

Facts over theories...

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", "rotten" 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 Railway 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 Acton.

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 the 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

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.

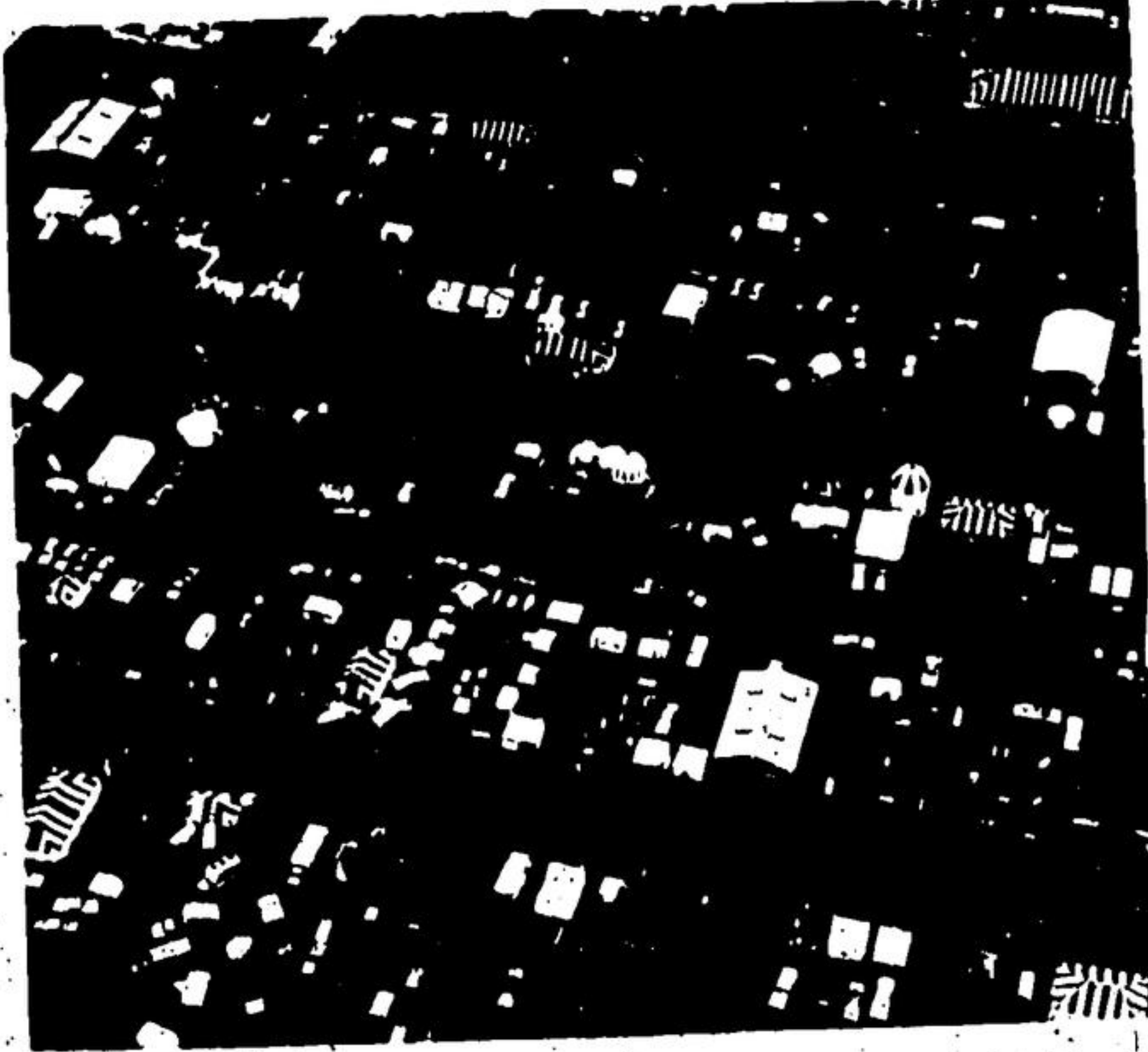
One thing the meeting did clear up was that it is quite possible the station here was making a profit when operations started phasing out. There have been countless suggestions that the Acton station was not a money-maker.

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 station.

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.



IMPRESSIONISTIC VIEW of international plowing match was taken from the air by Rockwood photographer, Don Hills.

Striped tents, temporary streets, hordes of people and parked cars contribute to the geometric pattern. (Don Hills Photo)

Sugar and Spice

by Bill Smiley



Every so often I get myself into such a bind that a razor blade and a tub of hot water seem to be the only honorable way out. The sole reason I am still with you is that either my wife has just runned 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 lousy Slovaks."

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

No less a person than Louis Gorek, 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 (Czech). After World War I you are thrown in with those lousy Slovaks and told you are now a Czech-Slovakian."

Let's change that. Make it read, "Here you are, a good, honest Slovak. After

The idea of film censorship is under fire more often than its lack, 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 the funeral will come soon after.

The Printed Word



Photos from the past



SIR HARRY BRITAIN 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, Amos Mason, Hartley Harrison, John R. Kennedy, Dr. Nelson; front row R. M. MacDonald, H. P. Moore, Sir Harry Britain, Mrs. G. A. Dills. In the picture at the right are Mrs. Moore, Mrs. C. 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.

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. Herb Cook, R.R. 2, Acton, are happy to announce the arrival of Elizabeth Jean, a sister for Billy, on Sunday, October 24, at the Nursing Home, Guelph, Ont.

The first flakes of snow may well be a reminder any of these days to alter driving habits acquired when pavements were dry. Winners at Lakeside 1000 bridge and euchre Wednesday evening in the Y were Mrs. Leatherland, Mrs. Blow, W. I. Beatty, W. Talbot, Mrs. G. McEllan, Mrs. S. Norton, Mrs. Marks, A. Fryer.

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

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

75 years ago

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

People are talking Indian Summer now.

W. Hemstreet secured a prize on his team of moulters at Grand Valley on Friday against eight competitors. The Stewarttown tannery, of which Mr. E. H. Nicklin is manager, is turning out fine gloves and leather now.

A man, residing in Noyagaweya, undertook to ring the Milton Free bell last week during an entertainment at a joke. He was under the influence of liquor and will be punished for his so-called joke.

Stoney's tannery is shut down for a few days while steam pipes are being fitted throughout the new building.

Rev. T. E. Sabine of Rockwood preached in the Methodist church on Sunday morning and Rev. A. J. Iron on the evening. They were both engaged by the large congregations present.

How many bright eyes go dim how many soft cheeks grow pale how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb and none can tell the cause, that blighted their loveliness of form. After a few hours of sudden illness, beginning with convulsions, Mrs. McKeagie died Thursday evening.

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

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, Oct. 31, 1918.

At the last meeting of Esquimaux 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 Marchmont.

A very successful sale was held for the 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 Acton was the auctioneer.

The brick work of the new shoe factory is about completed and contractor Mackenzie is getting the roof of the big structure placed.

Miss Ella McPherson was home from Toronto over Sunday.

Mr. Charles A. G. Matthews came up from Toronto on Saturday to attend the funeral of the late Fred H. Storey.

Mrs. William Small and Master Gordon and Miss Marguerite of Kilbride, visited at the home of Mrs. Alice McPherson, Bower Ave., this week.

At the Art Museum the sign "Hands Off" was conspicuously displayed before the statue of Venus de Milo.

A small child looked from the sign to the statue.

"Anybody could see that," she said dryly.

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 Fenianism and Annexation, is thus about to publicly remove the stigma 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 relief 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 meeting 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 likewise?

Salt and Pepper

by Hartley Coles



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, I 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.

When I get sick and tired of the Viet Nam war, rising taxes, and the color bar 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 minuscule 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 tip-snorer wakes his wife up with a symphony of sound. She lies quietly, watches him get badly needed rest, 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," she retorts indignantly.

"I never heard anything," I answer innocently. "Besides, I never snore."

That's good for a deep, throat-rasping laugh any night 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 suet 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 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 tormentors 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 gained wide renown I like those of Sir Philip Sidney, although they may be obscure. He said

Come Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace.

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

The 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 tonallectomy.