

Need for sound planning...

Events of the past few weeks revealing plans for new subdivisions and land speculation in this area points out the need for sound planning in Acton.

The recent meeting between government planners employed by C.O.R.D.C., and town bodies, although it elicited some 'far out' opinions on the extent of Acton's growth, served notice that expansion was coming whether we want it or not.

We could turn out like Topsy and just grow and grow without any eye to the future. Then we would pay in years to come.

It seems evident that the government is going to take an active part in promoting the type of community residents want, rather than imposing unwanted measures for control of land use. First requisite then is for us to know what we want for Acton. Then we can let the provincial government know.

One question which stands out locally, for instance, although perhaps it would be of no interest to government, is where do Acton people want to shop?

Do they want one central downtown district where all services are available with plenty of off-street parking? Or would we prefer a large plaza to complement the downtown section?

We could get helter-skelter commercial development like some nearby communities and end up with no central place to shop.

Are we going to let people from large development companies come to us with their suggestions on how we ought to expand? Or are we going to meet them with our plan for the town's future? We should be the ones to choose.

Would we accept any type of industry in Acton, or would we prefer the light, cleaner manufacturer to locate here?

There are any amount of questions and you could multiply the answers. They only serve to point out the need for wise leadership with emphasis on planning the future needs of the community.

Lack of planning in the past has been the cause of many of the town's present problems.



THEY'RE LOOKING OVER a four leaf clover found by Speyside student Joseph Patrick McCarron on the school grounds last week. Viewing the unusual good luck symbol are Joe's teacher Miss K. Bowman and Speyside principal Gary Dawkins. It's the first four leaf clover found at the school grounds. (Staff Photo)

Free Press Editorial Page

Misplaced zeal...

For readers who may have enquired why The Free Press no longer carries professional listings from doctors and barristers, the only reply we can give is the one we receive. Neither the legal or medical professions considers advertising ethical. Their respective associations forbid them to advertise.

Listings in this newspaper could not really be called advertising. They were merely a card, giving the name, address and helpful information.

Rates charged for the space were fixed so they would not be a burden, in a program aimed at service. Professional cards have been looked upon as a community service in the past.

Local doctors and lawyers reluctantly ordered the removal of their cards. They had no choice.

Second career...

Has a man in his sixties passed the point when he can embark on a second career?

Not by any means. Retired Canadian businessmen are proving every day that they welcome the opportunity to tackle a new challenge, even one that takes them overseas and is far from being highly remunerative.

Since it was established a year ago, Canadian Executive Service Overseas, a private, non-profit, Montreal-based organization, has enlisted the volunteer services of growing numbers of seasoned executives in helping develop countries—in Africa and the Middle and Far East—build their economies. CESO (pronounced Kay-so) helps

Have you ever needed a doctor in a hurry, for instance in a situation where your own doctor is on vacation? It is difficult to know where to turn. The Free Press professional column was a handy place to turn for information and apparently often consulted.

We think the dictums from the professional card does not harm the professional image. It enhances.

Yes, you could turn to the yellow pages of the telephone directory for information, but it is brief and lacks essential information. And it, too, may be abolished if the ethics committee of various professional organizations goes on another purge.

Then the only way you will be able to find a professional man may be to ask the town gossip.

Sugar and Spice

by Bill Smiley



I've never raised pigs, but there can't be too much to it, according to what I've seen in the past week.

You merely give them all they can eat, and then clean up after them. And there's no trouble at all in preparing their food.

One of the great advantages is that there's no garbage. Apparently the only thing pigs won't eat is returnable bottles.

This is a fine way to talk about my son Hugh and his friend Alex, but it's the solemn truth. It's not meant in a disparaging way. I'm not full of disparagement, but of despair.

When I was their age, I was a pretty fair trencherman. On one occasion, as I recall, I set a new family record for corn on the cob. I ate 13 cobs. On another, I ate 12 baked apples.

But these were individual feats. They pale alongside the stuff Hugh and his mate put away.

They start off slowly, "Just a cup of tea, Mrs. Smiley, if you like. Oh, well, maybe I'll have a fresh peach, if they're turning bad and you want to get rid of them."

Half a basket of peaches later, they might succumb to a few cobs of corn (it's noon by now, because they never get up until it). Before the corn, they've had a can or two of cold beans and a half-loaf of toast "just to be sociable".

When the corn is gone, they look up with their little, beady eyes glittering and absolutely refuse dessert. "Unless you have some old cake and ice-cream that's maybe going bad." There always seems to be some old cake or pie that's on its last legs, and some ice-cream that's going bad unless you eat it the day it's bought.

They manage to get through the afternoon with the odd hamburger and a few bags of chips and a couple of beers. But by dinner time, their snouts are prying the lids off pots and their little, feverish paws are stirring the gravy and the saliva is

running so fast you have to wear rubber boots in the dining-room.

It's not the food I mind. I've bought moose pastures in Northern Ontario that were guaranteed gold mines. I've dropped \$5,000 bombs in Holland, a slaughtering of 10,000 turkeys. I've tried for 20 years to make my wife base her arguments on reason, not emotion. I know what it is to lose.

No, I don't expect any return. It's just pure fascination. Where in the name of the Holy Old Jumpin' Jehosaphat do they put it?

They're not big, fat, fellas. They're young and slim. I give them a plate of steak or turkey and spuds and vegetables and salad that would make a lumberjack ill.

And I start to eat my own. And I look up, and there they are, twiddling their hoofs, plates licked clean, eyes fixed on the main platter.

That's not the worst thing. If I eat too much, maybe at Christmas or New Year, I have enough sense to subside in a corner and belch amiably as I watch television.

Not these piggies. One hour after a meal that would put the fat lady in the circus on her back for a week, they can be seen peering into the refrigerator.

They eat from six to eight. And when they get in, at three a.m., they have to have a little nite-cap: half a pound of cheese and a pound of bacon and a half-loaf of bread and two cans of soup to wash it down.

Perhaps it's explainable when they tell you that they often go for days, weeks, living on bologna sandwiches and coffee, chips and milk, hot dogs and pop. Sometimes nothing.

Ever try that nothing? I have—I've gone for three days with nothing and then eaten so much cabbage soup it was coming out of my ears and my belly was touching my chin.

It's not that I don't like to see young people eat heartily. It's just that if I want to raise pigs, I'd like to have some pork.

Free Press

back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 30, 1948.

The Harvest Festival at St. Alban's Church was followed by a chicken supper served by the members of the Evening Guild. The convenors were Mesdames C. Nellis, W. Conn, R. Healey, G. Currie and P. Oakes.

A variety program followed. Miss Esther Taylor left for Ottawa last night where she will be a delegate from Hallow to the Progressive Conservative convention this week.

Winner in the Georgetown Fair baby show, under 6 months class—Linda Jeanine Braide, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Braide, Acton.

Mile for mile, 16 year old drivers cause nine times as many accidents as drivers in the 45-50 year old age group. The driving habits of all age groups need to be improved if our accident toll is to be reduced.

FOR SALE: '31 Chev. Coupe with rumble seat.

George O'Donahue of Toronto was the instructor engaged by the Y.M.C.A. Board at the meeting Monday night.

The Acton Boys' and Girls' Band under the direction of Bandmaster C. W. Mason gave one of the finest concerts of the season, in the park on Sunday evening.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 28, 1893.

Householders are laying in their stock of winter coal.

Peter Gibbons' new bank barn at Speyside has just been completed. It is now a commodious and convenient farm structure.

Mr. Chester Matthews and his mother, Mrs. James Matthews, left on Friday for Chicago to visit the World's Fair and spend a week or so with relatives there.

The several disgraceful orgies at the Station Hotel the past week have disgusted respectable citizens. Last Thursday, the drunken revelry terminated in several fights and as a result, at least three black eyes were carried the rest of the week. Another rumpus attracted attention Monday night. It is a monstrous state of affairs that residents are forced, when walking past premises, to hear foul oaths and curses and cries for help and police. The Authorities should see that there is no more of it. The good reputation of the town demands that such places be quieted and the offenders pay the penalty.

Every girl is a pretty one over a telephone.

Acton Cornet Band played at Esqueving Fair yesterday.

In consequence of the tramp scare in Milton, the electric lights have been ordered to be kept going all night and a night watchman put on.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, October 3, 1918.

One afternoon last week a couple of men were in Mr. John Walters' kitchen negotiating for the purchase of some bed clothing. While Mrs. Walters went upstairs for a moment for other articles, they went through her hand satchel which was lying on a table and stole about \$200 therefrom. When she noticed the loss the thieves had gotten out of town.

The regular monthly meeting of the Women's Institute will be held in the Council Chambers on Friday, October 4. Will all who have socks belonging to the Institute bring them to the meeting as next week we will pack Christmas stockings for our boys overseas.

Mr. J. P. Worden, the new janitor at the schools, commenced his duties on Monday. His experience in handling steam boilers will be valuable.

There was quite a snowstorm last Thursday afternoon. Rather unique for September.

Mr. John Watson is excavating for a new house to be erected on his lot at the corner of Church and John Streets.

Mr. Isaac Bennett has purchased the Robert Cole farm on the Seventh Line. Sale was made by E. A. Benham, Georgetown.

Dr. and Mrs. T. Albert Moore and Miss Dorothy of Toronto, were guests at Moorecroft from Saturday to Monday.

Miss Rachael Secord of Guelph spent Friday with Acton friends. Miss Secord went to Toronto on Monday to take a course in the Faculty of Education.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, September 24, 1868.

Messrs. W. D. and R. A. Lyon have almost completed the improvement on their new store, next door to their present establishment and will soon have the best finished store in Milton. Mr. R. A. Lyon has just returned from Toronto, where he has bought a very large bankrupt stock of dry goods, which they will be able to sell at the very lowest figures. "Bob" says he is determined to please the ladies, and we know he will succeed in doing so.

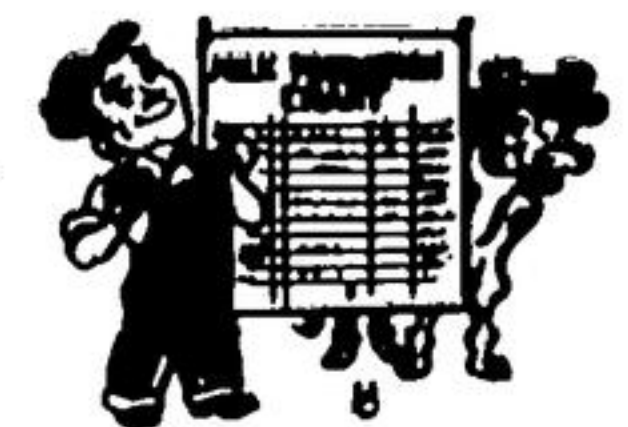
The Albion Hotel has been moved to the corner of Main and Commercial streets, from its old position opposite the Foundry, and is being thoroughly outfitted and renovated. Under the management of Mr. Clarkson, this Hotel has been greatly improved and is getting, as it deserves, a liberal share of public patronage.

The traction engine which was recently put on the road from Guelph to Walkerton, has proved an entire failure, and is being sent down to Hamilton to be disposed of. While it lasted it did a smashing business, but it was on the culverts and bridges on its way.

Have you seen the New Singer Family Sewing Machine, the best in the market? W. Leslie, Meadowdale, is prepared to fill any amount of cash orders at \$5.00 below Toronto rates. Send for circulars of Sewing Machines and also for catalogues (new illustrated ones) of Melodeons and Pianos.

Salt and Pepper

by Hartley Coles



The fall fair is changing, isn't it? It's not dying like some cynics have said—but changing for the better.

John Root, M.P.P. for Wellington officially opening Acton Fair Friday night, remarked it was pretty hard to tell the rural people from the townspeople nowadays. As a matter of fact it is difficult to say who is the more sophisticated.

At one time when a fellow lived in a rural area he was sure to be labelled a "hick from the sticks". Nowadays he is more apt to be called a lucky stiff who lives on a country estate.

The old overalled, rubber-booted farmer, stained with the stuff that makes the crops grow, has disappeared.

In his place we've got a soil scientist with a degree in animal husbandry. He runs a business enterprise with modern machinery and shows prize cattle and horses at the fair for a hobby. Some of his livestock have got pedigrees as long as your arm with names as hard to pronounce as a drug store prescription.

He used to get up before the sun rose, milk the cows by hand, laboriously feed them the same way, hitch up the team and head for a hard day's work in the fields plowing, seeding, spreading manure, harvesting or threshing and then back to the barn for the night chores. Ma was busy cooking, feeding the chickens, grading the eggs, taming the kids and listening in on the party line. They were ready for bed early.

Their counterparts in town and village toiled long hours, too, but they had a few hours free in the evening to hoist a few ales or fight with the neighbors. Although they might be only a generation removed from the rural scene themselves, they figured the town mice had it all over their country cousins.

Life in town hasn't changed much. We've got some new fangled inventions to help ease the tension, beat the air pollution and get us places faster. The rub is—so have the farmers—and they haven't got the noise or the pollution.

The farmer still gets up early. Goes down to the barn, hooks the cows up to a machine that drains their milk, presses a button to clean the stalls and feed them. Time was when the farm parlor was off limits—except for V.I.P. visits and Sundays. Now even the cows have one.

Don't get me wrong. The farmer still works hard. Instead of a horse he has a tractor to feed and he's got expensive implements to buy and maintain. He figures his kids have got as much right to a good education as the fellows in town who work an eight hour day.

They took the one room rural schools—once a centre for social and political gatherings—and merged them all into one big, modern school with all the amenities. Buses call at the family farm, pick up well dressed children for school.

Instead of one teacher, the rural child has several. You can't tell him from his counterpart in town, except sometimes he might exhibit a bit more independence. He might be more self reliant.

No wonder the Fall Fair is changing. It has to keep up with changing times on the farm.

The quality of the livestock improves as 4-H clubs hand down information on breeding and showmanship to young farmers. 4-H Homemakers clubs keep the fresh-faced country gals "up" on food preparation and recipes as well as the fashionable ways to dress. They also teach proper etiquette for different occasions.

There's been a silent revolution on the farms in the last few years and we are beginning to see the results.

Photos from the past



MISS M. Z. BURNETT and Miss Daisy Nicklin were teachers pictured with this group of Acton students in 1907 or 1908. Those recognized in the bottom row are Harold Kennedy, Bert Mowat, Percy Aull, Tom Morton, Roy Brown, Hubert MacPherson and Earl Vincent. Identified on the second step at the left are Joe Swackhamer and at the right hand side Marguerite Stewart, Alicia O'Brien, Phyllis Clark, Jean

Wilson. Standing in the centre on the third step are six pupils including Margaret Wilson and Jessie McGregor. Included in the fourth full row are Wilma Johnston, Lorna Kennedy, Marguerite Symon, Lettie Scott, Hazel Agnew. At the back with the two teachers are Beatrice Graham and Union Kenney.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

PHONE 853-2010
Business and Editorial Office

ESTABLISHED 1875

Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 50 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the C.P.A. and O.M.A. Advertising rates on request. Subscription (one payable in advance, \$2.00 in Canada, \$7.00 in all countries other than Canada; single copies 10c. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate. In the event of a typographical error advertising space of no more than a single line, made or omitted may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell and may be withdrawn at any time.

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