

Indian summer...

One of the nicer things that happens every year is Indian summer. A short period of especially fair weather and mild days, it comes in late October or early November when the leaves are turning color and falling from the trees. It has no definite date to begin or end.

"The mild, pleasant weather of Indian summer follows the autumn's first period of cold, wintry days", says World Book Encyclopedia. "The days become noticeably warmer, but the nights remain chilly. Throughout Indian summer, the sun shines dimly and softly. The sky turns a rich blue and always appears gentle and hazy near the horizon. The air remains smoky and still, with almost no wind. An Indian-summer moon often has a soft yellow or orange hue. Indian summer lasts from a week to 10

days, and sometimes for two weeks. Then winter begins."

The American Indians enjoyed Indian summer and looked forward to it. They considered it the special gift of a God.

The origin of the name of Indian summer is uncertain. One story says that American settlers named the period after the American Indians, who told the settlers that this period would come. Another story says the name evolved because this period of good weather gave warlike Indians another chance to make more attacks on the settlers.

Other parts of the world also have a short period of fine weather similar to Indian summer. Europeans generally call it Old Wives' Summer or St. Martin's Summer.

Forecasting future futile...

It is interesting to note that when anyone in the past has attempted to predict the long-term future, his forecast has turned out to be hopelessly short-sighted and pessimistic.

Many forecasters have said that Expo would not live up to expectations; that it would not be completed on time; that it would be no different from other fairs and that it would attract a much smaller attendance than anticipated. All of these prognostications have proved to be incorrect.

Not long ago Sir William Crooks, a distinguished scientist predicted early extinction of the race through diminishing supplies of nitrates. What he did not foresee was that chemistry would by synthesis, within a generation or so, prove his error.

Not long ago many of our leading economists pointed darkly to dwindling reserves of oil and fuel. Now, the split-

ting of the atom and the fissioning of thorium, uranium and plutonium have completely altered the situation.

It seems to me, therefore, that those who became unduly alarmed at short-term prospects are suffering from economic myopia. They forget that our economic orbit is shaped not by inventories, or business indicators, or by government pump-priming, but by human courage, desires and incentive.

There has been much speculation as to the reasons for the spectacular advance of the Canadian economy. Some have ascribed it to the size of our continent, some to our raw material resources, some to the strength and vigor of our people.

The answer is a simple one. It is nothing more than human ingenuity, operating in an atmosphere of individual freedom and incentive.

Chivalry in the city...

We small townsmen sometimes look to our city cousins with jaundiced eye.

"You city people," we tell them, "are cold, heartless, devoid of all human feelings. Your aloofness comes from living in the big smoke. Don't you wish you lived down in the boon docks with your country cousins?"

One Acton lady, a frequent visitor to Toronto, is inclined to dispute this widely-held theory now after a hair-raising experience on Yonge St. Maybe, she's saying, these stories about heartless Torontonians are grossly exaggerated.

She and a relative, shopping amidst the concrete canyons, emerged from a large department store just as office workers and tradesmen were hurrying home, during "rush hour" recently.

A bleak wind elbowed its way down the crowded street, lifting skirts, jostling shoppers and rudely blowing fine dust on them at busy intersections. A polite policewoman directed traffic, her whistle assurance of safe conduct

through endless lines of traffic.

Suddenly the rude wind became a maverick. It lifted the Acton lady's hat from her head!

A futile swipe at the chapeau missed. It parachuted to the middle of the busy street!

Hundreds looked on, apparently indifferent, maybe sympathizing secretly.

Then suddenly from out of the throng dashed five or six young men, intent on rescuing the hat before it was crushed under city traffic.

Brakes squealed, cars swerved as the gallants pursued the hat, oblivious of the risk. The chapeau lit in front of a car, just out of the grasp of one, and kept going merrily up the street.

Finally one young man grabbed it before the wheels of a bus crushed it and him. He carried it triumphantly, like an offering to the embarrassed lady. People smiled. They relaxed. The lady smiled her thanks.

Surely chivalry is not dead in the city.



PART OF THE HUGE automated plant at Acton Limestone Quarries, this huge rock conveyor transports the stone from the rock crusher to a large pile overlooking the Esquesing countryside. The stone goes from there to a line of equipment an underground belt, emerging as different size stone as it progresses down the line. (Staff Photo)

Sugar and Spice

by Bill Smiley

You think you're tired? I've been home for three days from my second trip to Expo, and I'm still whimpering with fatigue.

Any Expo trip is a back-breaker, but when you are shepherding a gaggle of teenagers, it's gruelling. You wind up a three-day trip with blistered feet, holloweyes and the stunning realization that you are really at last, over the hill.

Picture your faithful correspondent lurching out of bed at 6 a.m., to catch the bus at seven. Repulsive, isn't it? But you should have seen the same body some 21 hours later, after a nine-hour bus trip, hours of trudging the asphalt of Expo, and more hours of getting the kiddies to bed. And to sleep. Some of those "Kiddies" are 20 years old.

It was past the repulsive state by then, and was merely pitiable. We averaged 19 hours a day in action, five in bed.

It wasn't all that bad, though. It seldom is. As usual, 97 percent of the kids came through with flying colors. We didn't lose a single body, and they were punctual at the buses, which floored me completely.

It was the other three percent, of course, who made the jaunt somewhat less than a picnic. One bird on my bus barked all over the back seat and floor. He did it so quietly that we didn't find out about it until morning.

He was torn into small strips and given the job of cleaning out all the buses. He was a lamb for the rest of the trip.

Three little guys in Grade nine went to the Tunisian restaurant for a meal. It cost them \$21.

What surprised me was the calibre of the culprits. On my bus I had a pretty tough crew. Mostly Grade 12 tech boys. I had along my rhinoceros-hide whip, my brass knuckles, sand-bag, and the special revolver which shoots tranquillizer darts. Didn't need anything. They were angels.

Real trouble-makers were the so-called "leaders" of the school. Whether it was sheer giddiness from exhaustion, or a desire to show off, I don't know. But, I told one of them in my most ferocious manner, they were acting like old maids who have had their first martini.

We got the 75 boys "settled down" in one huge dormitory about 1.30 a.m. the first night. At three I was awakened. Nipped out and caught two seniors sneaking in the back door.

Pointed a trembling (with rage) forefinger at one and said, "Kelly, Do you want

a one-way ticket home tomorrow with a phone call preceding it?"

"Nossir."
"Well, that's what you're going to get, and that goes for anybody else who even peeps like a little bird."

Miracle. They went off to sleep. It wasn't exactly visions of sugar-plum dancing in their heads. It was visions of enraged parents and an irate principal.

Second night, boys were bushed and it was the girls who goofed around half the night, giggling, singing and talking. My own daughter was right in the thick of it, and looked like a ghost at breakfast.

But it was a good trip, all in all. A kink here and there, to be ironed out. We learned a lot. One thing: keep them starved. Stop for food, and it doesn't matter whether they're on their last legs. You'd swear Gabriel had just blown the trumpet. They come to life with a vengeance and yack, sing and horse about as though they'd been given speed pills.

About Expo. It's losing its gloss. With the season nearing its end, the staff is growing steadily more surly and sloppy. Can't blame them. The excitement has worn off, the big show is losing its momentum, and most of them are bored silly with their jobs.

Found my son, anyway. Appropriately enough, he's working in a building where they have monkey cages. We spent a happy half-hour watching the monkeys. As usual, he was broke. As usual, I was took.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 16, 1947.

Acton industrial life has had another addition this week when Mr. R.H. Chatterton of Imperial Plastics has combined his plant with Messrs. Ironside and Souther of Plastics Ltd. and are removing their machinery and equipment from Toronto to Acton. For the present Plastics will occupy part of the plant of Micro Plastics.

It took 14 thrill-packed innings but Acton hammered across the clinching run to win the game 3-2 from Sunderland Tigers at Vinduct Park yesterday afternoon. The Tanagers, having won the semi-finals now will meet Delhi in a best of three series. "Iron Man" Don Ryder went the full 14 innings for Acton and really deserves a lot of credit for the victory. In the Sunderland series he has pitched 32 of the 34 innings which no doubt sets some kind of record. Young Dang's home run in the ninth that tied it up and Waterhouse's double gave the Acton supporters something to think about.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 18, 1917.

A branch of the Junior Chapter of the I.O.D.E. was formed at the home of Mrs. George Edwards, Oct. 6, by Mrs. C.H.E. Smith, regent of the Duke of Devonshire chapter. The following officers were elected: Hon. Regent - Mrs. C.H.E. Smith; Regent, Miss Emerald Cooper; 1st Vice-Regent, Miss Lucy Edwards; secretary, Miss Marguerite Symon; treasurer, Miss Stella McLam; standard bearer Miss Isabel Elliott. It is to be known as "Lakeside Chapter" in honor of Acton.

From the weekly "Military Notes" column:

A letter from Bugler Bobby Stewart from Witley Camp said Pte. Kipling Puffer is now in France and is a bomb thrower. Pte. Augustus Large, who has been overseas since the spring of 1915, has been invalided home.

Mrs. Thomas Marsh received a letter from her brother, Pte. George Green, who is in hospital in England. He was gassed by the same shell that affected Pte. Fred Wright. It is remarkable that both of these brave boys enlisted together in Acton, have been together in the same company overseas and in the trenches, and in all their experiences. This is their first serious casualty.

Mr. Hubert Mann has purchased the family homestead at the corner of the third line and Acton crossroad, the farm which his grandfather, the late Alexander Mann, settled on when he came from Inverness-shire, Scotland, about 80 years ago. Donald Mann, father of the new owner, died about five years ago and the past three years the property has been under lease to Mr. Fred Cleave.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 20, 1892.

A sad fatal accident occurred in the G.T. R. yards when a young lad named Isaac Russell of Fort Huron, Mich., who was going west to try his fortune and was stealing a ride on a freight was terribly mangled by the cars.

Quite a number of our citizens attended Erin fair. We are sorry to say a number of them were foolish enough to be "raked in" by the fakers who insisted the place.

Esquesing council paid the following sums for road improvements: James Brown, 675 feet plank, \$8.75; James McMillan filling breach in embankment 50 cents; grading two hills \$6.50; Charles Davidson, filling up hollow, \$17.50; Robert Kinnsaird, hauling gravel to swamp \$12.; Adam Cook, 124 yds gravel at 8 cents per yard, \$9.92; Peter Gibbons, check line \$15. These improvements are appreciated by those who have occasion to travel there. Council met for but half an hour, councillor Pearson in the chair, and the Reeve and Councillor Beardmore absent.

Take 'Aye' to Sarsaparilla at all seasons. In the spring it removes that tired feeling, cleanses and revitalizes the circulation, and prepares one to successfully contend with the debilitation effects of the heated term. In the summer it quickens the appetite, regulates the liver, and makes the weak strong. In the autumn, it tones up the nerves and protects the system from malarial influences. In the winter, it enriches the blood, and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, October 17, 1867.

Mr. John McColl has been appointed to take the place of Mr. Breckenbridge as Head Master of the Georgetown Common School. The salary which has been reduced to \$400, is in our opinion entirely too low for a first-class school as that of Georgetown should be. When Acton and Wellington Square give nearly \$600, and Milton \$500, and several rural sections \$400, Georgetown to be in proportion should secure the permanent services of such a talented teacher as Mr. McColl, at five or six hundred dollars. It is a false economy which would reduce a teacher's salary especially at a prosperous time like the present.

The members of No. 7 Company, Acton, intend to make a presentation to Captain Allan tonight. Captain Allan's untiring perseverance and energy in raising and drilling his own company and his loan association with the volunteer movement both in Halton and Peel fully entitle him to some substantial mark of their regard. The men of No. 7 in thus honoring their gallant Captain, are doing honor to themselves.

TRINITY CHURCH
(The United Church of Canada)
Minister:
Rev. Gordon B. Turner, B.A., B.D.
Organist: Dr. George Elliott, M.A., Ph. D.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1967
10.00 a.m.—Trinity United
Nursery provided.
11.30 a.m.—Churchill United.
(Churchill Rd. N.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL
10.00 a.m.—Junior School (to Gr. 4).
11.15 a.m.—Senior School (Gr. 5 to Gr. 8).

BETH-EL
CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH
Minister — Rev. P. Brouwer
Acton, Ontario.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1967
10.00 a.m.—English Service.
11.10 a.m.—Sunday School.
2.30 p.m.—Alternating Dutch and English Service.
Saturday — Bible Classes 10-12 a.m.
Everyone Welcome

MAPLE AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH
81 Maple Ave., Georgetown
Pastor: Robert C. Lobbes

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1967
9.45 a.m.—Sunday School.
11.00 a.m.—Morning Service.
7.00 p.m.—Evening Service.
Wednesday, 7.45 p.m.—Prayer Meeting.
Acton 853-1956 · Georgetown 877-6645

EVANGELIC PENTECOSTAL TABERNACLE
P.A.O.C. 33 Churchill Road
Rev. S. M. Thoman, Pastor, 853-2715

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1967
10.00 a.m.—Sunday School.
11.00 a.m.—Morning Worship.
7.00 p.m.—Evangelistic Worship.
Tuesday, 8 p.m. — Prayer Service and Bible Study.
Thursday, at 8 p.m. — Christ Ambassadors.

THE CHURCH OF
ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR
ANGLICAN
Corner Willow St. and St. Alban's Drive
Rev. Ritchie McMurray, M.A., S.T.B.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1967
Trinity XXII
9.00 a.m.—The Holy Eucharist.
10.30 a.m.—Church School
10.30 a.m.—Matins.

ACTON BAPTIST CHURCH
Founded 1842
Pastor: Rev. Stanley Gammon
Res. 144 Tidey Ave., Ph. 853-1615

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1967
11.15 a.m.—Morning Worship.
"Above All Be Faithful." Dedication Service of gifts to the church in memory of Mr. Wilfred Coles.
7.00 p.m.—Evening Service.
Laymen's Service. Speaker, Mr. Robert Dilly, Galt. "God is Still Writing Books."

Tuesday, October 24, 8.30 p.m. — Quarterly Business Meeting.
Wednesday, 7.30—Prayer & Bible Study.
Thursday, 6.30—Explorers.
Thursday, 8.00—Choir Practice.
Friday 7.00 p.m.—B. H. F. meets.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA
KNOX CHURCH, ACTON
Rev. Andrew H. McKenzie, B.A., B.D.
Minister
Mr. E. A. Hansen, B.A.
Organist and Choir Master

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1967
9.45 a.m.—Church School for ages 3 to 15 years.

11.00 a.m.—Public Worship of God. Annual Fall Laymen's Service. Guest speaker, Mr. Ben Moggach, Ferguson, All Male Choir.
12.10 p.m.—Joint Session - Board meeting to discuss National Development Fund.
7.30 p.m.—Youth Fellowship for 13 to 17 year olds.

All Most Welcome



Centennial Picture Gallery



PARADE OF YESTERYEAR was pictured at the corner of Mill and Main St., where the changes the years have brought are apparent. The board side-

walk, muddy rutted road, horses and buggies are all things of the past. The picture is lent by Johnny Smith.