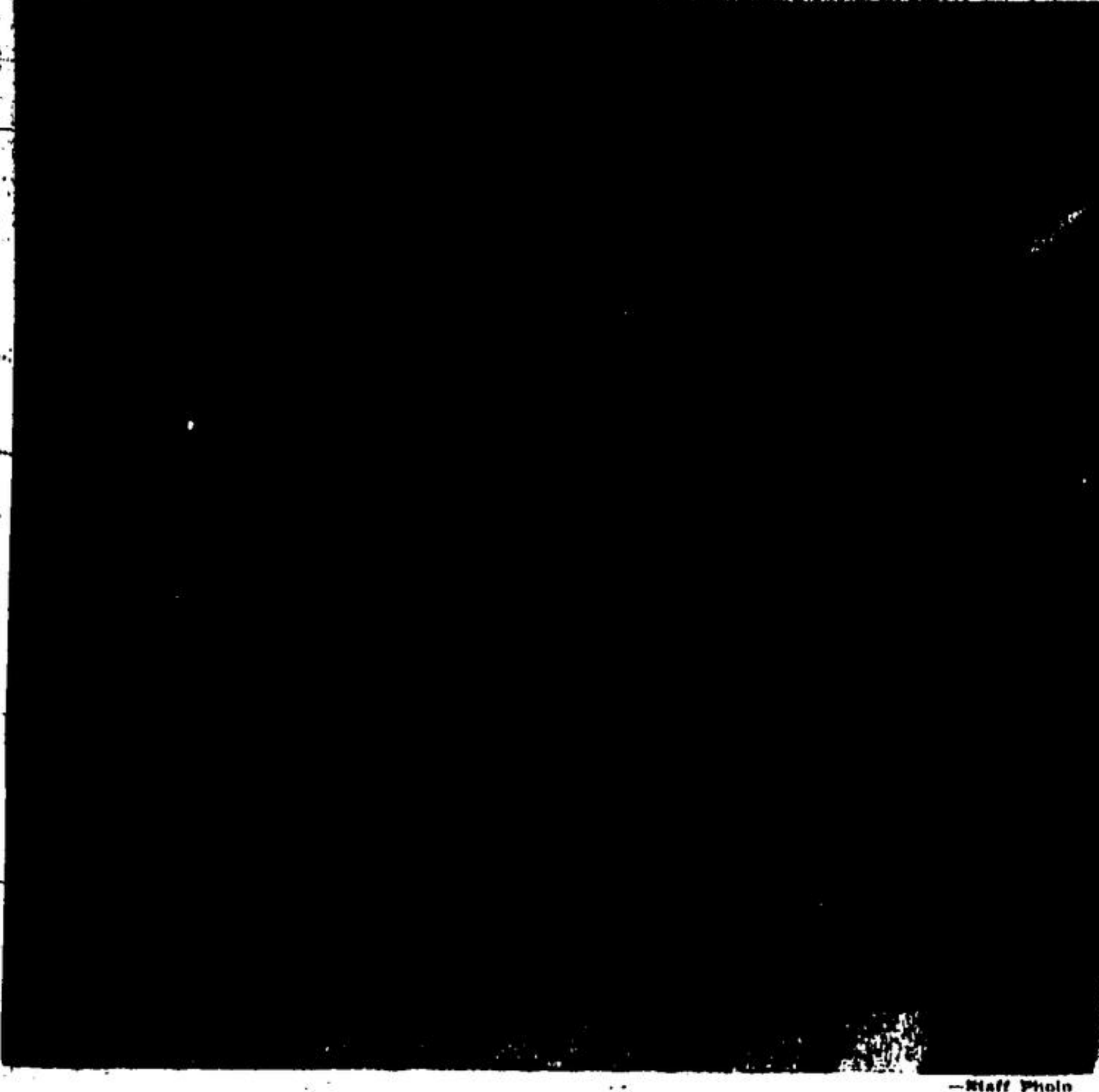


A Dream Come True



FASCINATING MOMENT in any child's life is to clamber aboard a fire engine. Two grade one pupils at the Robert Little public school, Donna Darby and Johnny Richardson, had their dream come true Wednesday as firefighter Bill Knight explained how the pumping system works during fire prevention week.

Take a Bow, Fair Board...

The highly successful Acton Fair of 1963 reflects the hours of preparation and planning by the officers and directors. The new-found spirit of enthusiasm and co-operation generated this year again forcefully demonstrates the usefulness and long-term future of the event in the life of the community. The highly favorable weather was an important factor in the financial success of the event.

The return of a Friday evening program in the Community Centre is a step in the right direction. An important feature of this program is that it is not dependent on weather. We feel that this evening show should be developed to its maximum potential so that revenue would be available in case of inclement weather for the Saturday portion of the fair. Not only should the Friday show be developed but other sources of revenue, which would not be so dependent on weather condition, could be inaugurated which would guarantee the financial success annually.

If the financial returns of the fair are not healthy, it is impossible to stage a satisfactory fair year after year.

We feel that the installation of a concrete floor in the Community Centre would increase the potential returns for the Friday night program and the Saturday night dance, as well as the insurance that the fair could continue in the event of inclement weather Saturday afternoon. When these two events reach maximum potential, then the board might consider expanding the show to include a Thursday evening program.

However, the first step in enlarging the program, we feel, is to install the floor in the arena. This project, undertaken with the same enthusiasm and community spirit as was evident in the 1963 fair and the project to refurbish the Community Centre, has every chance of being successful and should be initiated without delay.

Gears Aren't Meshing...

This spurny of ours must indeed present a confusing picture to those countries who eye our wonderful "way of life."

Sit back far enough for an "aerial" view of the nation and take in the facts:

Our prairies produce an abundant harvest so repeatedly that we develop a surplus of wheat. It is difficult, in years of abundance, to market it at a price the farmer will willingly accept so government is called on to store it.

A government agency then busily scurries around and, because of poor crop conditions in Russia, the Russians choose to buy our good Canadian wheat of which we have so much. The cheers are loud and long and those responsible are busily bowing to the happy farmers and the taxpayers who hope government storage may be reduced.

Then just when the picture appears rosy, a group of longshoremen decide it's time they had a pay raise so they down their tools and cripple the movement of all that wheat. It was the first strike called by the International Longshoremen's Association since 1936, one newspaper tells us.

Somewhere, surely, our Canadian gears just aren't meshing. Perhaps we're all so self-satisfied or unsatisfied (it's hard to tell which) that we don't worry about co-operation for the sake of our country or our government. We're all becoming so selfishly self-centred that our concern can't reach beyond our own little shell of home and self.

What a peculiar and distorted picture we must portray to other nations. What a sharp contrast it must be to what we tell them. What a disturbing affect it must have on those who envy our "way of life."

How selfish we all are! If anything troubles us we call for government to rectify it, and if they don't promise to they don't get elected. Surely it is time for us to lose ourselves, as Canadians, in the job of country-building that lies ahead. If only we would open our eyes to look through the window, and not just at it.

Briefs...

Now somebody has suggested paying young people to stay in school. This is from a piece with the suggestion to lower the standing required for university entrance to 50 percent. The result of such policies would be to make education worthless, and fill the halls of higher education with drones.

Curiously enough, autumn is not merely the time when things in Nature die but it is also the time when things which are to grow next spring are planted, such as grass seed and bits.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, October 9, 1913.

Several complaints have been lodged against citizens of Scene St. of being engaged in manual labor on Sunday. One man was engaged in painting and another in plastering. On a recent Sunday, a man on the street was chingling his horse. Our citizens are not accustomed to this kind of Sabbath breaking. For the sake of good citizenship, if for no higher motive, it should be discontinued.

Mr. W. Cook, Frederick St., has just removed a landmark—the old barn on his premises. This building was erected in 1879 by the late William E. Adams for a pump factory, which he conducted there for several years and then removed to Drayton. It has since been used as a horse barn.

Messrs. Johnstone and Co. have removed from Mr. H. C. Bartlett, the furniture and undertaking business, which they sold him a year and a half ago, when they removed to Saskatoon, Sask. Mr. Bartlett did a good business and made many friends. The community will be pleased, however, to welcome Mr. Johnstone back again to the business he conducted so satisfactorily for 12 years.

A well known gentleman of leisure, who is erstwhile an enthusiastic sportsman, took a trip out to the north of town the other day in search of game. As he was strolling complacently through the bush of Mr. Charles Davidson, he stepped over a big log and into the fair of a saw with a litter of young pigs. The saw resented the intrusion and charged on the sportsman in a ferocious and terrifying manner. Mr. Sportsman shinned it up the nearest tree, where he was held in a rattling prisoner until his dog drove the saw away and he reached terra firma and sprinted for the nearest fence.

A long suffering public would appreciate the kindness if motor cyclists would use the mufflers on their machines while riding about town. This would minimize the distressing noise they make when the mufflers are left open.

The bridge on the electric road over the stream at Church St. is about completely rotten. Church St. bridge is also being repaired and raised to a higher level.

20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, October 7, 1943.

It was drawn to the attention of the Public School Board at their meeting recently that the primary room is overcrowded. The principal was instructed to put into effect the former ruling of the board that only children who will be six years of age before December 31 of the present school year will be permitted to attend school. Pupils are not to be allowed to start school in the middle of the term and only at the commencement of the fall term.

Organized ten months ago, Action Boys' Band, under the direction of Mr. Charles W. Mason, was able last night to put on a concert in the town hall. There are between 20 and 25 boys in the organization. Another feature of the concert was a contest in which 11 boys participated. They each played a scale, a bugle call and a selection of their own winners were George Elliott, Ross Ken Anderson, second; Aldo Brandt, third.

Most of the events in the combined Public and Continuation School field day have been run off. The Continuation School champions have been announced: junior boys, Lorne Arbie; intermediate boys, Doug David; senior boys, Dave Dills; junior girls, Joan Cates; senior girls, Margaret How.

In connection with Fire Prevention Week, Action Fire Brigade will give a demonstration of the firefighting equipment in the park on Saturday afternoon at five o'clock. Citizens are invited to attend this demonstration and see the effectiveness of the equipment that Action may well be proud to possess.

The 19th anniversary of Acton United Church on Sunday was an occasion befitting the marking of another milestone in the work of the church in the community. Rev. J. H. Moore of St. Paul's United Church, Milton, was the guest preacher. Pie I. G. Chalmers of St. Thomas sang at both morning and evening services.

The housing problem in Acton was stressed by one of the first to demand attention when the days of peace came. These are the days to lay aside the funds in Victory Bonds to help carry out those dreams of the homes in the post war period.

Monday is Thanksgiving Day— not merely a public holiday, but a day to give thanks — and what glorious causes we have to thanksgiving.

NEWS FROM AROUND THE DISTRICT

BRAMPTON — A battery of 40 Northwood Park ratepayers descended on council recently with jars of muddy water, piles of stained laundry, a tray of concentrated rust and signs demanding, "Give Us Clean Water." Residents of Northwood Park have been pressing for town council to vote for an iron removal plant extension, but council headed by mayor Russell Prouse, has refused to vote on the proposed \$120,000 expenditure.

BURLINGTON — The Burlington Chamber of Commerce recently accepted from the Oakville Chamber of Commerce, a challenge to increase the percentage of voters in the forthcoming municipal election. On accepting the challenge, Burlington C. of C. secretary-manager Russ McNeil stated, "our organization has complete faith in Burlington voters and is confident they will outvote Oakville at the polls this December."

OAKVILLE — Miss Oakville in 1963, pretty Anne Gomes, will be the Lakeshore town's entrant in the Miss Canada contest to be held in Toronto, next month. The attractive Oakville maiden will be vying for the title against the same of the most beautiful girls in the country.

GEORGETOWN — One dead and two injured sheep posed a peculiar problem to Georgetown councillor recently when police constable R. D. Whitson complained about dogs molesting his sheep which he pastures on the Meadow Glen Growers' property. It was learned that no existing town by-law covered the problem although such a by-law does exist in Esquesing Township.

MILTON — Prompt action on the approval of a \$691,450 addition to the Williams Ave. High School was urged by members of the District High School Board when they appeared before Milton council Monday. School Board Chairman A. D. Clark stressed the need of the improved facilities to offer the technical training introduced to the high school curriculum. Included in the new addition would be eight classrooms, three general shops, two home economic rooms, two laboratories, one library, a gymnasium and a cafeteria. The existing library classroom would be converted to a commercial room and a bath room would be converted to a guidance office.

"Keep Architectural Heritage" Guest Urges University Women

B. Napier Simpson, J., a Toronto architect, addressed the University Women's Club of Milton and District on Thursday, October 3.

Mr. Napier Simpson, a past president of the Architectural Conservancy Association and design consultant for Upper Canada Village, urged the members to aid in preserving our architectural heritage of the past by supporting local historical groups. In doing so however, it is important to choose the right sites and the finest examples of the type of building of the period. Sometimes the preservation of an old building merely hinders progress and prevents the construction of some fine replacement. Another problem in the preservation of our old buildings is the use to which they can be put — they can't all be museums.

At the business meeting the club decided to sponsor a presentation by the Audobon Society of "Wild Life in Our Eastern Woodlands" on February 8. The next meeting will be held Thursday evening November 7, at the home of Mrs. F. D. Thompson. The guest speaker is to be Mrs. Alfred Bell, of the Shakespearean Festival, Stratford.

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL OWLEY

Attended a fighter pilots' reunion last weekend and am happy to report there's still a lot of light left in the old fighter pilots, although I am forced to confess that a good many of us were not as young on Saturday morning as we thought we were Saturday night.

I shuddered deeply when the long-distance call came through and the familiar voice chorled, "Hullo Willie, Dutch here."

Each time Dutch calls, which is every two or three years, I whisper gently to myself "Oh, dear." I know perfectly well that whatever he has in mind will be intriguing but exhausting.

We have a peculiar relationship. He taught me to fly Spitfires about 20 years ago in England. Ten years later, he walked into a hotel in a Canadian resort area, grinning broadly, and said, "Hullo Willie." I had not seen him in the meantime. Next day, I went off with him on the most unusual fishing trip I've ever experienced.

He's an Australian of great charm, a certain ruthlessness, a fantastic energy, and an extreme individuality. Add to those a keen mind and a rare flair for the wild caper, in some moods, and you have most of him.

Except that he's a bachelor, and doesn't have to cope with women and children and responsibilities and all that rot, when he comes up with one of his hair-raising.

The infuriating thing is that he always acts as though one of these orders he gets me into is purely medicinal, a tonic rather than a mauler. "Dutch, so this time: 'Fighter pilots' party in Montreal. Thought it would be good for you. I've booked tickets for tomorrow's flight. Should be a good bash."

I grinned into the receiver in sickly fashion, as this devil-advocate went on, and my mind whirled through the domestic and economic obstacles between me and the reunion. With half-hearted promise to see what I could do, I hung up.

"That was..." I began lamely to the Old Battleaxe. "Why don't you go," she queried. "It would be good for you." So help me, I haven't been so shaken since the day I found myself over Holland, at 8,000 feet, with no engine.

"You're kidding!" I finally blurted. "That was Dutch and he wants me to..."

"I know. We can't afford it, but you should go. You'd enjoy it." This, like a preacher telling me he saw nothing wrong with sin, My first thought — and I was immediately ashamed of it — was that the old lady was having an affair with the milkman or somebody, and wanted to get me out of the way for the weekend.

Taking Soil Samples Repays Dividends

One of the main jobs on Halton farms at this time of the year should be the taking of soil samples. The fall months are an excellent time to take soil samples. The spring rush is avoided and recommendations are received in time to place fertilizer or deters early.

Soil testing is an important link between soil and crop research and individual practice. Behind a soil test and the resultant recommendation lies a great deal of soil chemistry and fertility research by agricultural colleges and experiment stations. Much of this work has been carried out in closely controlled field and laboratory experiments during the past 10 or 15 years. Someone has aptly stated, "The time a farmer spends taking soil samples can be the most profitable few hours in the entire year."

What is the return to the farmer for time spent taking and submitting soil samples? It could easily be \$10, \$20 or more per hour, depending on the crop to be grown. This is due to the use of recommended rates and ratios of plant nutrients.

Halton farmers may obtain soil tests by submitting samples to the Ontario Agricultural College. Soil testing boxes are available free of charge at the Extension Branch, Ontario Department of Agriculture, Milton. The test samples are analyzed by the Department of the O.A.C. Recommendations for fertilizer are then made by agricultural representative J. A. Francis and fruit and vegetable specialist E. F. Muir.

Mrs. D. I. Engel of Acton was the hostess for this meeting. Coffee and refreshments were served and the members and their friends.

I felt a little more comfortable about the whole thing when she made me promise to take out \$100,000 in that air travel insurance. The kids were unashamedly fascinated by the idea. "You mean, if you crash, we'll be rich?" I thought wanted to know.

Well, it was a grand bash and I did enjoy it. Most of it was a bit chaotic, with names and squadron numbers and years of flight as old friends spotted each other. But a few vignettes stand out in my mind.

There was the old fighter pilot whose thrifty wife had packed a lunch. He clung to the paper bag as to a life raft through the lunch reception and the afternoon racing, and I've never seen anything finer than the sheer naked courage with which he doggedly struck the thing at 4.30 in the afternoon.


There was the real live Spitfire. Chap had assembled it at the Lakeland and had flown it down for the reunion. He put on a show in what is probably the last flying Spitfire in the world, and the eyes of the old boys, majority of whom had flown Spits, were almost wet with nos fatigue and booze as they watched the little lady go through her paces.

There was the awesome exhibition of hair-line precision flying and cold nerve of Canada's famous Golden Hawks. With the old pros looking on, the boys really put on a show that made most of us glad we'd been born 20 years before these jets were invented.

Having strayed from the main group, as I so often do, I watched the air show with a little French kid, about eight, who came and stood beside me. He spoke no English, I only had a little French, but we had rapport. We said "Wow!" together every time the jets seemed certain to collide. He shook hands gravely when he had to leave "pour le supper."

My only regret is that the fighter pilots don't meet every year. Instead of every two or three. But, as one of them explained to me, if there was an annual bash like that one, in a very few years, there wouldn't be any fighter pilots left. They couldn't stand the pace.

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