

We'll miss him . . .

Nassagaweya township will miss him. And the county lost a strong advocate of determined opposition to tentative regional government proposals in the untimely death of Reeve Bill Hoey.

Bill Hoey made his presence felt at both levels of government. He didn't hesitate to implement ideas after he was satisfied they made sense. He took issue with the provincial government's proposals to split Nassagaweya township, handing part to Milton and drawing another section into the Guelph orbit.

He suggested the government was depriving the rural communities of true democracy by forming regional

units based on representation by population without taking land area into consideration.

These thoughts are widely held in the rural areas and Bill Hoey championed them in a way which demanded attention.

The voice of Nassagaweya has been stilled by death. The community mourns. No matter the disposition of the township when regional government arrives, the ideas held by Bill Hoey will be there in the framework.

The sympathy of the community and district goes out to the family of the deceased. He was respected and liked by people in all walks of life.

Need train service . . .

London, England, is a good example of the importance of good railway transportation for a community.

London's congested roads, where traffic crawls through tortuous routes, makes transportation from the suburbs and further almost an impossible matter. Time has no meaning in the jumble of streets which bisect the metropolis. Traffic jams are phenomenal.

Quickest and best way to get into London or anywhere else in the suburbs is by rail. Fares are relatively inexpensive. The trains come only a few minutes apart.

Towns and cities situated outside

London can rely on the electric trains. Businessmen go into the city unencumbered by cars, relieving the intolerable road situation at the peak hours.

It is easy to draw a parallel between London, England, and Toronto in this country. Congested roads may soon cut this district off from Toronto, in effect, if some other alternative method of travel is not available.

The rail line runs through Acton and Rockwood. But few trains stop here.

It is time the CN started thinking about serving the needs of the people in this district with passenger service.

Who is my neighbor? . . .

The horrors in Biafra, where the population is actually starving to death at the rate of 2,000 a day has come into our living rooms by television pictures. It seems that efforts by Canairrelief to fly food into the stricken country are not enough. More aid is needed.

Canairrelief is a member agency of the Joint-Church Aid International relief consortium which has been flying relief supplies to Biafra since August of 1968. It is supported in Canada by the Presbyterian, United, Catholic and Anglican churches, Osefam of Canada, the Jewish community and the general public.

Recently one of the Canairrelief planes crashed with its crew of Canadians losing their lives. There are still three planes left to ferry

supplies in but they are far from meeting the needs of a starving people.

Despite claims that the Biafra tragedy is exaggerated, Stanley Burke the CBC newscaster has returned from a fact finding tour there with evidence to show that Biafrans are starving in the tens of thousands.

Approximately three million Biafrans are dependent for life on relief supplies ferried in by Joint Church Aid and those delivered by the international committee of the Red Cross.

Truly, in this day of modern communications we need not ask like the man in the Bible story - Who is my neighbor? The furthest points in the world are now as near as our own living rooms.

Banks say No . . .

It will be a long dry summer and fall - as far as tapping the chartered banks for credit is concerned, says an article in The Financial Post.

Those who believe availability of credit is more important than cost in cooling business activity will have ample opportunity to test their theory. Clearly the government wants the chartered banks to say NO

to more would-be borrowers rather than let high rates be the main deterrent.

The Financial Post says that rate alone is not acting as an adequate deterrent in the current intense scramble for funds as demonstrated by the hefty expansion of general loans, mostly to businesses and consumers so far this year.

OH I DON'T KNOW THESE - IT'S REALLY QUITE EXCITING. JUST THINK - IF THEY DO SEPARATE ALL OUR CLOTHES FROM MONTREAL WILL HAVE FOREIGN LABELS!



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Writing a weekly column is something like being pregnant. You can't stop just because you're not in the mood. The typesetters are waiting, the editors are waiting, and the mailman waits for no man.

I've written them in hotel rooms, on trains and on New Year's morning. I've written them with the raging flu, the galloping buritis, and a head that felt more like a foot.

And that explains why I'm tapping this out on Grandad's dining-room table on a beautiful hot summer afternoon, when any sane person who was on his holidays would be at the beach, or lying under a tree.

Why didn't I do it yesterday? Because yesterday was a beautiful, hot summer day and I fell asleep on a raft out in the lake, and my silly wife on shore was afraid I'd fall off and drown and she sent some nit out to wake me, and I was so mad at her presumption (she knows I could swim that lake with both hands tied behind me) that I wasn't in the mood for anything but a good domestic hassle.

After a month of relatives and friends and casuals dropping in, we were looking forward to a week of quiet living and "getting away from people" at Grandad's. It's an idyllic setting. A stone farmhouse, overlooking a beautiful bay. Lots of trees around and the nearest neighbor a quarter-mile down the road.

Trouble is, it's in our old stamping-ground. Even though we slip in under cover of darkness, somebody spots us, and the tom-toms start drumming. "The Smileys are here."

Then it's, "When are you going to drop out to the lake?" and "Come on up to the cottage for a few days," and "How about dropping around for a drink and a barbeque?"

It's grand to be wanted. And all the old friends are so kind and hospitable that it's difficult to say no. So we don't. But it is definitely not conducive to the quiet, meditative life. It's murder on the physique, because old friends want to sit up and talk all night. And so do we.

Daytimes are bad, too. When I go into town for some milk, it takes me three hours to get home. I have to say hello to Skin the barber, and Skinny the editor, and all the merchants I used to sell ads to and little old ladies who remember our children and ask embarrassing questions about what they're doing now, and then I bump into

Males top tax

Males still earn a lot more—and pay a lot more taxes—than females in Canada.

Average male taxpayer's income in 1967 was \$6,281, 60% more than the average female taxpayer, according to the "Green Book". The Book shows that doctors and surgeons with their own practices again top the income scale with an average income in 1967 of \$27,347. They also registered the largest proportional increase - 61% since the beginning of the decade.

Don and Mac who are up at their cottages from the States.

Desperately seeking refuge, I drop into the pub for a quiet, cold beer. Within ten minutes I'm talking deer-hunting with Teemy the well-driller, and Murdoch the farmer and Don the car dealer and George the millionaire. It's rude to rush off with my milk when these hard-working chaps insist on one more round for old times sake.

Just to add to the pastoral peace of our week, we brought Pip the kitten, and Grandad is in temporary charge of Screwie Louie, a spirited young poodle.

However, it wasn't all bad. Perhaps the highlight for me was a trip "around the mail" with Grandad, who has been delivering rural mail for 40 years, since the days of the Model T in summer and the sleigh in winter.

Ever drive a route with a rural mail carrier? It's an experience somewhat like your first ride on a big roller-coaster. He belts around those gravel back roads at a hell of a clip, knows every rib and vein in them, and takes corners and hills with the dash of a hell-driver.

Each mail box is a personal challenge. He heads straight for the ditch and you cringe. Misses the ditch by two inches and winds up right beside the box, so that the mail can be popped in without leaving the car.

Add to this the fact that Grandad has one arm, and that I'm a coward in a car, and you get the message. Must do it again some time. In about ten years.

After this peaceful week, we've determined to rent a trailer and go off into the bush somewhere, with no telephones, no friends, and just squat there, licking our wounds. With our luck, the people in the next trailer will be our next-door neighbors, back home.

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Salt and Pepper



by hartley coles

There's one in every crowd.

I've spent several columns writing about the things I liked in Britain and the positive aspects of an trip jammed into 21 days.

"Now," says another voice clamoring to be heard, "What about the things that didn't impress you? There must have been some."

There were, I'm not going to pretend to be some sort of expert on a country where I spent a scant three weeks but the British do, with every other country in the world, have problems. Perhaps Britain's troubles are unique because disturbing the status quo where tradition is closely interwoven with daily life can be a frustrating experience for those who are trying to solve them.

Primarily, the people I talked with kept the emphasis on the economic side. Balance of payments and the free and easy spending habits of the people make a bleak picture for the economist. But this wasn't what worried several ordinary Britons I chin-wagged with over the tea cups.

They claimed that many English people were too lazy to work. Crippling taxes which take about eight shillings in every 20, have killed initiative, they said. The ordinary bloke is determined he's not going to line the boss's pockets.

One woman from Acton, who has lived in England for 10 years, said she was much in demand as a stenographer because she tried to do an honest day's work. Employers are eager to hire Canadians. Most of them have "old-fashioned" consciences which bother them if they don't produce.

Was the welfare state a flop, then?

No. Despite the high taxes and individual complaints the ordinary Briton liked the fact that he was covered for illness, unemployment and dental work. It took a load of worry from his mind. Big doctor and dental bills were a thing of the past.

However, because he's got nothing much to worry about except the grave, which even the affluent can't escape, he'd just as soon tell the boss to go peddle his paper as raise some sweat on his brow. At least that's what we were told.

This certainly isn't true on the farm. A recent report from Britain revealed the British farmer has increased his production four times since the last war and halved the number of farm workers. That's an eight-fold increase in manpower productivity.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 18, 1949.

Eleven bands treated Actonians and visitors to one of the biggest musical events ever presented in Acton. On Saturday the Band Tattoo sponsored by the Boys and Girls Band drew 2,000 people. In the park, the bands were welcomed to the town by Reeve Tom Jones and Mr. R. R. Parker acted as master of ceremonies.

After several weeks work Mr. W. Coles has completed his work on the census of Acton. The Free Press offered two prizes to the persons with the closest estimate; the winners were Ron Cripps who guessed 2673 and Mrs. Cullen was second. The actual count is 2651.

The barn on the Porty farm, half a mile west of Acton, was completely demolished by fire Friday afternoon and this year's crop, valued at over \$1,000 was completely destroyed. Crowds of people went to the fire.

Twenty-eight building permits have been issued. Eight new homes have been built for Hazen Gordon, T. Seynuck, Jones and Van Gils, James Moore, Allan Leithman, Harry Gordon, Earl Lambert and Frank Terry.

The Wool Combing is building a large addition to their property.

Dublin district and friends gathered to honor Miss Margaret Somerville on the eve of her approaching marriage.

Find out what you don't know about the sewers at the citizens' meeting Friday.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 21, 1919.

Much regret will be felt here at the resignation of Rev. J. C. Wilson B.A., the pastor of Knox church. He has been a faithful man of God here for 16 years.

Bugler James Loutitt returned last week from overseas. He was accompanied by his pretty Irish bride and spent a day or so in town. They are at present with relatives in Toronto.

The Boy Scout Band under Scoutmaster N. F. Moore and the Boy Scouts under Sergt. W. Coles went to Toronto Exhibition yesterday to see the Prince of Wales who received the scouts of Ontario. It was the largest scout gathering ever held

Britain is less than a quarter the size of Ontario yet British farmers produce enough to feed 25 million people, eight million more than live in Canada.

So you fibbers who are good with figures can digest that information while I continue to make astute observations about something I know nothing about. Number one was strengthened that bit of character assassination by presenting me with a motto to place on my desk. I read: "The secrecy of my job prevents me from knowing what I'm doing."

And that's exactly how I felt at station platforms in England waiting for their fast electric trains.

Unlike our trains here, coaches in Britain are divided into compartments. If the compartment is full you shut that door and move along to the next one. If that's full you move along again opening and shutting doors like a magician.

After you've reached about your tenth door and there's still no room you get a bit panicky. The train's whistle goes indicating it expects to start moving any second.

Finally you open another door and spy a space for one. You jump in dragging a protesting wife behind you and both of you squeeze in the single space while the polite British pretend they don't notice.

To compound the problem, my better half preferred to ride in a compartment where they allowed smoking. Usually I dragged her into one where a sign clearly indicated it was forbidden. To my horror she dragged on a fag, anyway, calmly pointing to butts on the floor indicating others also felt rules were made to be broken.

After the saw what they did to prisoners in the tower of London her attitude changed slightly. She made an effort to hide the cigarette when someone else was there.

I'm not going to say anything about the British money system except that it made me stoop-shouldered on the side where I carry change. The British are in the throes of changing their currency to the decimal system from one which started, I'm sure, when the Romans traded brass with the woodmen.

Hand an Englishman a pound note to pay for a three shilling purchase and you got so much change back it almost deters you from accepting it.

They really know what they're talking about when they speak of their money in pounds.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 23, 1894.

Last Friday the fire alarm was sounded and it was found that Williams Boot and Shoe Shop was on fire. The workroom was a mass of flames and it was only by prompt and energetic action that the fire was controlled. One of the sweeping conflagrations, so often predicted as inevitable owing to the lack of waterworks and adequate fire protection, was averted.

The damage was under \$100 and was covered by insurance.

Ground will be broken this morning upon the site of the new Knox church. There were 18 tenders, and Messrs. J. J. Lawson and Joseph Anderson were successful. The contract price for the work is \$5165. The pulpit, pews, glazing etc. are additional amounting to \$1100. The church is to be completed by the 25th December. Satisfaction is felt that the major portion of the contract has been let to local men.

The peach festival held by the ladies' aid was most enjoyable. Delicious peaches and cream were served in Dr. McKeague's new coach house. An old-fashioned campfire shed its rays and Miss Luna eclipsed with lesser light.

Rev. J. J. Rae delivered a lecture and Miss Anna Laidlaw sang solos.

The Home comfort stove peddlars had a rather awkward turn over on the seventh line near Mr. Henderson's at Ballinacraf which left the stoves or parts of stoves in a rather dilapidated state.

Photos from the past



COUNTY COUNCILS of the pre-war era were custodians of a legacy which kept them busy but they had different sets of problems than councils of today which legislate in a booming, expanding county. Do you know any of the representatives of Halton County's nine municipalities who sent men to the county seat then? Recognize the late Jim Chalmers, reeve of Acton, second from the left in front? Or Margaret Maxted, beside him on the right? Is that Harold Cleave on the front row to the right? And Doctor Hedlop of Milton behind him?