

# Editorial Page

## On Tree Trimming

"I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree"  
—And with that thought in mind we approach the subject of trees and "tree trimming".

It seems unfortunate that periodically someone finds it necessary to attack the various trees that previous generations have seen fit to plant along our urban streets.

There are a number of reasons given for the attack—Hydro, crews, and telephone people seem to touch the attack most often as they clear the way for wires to feed power or communication to our bustling "progressive" world.

Periodically the attack comes in an effort to remove dead limbs or to thin the tree or a variety of other reasons.

Acton is fortunate in having a number of tree-lined streets. True some of the varieties planted were not the best but there are many sturdy maples and some of the recent trim-

ming has left something to be desired in general appearance. Ugly limbs left protruding from the trunk were severed well away from the main core of the tree and now remain only as a stark reminder of what was once a more impressive limb.

The introduction of the chain saw has sped the work considerably and it is undoubtedly difficult in this day of speed to regard the aesthetics of a tree's appearance very long.

We realize the necessity of tree trimming but as long as we regard trees simply as an interference they will never be maintained as a thing of beauty. Neither will more be planted.

The only tree plantings we can remember lately are at historic events or on memorable occasions. Surely the task of replacement is an incumbent upon this generation as the task of constant "trimming" and removal.

## Haltor's Top Spot

Congratulations to Alex Phillips on being named warden of Haltor County for 1961.

Appointment of a warden in Haltor each year is an interesting and significant event. The position carries with it a great deal of prestige as the head of Ontario's second wealthiest county in terms of assessment.

The job of a warden goes far beyond the routine conduct of affairs at the monthly meetings of County Council. There are a great many committee meetings, as well as numberless civic occasions which the warden is expected to attend.

Mr. Phillips, the reeve of Trafalgar Township for four terms, is no stranger to municipal politics with earlier service in 1941 and 1942 and then continuously since 1953. As the head of the bustling township of Trafalgar he is undoubtedly familiar with the growth in the south and the problems attendant to such growth.

It is this same growth that is being more and more keenly felt at the county level. From a population of about 40,000 in 1951 to a population today of 111,000, the county has set a remarkable growth rate. This is the rate that makes the new county facilities important and necessary.

Another major issue faces the county this year with the long-mooted amalgamation of Trafalgar and Oakville due for some settlement. Just how this major step will affect the county administrative structure is hard to predict. Certainly it will be necessary to establish a more equitable county voting power than now is possible.

From his position as warden, Reeve Alex Phillips will have a busy year overseeing the county's activities.

We wish him every success in charting, with members of county council, a strong and vigorous future for Haltor County.

## New Life for Old Houses

One of the proposals Ottawa is examining is establishment of a new mortgage bank. The Financial Post says:

So far, what kind of bank the federal officials have in mind isn't clear. It is just another mortgage lender which collects savings to finance its mortgage operations. As some have suggested, it looks like a dubious proposition indeed. There are lots of those already. If, however, the intention is to set up an institution to promote a secondary market for mortgages, or to develop a better lending facility for old houses, this could be a real step forward.

A major drawback in the mortgage field has been the poor marketability of existing mortgages. If you own a stock or a bond, it's easy to find a buyer at a price set in active trading among many investors. There's no such market in mortgages, however, and lenders tend to be more cautious about taking on new commitments because they

know they can't readily dispose of mortgages to other investors. An institution that could buy mortgages on a large scale and then either sell them, or securities backed by the mortgages, would make this very sound form of investment much more marketable and attractive.

Improved lending arrangements for old houses are a much greater problem. Some kind of government guarantee, or a leader's pooling of the risks for second mortgages, might be the answer here. As it is now, a homeowner who has to sell his house several years after it was built may find it almost impossible to find a buyer with a large enough down payment. New house building gets lots of help already. What's needed is a better climate for mortgages on old houses, to help cut down some of the high second mortgage rates, and for trading in existing mortgages, to attract more lenders.

## One Set of Laws

A Hungarian-born naturalized Canadian citizen named John Pall has been much in the news recently because of his professed support for the Nazi political philosophy. From more than one source has come the suggestion that because he has publicly expounded such views, Pall should be booted out of Canada. But when Immigration Minister Ellen Fairclough was asked in the House of Commons whether her department was considering revocation of Pall's citizenship status, she made this reply: "Unless there are grounds for revocation of that citizenship, he of course retains his Canadian citizenship and such punishment as he may deserve by reason of his activities may be meted out to him just in the same way as it would be meted out to any other Canadian citizen."

John Pall's political activities this past fall certainly would win him no popularity contest. In October he appeared on a CBC television program and claimed that he was one of about 600 Nazis in Canada; he went on to say that most of them were Hungarians, a suggestion that brought denials and

denunciations from spokesmen for that group. In November Pall travelled to Washington, D.C., and became a member of the U.S. Nazi Party. Within a few days he had resigned that membership and had been deported to Canada, officially for a failure to maintain his visitor's status. Back in Toronto to maintain his visitor's status. Back in Toronto a contrite Pall told newsmen that he was through with politics for good, that he is a Catholic and opposed to the persecution of Jews, although he still thought the Nazis had shown themselves the most effective barrier to communism. He added that his one wish was to be "a simple Canadian citizen."

Pall's political views, or perhaps former political views, are not popular here. But it is still a free country and he is still a Canadian citizen. As Immigration Minister Fairclough noted, if he engages in illegal activities there are legal penalties, but the law must be applied alike to naturalized and native-born Canadians. There can be only one set of laws—not one set for the native-born Canadian citizen and another set for the naturalized Canadian citizen.



## "Winter Elf"

# Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

Ah, wasn't that a lovely cold snap we had here? Didn't it just make you feel good to be alive? We're not glad you were a full-blooded Canadian, part of the hard inner core of our country, and not one of those imitations who live away down in places like southern Ontario and Vancouver, who scarcely know what an honest two feet of snow looks like, but who keep pretending they're real Canadians.

Why, I was in Toronto last weekend and I felt like a hard-bitten centurion from the provinces, visiting Rome in the middle of Nero's reign. You know something? They didn't have one lousy little inch of snow, let alone any snow. You'd hardly know it was winter, except for a wind blowing up the concrete canyons that would cut the eyeballs out of you.

It isn't that I envy these people. Not at all. After all, every country has its decadent centres, where live those of its people who have lost that tough inner fibre, and who have become soft and luxury loving. England has them. They throng the south coast in July, when there are some days so hot you have to take off your tweed jacket. Some of them have become so degenerate they'll put on bathing attire and run right into the English Channel, right up to their knees.

Even the Eskimos have this trouble. Some of their people have lost their old values, the true way of life, and have gone on the southern fringes of Eskimoland, working for money, of all things, and eating stuff out of cans, just like the rest of us.

They don't seem to realize they have lost their old integrity and dignity—the stuff that made Uncle Oog-Loog sit beside a hole in the ice for five days, waiting to spear a nonexistent seal. Some of these modern Eskimos have slipped so far from their great heritage that were it not for some of our Canadian whites, like Farley Mowat, they'd probably think they were having a good time, being warm and eating sliced bread and jam instead of blubber.

No we can't help this weak strain in our sturdy national breed. Every nation has a few—some Canadians must take notice, some Canadians must take notice of our country's deep south where the temperature is often away up in the 20s. Not to mention the traitors, renegades, and people with enough money who slip away to Florida and California, the minute winter calls its first chill challenge.

It isn't the fact that we have these parasites that gets me. It's their attitude. They're all wrapped up in themselves and aren't even remotely interested in what the weather was like this morning when you left the north country, what a rough trip down you had through the blizzard, and the fact that you'll probably never make it home tonight. "Yes, must have been bad," they comment indifferently, then start talking about television.

It's fortunate that in the real heart of the country, right in the interior there are plenty of us left; the good, old Canadian "Winter face to face, looks it square in the eye, and talks about it fearlessly and incessantly.

None of this lolling about in heated subway trains for us. We get out and start our cars. And, by George, there's nothing but what will test a man's ingenuity, mechanical skill and vocabulary like starting the old girl after the mercury has dived below zero.

There's none of this whizzing around on bare pavements for us. That's not living. It's like playing Post Office with no pins. Up this way, winter driving is more like Russian Roulette. You skid wildly down the streets, seldom pointing in the direction you are going. When you get to a corner, you put on your brakes and slide halfway across the intersection, head swivelling like a fighter pilot. Or you do get stopped, and you can't see a thing in any direction for snowbanks, so you close your eyes and drive out.

There's none of this panty-waist talk about the latest plays and ballet and music and other exotic stuff those southern people in the cities talk about in winter. Our talk is real and terse and meaningful. It's stripped to the bone, the language of the sturdy, self-reliant Canadian of the interior, tackling the elements on his own terms.

Like, "Ja make the hill first time 'snorring' and 'Dam! snowplow is late again, I see,' and 'Yah should get my ice,' and 'Yahda, snowed! the whole bloody thing 'out' again,' and 'How many gallons ja use in December?' That's the sort of straightforward, man's talk you get around here in the winter from the real Canadians.

Seems to be a lot like the language used by others who had to face a hard, bitter fight of it in their time. Like the cowboys in the early Wild West. Or the convicts who were dumped ashore on the shores of the first monkeys who decided to come down out of the trees and have a whack at it.

## Erin Fire Sunday Destroys Barn, Stock

Fire levelled the barn early Sunday morning at the home of Norman Ridler, RR 2, Erin, and killed eight cows, 10 pigs and 400 chickens.

Shortly before dawn, Mr. Ridler awoke to the sound of a loud crash and as he peered out a bedroom window he noticed the top portion of the barn in flames.

Also lost in the fire were 3,000 bushels of grain, 100 tons of hay, six tons of straw and several farm implements stored in the barn.

Erin Fire Department answered the alarm but the fire had gained too much headway before firemen arrived and only nearby buildings could be protected from possible fire.

# THE GOOD OLD DAYS

## 50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Jan. 19, 1911.

Acton will require 25 new houses to accommodate the growth for the present year. Got busy, capitalists and builders!

Look between Constable Lawton and W. H. Deeny's, Young St., a gun's low rubber, size 7. Owner will appreciate it being left at the Free Press office.

While playing hockey at Millon Saturday night, Carl Clark had the misfortune to have his right thumb split by an opposite player's stick. The injury was minor and after treatment he continued to play in the game.

While running a circular wood saw at Speyside on Monday forenoon, Mr. James Scott of the third line had the misfortune to get the first finger of his left hand caught by the saw. The nail was torn off and the first joint painfully lacerated.

On Monday, Mrs. George Spall of Toronto, visiting at the home of Mrs. Archie Finney on Church Street, gave her little four-year-old son a dose of medicine, thinking it was cascara. It proved to be a preparation of musquillo, gall and podaroff. Dr. Holmes was immediately sent for. He administered emetics and antidotes, which were effective in averting any serious results.

Mr. Robert Nellis brought a record breaking load of fine maple logs to town on Thursday from D. A. Henderson's—blubber lot in Erin. The load brought to the C.T.R. station measured 1,000 feet and weighed 11,825 pounds.

Mr. M. Kaley's team ran away on Main Street at four yesterday, upsetting him from the sleigh. The team was caught later on the hill at Mr. W. Hawthorne's. Mr. Kaley received a shaking up but suffered no ill effects from the tumble. The sleigh was damaged slightly but was in condition to be used right away.

Norman McLeod was chosen as chief of the fire brigade during the annual meeting Monday night. Dr. H. A. Cox is the new secretary and G. Soper the treasurer.

## 20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Jan. 23, 1941.

Final details have been completed for the organization of the Acton Rural Hockey League and already four teams have been entered. Fridays and Mondays have been chosen for game nights and the tea-off comes tomorrow evening when the four teams meet together in the lounge to date we Beardmore and Co., Larne Scots, Nival Monarchs and Georgetown Pirates. Plenty of interest has been sparked by the players and a large crowd is expected to follow the league games.

The Victoria Mission Band held their January meeting in Knox Presbyterian church last Thursday and the leader, Mrs. H. Mainprize, conducted the inquisition service when John Rumley was chosen as the new president.

During the fair board meeting Wednesday in the town hall, Mac Symon was chosen president to head the organization for the year. A splendid report of the past year was given and plans for the coming fair were discussed.

The Y.M.C.A. has been an active spot this winter and mainly youngsters are enjoying the facilities provided. The Friday evening dances are putting quite interesting and last week a real turnout was present. The gym classes have expanded considerably since the first of the season and every piece of available equipment is being used to service for these occasions.

During the council meeting Tuesday evening, the members struck a tax rate amounting to 51 mills. Last year's rate was 46 1/2 mills. Council received information from clerk treasurer C. E. Leatherland he would be unable to continue in the capacity of clerk-treasurer but suggested the office be split into two divisions and he would continue as clerk if council wished him to. He suggested the clerk be paid \$150 for his duties and the treasurer's salary be set at \$250. Council agreed with this arrangement and expressed their appreciation to Mr. Leatherland for his services in the past.

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