

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.

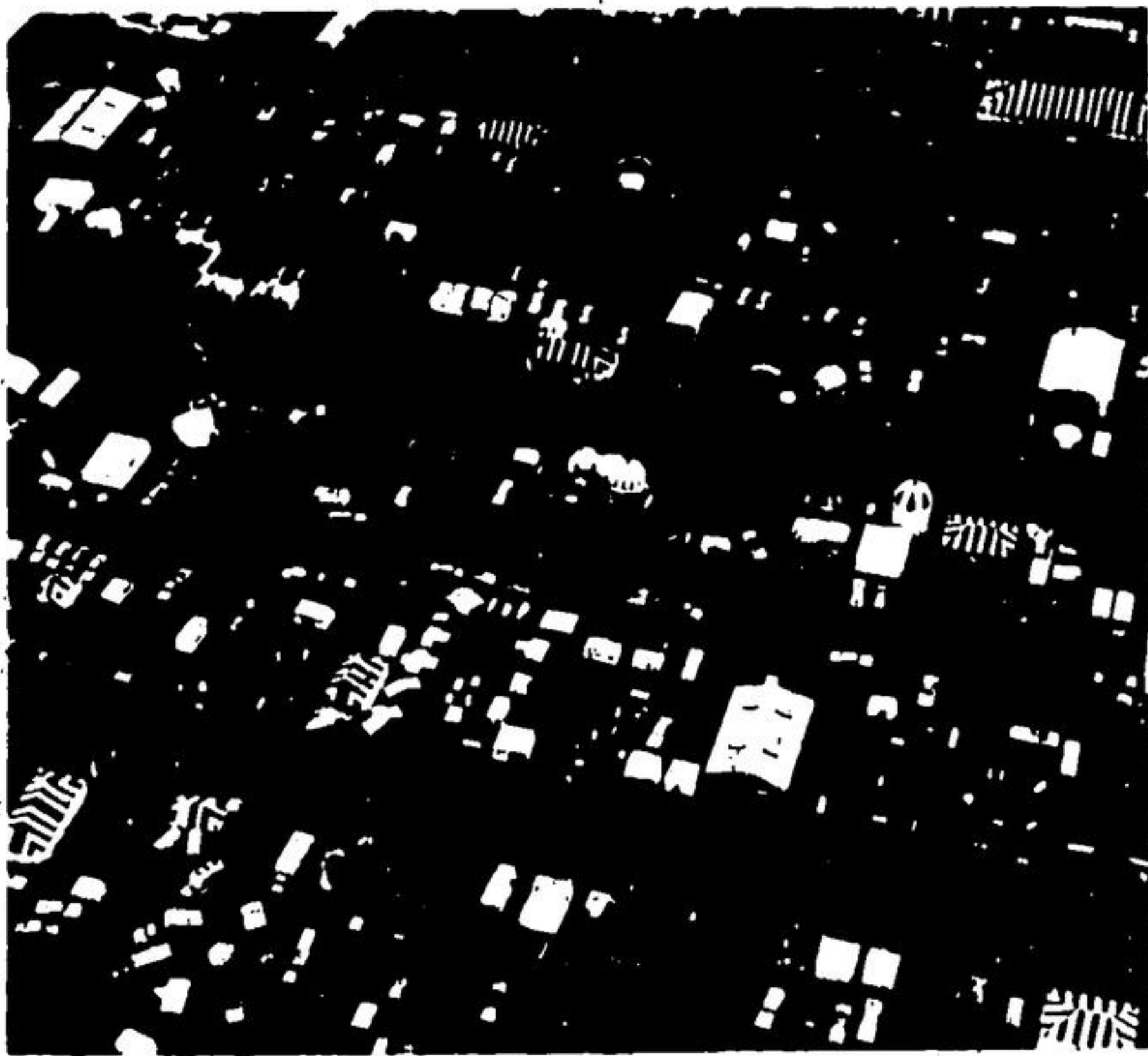
One thing the meeting did clear up was that it is quite possible the station here was making a profit when operations started phasing out. There have been countless suggestions that the Acton station was not a money-maker.

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 the only honorable way out. The sole reason I am still with you is that either my wife has just ruined 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 send 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 send 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



Free Press Editorial Page

Comment...

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 sign a petition.

In this business we often see an 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.

This issue had a sentimental angle, and maybe that accounts for it. Nobody was furious nobody was blaming anyone.

Our congratulations to all the people who offered their opinion so pleasantly and our own personal thanks to Norm Braida and the Beardmore board for acquiescing.

Our links with the past are few enough. Let's keep the Beardmore whistle blowing another century!

A plea for life...

Every day, relatively speaking, the world loses the entire population in children of a medium sized Canadian city. That's every day of the week, every month of the year.

Every day 30,000 children die of hunger and disease.

What can a dime dropped in an orange and black UNICEF box on Hallowe'en night accomplish in the face of such a mind-shattering daily tragedy?

The child holding the UNICEF

(United Nations Children's Fund) 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 and well today.

All children have a right to live. Maybe someday all children will also have a chance for a good education. A donation to UNICEF will speed that ideal along.

Photos from the past



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.

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. Herb Cook, R.R. 2, Acton, are happy to announce the arrival of Elizabeth Jean, a sister for Billy, on Sunday, October 21, at the Nursing Home, Guelph St.

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

Winners at Lakeside (ODE) bridge and entire Wednesday evening in the Y were Mrs. Leatherland, Mrs. Blow, W. I. Beatty, W. Talbot, Mrs. G. McElliott, 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. L. 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, 1891.

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. E. B. Nicklin is manager, is turning out fine gloves and leather now.

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

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

Rev. J. J. Sabine of Rockwood preached in the Methodist church on Sunday morning and Rev. A. I. Iwam in the evening. They were both enjoyed 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 lighted their loveliness of form. After a few hours of sudden illness, beginning with convulsions, Mrs. McKeague died Thursday evening.

Captain Rev. 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 Esqueping 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, Erasmus, on Tuesday of last week. The attendance was large and the bidding was brisk. One horse brought \$214.00; a grade steef 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.

Salt and Pepper

by Hartley Coles



When I get sick and tired of the Viet Nam war, rising taxes, 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 rip-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, the 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, the urges.

Good advice. With 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 undusted 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 baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe. The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,

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.

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