

Editorial Page

A New Danger

Thursday night's heavy snowfall was cleared away with remarkable speed in town as well as on the county and district roads and highways.

It was, however, not without a great deal of effort and many hours of night work. Those responsible deserve credit. There is no doubt that the snowfall was one of the heaviest of the year and of the past decade.

Disposing of the snow cleared from the street has been a problem especially in the quantities that developed. Here in Acton the large part, if not all, the snow was dumped on River St. by the school stream. This has been a disposal area for years but this year the quantity necessitated pushing the snow right over the stream course, not just leaving it on the bank to melt into and be carried away by the stream.

We feel this has created a danger the full result of which will not be known until spring. It is quite possible the snow bridge will prove an attractive play area for children.

A Grain of Salt

It may be unwise, it may even be dangerous, but the fact remains that it is difficult to accept at face value the statements made by the Communist leaders of Soviet Russia. The Russian leaders tell the world they want disarmament; they announce the release of two million men from their armed forces; they claim they seek an all-time, all-inclusive ban on nuclear tests; they boast of rocket missiles fired for thousands of miles and striking within a mile or two of a Pacific target. But all of this must be taken with a grain of salt because, from time to time, statements of theirs that can be checked prove to be false.

A timely example is Russian farm output in 1959. Drought played havoc with the harvest. In this matter the facts and figures can be pieced together by a qualified expert on Russia, such as Edward Crankshaw of the London Observer. But the truth is not to be admitted.

"Mr. Khrushchev," writes Crankshaw, "put up Mr. Aristov, one of his chief lieutenants in the Party apparatus, to fiddle with figures. Listen to Mr. Aristov: 'Notwithstanding the drought in several regions of the Republic, more grain was harvested this year than in the best yielding years before the new lands program. By November 1,825 million poods more grain had been purchased and procured than the average of procurements in the years 1949-1953.'"

"It sounds very fine, but it is not. The

ren. A combination of melting and the undermining of the bridge by the stream could prove fatal for an unsuspecting youngster.

Its location close to the school grounds, puts temptation a little close to children. We feel it should either be fenced or some suitable steps taken to keep children away from this dangerous snow bridge.

The second problem created by dumping tons of snow in the creek itself is the flooding threat it has created which we are frank to admit, worries us. When spring floods course down the creek a dam the size of the snow bridge could hold back the water and create serious flooding and damage. We feel this should be considered before that damage results.

Getting rid of the snow undoubtedly has its problems but there seems little advantage in creating more problems in meeting the immediate need.

average of the years 1949-1953 was a national scandal, and Mr. Khrushchev knows it and has, in effect, said so. If the 1959 production of grain had not exceeded the average of those hopeless years, when the whole Soviet economy looked like foundering because of Stalin's neglect of food production, Mr. Khrushchev would have had to hang his head with shame.

"In fact, what has happened is that instead of increasing by 5 per cent in 1959, Soviet agricultural production as a whole has decreased by something like 10 per cent. This is wholly due to natural causes. There is nothing for Mr. Khrushchev to be ashamed of in that. What he should be ashamed of is his boasting about the calculated increase of the current Seven-Year Plan (as though any politician can control sunshine and rain) and, above all, the phony statistics of Mr. Aristov. The Soviet Union is, or should be, strong enough now to look the world and its own people in the eye and tell the truth about itself.

"If Mr. Aristov, who is very close to Mr. Khrushchev, feels unable to tell the truth about Soviet agricultural production, he must not be surprised if we hesitate to believe him in other matters."

It seems that when the Western world is dealing with Russia's non-political elements—astronomers, farm experts, medical researchers and so on—truth is present. But when the Party enters the picture truth is elsewhere.

Man at the Door

Door to door selling is one of the oldest forms of merchandising on this continent. Indeed, personal solicitation by direct sellers has been responsible for creating the initial demand for many items. The resulting demand developed the market for certain items that today is completely filled through an established retail store.

Like any form of business which involves the human element malpractices do exist. By acquainting yourself with a few basic "do's and don'ts" we hope you will save yourself needless worry and fruitless expenditures on sub-standard merchandise.

Some suggestions for protecting yourself are included in a recent pamphlet prepared and distributed by the Toronto Better Business Bureau. Bearing the initial suggestion of investigate before you invest, the pamphlet outlines these suggestions.

1. Ask to see the credentials of a "new face" at the door. Credentials of a bona fide dealer can be dealership authorization card from the manufacturer or the individual's license to sell which is required in some communities.
2. Examine the products carefully. Look for the name of the manufacturer which should be either printed on the labels and/or stamped on the side or bottom of the item.
3. Read catalogues and promotional literature carefully.
4. Be sure and read and thoroughly understand any contract you are asked to sign BEFORE you sign it and get a copy of it for future reference.

5. Question all dealers about guarantees on products. Be certain that the guarantee information you are given tallies exactly with that stated on the literature and on any contracts or orders you sign.

6. If still doubtful don't hesitate. Check out the name of the dealer and the manufacturing company he or she claims to represent with your nearest Better Business Bureau, Board of Trade or Chamber of Commerce. Check with authorities on such matters. Your neighbour's recommendation isn't always good enough.

Remember anyone who is legitimate will stand investigation.

Brief Comment

As government control and collectivism develop, the sphere of individual effort is gradually reduced in so far as its benefits to society are concerned, and gradually a smaller and smaller percentage of the population knows how to use individual freedom and initiative. People become accustomed to having things done for them that they might well and better do for themselves, and as government grows they shrink and as they shrink, the government grows.

—Canora (Sask.) Courier.

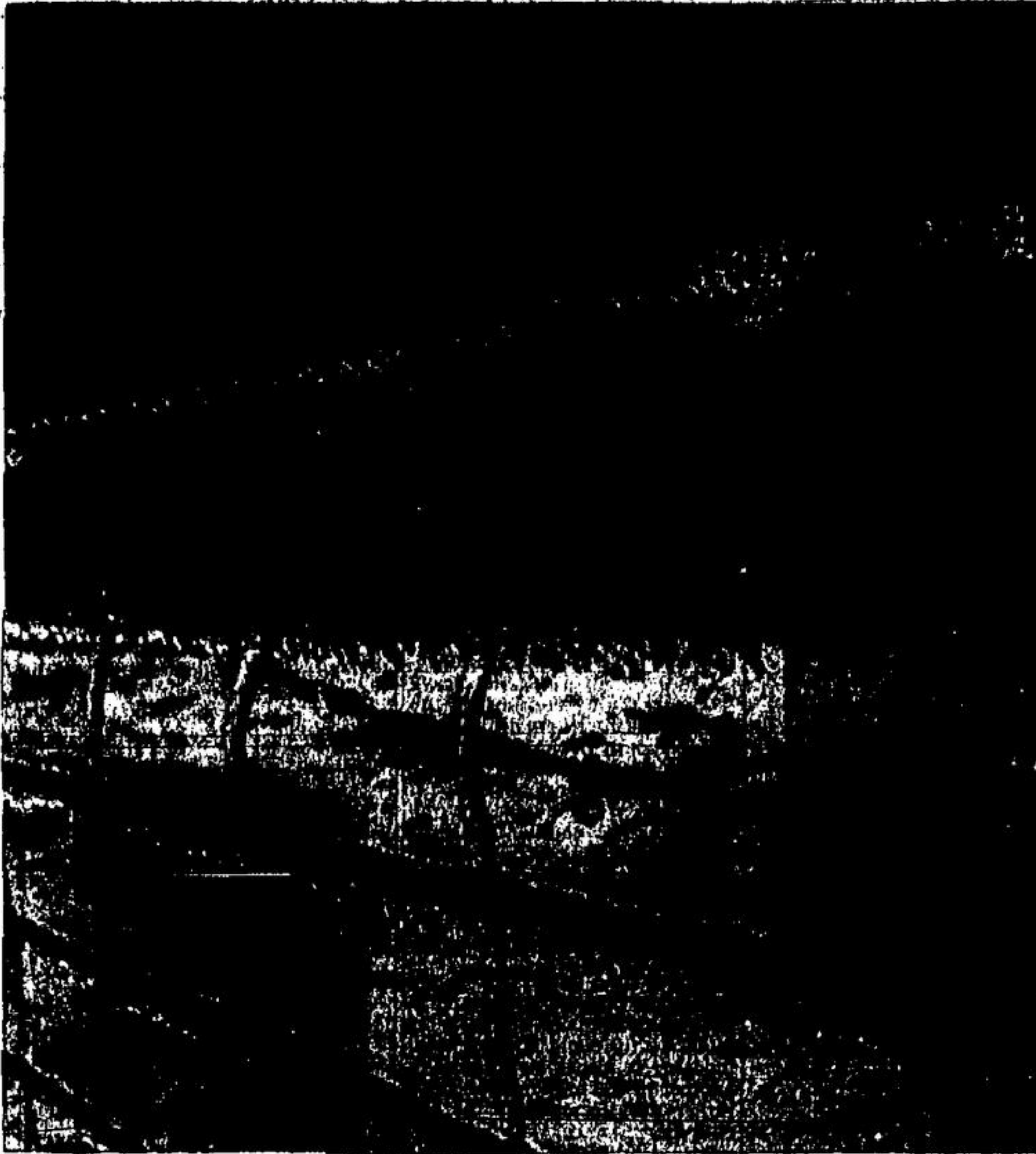


Photo by Esther Taylor

"February Gems"

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

Living in a tourist area, we hear each summer an oft-repeated question that causes untold inner mirth. City people, lulling us in our paradise, say: "Certainly is a lovely place in summer. But what in the world do you do in this little town all winter?"

We just chuckle bitterly and give a vague reply. But nothing would please me more than to have one of those birds follow me around for ten days, about this time of year. Before his time was up, he'd be on his knees, begging permission to return to the safe, quiet, dull life of the city.

Must admit I am fooled each year, myself. As winter approaches, I almost welcome it. When the first snow falls, and the darkness comes early, I look forward with some eagerness to those long winter evenings: reading, writing, listening to records; good conversation with good friends by a cosy fireplace; pleasant, unburied days at the office, when business is slow and the pressure is off.

What a mirage! By this time of year, I have realized again that the small town is a veritable wasp's nest all winter. Life is a gay, mad whirl of

bingos, hockey games, banquets, meetings, social evenings, plays and concerts.

What I want to know is, what do people in the city do all winter? I know, I know. They have cocktail bars and nightclubs and concerts and recitals and art exhibits and theatres. These things soak up a few thousand of the restless, the bored, the frustrated, the lonely, and the honest culture lovers.

But what are all the other hundreds of thousands of people doing? I have a lurking suspicion about 90 per cent of these "dashing city dwellers" spend five or six nights a week gawking at their idiot box or yawning over the paper before toddling off to bed at 11. The lucky bums.

You just can't get away with that in a small town. The pace is killing. Take last week, an average one. It started on Saturday. Daughter had a birthday and wife had the flu, or said she had, so a birthday party was out. To avoid tears and recriminations, Daddy sprang for the works. Took the kids, the old woman, and small friend of small daughter, to the Saturday matinee and out for a real dinner in a real hotel.

...Dodging 'Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

TALKING BACK—The high cost of annexation is beginning to sink in hereabouts. It was reported at Oakville last week that the Oakville-Trafalgar annexation hearings totalled roughly \$80,000—and that's rough. Oakville reportedly paid over \$34,000 in its proceedings to annex southern Trafalgar Township, while the township paid \$45,000 in defence. This was professional advice and did not include the cost, through time and regular salaries, of municipal employees working on the matter. Just recently, Oakville and Trafalgar reopened the amalgamation question, and it looks like more money will go gently down the annexation-amalgamation drain.

Charges Council Negligent

ORANGEVILLE—Councillor Harry Tideman charged "gross irresponsible negligence" and disgraceful conduct on the part of council when he attacked two councillors who had reportedly applied for the position of operator of the new sewage disposal plant. Both have since withdrawn the applications. The late councillor also charged that the applicants were among those who held a meeting to set a salary for the new operator.

Discuss Losing Hall

BURLINGTON—Nelson residents are upset about losing their community hall on Highway 5 at the Nelson intersection. Council had discussed tearing down the ancient building when it was learned the hall cost about a \$1,000 a year on rentals. But many citizens recall spending their own money to keep the hall going, and the local institute added a kitchen and supplied dishes and card tables. "Burlington has grabbed everything we owned" since annexation, they shouted.

Wise Chicken Thief

GEORGETOWN—Chicken thieves are getting smarter, it seems. Instead of hopping a fence, breaking into the henhouse and emerging with a ruffled Rhode Island under each arm, a new method has been found. At least, a thief netted a modern day chicken heist of 160 lbs. of poultry—dressed and iced, and conveniently parcelled in four bushel baskets—from a supermarket here last week. The fowl lover was apprehended before exercising his appetite on the birds, however. Even modernized crime doesn't seem to pass!

Eats Galore Bring Profit

OAKVILLE—There's one way to raise money for school sports equipment, ladies of the Oakwood home and school association found last week when they held their annual Mardi Gras at the school. The kids bought, among other miscellaneous items, nearly 700 cones, 550 hot dogs, and 740 soft drinks.

Here, Here Now

BOLTON—Municipal support throughout Bolton and district is being sought for a newly-formed volunteer ambulance association. But at a recent public meeting to discuss the proposal, one caterpillar quipped that in some neighbouring centres, ambulances were handled by undertakers. He pointed out that it is often too late to save a life when the ambulance does arrive.

Years ago, I swore I'd never again go to a matinee with the kids. Last Saturday I reiterated my oath and wrote it in blood on my daughter's forehead, where it's safe until swimming starts. I'd rather dive into a snake pit than enter a movie emporium on Saturday afternoon in a small town. In these times, they'd never throw Daniel into a lions' den. They'd send him to the Saturday matinee.

Emerging unscathed physically but scarred within, from that excursion, Home and got the kids to bed just in time to welcome uninvited guests looking for a place to happen to. Unless we turn out all the lights in the front of the house, lock the doors, and refuse to answer the phone, it is a common Saturday night cross to bear.

Totter to church Sunday morning, under verbal lash of No. 1 son, who is altar boy. Mom still working the 'flu angle so have Dad's special grilled cheese sandwiches for lunch. Wife rests during afternoon. I hear kids' history, geography, memory work and reading, as exams in progress. Begin to prepare dinner, quit in huff when Old Lady interferes with plan to marinate chops in beer. Have beer. Eat dinner. Rush to confirmation class, thence to band concert where son, smallest guy in town band, tootles clarinet.

Monday is work all day, drive 40 miles to see special movie, bed at 1 a.m. Tuesday is work all day, spend evening at night school open house, home at 11, think about writing column, have coffee, read paper, think about writing column, read novel till 1 a.m., lurch to bed, cursing because column not written. Wife, sleeping since 10, only when awakened by bell I give as I ease bad knee into bed.

Wednesday is work all day, back to work at night, home at 10:30, write column until 2:30 a.m. Thursday is work all day, entertain friend leaving for Florida, answer four calls regarding mistakes in the paper, and accept invitation to take picture of old lady 20 miles up country who is 90 next week.

Friday is work all day, to high school play with family, herd grouchy kids to bed at 11, dissect play over coffee until 1 a.m., deciding they can't put 'em on as good as they used. Saturday is work 'til noon, skate with kids, bridge party in evening, bed at 2 a.m.

That's a typical week in the dull, vegetable existence of a small town in winter. And in there somewhere I missed two hockey games, a social evening at the Legion Hall, and a chance to be guest speaker at a rural Women's Institute meeting.

The only thing that saves small-town people from going around the bend is the occasional weekend snatched in the city. There they can rest, mend the frayed edges, revel in the knowledge that they have two whole days with nothing to do, and charge their batteries for the next do-or-die.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1910 BACK IN 1940

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 10, 1910.

Mr. W. J. Gordon recently installed in his harness shop one of the newly invented Landis harness sewing machines. The machine was imported from the United States and is a great labor saver. It will stitch a heavy team harness in half the time with a wax thread. It will do it better and with more ease than by hand.

On Monday night, as Donald Campbell was asleep in his livery stable, waiting for the return of one of his rigs, his pocket was picked of \$100, there being a \$50 bill among those of smaller denominations. He had no definite suspicions as to who the thief was until Monday when he found that Duncan McLaughlin, a stable man who had been working for him had been spending money freely. He had McLaughlin arrested that night and when searched in change was found as well in the pockets. Ample evidence being adduced he was committed to the county goal to stand trial before the county judge.

Mr. Wm. Gurney purchased a horse at Mr. Cook's sale last week and before he got it home it took sick. It was hauled home on a stoneboat where it died later. There was no blame attached to Mr. Cook whatsoever as a veterinary examined the animal and found it was one of those diseases that sometimes strike animals.

John Williamson captured the first groundling of the season on his farm in Nassagawesia Township this week. Seems a little early for the little animals to be making a showing for the spring.

A Grand Trunk Railway brake man had his side badly bruised when he came in contact with a car of tank when the engine was shunting at the siding last weekend.

Miss Mary Harvey gave a wonderful demonstration on how to cut children's shirtwaists at the Friday afternoon meeting of the Women's Institute.

MADE TESTS
Bob: Water attracts electricity.
Ralph: Have you made any tests to prove it?
Bob: Yes. Every time I'm in the shower the telephone rings.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 7, 1940.

Announcement is made this week that the Georgetown Herald has been sold to Mr. Walter Charles Blehn, B.A. recently of Toronto. Mr. Blehn is a graduate of Western University and the son of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Blehn of Chusley and Windsor. We welcome Mr. Blehn to the newspaper field in Huron County and being our closest neighbor, we welcome him to the district.

The first of the three game series for the championship of group 7, intermediate "B", was held here on Tuesday night and the Acton Lancers put Waterloo Flyers through the works for a 7-2 trouncing. Both teams played a wide open style of hockey and the pace was fast throughout.

Winning the championship last year has certainly not made more ardent fans. Acton has been playing splendid hockey this year but have not drawn the usual crowds. At the start of the game the local players showed indication of going out for a number of goals and starting started shortly after the Lancers and Acton continued to strengthen their lead as the game progressed. The victory goes to them as they beat the Waterloo team and the best game will be played on Saturday afternoon on Friday night.

The Snow Mobiles Association held a well-attended meeting at the school on Thursday evening. Mrs. W. C. Cook, Mrs. M. J. West, Mrs. J. West and Charles Hetherington, a delightful treat was served and the evening proved a splendid social event.

In spite of the mild weather the Acton arena has maintained a splendid sheet of ice for the playoffs and it is hoped that sufficient cold weather will remain until all the games have been played.

The Acton Rural hockey league semi-final games are proving to walk away for any of the clubs—all the players are playing their best calibre of hockey in the running during the finals. Games have been scheduled for all this week.

POOR DRIVER
The motorist who straddles lanes is careless and conspicuous. On both counts that makes him a poor driver.

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