

Register your objection...

Thursday afternoon will be an important date for the future of Acton.

The C.N.R.'s application to remove the agent-operator from their station in Acton will be reviewed on that day by W. J. Rupert, district inspector for the Railway Transport Commission. He, in turn, will advise the Commission on the extent of the loss and inconvenience to the public that may result from the action proposed by the railway.

Will the case get a fair hearing?

Some people are concerned that it won't. They think the whole deal is "railroaded" and the best arguments against removing the agent and subsequent closing of the station will only be window dressing for a decision made beforehand.

Fortunately, there are others who intend to present a strong case for keeping the railway station open. They've been gathering figures and asking questions about the service that now exists. They believe the station will have an important bearing on the direction Acton will take in the next few years.

They'll be asking, for instance, despite denials by the railroads, why the last annual report showed passenger service was a profit-making operation. They'll ask why the railroad advertises a non-existent passenger service in Acton.

If you are concerned about the future of the town and district and can possibly get away, why not be at the council chambers at 2 p.m. Thursday to register your objection to removal of a service you are entitled to?

Free Press Editorial Page

Style all his own...

We can't help but be impressed with the enthusiasm and energy freshman M.P. Rud Whiting is putting into the job of representing this constituency in Ottawa. People of every political stripe need have no fear their needs and questions will not be looked after personally.

It would be difficult to list all the jobs people expect their M.P.'s to do. We feel sure 10 men working 10 hours a day seven days a week would have difficulty fulfilling all the requisites expected. The work load could be tremendous.

Although there must be times when he feels the pay is not commensurate with the time involved, nor the hours he must spend away from his family, Mr. Whiting's enthusiasm has not diminished one whit. He publicly

admits he loves every minute of it. Halton County is a diversified area ranging from the highly industrialized urban centres to the fertile farmlands surrounding them. Problems, consequently will be just as diversified and complex.

If you follow his column each week in this newspaper, you'll notice our new M.P. is fully aware of the different problem and anxious to come up with answers ranging from the teen-age drug problem in Oakville to the closing of the N.N.R. station in Acton. In fact, he seems to be more concerned with the closing of the station here than some of our community leaders.

Judging by his performance to date, Rud Whiting is an able successor to Dr. Harry Harley, with a style all his own.

Not a bitter pill...

The continuing plunge of births and birth rates in the face of Canada's zooming marriage totals will throw many business forecasts into a cocked hat. In the five years 1966-70, the moppet market may well decline by an annual average of 25,000 as against an 81,000 annual average increase in 1956-70 and a 96,000 annual jump between 1951-55.

This dramatic shift in population patterns, however, does not spell doom-and-gloom on the sales front. In fact, The Financial Post points

out, the trend toward more marriages and a visible desire for higher man-and-wife income suggest a number of very bright possibilities.

The demand for houses, according to a DuPont of Canada Study, will rise sharply right through the 1970's and 1980's. The 25-54 age group provides the best market for housing and the bumper crop of wartime babies is only beginning to enter this age group. Outlook for durable goods such as appliances and cars can also be expected to climb strongly.

Et Cetera...

Traffic problems existed long before the automobile. Here's a quote from the London Observer in 1803. "While so many improvements are in the making in our highways, it might not be amiss to adopt some plan of making them passable in safety. Between the carelessness of drivers and the too good lookout of robbers, the chances, at present, are considerably against one's getting securely to the end of a journey."

A comment on poor communications: "I know you believe you understand what you think I said, but I am not sure you realize that what you heard isn't what I meant."

Here's a definition of an accident, from the Ontario Safety League: "An event frequently descended from a long line of advice not listened to."



COMPARED TO TODAY'S classrooms, this was a bleak and drab one. The pupils sit primly, hands behind their backs, for the photographer, with principal W. H. Stewart at the back. Ident-

fied in the group are Bobby Stewart, Melvin Williams, Olive Mowat, Joe Swackhamer, George Anderson, Phyllis Clark, Marguerite Stewart, Roy Brown, George Agnew and Alice Johnston.



EASTER LILIES when the leaves are falling? The unusual blooming is at the home of Dr. A. J. Buchanan, 90 Church Street. Mrs. Bertha Buchanan says she put them in the back garden after Easter but never expected them to bloom again this year. There are a total of seven flowers on the two plants perfuming autumn breezes. (Staff Photo)

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



These days I have a rough idea how an old chorus-girl feels. Nostalgia, regret, and yet certain pride that one day, in the dim past, you were up there under the footlights, doing your wiggle, your grind, your bump, or whatever, with the best of them.

All this is because of a young fellow called Alex. He's a friend of son Hugh. He's in the armed forces and was recently transferred to a nearby base. For some reason, despite their obvious and many shortcomings, he has taken to the Smileys, and usually drops around on the weekend.

He's a pleasant and intelligent lad and we enjoy his company. He's rather lonely, is a long way from home, and likes a home-cooked meal. I don't blame him. There's nothing duller than an officers' mess on a weekend.

But what really bucks me up is that the kid is learning to fly. He hopes to wind up on helicopters, flying with the navy. But in the meantime, he has to learn to fly a conventional aircraft.

And this is where I begin to feel like the old chorus-girl aforementioned. There's very little difference in the procedure he must undergo and that which I underwent 25 years ago. I back in his awe as I feel off the yarns, true, untrue or just slightly embellished, of my flying-training days.

Oh, I'm properly scornful. "No, we weren't given much instruction before going solo. It was do or die, survival of the fittest. Of course, we didn't have radio-compass and ground-to-air control and all that jazz. We had to be natural pilots. Yep, you had to get out of a tight spot with quick wits and sheer nerve." And so on.

I curdle his blood a bit. "Yes, we had to fly in everything: rain, snow, fog. Lost a lot of student pilots. Twelve killed on my course alone. The brave and the lucky got through. And of course most of them were killed on operations."

But I'm also very helpful. When I looked over his procedures, I found they were basically the same as mine. You had to get the ruddy thing started. You had to taxi it to takeoff point without hitting a gas truck or a mechanic. You had to get it off the ground, somehow, without breaking it, and you had to get it back onto the ground, somehow, without breaking it. Same thing today.

I haven't bothered telling him that, out of a class of 63, I stood 55th in ground school, 48th in flying. There didn't seem any point. After all, I did get my wings, and I dropped as many bombs into plowed fields, and shot as many canon shells into clouds as the next fellow.

But I have been helping him out with some of the hard bits. He's having a bit of trouble with his landings. Bounces. I've briefed him carefully on what to do when you bounce 28 feet while making a landing. "Turn off all switches, put your arms over your eyes, and wait for the second bounce."

He didn't seem to think this was scientific enough. (They're all so scientific, these young fellows.) So I gave him, from personal experience, the ultimate advice on smooth landings. "Just attach a 1,000-pound bomb to one wing, ready to go off if you bounce, and you'll land like a feather."

I gave him a lot more good tips from the personal experience point of view. Spins for instance. Told him how sickening they are and how easy it is to spin into the ground. Told him how to get out of a spin to the left, for example. "Hard left rudder, stick full back and swallow hard." Reflecting later, I wondered if it wasn't hard right rudder, and stick forward. Oh well, he'll find out. Nothing like experience.

As an expert, I've explained to him how you recover control, on takeoff, when you are headed for the control tower instead of the end of the runway. "Cut the motor, put on your brakes, and pray."

With all this extra help, he should pass this crucial test. He's coming along nicely, except for that glazed look he gets in his eyes after a couple of hours of my stories. I put it down to nerves or too much dinner. I wonder?

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Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, October 21, 1948.

First real frost of the fall in this district came on Sunday night and a reminder that winter is just around the corner. The leaves are starting to fall from the trees.

Commercial equipment will be purchased for Acton High School. It was decided at a meeting of the North Halton District High School Board this week.

Last Thursday, Friday and Saturday saw Acton Town Hall crowded with enthusiastic audiences when "Him, for You" was presented by the Y's Men with a local cast of over 80. Some appearing on the program were: Bob Parker, Bill Riddick, Jo McPhail; Foreman Lawrence, George O'Donnahue; Rino Bralda, Ben Ruchlin, Tom Atkinson and Charlie Kirkness. Farm woodlots are to be fenced, it was decided at Halton County Council Tuesday.

Ray Everdell was chosen president of Acton Junior Farmers at their recent meeting. Other officers were Fyfe Somerville, Betty Britton, Jean Harris, Elda Britton, Ken Allan, Charles Rocher, Gordon Leslie, Ralph Thompson, Molly Cutts, Shirley Thompson and Barbara Turner. Kerwin McPhail was chairman.

Doctors make the biggest incomes in Canada according to a report of the Dept. of National Revenue. Their average was \$7,466 per year with lawyers ranking second with \$6,528 and architects third with \$5,289. From there on, all classes were below \$4,000 a year.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, October 24, 1918.

Mr. Alex Donald, who purchased the William Brown farm on Main Street several years ago, has now sold the property to Mr. D. McIvor, of Winnipeg. The price paid was \$7,250. Mr. Donald will sell his stock and implements on November 22.

The Young People's Guild of Ktlox Church have just issued a neat folder with programme of topics covering the period from October 16 to May next. Many interesting subjects will be discussed. The officers of the Guild are: President, Mrs. Ernest Barr; Vice-President, Miss Daisy Folster; Secretary, Alex Mann; Treasurer, George Agnew; Organist, Miss Marguerite Symon; Assistant, Miss Jean McLeod.

Mr. Donald Robertson, Milton, is County Chairman for the Victory Loan Campaign in Halton; Judge Elliott, vice chairman, and Major J. A. Gairdner, Oakville, County Organizer. These officers visited Acton last Friday.

Councillor Barber has moved his garage and barn from the rear to the front of his lot on Mill Street.

Next Saturday night stop your clock for an hour and resume standard time.

Wonderland Theatre Closing Owing to the Influenza We regret the disappointment to our patrons and will re-open with the finest films available as soon as the Board of Health deems it desirable.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Oct. 15, 1868.

On Friday morning last we proceeded to Oakville, where the fall show of the Township of Trafalgar was held this year. The next season it will be in Palermo. We found that this exhibition, which is by all odds the best township show in Halton, was not a whit behind former years, either in the attendance of visitors, the number of entries, the quality of articles exhibited, or in the admirable management of the Society. There was a tempting display of 30 entries in five pound butter specimens, 15 entries of firkin, and one gentleman showed 30 varieties of apples although the competition was so keen that he was not adjudged one prize.

Last week an accident occurred at Green's Mill near Kilbride by which a boy about 16 years of age attending a circular saw lost three fingers of one of his hands.

T. Lyon, who has taught with such success at Hornby, is about to remove to Blythe, County of Huron, where he will continue teaching.

Salt and Pepper

by hartley coles



England's a great place for wierd "happenings."

Maybe you read a recent report from ole blighty about the wife who "blew up" her husband in such a novel way it was mentioned in the public health report. Now it is one thing to make the newspapers with a "blow up."—But to get mentioned in the public health report—that's like getting mentioned in dispatches.

It seems this particular wife was doing some painting. She decided a good thing to wash the paint brushes out with would be gasoline. Afterwards, she poured the petrol down the toilet.

Hubby, an unsuspecting type, came home from a tough day at the factory, uttered a cherry hello and headed for the water closet. Inside he lit a cigarette, to help nature along.

Enthroned in his own castle—the preserve of every Englishman—he contentedly drew a few puffs and threw the end of the fag into the toilet bowl.

The blast blew him into the air like a capsule from Cape Canaveral. It was the quickest dethronement in England's long history.

The stricken smoker was carried off on a stretcher to a waiting ambulance. Enroute he told his tale to the ambulance men who listened sympathetically but had trouble keeping their faces straight. They started to giggle.

One of them was so carried away with mirth he dropped his end of the stretcher. The husband toppled off—and broke his arm!

Adding insult to injury, Arthur James, chief public health inspector of Bletchley included the story in his annual report. The article does not say so, but there was probably an admonition to wives who intended to blow up their husbands, to do it in a more conventional way with dynamite or nitro. But above all to stay away from the plumbing.

The poor bloke who was the "butt" of all the story?

Sorry, I don't know how he made out, I presume he recovered buy I'll bet he had a

neurosis that any amount of trips to the bathroom will never cure.

Speaking of wives who would like to see their husbands raise higher in the world, they have counterparts who'd like to see hubby more handy around the house.

Recently, a brother-in-law of mine who's in the middle of building a new house, had a birthday. His wife presented him with a new hammer and a bench saw. Appropriate, everyone said, nodding their heads at the wife's sagacity.

A few days later on the eve of Thanksgiving—I had a birthday. My better half, eager to bask in the adulation accorded her sister, rushed to the stores by buy me an appropriate gift.

Gift wrapped, it was presented with a flourish on the natal day and the whole family crowded around to see my reaction. Well, what kind of reaction did they expect from an electric knife?

There it was, fairly gleaming in the box—sharp and ready. After countless feasts where tradition had decreed the head of the house will carve the roast or the fowl, and accompanying growls at dull knives and tough meat, they were calling my bluff.

Now, they said, we'll find out whether it's the meat—or you. A pox on them.

But that was better than what happened to another friend of mine who had a birthday recently. His wife gave him a four pound fruit cake. Then she got mad when all the other women at the party rushed up to plant a kiss on him because he looked so sweet. Who wouldn't look sweet after eating a four pound fruit cake?

After some deliberation, I have come to the conclusion, however, that my friend who got the fruit cake and myself are better off than the brother-in-law who received the tools. After all, I'll only be called to perform with the knife on special occasions. Once you've eaten a fruit cake there's not much more you can do in the way of a performance.

But a hammer and an electric bench saw have possibilities that could go on for a lifetime.