

The Old Home's Welcome

(adapted)

One road that leads to Acton
Goes crawling near the sky,
Along a rise of western hills
That stand serene and high.

Another road to Acton
Strolls through the valleys low
And turns and winds beside a brook
With places grave and slow.

And there are some who'll take the road
That crawls along the sky
And some there are who'll take the road
Where brook-bright meadows lie.

Since both roads come to Acton
All Acton folks now say
If you but come, we little care
About your choice of way.

P.S. Come any road, by aeroplane, motor car,
electric road, railway train, ox train or
horse back — A welcome awaits you.

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Acton is where Good Leather is Made

And there is nothing like leather
In all kinds of weather
If well put together.

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ACTON IS LEATHERTOWN
(This message brought to you by The Leathertown Committee
and The Acton Free Press)

