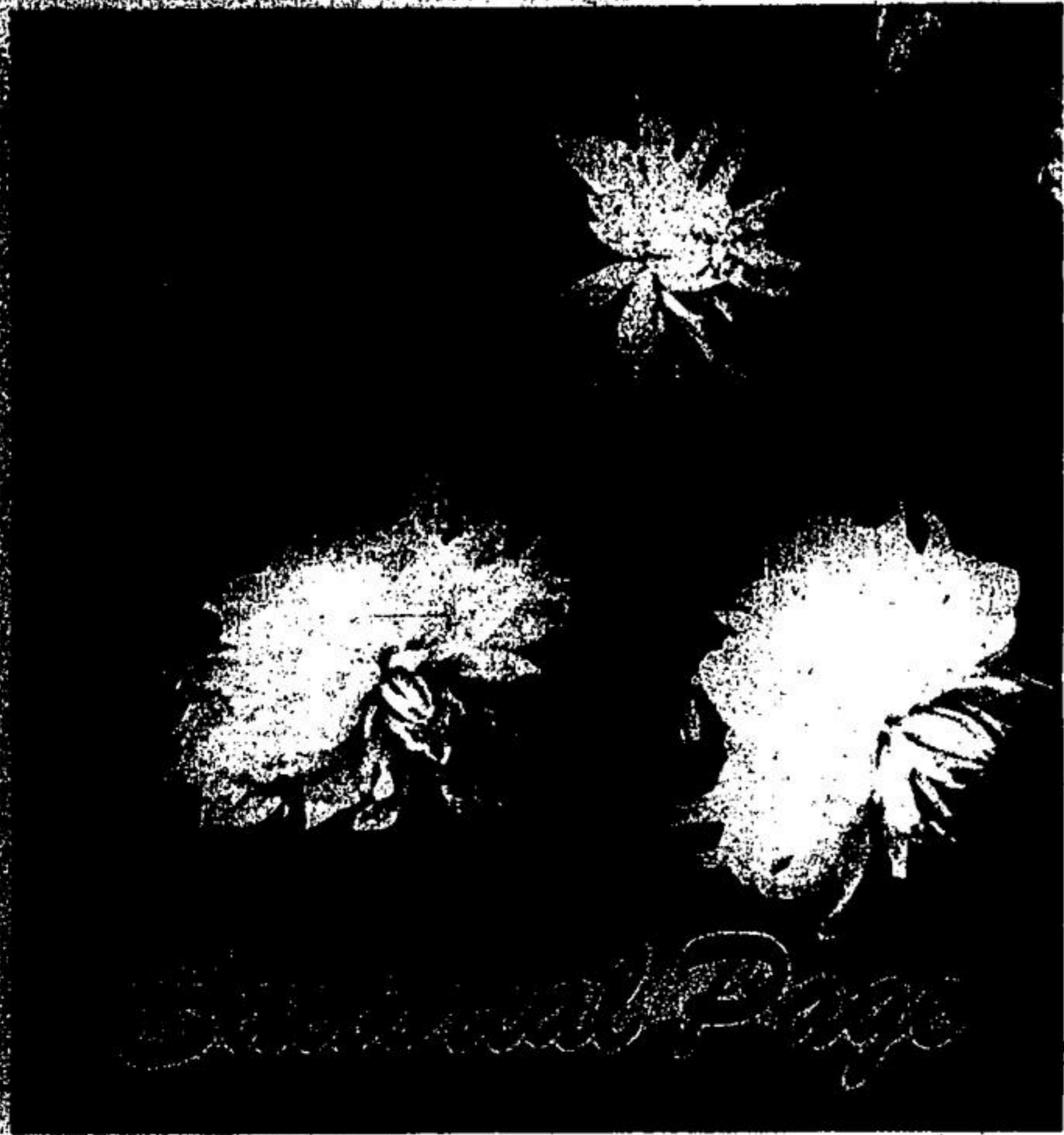


"Fair Display"



—Photo by Esther Taylor

Fair Week in Acton . . .

It's Fair Week in Acton and with some fair weather the annual fall fair will be a worthwhile event.

It will be the 49th Acton Fair and directors and officials are looking forward to a stage-setting event for the fiftieth anniversary next year. In the meantime they have lined up some additions to the program and planned this year's program to attract thousands to the fair grounds on Friday and Saturday.

Children will be getting their thrill out of early glimpses of the midway arriving, while the older citizens will be keenly watching weather and anticipating meetings with friends who find the Acton Fair a good place to meet those who may have left Acton.

Merchants are this year adding to the anticipation and gay atmosphere that a fall fair can produce in a town. They have arranged to offer some very good, genuine bargains to shoppers who look forward to a weekend of shopping in Acton stores.

It all adds to the attractiveness of Fair Week in Acton. And Fair Week in Acton must more and more attract the support, not just of the rural community but also the urban community. It stands as a common base on which all can and should contribute to a successful Fall Fair.

There have been suggestions from time to time that small fairs are dying out. If they did it would be a sad loss. Going to the fair may not have all the sparkle for the adults that it has for the children but it would be unfortunate if the parental apathy robbed the younger children of the thrill of the arriving midway, or the first truck loads of cattle can produce.

Six Weeks Not Too Long . . .

There seems to be considerable talk just now of another federal election and of course a provincial election can't be too far off in Halton.

One of the big cries about elections these days is the length of campaign that leaders and parties seem to feel should be reduced. The six weeks set for the national campaign, and required by the statutes that establish the election-staging machinery, don't seem to us to be a bit too long.

In Canada it seems to take six weeks to get the citizens interested enough to participate. The fact that the national leaders hustle and bustle back and forth across the country seems to point to a degree of confusion. Just why they can't start at one end of the country and travel to the other always been a question to us. Naturally every riding wants the leader's time and attention and undoubtedly this must be divided up on the basis of political need.

We've editorially expressed our sympathy for the leaders. A six week campaign can be gruelling under the best of circumstances. But surely a six week campaign is not too long at the local level. If a party is entering a new candidate in a riding like Halton, six weeks is far too short a time for them to become known. If a candidate is a sitting member naturally the six weeks may seem too long.

The six weeks though is a reasonable compromise between the two extremes and just because a few reporters get tired of trailing national leaders for the six weeks is no excuse to shorten the election campaign. The people of Canada need the six weeks because a good many don't give sufficient thought to national affairs at any other time.

A mental review of national affairs or provincial affairs takes the prodding of candidates from every political hue and six weeks is none too long a time in which to conduct that mental review.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Back in 1942

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Sept. 17, 1942.

One hundred years ago, 10 people met in the home of Samuel Worden on the fifth line in Esquesing township and discussed the problem of organizing a Baptist Church in the Acton district. Rev. John Oakley was called as the first pastor late in 1852 and the congregation met in homes and schoolhouses. Last Sunday, the Baptist Church marked its centenary in a fine and cosy edifice erected in 1902. Congregations packed it to the doors. Rev. John Ostrom, the present pastor, welcomed the visitors. Anniversary speaker was Prof. R. J. McCracken of McMaster University.

The Women's Association of Churchill met at the home of Mrs. Brooks with Mrs. Freeman in charge. The group has decided to have no more lunches for any meetings for the duration of the war.

In the list of those missing following the Dieppe raid, which has been released this week, was another native-born son of Acton, Lieut. Robert Stewart, son of Mrs. and the late W. H. Stewart. He received his education at Acton, Milton and the University of Toronto. (Mr. Stewart was taken prisoner, returned to Toronto after the war and was in Acton last week with pictures taken at the 20th anniversary observances at Dieppe, which he and his wife attended this summer.)

War's grim realities came to another Acton home when Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Anderson, Willow St., received word that their son, Sgt. Edward Allison Anderson, who was previously reported missing, is now believed killed in action over enemy territory. The word comes through the Red Cross in Geneva.

July sales in Acton for war savings certificates were down. With good crops and employment at an all-time high, it does not seem that savings should drop. We know the deductions from pay envelopes are monotonous. So is being overtaxed for three years at the same rate of pay, same old uniforms and equipment.

2,400,000 rifle bullets a year are being recovered from the slag, or worthless refuse, at Kirkland Lake mines.

Electrical power comes on the restricted list September 20.

The new roof over the curling rink section of the arena has been completed.

George Somerville has sold additional acres of land to Beardmore Co. for filter beds.

Back in 1912

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Sept. 12, 1912.

The corner site is nearly cleared, ready for the Post Office and Customs House.

The tender of contractor J. B. Mackenzie for the erection of the new Hydro Electric transformer station on Willow St. was accepted last week. It will be ready when the transmission line reaches Acton from Guelph.

There was quite a furor for a quarter of an hour in the ministers' section of Willow St. when little Gertrude Draper, the 18-month old daughter of the Methodist parsonage, suddenly disappeared. With great anxiety, the parents and neighbors searched. The Corporation Pond adjacent to the property was naturally thought of. Finally, she was found in Mr. Frank Gamble's garden. Then followed thankful rejoicings and neighborly congratulations.

A well attended meeting of various members of the different congregations was held to consider matters relative to the foreign population in town. Plans will be devised for holding services for them and to undertake such work in their behalf as may be deemed advisable.

It required considerable grace and respect for the Sabbath on the part of the many farmers to resist the temptation to haul in grain last Sunday afternoon after some of it had the first opportunity of a few days' drying in a month. This especially when the skies were so threatening of rain again.

Fifty-four children in Toronto have died of whooping cough in the last month.

As an outcome of the Titanic enquiry, the Board of Trade in Great Britain has issued revised rules for increasing the safety of lives at sea. Lifeboat accommodation for all on board is required.

Last Friday, while Mr. Thomas Ebbage was delivering well tile he fell from his truck and sustained fractured ribs and painful bruises. Being in rather poor health, this accident has been severely felt.

The high price of meat has driven many people to a fruit and vegetable diet.

Everton's new cement bridge is completed and open for traffic. The attendance at Toronto Exhibition was within 40,000 of the million mark. (This year, there were three million.)

It is believed a wild cat was caught in Nassagaweya and solves the mystery of the killing of some pigs.

NEWS FROM AROUND THE DISTRICT

GEORGETOWN—Town auditor Walter Pope has been asked to reorganize the municipal offices before the end of this year, at a fee of \$1,200. Councillors feel it is imperative to have a top notch organization to handle municipal business.

BURLINGTON—Recently Mayor Owen Mullin asked citizens to suggest projects to council, and write in with any criticism of the town. Ever since, his mail has been pretty heavy. Suggestions have included the recommendation that buildings and obstructions be removed from the lakefront, and criticisms have come in about the proposed cross-town highway through the hydro right-of-way.

BRAMPTON—The town's oldest resident chalked up another year last week, when Mrs. Hannah Couse celebrated her 104th birthday at a local rest home. Her recipe for longevity is to "live moderately."

OAKVILLE—One of the many Navy admirals who calls Oakville home, Rear-Admiral Edward W. Finch-Noyes, 51, is retiring this year as Flag Officer of the Pacific Coast command. He joined the Navy as a cadet at the age of 26.

PORT CREDIT—An application by Leslie Allan to establish a new AM-FM radio station in Port Credit has been refused by the Board of Broadcast Governors. Both the Brampton and Oakville radio stations opposed the application. The Board ruled the area the station proposed to serve would not be able to provide sufficient revenue without requiring advertising from Metropolitan Toronto.

MILTON—Council's plans for annexation were outlined to a small meeting of Milton Chamber of Commerce members last week, by annexation committee chairman Norman Pearce. Only 11 men representing nine per cent of those merchants invited, attended the meeting.

C.N.R. Project

To Begin Laying Track Soon

Teams of construction and railway crews continue to sustain the on-schedule work program for Canadian National's Toronto Terminal Project. It includes a 34-mile access-line and 1,200-acre freight classification yard. Slated for completion by early 1965.

In the east, the Henderson Ave. subway and the Woodbine bridge separating rail access-line traffic from roads have been completed, reported John L. Cann, project director.

Grading of various sections of the access-line from Milton to Roxbury ranged from 60 to 90 per cent complete. By October 1, track-laying crews will begin laying line on the section between Georgetown and Milton and ballasting operations will be carried out concurrently. Work on a set-off yard near Milton will begin in mid-September.

Considerable installation of signals has been made at Georgetown and this work is continuing.

Sugar and Spice . . .

BY BILL SMILEY

This week my wife and I had an anniversary. No, we didn't celebrate it. We just had it. There are no celebrations when these milestones loom up, out of the domestic fog. We merely observe them, with a mixture of wonder, awe and incredulity.

Sixteen years of wedded bliss. Hah! Sixteen years of sharing bed and board with a strange woman I'd never even laid eyes on until I was 25. As the kids say, "How crazy can you get?"

Into each life some rain must fall, as the old song puts it. But it didn't forecast a full-scale storm. It was raining hard the day we were married, and it's been thundering and lightning ever since.

One thing about our marriage, though. We started off on the right foot. And we've never been in step since.

Yes, we were well organized, financially secure and emotionally mature. None of this rushing into a hasty, ill-considered, poorly-matched union that we see so often among the young people today. Everything was well planned and carefully prepared before we leaped into the quicksand.

We were just starting fourth year of college. I said, "Let's get married." She said, "All right." We dug up a minister and a few mourners, and plighted the good old troth. We then jumped into a borrowed car and took off for a honeymoon in a borrowed cottage, where we lived on love and borrowed money.

And when we returned, there was none of this business of moving in with the folks. No, I'd

rented a smart little apartment where my bride and I were going to live just like real, married people. The neighborhood was a little on the shabby side — just a block from the red-light district, but it was only \$10 a week. I made sure we arrived after dark and she didn't even notice the pool-room next door.

I wish I could say that I carried her over the threshold. I'd planned to, but I couldn't find the key. And there followed our first fight, one of those brief and bitter altercations that have been so frequent in the subsequent 16 years, as I have looked for various keys in front of various doors all over the country.

Perhaps this incident took the keen edge off her thrill at entering our first home. At any rate, when the crumbly old landlady finally let us in, the bride didn't stand there and squeal with delight, as I'd expected. She took one swift glance around, threw me the first of several thousand murderous looks, and burst into tears.

I didn't understand her then, and I've been trying since that September day 16 years ago with no more success. That was a perfectly good room, with a pull-out bed, a two-ring gas burner and a bathroom just up on the next floor and down the corridor a little way. And I've been spoiling that girl ever since.

We've been through a lot toge-


ther in the ensuing years; better and worse, richer and poorer, sickness and health, children and mortgages. And you've only to take a look at us to know which one has thrived on it.

I've lost quite a bit of my hair, a good many of my teeth, most of my illusions, and all the arguments. All I've picked up is a small pot, a heap of obligations, and a hunted look. The Old Lady hasn't lost a thing. She still has the slim figure, the fine dark eyes, the dark hair, the white teeth and all the rest of her good looks. And she's picked up two children, a joint checking account and a maddening air of infallibility. It isn't fair.

However, that's the way things have gone, and I'm not complaining. As the old proverb has it, "A man works from sun to sun, but a woman sits around watching television." No, I don't object to having worked my head to the bone for the last 16 years to keep her and her children in style. I've written all that off as experience.

What gets me is not the past, but the future — the knowledge that I will have to live, until death do us part, with a woman who is not only better looking and smarter than I am, but knows it.

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The Acton Free Press

Published by the Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.
 Founded in 1875 and published every Thursday at 54
 Wilbur St., Acton, Ont., a 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.
 Subscriptions payable in advance, \$100 in Canada, \$4.00
 in England and other Commonwealth Countries, \$5.00
 in the United States and other Foreign Countries,
 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 853-2010

1000 Attend Sale of Work

Over 1,000 persons attended the annual sale of work sponsored by the Georgetown Arts and Crafts Association Saturday.

The event, which displayed the work of some 24 local artists, was held at the farm of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. N. Hoeg, 25 Side-road, between the First and Second lines in the Township of Nassagaweya.

Mrs. Leslie Clarke, 41 Main St. S., Georgetown, President of the Georgetown Arts and Crafts Association, said that most of the

items displayed at the showing were sold.

Mrs. Clarke said the event will be held again next year. A location has not yet been selected.