

Editorial Page

Starting Young

Wherever there's a sheet of ice, some boys, a stick and puck there's bound to be hockey. It's something of a Canadian tradition from the earliest pot shot sessions before the snow flies through the annual Booster night and the final sessions to determine champions.

It's Minor Hockey week in Acton this week and the national event is sponsored by the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association.

Locally, of course, service clubs and interested merchants sponsor & project that has grown considerably and continually. Larger enrolments every year have been a sign of continuing interest in Canada's national sport.

Every week a lot of adult volunteers put in time, their spare time, helping coach, officiate and organize the minor hockey games that take place in Acton arena. They not only deserve credit but surely they deserve some encouragement as do the youngsters who play their heart out weekly.

One of the avowed purposes of Minor Hockey week is to encourage parents to take their boys to the arena rather than sending

them. There is always plenty of room for willing workers too in an organization that grows as quickly as minor hockey does in a community. So if you get so fascinated on a trip to the arena that you'd like to participate, no doubt there is a job that needs doing.

Acton doesn't have artificial ice but that hasn't cut interest in hockey. This year over 200 boys are participating in the program with the Acton Legion, Lions Club, Acton Firefighters, merchants and Blow Press sponsoring teams. They're all doing a great job worthy of your support and interest.

One of the slogans of Minor Hockey week in Canada - keep a boy on the ice and you'll keep him out of hot water - illustrates better than anything one of the important dividends of the local minor hockey program. Those who organize, work at, participate in and support minor hockey can look for long term benefits other than the development of star hockey players.

Hockey provides a discipline that will stand in good stead in the years ahead. Take your boy - don't send him - to the arena.

Let's Renew Arbor Day

Now would be a good time for some thought to be directed to the marking of Arbor Day. Pretty much of a neglected event now, its importance was remembered some years ago.

It was a spring day when trees were planted, school yards tidied up and a new look developed for spring.

Its result is still seen in many school yards ringed with stately trees.

With the tremendous crop of new schools that has blossomed since the early 1950's

Neighbors' New President

The inauguration of the new President of the United States was an impressive event that we, like millions of others, saw through the wonders of television.

It's true there were minor incidents to detract slightly from the over all impressiveness, like the fire in the lectern and the reading problem of Robert Frost.

The impressiveness of the event to us, though, was in its deeper significance. The 43-year-old John Kennedy faces the most ominous concentration in history of man's oldest problems.

War and the threat of war, hunger abroad and a terrifying population explosion at home are typical of the problems that face the new president and his administration. None of his actions can be taken lightly with the United States holding the power and responsibility of western leadership.

The change of administration in Washington may be taken as the opportunity for some of the belligerent powers to alter their

course in a face-saving way. In their efforts to extract a more lenient attitude they may be in disillusionment and a fresh round of "cold war" threats.

As Canadians viewing the scene from a distance we may think it gives us the role of disinterested spectators. Of course such a role is impossible since the interests and objectives of both countries are in so many ways similar. The Canadian attitude, however, can not be one of intervention, name-calling, finger-pointing or whining at the actions of the bigger neighbor.

While we may differ with American policies we must be prepared to guide our own destiny and progress.

We sincerely hope the relations of our country will continue on a friendly basis of mutual trust and we have no reason to expect otherwise under a new president.

As Canadians we extend best wishes for success to the new president and our hope for lengths of new friendship in the chain of friendship that ties the countries.

Who is the Watchdog?

In these days, when county councils throughout Ontario are being subjected to harsh criticism and could possibly face either re-strengthening or complete abolition, our thoughts turn to one question - how often is the work of a county council appraised and by whom? Just who is the watchdog of our county system?

The consolidation of services under the lone county roof, thereby saving the local municipalities operating expenses and waiving unnecessary duplication of services in neighbouring towns and townships, was founded with good intentions. But today as large cities tend to withdraw from county government, and as annexations and amalgamations rapidly change boundaries of towns, cities and townships, the staid old county government has been ridiculed. Those favoring its abolition contend that it places too heavy a burden on property tax, while attempting to carry out its major responsibility on construction and maintenance of roads.

This leaves honest appraisal of county government up to the Provincial government. Here again, however, provincial officials hesitate to evaluate the county services, relegating the responsibility back to the local municipalities.

The problem may resolve itself locally if municipal councils could be persuaded to take a closer look at the county, and its special features that make it an important cog in the municipal administrative machinery.

Certainly the actual members of a county council - the Reeves and Deputy-Reeves of

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

the boys, and I must admit I'm getting the hang of it.

Jumps developing and my back straightening.

And it's done wonders for my coordination and judgment. I was actually beginning to feel that I had lost that close liaison between hand and brain that I'd had for years. But the other night, over at the curling club, I pulled off a couple of shots that had them all gasping. I felt about 18 years old again when a couple of the old-timers clapped me on the back and told me they hadn't seen anybody in years sink the pink ball in the side pocket as neatly as I had just done. Most of us older curlers don't bother going on the ice much. Too darn many women and young fellows. But we do enjoy our game on the pool table in the clubrooms.

And my wife has certainly surprised me. She always seemed a little cool about my going fishing, or golfing, or deer hunting, or playing poker, or to turkey raffles, or any of the athletic events of that nature in which I used to participate. But she's keen as mustard on my curling. She's even suggested a couple of times that I get on one of the curling teams and curl.

It was time to act. And when I make a decision, there's no hesitancy in carrying it out. It was only four or six weeks after I threatened to do something that I joined the curling club. I've never been sorry for it a minute. My wife system is toned up. My outlook is fresh and different. I feel like a new man.

It's not that I've done any curling yet. Oh, no. After all, I'm new at the game and I'm just sort of studying it up. I'm not one of these impulsive chaps who hurl themselves into a thing and then make a mess of it. I mean, I wouldn't want to just right out there and CURL, as though I know all about it.

Half the fun of a good out doors game like curling, of course, is "getting the terms right." There's no use taking up a sport unless you know what you're talking about. Why, sitting around with the fellows and talking about ends and tricks and spuds and spares and the draw game, it's doing me a world of good. I can feel my muscles tuning up in

In fact, the other day, she bought about 18 skeins of that big heavy wool and she's going to knit me a curling sweater. I told her it would be finished just in time to wear when I became a "skip" and she seemed as pleased as Punch. She's going to knit in curling stones and Scottish brooms and broom and all sorts of things. Like a moose and a pol bear and a pair of crossed golf clubs, in case I want to go golfing. And a fisherman pull my out a big trout in case I want to wear it fishing on those happy days.

Why I could go out there and make a complete fool of myself if I didn't go into the game thoroughly. So I've been reading articles on the sport and looking at some of those beat books describing it, and chatting quite a bit about "the team game" with some of

the pros.

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"Jewell Tip"



Photo by Esther Taylor

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1941

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Jan. 30, 1941.

An interesting demonstration was given Tuesday evening in the Baptist church by the Everton choral group and a good number of church members were present to hear them: The 40 members of the group handed out a good deal of enjoyment to their audience and the tone of their voices indicated what can be accomplished from ordinary voices when people like to sing and proper direction is applied.

Last Thursday evening, the Acton Y's Men's Club had about 50 local business and professional men as guests during their regular dinner meeting. Special guest during the evening was Carl Homuth, M.P., of Preston and he gave a very interesting talk and explanation of the Sirloin Report which came under discussion in parliament. His talk was most interesting and educational and indicated his strong leaning although he steered clear of any political bias. He was thanked by Matty Root, who was responsible for obtaining the speaker.

The Dublin Literary Society met January 17 and during the business session, it was decided to hold a bus social and donate the proceeds to the War Victims' Fund. Mr. Duncan Wadie presided for the following program: reading by Joan Somerville; solos by C. Cutts; readings by Miss E. Young; choruses by the school children; monologues by Flora Savers; piano solo by Joan Somerville and recitations by Mr. Borkholder. At the conclusion of the program, punch was served and a vote of thanks tendered to Mr. Wadie and his assistants for the fine entertainment.

The Bush League got underway in the arena last week and the schedule is in full swing as the Simon pure amateurs get their fun, receive their share of bumps and bruises and generally entertain the spectators. The starting of this league has proved a lure to others and two more teams have entered the play. This should make competition very keen for the Rumley Cup.

BACK IN 1911

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Jan. 26, 1911.

Last Thursday morning, as dairyman Clarridge was delivering milk on Agnes Street, the icy hillside caused the sleigh to slide down rather rapidly and the horse started at a good pace. When turning onto Elgin Street, the sleigh upset and two full cans of prime Action Dairy milk capsized and their contents enriched the street. Neither Mr. Clarridge or the animal were injured in the mishap.

The icy roadway was the cause of an exciting runaway on Mill Street on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Hiram Fisher of Erin had his team at Taylor's blacksmith shop being shod and his son was driving them down Main Street when the icy roadway caused the bobsleigh to slew from one side of the street to the other.

On Monday evening while coasting down Brock Street on a bobsleigh, Herbert S. Gamble, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gamble, Church Street, sustained injuries through coming in contact with a heavy bobsleigh at the foot of the hill, which terminated fatally a couple of hours later.

Herbert, in company with his boon companions Arthur Kenney and Miss Nellie Williams, Bertha Brown, Nora and Frances Kenney, had been coasting down Agnes Street during the day. They went up Victoria Ave. and negotiated the hill to Fairy Lake for several turns. On their way home, they decided to coast down Brock St. Their sled ran into a pair of heavy bobsleighs standing in the shadows at McLean's store and not discernible to Herbert who was steering. He was knocked unconscious and died at 11 o'clock. The other passengers were only shaken up as they landed in a crumpled heap.

An exciting hockey match was played on Monday between teams composed of bankers and one from the town. The game was exciting and the teams were evenly matched with the game being tied until the last moments when the town team went ahead and won 43.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY AND TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

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Office in Symon Block
43A Mill St. E., Acton
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Faulkner Street
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TELEPHONE 19

DR. A. J. BUCHANAN
Dental Surgeon
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C. F. LEATHERMAN, Q.C.
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Saturday by appointment only
Office 22 - Phone - Res. 131
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Phone 570
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15 Cork St. S., Guelph
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Saturday 9 a.m. - 12 a.m.

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14 Green St., Guelph, Ont.
Phone TA 2-2740
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By Appointment

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

GRAY COACH LINES

COACHES LEAVE ACTON
Standard Time
Eastbound
8:33 a.m. (Daily except Sun.)
8:58 a.m.; 11:33 a.m.; 2:08 p.m.
5:08 p.m.; 6:33 p.m.; 8:33 p.m.; 10:08 p.m.
(Sun. and Hol.).

Westbound
10:37 a.m.; 12:37 p.m.; 2:37 p.m.;
5:27 p.m.; 7:27 p.m.; 9:12 a.m. (Fri., Sat. and Sun.)

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Standard Time
Eastbound<br