

Editorial Page

Giving Thanks

The Thanksgiving holiday is over. It was a weekend of beautiful weather and one that was conducive to the real spirit of thanksgiving. Even though the actual celebration of thanksgiving is now past it seems reasonable that the spirit should be continued. We listed some of the things for which we might be thankful, not on one day of the year, but on any day of the year. The length of the list was dictated more by the space of time than by the feeling it was complete.

Some of the things on our "to be thankful list" could perhaps be included in yours. We're thankful

- that the voice of an individual or a group can be heard by those who govern, despite feelings of frustration in accomplishing this.
- that we are given the seasons in due course, despite our constant complaining about the weather and the order of its occurrence.
- that we have the records of history from which to see the mistakes of the past though we frequently ignore the lessons that history would teach us.
- that we have the right to worship one God despite our differences of religious form and interpretation.
- that we still have a freedom of choice in many things, though at times we seem anxious to deplete the number of choices by referring the decisions to government.
- that there is not the hunger in this land that is known on other continents despite our shocking waste.

● that there are people who volunteer their service in the common good despite the fact we often abuse them in their efforts to serve.

● that we have the power to communicate with each other in song and speech though we so often misunderstand each other in our careless use of that power.

● that we have a new generation following to take our place though we may be inattentive to them or over indulgent.

● that we have an enthusiasm of spirit that helps us meet each new day though we may not utilize it to the best advantage of ourselves or others.

● that new paths are opened to us through science and man's inventiveness despite the fact it is not always used for good.

● that we are surrounded by fresh air though we do much to pollute it in the name of progress.

● that we have limbs to move us and help us in our movement though we do little to encourage the good health that would continue that physical fitness.

● that we have the landscape beauty of spring, summer, fall and winter despite man's efforts to clutter the view with products of their own making.

● that there is some being Supreme that directs our destiny despite our vain thoughts that we alone should exercise that control.

For these and many other things we're thankful and we imagine you will also find a measure of thankfulness for those things within this list.

Changing Mood

It is too bad that Bertrand Russell, 89 and ill, should have had to be sentenced to seven days in a London jail for stepping up past a nuisance value his civil disobedience campaign against nuclear weapons. It is not the first time that the Earl has gone to jail on a matter of principle, though this time it is unlikely that many people in Great Britain—or here in Canada—will see much point in continuing to support ban-the-bomb demonstrations. Russia's resumption of test explosions of atomic bombs has shown that such demonstrators are in the wrong country.

It is significant that observers in Britain report that the mood there has changed from escapism to realism, from apathy to anger. Khrushchev's closing of East-Berlin his resumption of nuclear tests and his warning to Britons of the hazards of their American alliance has created in London a mood

said to be reminiscent of the spring of 1939. The British are fearful of new aggression in Europe, but they will be pushed around no further. For a nation that stood up to bombs and rockets through the six years of the Second World War—and half expected to be blown off the map then—there is great courage in facing up to the potential horrors of nuclear war.

Contrary to his intent, anti-Americanism has declined in the face of Khrushchev's threats. To the discomfort of the communists, who helped organize them, recent Trafalgar Square meetings have featured more slams at the U.S.S.R. than at the U.S. Not many weeks ago such assemblies mainly painted the Americans as the foes of peace. In all this there has been no prompting from the British government. The British people are content to let the communist countries have their communism. Their mood is not anti-communist, but is firmly anti-aggression.

comparable increases. Others who would suffer are the ones who don't get their demands in until the price increases have been in effect for some time.

Back in the First World War and its aftermath the school-teachers and the civil servants were the victims of prices that were getting out of line with their salaries. Nowadays it seems likely that the teachers' organizations, having learned something from their pupils of yesterday, are right up in procession. The retired teachers are the ones who are not benefiting from the current increase in the cost of education.

The Ones Who Pay

Almost startling is the statement made in a recent book on inflation by Melchior Palyi that wage earners pay the cost of wage increases.

Perhaps this is too broad a statement, but if all the wage earners in the nation are granted wage increases and the result of such wage increases is to bring about price increases, it follows clearly that consumers, who are wage earners, are paying the cost of their own wage increases.

The low man on this totem pole is, of course, the person who is living on a fixed income. He is not in position to demand

Car Populations

Admittedly these are not the best possible times here in Canada, but you would never know that from the statistics on automobile registrations. There is now nearly one passenger car per family in the country—a total of 4,000,673 registrations in 1960, according to the new issue of the report put out annually by the Canadian Automobile Chamber of Commerce. That is an increase of 205,000 from the previous year, and an increase of more than a million over the past five years. When all vehicles are included we had 5,255,000 registrations in 1960.

It is a significant sidelight on comparative living standards that only four countries in the world have more automobiles on their roads than Canada has, and those nations

have from more than three to more than ten times our population: the United States, 61,000,000 car registrations in 1960; the United Kingdom, 5,550,000; France, 5,520,000; West Germany, 4,680,000.

For all Russia's claimed advances of recent years there are only 638,000 cars on the roads there—less than one-sixth of the Canadian total. Russia, apparently puts the emphasis on production of trucks; last year the total of registrations of all vehicles in the U.S.S.R. was 3,983,000. The figures for Japan reflect somewhat the same situation—345,300 passenger cars and a total of 1,696,500 registrations of all vehicles.

more on new cars in 1960 than ever before in our history—\$1,289,073,000 to buy 447,771 new automobiles, for an average price of \$2,879 per car.

"Golden Interlude"



Photo by Arthur Taylor

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

Thanksgiving Day and I wonder lengthily and tedious thanks that my children are not mongoloid idiots, and that there's oil in the tank and food in the frig and a few dollars in the pocket. When you do that, it's difficult to keep a touch of superstition, of the knock-wood variety, out of the whole business. What I do is concentrate on all the good things that have happened to me in the past, and give thanks for them.

For example, I'm thankful that I had the parents I did. That's a piece of blind chance, and I was luckier than most. I learned a lot of good things from them, and I just wish they had lived long enough to realize it. My mother taught me to hold my head up, and "If you haven't something good to say of a person, say nothing." My dad taught me, by example, something that has proved even more valuable—a how to get along with a woman who never stops talking.

As a result, each Thanksgiving, I turn my thoughts rigidly away from the lingering green of the golf course, from the rainbow trout skulking deep, from the sun and shadow of the partridge-startled woods trail.

Each year, I try to spend Thanksgiving, or some part of it, in remembering and giving thanks. It's not a particularly religious production. This is all taken care of the day before, when we go to church and the minister reminds us of all we have to be thankful for, and of all the starving people in the world, and we sit there belching gently after our big bacon-and-eggs breakfast, and wishing he'd cut it short so we could get out and enjoy a smoke.

No, I don't flop down on

ends were killed, and it hurt some. But now I give thanks for them, that they'll never grow old, and bald, and sunken-checked, and pot-bellied, and hard-eyed, and sick.

There was lots to be thankful for after the war, too, says this little note that's been pushed in front of me. I agree. It's been a happy, wonderful experience, every day of our marriage, and there's not many fellows can type a thing like that with one hand, and the other twisted up between their shoulder blades.

Then there were the blessings of fatherhood to be thankful for. Two rare ones we got, with the big brown eyes and wagging tongue of their mother, and the sweet nature of their dad. And cheap as dirt. They've cost only about \$8,000 each to raise. But the dividends are starting to flow back in. I can now wear my son's socks, and do, when I can't find a pair of my own, and I'm sure I won't be out, except after dark.

And ten lively years in the newspaper business, and I suppose a man should be thankful he was never horse-whipped, shotgunned or even bisticulated during that eventful decade of poking his nose into all the better, turbulent currents of small town life.

Then into the teaching, and thankful I like the youngsters. It would be pure hell if one didn't. And here's another Thanksgiving gone by, and I've only begun to touch the things I'm thankful for. I wish they'd hold it twice a year.

Newlyweds

Auger-Halladay Vows Taken At Pretty Church Wedding

White and gold chrysanthe-mums decorated the Church of St. Alban the Marjorie on Saturday, September 30 for the marriage of Joyce Bernice Halladay and Charles Henry Auger. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Halladay, 108 Main Street North, and the groom is a son of Mrs. M. Auger, 373 Pine St. Milton, and the late Mr. H. Auger.

Rev. D. H. West officiated at the ceremony. Soloist was Mrs. C. Pettit of Guelph.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a floor-length gown of delustrated satin and French lace with scalloped necking and chapel train. A crown of seed pearls held her veil, a five yard square of tulle. She carried a bouquet of roses in a gold shade with deep pink tips.

Six Attendants
Matron of honor was Mrs. Jean Skelding, Toronto, aunt of the bride. Bridesmaids were Miss Judith Anne Halladay and Mrs. Doris McGilloway, both of

Acton, sisters of the bride, and Miss Marjorie Gough, Acton, a friend.

They were gowned similarly in gold peau de soie street length dresses with plain round necks and carried bouquets of pink mums. Their headpieces were of white and gold velvet bows with brown tulle. All wore gold necklaces with topaz stones set in gold.

Junior bridesmaids were Miss Deborah McGilloway, Acton, a niece of the bride, and Miss Jeanne Wilson, Toronto, a cousin. Their headpieces were of gold mums. They wore drop pearl ring pendants, a gift from the bride.

Best man was Glen Dance of Milton. Ushers were Bert and Wilfred Halladay, both of Acton, brothers of the bride, and James Auger, Milton, brother of the groom.

Reception in Hall
Following the ceremony, a reception was held in the parish hall. The bride's mother received wearing a mink brown wool

sheath and mink fur neckpiece with accessories in brown and beige tones with corsage of yellow mums.

She was assisted by the groom's mother, wearing a five piece mink stole dress and jacket with white accessories and corsage of white mums.

Leaving on a trip to Northern Ontario and the Laurentians, the bride wore a teal blue knitted wool suit with white accessories and corsage of yellow roses. On their return, they will reside at 179 Longfield Road, Acton.

Out-of-town guests were present from Montreal, Toronto, Orangeville, Guelph, Erin, Milton, Oakville, Colborne, Colborne, Streetsville, Kilbride, and Belwood, as well as Acton.

NEW MEANING

For thousands of years, mankind has battled to control his most valuable of servants—fire. Now in the awful climax of nuclear fission heat flash, the battle takes new form and meaning for personal survival.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Back in 1941

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Oct. 16, 1941.
Mr. Fred Day, M.A., of the Central High School of Commerce, Hamilton, has accepted a position as teacher at the Royal Canadian Air Force School at the former pupil of Miss M. Musales of Acton, a former student of Acton Continuation School, and a grandson of Mr. E. A. Wainwright, Lake Ave.

In the contest for farm and home improvement, Mr. Jack Allen, Acton, was awarded 10th prize. This is the second time a farmer from this district has won prizes in the provincial contest.

A new oven with a unit for heating is now being installed at the plant of Armaco Products in Acton on Maple Ave. The new oven will double the capacity of the plant, which is now busy making a wide range of crucibles. The company plans on adding another line to its products now being manufactured in Canada.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of Acton Fall Fair last evening, secretary E. T. Theiford was instructed to pay all the prize money. A summary of the finances indicated the board had enjoyed a good fair and after prize money is awarded, a comfortable surplus will be enjoyed to start next year with. President Mac Symon thanked all the directors for their hard work and the splendid cooperation given him during the year.

Mr. R. N. Brown brought in a fine branch of ripe raspberries to the Free Press this week. In case anyone is in doubt, they are on display in the window.

The steam shovels and trucks which have been busy at Beardmore and Co. excavating for filter beds have been taken away. Workmen are cleaning up before the beds are put to use.

Back in 1911

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Oct. 12, 1911.
Complaints have been made lately that freight trains have the habit of blocking Mill Street again. On Wednesday evening of last week, a train is alleged to have blocked this crossing for more than 10 minutes. The citizens of both sides of the crossing were drenched. They naturally felt wrathful and threatened to take legal action. It is hoped that such procedure will be unnecessary.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. William Walker, painter, fell from a scaffold at a new home he was painting on the 10th line, Esquimaux. Fortunately, no bones were broken, but he received a very painful shaking up and has been confined to his home since.

Street commissioner Harvey is having all the water in the new ditches cleared out in view of the freeze-up which is bound to come one of these days. Last year, this was not done and the commissioner encountered plenty of trouble throughout the winter.

The country is at its best as far as beauty is concerned and the maple leaves have turned a deep scarlet, presenting a beautiful picture for anyone to paint.

Mr. Nelson Lambert has moved to town from Erin and has taken up residence in Mr. Kitching's bungalow on Main Street.

The right-of-way along the G.T.R. tracks at Brampton was littered with four, lime, cement and stone when 12 cars of a freight were derailed and the goods spilled about the tracks.

A heavy guard was put up around the valuable contents in order to prevent any pilfering and the train crew worked strenuously in an effort to clear the line for traffic to continue.

Miss Dorothy Nelson picked a couple of branches of fresh raspberries from a bush at Limehouse during the weekend. Reports indicate the berries were delicious.

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