity in encouraging settlement in their particular community.

Metro Toronto took the lion's share of 26, Brampton won three, Hamilton took seven, Guelph, Trafalgar and Burlington each two and Georgetown, Oakville and Milton one each.

Equally important in the industrial picture of course is the fact that during 1959 573 Ontario plants made additions to their existing facilities. Again Metro Toronto lead with 164 additions listed, Guelph has 12, Hamilton five, Trafalgar five, Burlington six, Brampton three, Georgetown two and Milton and Acton one each.

Looking ahead to the shape of things to

come in the 1960s the report suggests a 25 per cent increase in the population. If that held true we would have a Milton population of 6,250, Acton at 5,000 and Georgetown at 11,000.

Of course there will be other factors that will alter these figures and the growth might indeed exceed the 25 per cent in this area. Halton's population has grown from around the 50,000 mark in the mid 1950s to over 108,000 today.

But if Ontario industry is to grow not only will there have to be new technological developments but an increase in the Canadian content of our natural resources before we export them. We must also have the initiative to develop new products and of course seek new world markets.

Many Canadian operations defined as manufacturing operations could more properly be called "assembly operations" because so many have simply involved the putting together and assembly of imported parts. Wherever economic, parts should be made in Canada and Canadians process their raw materials to a greater degree.

The build-up of an increasing variety of industry is Canada's means to continue the rate of growth that the country deserves and must have in the sixties.

All the forecasts point to increased activity beyond the mid-sixties but few point to any great activity in the early sixties. It is quite possible that the levelling off period we have all anticipated would come "some-day" may have arrived.

At the moment that will certainly mean increased competition for new industries in the municipalities. Towns in this area do not seem to have fared badly in the past and there is legitimate hope that the share will increase as the strategic location and services available become more widely known.

Safety is a Personal Thing

Safety rules and laws for punishing those who violate them have not prevented a large toll in traffic accidents so far this year. The Royal Bank letter for July states "Safety is a Personal Thing" and we quote in part:

Safety is a personal thing. The very simplicity of this fact makes it necessary to repeat it often.

Most accidents are caused by ignorance, carelessness, selfishness or impatience, and all these accidents can be prevented.

There is no immunity from danger: the thing to know is how to meet it. They are unfortunate people who imagine that life can be wholly secure and certain. Man has been living on the earth for perhaps a quarter million years, and during almost all of that time his life has been one continual struggle to keep himself alive and to bring up his children.

It is not enough to put a guard around the physical hazards. We must put a guard around our thinking also. Consider our emo-

tions. Even if the conduct of other people has been the cause of our emotion, it is really we ourselves who have created the resulting danger by the way in which we have reacted.

But we cannot allow carelessness to paralyze us. If we wait always until the outcome of our movements is certain, we will never move. We must know how to take chances intelligently.

Education in safety begins with study of responsibility—responsibility for preservation of our own lives and the lives of others. It doesn't cease with stopping and looking and listening—it goes on to think. People who refuse to think about safety are setting the stage for tragedy.

Laws are not enough to preserve society. The desire for safety is the background from which has sprung some ninety per cent of our criminal law. The Roman law said: "The safety of the people is the supreme law." But until we desire to live safely the law cannot be effective.

Surely There is Time

Canada is the only country in the world which neither respects nor preserves its pioneer architecture, according to a recent magazine article.

In Ottawa a century-old stone inn was torn down last fall to provide space for a gas station. In Halifax wreckers demolished Horsebrook House, the home of nineteenth-century privateer Enos Collins, one of the city's few remaining Loyalist mansions and a gem of Georgian architecture. At St. Andrews, Manitoba on the Red River, a school built in the 1830s, where some of the west's early leaders were educated, was torn down to supply lumber for a pigpen.

Why don't we treat our ancestors' homes and public buildings as the national treasures they are? Anthony Adamson, Toronto architect and university professor, felt we hadn't the national self-respect to value them. Ruth Home, director of museum research of the Ontario College of Art and president of the Architectural Conservancy of Ontario believed that "because our traditions were two thousand miles away we couldn't believe that we had anything of our own that was worthwhile.

These may indeed be the reasons we

could use for not preserving our history generally. So little has been recorded of early Halton and so little effort made to preserve its history relics that we may indeed wonder if it is because we feel our traditions are across the sea.

If we could all forsake the rush of this "progressive" age for a few minutes we might find time to mentally reconstruct some of the early history of Halton, the dense forests criss-crossed by the trails of the friendly Mississaguas, the rushing streams that provided a harvest of salmon, the back-breaking work of clearing the densely forested land.

Halton has a history as rich, romantic and worthy of preservation as any area in Ontario. There is surely time to make that extra effort at preservation now.

Brief Comment

Surely there is a remedy for the car jockeys that perform their car-bustin antics on the main street weekends and evenings. Squealing tires seem to be the trademark outdone only by the horn honked greeting exchanged when two meet on the thoroughfare.



"Buttermilk Sky"

—Photo by Esther Taylor

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

There's always something to take the joy out of life, isn't there? If a fellow was running barefoot through a field of violets in pursuit of a beautiful young creature, there'd be certain to be a broken bottle among the flowers, and the nymph would turn out to have buck teeth and a goitre when you caught her.

That's the way I've been frustrated by the business of eating out in the city. There have been many occasions, in the past decade, when I have thought it must be heaven to eat out at a restaurant, every day, all alone. Our house at mealtime has always required nerves of steel and a cast iron stomach.

Meals around home were always a mad mélange of gags, giggling, arguments, questions with no answers, fights over dessert, and an endless recitative of domestic, social and personal problems, contributed by the cook.

Sometimes I used to clench my teeth, close my eyes, and retreat from the babel into one of my favorite dreams. There I'd be, in a romantic restaurant, just sitting down to a dazzling spread of gleaming silver and white napery. A white-gloved waiter would be bending over me solicitously. In the dimly lit interior, gypsy music stirred the senses. Several devastating women, obviously rich, lonely and bored, would be enveloping me with interest from neighboring tables.

I would sip my aperitif, glance with casual insolence about the room, and greet the head waiter familiarly, as he scuttled to discuss the wine list with me. He would slip me a note from the Baroness Gorki, seated across the room to whom I had nodded coldly when I entered. I would read it, give a short, hard laugh, and turn my entire attention to the gently roasted duck festooned in truffles, and specially prepared by the chef.

Just then one of the kids would knock over a glass of

milk, and I'd be back at the kitchen table at home, gulping a hot dog, and assuring my wife that, all right, I'll get the dam' lawn cut but she doesn't need to blow a gasket. I'll never know how I went through years of this without developing an ulcer the size of a turnip.

That's why I was looking forward to eating out when I went off to summer school. I could picture it all: a light breakfast, with perhaps just orange juice, crisp bacon, roll and honey and coffee; a spartan lunch consisting of a mere omelette, a salad, and perhaps a Danish pastry; but in the evening, the works. I planned to nose out all those charming little foreign restaurants my friends in the city are always telling me they almost went to one night, and do them up brown.

I was looking forward to cold vichyssoise on a hot evening, consumed with quiet appreciation and crusty bread in some candlelit French place. Followed, of course, by golden new potatoes, crisp frogs legs, and a superb salad, the whole washed down by a light Rhine wine. Topped, naturally, by a choice Camembert and an ancient and honourable brandy.

Well, I don't like to admit it, but something has gone wrong. My breakfast has turned out to be toast and coffee, same as at home. Lunch has become a cheese sandwich and the soup du jour, some of which was definitely made the night before yesterday. These are eaten in hot, crowded, shouting dumps in which the flies are twice as active as the waitresses, who look at you as though you'd made an indecent proposal if you ask them for a spoon.

But the real heart breaker is the dinners I tried it, just once. Went out all by myself to a posh club, and went all out. You know something? I was ready for a straight jacket before they brought the coffee. It was so lonely in that romantic cellar that I was ready to cry. The Baroness didn't hap-

pen to be there that night, either. If it hadn't been for a nice old couple from Fort William at the next table, I'd have felt as friendless as the Prisoner of Chillon.

So from now on, that dashing boulevardier standing with his nose pressed against the window at Murray's restaurant, reading tonight's special on the menu pinned up, will be yours, truly. And I don't care if I ever see another Frenchified potato in my life. And I count the days until the weekend, when I can get home and enjoy a real meal in the proper atmosphere of kind fighting, spilled milk, and four people all talking at once about four different things.

LIMEHOUSE

Many Local Residents Holiday for Summer

The Karn family and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meredith have spent holidays on Manitoulin Island during the past two weeks.

Paul Turner visited with Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe near Victoria, Miss Heather Arnold is holidaying in Toronto.

Sandy, Bobby and Eddie Findley are vacationing at Tara. Joy Patterson is staying at Scotsman's Point near Buckhorn for a week. Her parents visited there on Sunday.

Mrs. J. Sanford and Mrs. E. Sanford are at the cottage at Waubesa. Bill Sanford visited there for the weekend.

Mrs. Allen Sorrie and children are at Stanley Park for a week. Margaret Arnold visited with relatives at Oakville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Galmore, Gail and Bobby visited relatives at Maple on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tozer visited at Holden on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Sinclair and Carl have returned from a two week motor trip to Prince Edward Island. Enroute they were guests at the Bradley-Long wedding in Hampton, N.B.

The Walter Linham's enjoyed a motor trip to the Kingston and Ottawa districts last week.

The Curt Clarke's visited at Tolsonburg last weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Norton and the Latimers visited at Stony Creek on Sunday.

Mrs. A. C. Patterson visited with her niece, Mrs. Alan Graham in Toronto on Wednesday.

Mr. Harold Karn and Fred Givens visited at Ormsby for the weekend. Mr. Wm. Karn returned with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Rusk and children of Milton visited with the Herb Arnold's for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Patterson and daughter visited with Mrs. Robert Patterson on Sunday.

David Peel Boosts P.O. Staff Strength

David Peel, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Peel Churchhill Road has started his duties in the Acton Post Office and boosts the staff to full strength following a vacancy when Frank Terris, postmaster, left for a new position at Owen Sound.

Applications are in for the position of assistant postmaster and members of the local staff had the opportunity of applying for the position.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1910

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 4, 1910.

Three flocks of happy scholars with their teachers, parents and the rector, left St. Alban's church a little before two o'clock Monday afternoon in farmers' hay racks for a hay ride to Bloomsbury Grove where the annual picnic was scheduled to be held. A heavy thunderstorm caught the caravan before they had covered half the distance to Bloomsbury.

Mr. Fyfe Somerville, with kind-hearted generosity, opened his barn to the picnickers. Although plans had already been laid for the afternoon, everyone thoroughly enjoyed the changed program. The afternoon was spent playing numerous games in the barn, swinging on ropes and playing in the hay mows. The enjoyment concluded with a picnic tea, after which the happy throng proceeded home.

The council met in special session Monday night to consider the estimates of receipts and expenditures for the current year and to strike the mill rate. After councillor Brown, chairman of the committee of finance, presented the estimates, council unanimously accepted the report and struck a mill rate of 21 mills for the year. Council are to be commended for their excellent work in keeping the mill rate down in spite of the increasing expenditures and unforeseen uncontrollable expenses.

The new cement bridge on Main Street will be opened to public traffic next week. The new structure is a marvellous improvement and should provide a handy method of transportation.

When Mrs. Thomas Cook, wife of ex-councillor Cook, was driving into town last Thursday, the harness broke as she was coming down the Main St. Hill. The horse, becoming frightened, ran through town at a good speed. Mrs. Cook, however, was equal to the occasion. After an exciting run to the foot of Bradley's hill, she got the animal under control without serious damage being done. The horse in question was "Prince C", who made a track record for himself at the matinee races in Georgetown last year.

BACK IN 1940

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 1, 1940.

During a special meeting of council Thursday evening last, W. J. Beatty of the Boardman Co. was present to confer with council regarding the location in a building now unused by his company of a substantial industry named the Wool Combing Corporation of Canada Ltd.

Mr. Beatty explained the necessary details and told council it would mean an estimated additional payroll increase to Acton of \$7,000 per month. The industry would be a new one for Canada and would be moving from England. They would employ about 100 people to begin with. The new company was proposing to lease over 100,000 square feet of space in the building.

Acton Juveniles defeated the Georgetown entry last night in a seven inning baseball game 10-3 after getting away to a shaky start in the first couple of innings. The paper-blowers took an early lead and for a while, it appeared as though Acton were ready to drop another game until Holmes went in to relieve Blow on the mound in the fourth inning. Blow was decidedly off colour but the Georgetown crew found the going much tougher when Holmes took over the pitching duties. The Juveniles had had tough breaks recently, dropping a game to Milton and one to Georgetown.

Weddings of interest in Acton recently include the McEachern-Hall wedding on Saturday when Miss Laura Rachel Hall became the bride of Wilfred Alexander McEachern in a pretty garden ceremony at the bride's home. Another wedding took place in Toronto on Saturday when Laura Kathleen Cook became the bride of Leslie Samuel Holton at Perth Avenue United Church.

A quiet wedding took place in St. Paul's church, Caledonia, when Eillian Perry became the bride of Claude L. Cook. Another wedding of interest was solemnized at St. Alban's church, Acton, when Anne Melissa Harris was united in marriage to George Albert Bernes on Saturday.

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...Dodging 'Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

BURLINGTON—Town councillors frequently interrupted their speeches at the last meeting to spit out their following council's approval for fruit growers to keep guns to frighten away startlings in the area south of Highway 5 (where guns are forbidden) the growers reciprocated with a basket of ripe dark cherries.

GEORGETOWN—Management and union officials of Postmortal Paper Ltd. and Alliance Paper Mills two local paper coating plants which supply a large share of the coated paper used in Canada are worried that the federal cabinet will remove their tariff protection. The companies were among 28 firms listed in 1954 for price fixing and now the Government is threatening to lift the tariff exemptions. About 600 men and women depend on the mills for their living and that the protection loss might slow their work down.

STREETSVILLE—A group of interested citizens have banded together to establish a private kindergarten in the village on a cost-sharing basis. Initial pupil costs were set at around \$12 a month to cover cost of setting up the class, but it is expected the fee will be lowered later. Classes are to carry on until the public school board can provide accommodation.

GEORGETOWN—Landmark for many years, the CNR water tower had disappeared from its familiar dominating location just south of the station platform. It was made obsolete with the railway's conversion from steam to diesel trains. This was the first time in 25 years the tank had been demolished.

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