Although local industries never bothered to oppose removing the agent from the C.N.R. station in Acton, there was a strong body of opinion present to voice complaints about express and passenger service at the public meeting Thursday afternoon.

W, J. Rupert, District Inspector for the Railway Transport Committee, an old C.N.R. man himself, listened to a barrage of accusations about "shocking". "roften" and "costly", express service since it was shifted to Guelph and a charge that the railway treated Acton, passengers as "second class"

citizens. Mr. Rupert and six grailway representatives were also told in very plain talk that the meeting should have been held before not after the phasing out of C.N.R. operation in

It is doubtful, however, despite . the antagonism of those representing the town and the business community to the C.N.R.'s action that there will be a favorable reaction to the meeting. The chairman, although he allowed ample opportunity for free discussion and gave all sides equal time, was hardly sympathetic to the public view and his report will quite likely decide the fate of the station.

Although the future of Acton could hang on he balance of the decision, Mr. Rupert's report will not be made public. His findings will go to the Railway Transport Committee and they will make the final recommendation.

We'd be remiss, indeed, if we didn't challenge the right of the Committee to keep this matter secret

Comment . . .

sign a petition.

of the year.

tragedy?

hunger and disease.

It's been unusual and gratifying

to see the public response to the

news that the Beardmore whistle

would stop blowing. We can't recall

when a subject has caused people not

only to talk, not only to

complain but to actually phone or

issue come up of vital concern, and

yet a far-reaching decision will only

cause a ripple-or no reaction at

all-among people vitally affected.

-the world loses the entire

population in children of a

medium sized Canadian city. That's

every day of the week, every month

Every day 30,000 children die of

What can a dime dropped in an

The child holding the UNICLI

orange and black UNICEE box on

Hallowe'en night accomplish in the

face of such a mind-shattering daily

In this business we often see an

A plea for life...

Free Press /Editorial Page

Every day, relatively speaking, (United Nations Children's Fund)

since, it affects the future of the town and its people. We can imagine this sort of thing happening in a communist state where the government made decision and "the public be damned" but this is a Crown corporation operating within a free society?

One thing the meeting did clear up was that it is quite possible the station here was making a profit. when operations started phasing out. There have been countless suggestions that the Acton station. was not a money-maker. .

One other mysterious matter, however, has not been cleared up. Although the C.N.R. wants to remove the agent here there was no mention at the hearing of removing the station. A notice posted in the station clearly states the railway was making application for authority to close the agency and remove the

Is this a faux pas? Has the railway made a concession? Or is that another step in the phasing out of operations here?

Although we'll hardly be waiting breathless for the result of the hearing, it was pleasing to see there were several Acton people interested intensely in what outside influences had in mind for them. It was also heartening to see the interest of high school students in the town's future and a desire to participate in any decisions.

It was obvious from the complaints and suggestions advanced at the meeting that the railway is still an important facet of life in Acton. It was also obvious that Acton people are more interested in facts than theories of service.

This issue had a sentimental

angle, and maybe that accounts for

it. Nobody was furious nobody was

Our congratulations to all the

Our links with the past are few

enough. Let's keep the Beardmore

will tell you that one dime will

provide 60 glasses of milk anywhere

in the world. A small coin from

many people across the country on

Hallowe'en night will undoubtedly

keep that medium-sized city full of

children who died yesterday, alive

Maybe someday all children will also

have a chance for a good education.

A donation to UNICEF will speed

All children have a right to live.

and well today.

that ideal along

Photos from the past

people who offered their opinion so

pleasantly and our own personal

thanks to Norm Braida and the

Beardmore board for acquiescing.

whistle blowing another century!

blaming anyone.



IMPRESSIONISTIC VIEW of international Striped tents, temporary streets, hordes. plowing match was taken from the air of people and parked cars contribute to

Sugar and Spice

bind that a razor blade and a tub of hot water seem the only/honorable way out. The sole reason I am still with you is that either my wife has just rumed my last blade shaving her legs, or everybody in the house has just had a bath and there's no hot water left.

I'm in one of these now, Bind, that is, not bath. First of all, the Slovaks are after me. In a recent column about the Czechs, I used, not inadvertently, the phrase "those

Six of my 12 Slovakian readers took exception, reading it out of context, as people always do when they want to take

secretary of the Slovak Benefit Society, read my article "by chance." By chance my foot. It was obviously sent to him by some lousy Czech. He wrote a letter to the editor, which ends with the intriguing expression, "Whoever is going to seed a hate will find himself in a hatred."

Another letter to the editor, signed by six Slovak veterans, suggested that I was not only IGNORANT, but a member of some Nazi (sic) organization. Well, I'd rather be lousy than both ignorant and a Nazi. (I am ignorant, was lousy when I was a P.O.W. and have not been, nor ever expect to be a Nazi.) Curiously, this letter too contains the expression "If you are going to seed a HATE, you will find yourself in a hatred.' Collusion, what?

Well, good Slovaks, and your ladies I apologize. If our educational system was any good, you'd have known what I meant, The original said, "Here you are, a good honest Bohemian (Czoch). After World War I you are thrown in with those lousy Stovaks and told you are now a Czecho-Slovakian.

Let's change that. Make it read, "Here

The idea of film censorship is but no less a person than Raymond Massey says he favors it and that he can't even tell the plots of some modern films without blushing. Blushes may keep some of the public away from the theatre. And it is likely that boredom will set in and



World War I, you are thrown in with those lousy Bohemians and told you are now a Czecho-Slovakian."

And that's about what they think of each other. Divide and conquer, I always 'say. But now I'll have the Czechs after me. The next Balkan war may be fought right here in Canada, with yours truly slap in the middle. The only way out that I can see is to buy two tickets to the next ball sponsored by the Slovak Benefit Society.

But even the vision of slavering Slovaks and choking Czechs seeking my blood doesn't bother me nearly as much as the next ordeal in my current bind. I'd ratherface 100 of them, bare-handed, than go through with it.

I have to make a speech to the Women's Institute. I would rather walk barefoot over a glowing bed of red-hot go-go girls than make the speech. However, it's my own fault.

Their secretary wrote me last June, asking me to speak. I ignored the letter, hoping it would go away, or that I'd die. Then came the mail strike. Thought I was safe. Not so. Early September she wrote again, sharply reminding me.

Still I stalled, but no use. It wasn't my sense of honor that made me accept. It was the fact that the secretary's daughter was in my home form. Every day she sat and looked at me with huge, reproachful eyes. Finally, I broke and blurted, "All right, Marsha, all right! Tell your Mom I'll do it.' She beamed. Her teach hadn't let her

What in the holy old red-eyed world does one say to a group of first-class women who have already heard a speaker on every possible topic?

Well, 1 - have my opening paragraph ready. It goes like this: "The Women's Institute should be wiped out, with fire and sword, if necessary. Speaking as a man, I would like to see every branch smashed, all records put to the flames, and any executive members who might be caught sent to Canada's tundra to spend the rest of their lives making motions and resolutions and phoney Eskimo carvings and not asking people to speak to them."

On second thought, maybe I'd better take on the entire Czech-Slovak population of Canada, and get it over with quickly.

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Business and Editorial Office



at to Million St. Actun, Ontario Member of the Audit Burrau of Circulation the CWNA and OWNA Advertising rates on request Subscripin all countries other than Canada, single copies Department Octame Advertising to accepted on the condition that in the event of typographical error that portion of the advertising wace ocsupport by the erroneous stem together with resumable allowance for signature, will not be charged for but the balance of the advertisement will be paul for at the applicable rate la the event of a typographical error advertising goads or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising to marely an offer

Free Press

back ISSUES

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, October 28, 1948.

500 attended a turkey dinner in the United Church Monday evening, Rev. Pickering spoke to the large crowd. A program was presented after the dinner.

Two deer were killed by motorists during the past week on 25 Highway between Acton and Milton. The animals have a crossing on the highway below Speyside: The carcasses were sent to. charitable institutions:

Mr. and Mrs. Hoch Cook, R.R. ... Action, are happy to ahmounce, the arrival of Elizabeth Jean, a sister for Billy, for Sunday, October 24; at the Norsing Home, Guelph St.,

The first flakes of snow may well be a reminder any of these days to after driving habits acquired when pavernents were dry.

Winners at Lakesule 1001; bridge, and cuchie Wednesday evening in the Y were Mrs. Leatherland, Mrs. Blow, W. I. Beatty, W. Talbot, Mrs. G. McLellan, Mrs. S. Norton: Mrs. Marks, A. Fryer.

1 The home of Mrs. A. E. Nicklin on Bower Ave: has been sold to Ben Rachlin and Mrs. C. I/. Poole has purchased the Secord home more recently occupied by Mrs. Jennie Dryden.

Street light wattage has been reduced about 40 per cent during the current power shortage.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press

Council the Tax Collectors for the year

were appointed as follows: Ward No. 1.

Robert Joyce; No. 2, Henry May; No. 3

Henry Wilson; No. 4, M. E. Turner; No. 5,

S. H. Lindsay; No. 6, Joseph Marchment.

executors of the late John Dickenson,

Eramosa, on Tuesday of last week. The

attendance was large and the bidding was

brisk. One horse brought \$214,00; a grade

steer calf went to the bid of H. King,

O.A.C., Guelph, for \$175; mixed grain

brought \$3.30 per cwt. The total amount

of the sale was \$8,500. R. J. Kerr, of

The brick work of the new slice factory

Miss Ella McPherson was home from

Mr. Charles A. G. Matthews came up

Mrs. William Small and Master Gordon

At the Art Museum the sign "Hands

A small child looked from the sign to

"Anybody could see that," she said

and Miss Marguerite of Kilbride, visited at

the home of Mrs. Alice McPherson, Bower

Off' was conspicuously displayed before

from Toronto on Saturday to attend the

funeral of the late Fred H. Storey.

the statue of Venus de Milo.

is about completed and contractor

Mackenzie is getting the roof of the big

Acton was the auctioneer.

structure placed.

Ave., this week.

the statue.

Toronto over Sunday.

A very successful sale was held for the

At the last meeting of fisquesing

Thursday, Oct. 31, 1918.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Prec Press Thursday, October 26, 1893.

People are talking Indian Summer now.

W. Hemstreet secured a prize on his team of roadsters at Grand Valley on Friday against eight competitors.

The Stewarttown tannery, of which Mr. 1:. B. Nicklin is manager, is turning out fine ploves and leather now

A. man residing in Nassagaweya, undertook to ring the Milton fire hell last week during an entertamment as a joke He was under the influence of liquor and will be punished for his so called toke.

Storey's tannery is shirt down for a few days while steam prior are being titted throughout the new building

Rev. T. I. Sabine of Rockwood preached in the Methodist church on Simday morning and Rev. A. I. Irwin in the evening. They were both enjoyed by the large congregations present.

How many bright, eyes go dim how many soft cheeks grow pale show many lovely torms tade away into the tomb and none can tell the cause, that blighted their toyelmess of form: After a few-hours of sudden illness, beginning with convulsions Mrs McKeagne died Hursday evening

Captain Rees of Manchester has been appointed to the charge of the Salvation Army here

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, October 22, 1868.

The loyal people of Montreal are erecting a bronze statue of Her Majesty in their city, costing \$10,000, on the ground that it is desirable to give expression to the loyalty which exists in the hearts of all Canadians. While we rejoice that Montreal, which pelted the representation of Her Majesty and burnt the Parliament Buildings in 1849, and was supposed to be tainted with Femanism and Annexation, is thus about to publicly remove the stigina under, which it rested, we are of the opinion that Her Majesty would be better pleased if the money were devoted to some charitable or benevolent purpose, and dedicating it to the Queen, who would thus be more honored and gratefully remembered by those who were recipients of the bounty. than by a bronze monument in the city of Montreal.

We are glad to learn that an effort is being made to do something in Milton for the relict of the starving emigrants of the Red River Settlement. Several gentlemen have interested themselves in the matter, and confidence is expressed that ample material for an excellent concert could easily be obtained. But this is merely a suggestion, which may or may not be adopted, as may be resolved upon at a Specting of all interested, to take place at an early date. Acton has done her part nobly. Would it not be well that other localities such as Oakville, Georgetown and other places should do hkewræ?

Pepper

by hartley coles

When I get sick and tired of the Viet Nam war, rising taxes, the color har in the U.S. and other discouraging news in the daily press, I sometimes turn to the advice columns for a few laughs. It never fails to give me a lift. Makes me realize my troubles are miniscule compared to the heavy burdens which afflict others.

For instance, the other day a lady wrote in to say she was sick and tired of reading letters from wives complaining about husbands snoring. She said her husband was one of the best snorers she's ever heard. Each night she goes down on her knees with thanks that a champion snorer is in her bed.

This rip-snorer wakes his wife up with a symphony of sound. She lies quietly, watches him get badly needed fest, and drain out the sound which had been accumulating all day.

Some wives, she reports, tie their husbands jaws shut with their nylons to stop the noise. Others strap bicycle horns to their head. This makes her mad. Let 'em go, she urges.

Good advice. Wish my better half would take it. All I get is a good dig in the ribs in the middle of the night.

. I usually 'wake up and ask, "Wazza madder, house burning down!" or "Did you get a new spear today, dear!" "You were snoring," the retorts

indignantly. "I never heard anything," I answer innocently. "Besides, I never more."

That's good for a deep, throat-rasping laugh any hight of the week. Makes me shiver. The Irish have an expression. "Someone's walking over your grave" It's appropriate.

Well after you've been wakened up several times that way you start to get a sneaking suspicion that perhaps there is something to the old girl's stories after all. Maybe you are sneaking in the odd snore every other fortnight or so:

.

Maybe you can trace it, like Ole Scrooge did his sleeplessness, to an undigested morsel of suct pudding or an undone pork chop. If that's the case it means doing away with the before-bed snack which buoys you up for a whole

4

night of sleeping. I'd rather put up with the dig in the ribs and the sarcasm. If I don't eat I can't sleep. If I eat there's a chance the odd snort will escape but I sleep

Besides snoring has always fascinated me. I had an older friend who could fall asleep at the mere mention of dozing bulldozing or any other kind of dozing. I envied him. No matter where he was, he could relax, close his eyes, open his mouth, and snore!

We used to delight in waking him up. We devised various forms of delicate torture such as releasing flies in his yawning mouth, dropping water in or

letting go with a loud yell near his ear. He had an even temperament He'd smile, yawn, stretch, and take a playful cuff at his termenters then lean back, and

resume sleeping. Some of the best literature in the English language has been written about sleep. Bill Shakespeare expressed his thoughts eloquently. They gamed wide renown. I like those of Sir Philip Sidney.

although they may be obscure. He said Come Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of

The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe. The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's

Th' indifferent judge between the high and the low

Snoring' All the great writers ignored it or referred to it in vulgar verse. So I think I'll take a crack at it

The snoring man, his wife doth opine, Sounds much like many herds of swine;

All of us, we do agree

The poor man needs a tonsillectomy.

SIR HARRY BRITTAIN of Acton, England, visited Acton in the 1930's and presented to the village the copy of the Acton, England, crest that hangs now in the town hall. In the group picture taken at Moorecroft, the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Moore, are left to right, back row, Amos Mason, Hartley Harrison, John R. Kennedy, Dr. Nelson;

front row R. M. MacDonald, H. P. Moore, Sir Harry Brittain, Mrs. G. A. Dills In the picture at the right are Mrs Moore, Mrs. G. A. Dills, Sir Harry and H P. Moore. Sir Harry was entertained by the town fathers and Free Press editor Mr. Moore when he made the presentation.



by Rockwood photographer. Don Hilts. the geometric pattern. (Don Hilts Photo)

Every so often I get myself into such a

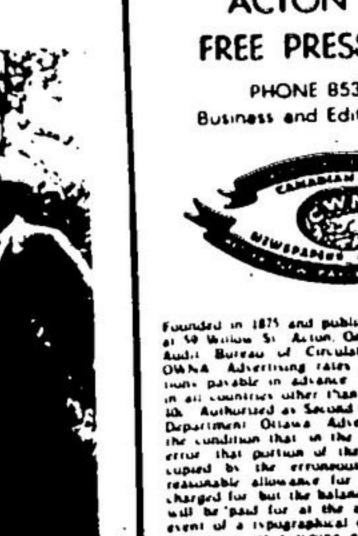
lousy Slovaks."

No less a person than Louis Gorek,

you are, a good, honest Slovak. After

under fire more often than its lack, the funeral will come soon after...





Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Lid. David & Della Publisher Die Ryder Auft Manager