

Editorial Page

A Town Asset

When we review the assets of the community there are bound to be many outstanding apart from the public buildings and institutions. Acton is fortunate in having a St. John Ambulance Brigade. Its activities have been in evidence on numerous occasions.

Summer days look and feel in the park, attendance at the many public events and other activities are among the assets of the town.

In 150 towns and cities in Ontario and throughout Western Canada, 2,500 motorists are ready to answer a call for help at any hour, day or night, and without thought of fee or payment.

St. John Ambulance instructors are prepared at any time to undertake a complete training course for special groups or for individuals at regular classes. In all more than

Preserving the Escarpment

Efforts of the Sixteen Mile Creek Conservation Authority to preserve the natural beauty of the escarpment in the Speyside area are not only timely but welcome.

The authority members at a recent meeting indicated their intent to protect the area from quarrying that would not only destroy the natural beauty but perhaps adversely affect the water table.

Highway 25 between Acton and Milton is one of the most picturesque areas in Halton. It would be a shame if the dominant face of the escarpment was to be quarried and replaced by a mutilated area.

As dominant as the escarpment is too, we can't help but think it plays a large part in

the establishment of water levels in the area below it.

Perhaps the townships will soon develop a by-law that will adequately control quarrying and restrict it with realistic controls. Much as we dislike the word "more control," we feel sure that quarrying can be carried on without exploiting the areas affected.

More and more quarrying permits are being issued annually and some of our best country, ideally suited for recreational and conservation purposes may soon be lost.

The efforts at preserving the escarpment in the Speyside area are surely worthy of prompt action.

What About Girls?

In every town there seems to be quite an adequate minor hockey program. For the boys that's wonderful but what about the girls?

True there are activities for the Girl Guides and Brownies as there are for Cubs and Scouts. There are church organizations who cater to the girls but nowhere could we find an activity comparable to the minor hockey program.

A great deal of time, money, effort and public interest is invested on behalf of the boys. It doesn't cost them anything for their ice time or instruction. True they provide their own equipment, but that is augmented by the use of sweaters that are provided.

Weather Watchers

The winter this year hasn't been a heavy one and the snowfall could probably be considered average. Roads and streets in town and in the area, though, have been kept open and quite passable.

Such a condition doesn't develop without some planning though, and a measure of credit is due those responsible.

At times during the season, as weather conditions worsened, it seemed possible the going could become pretty rough. At that point though, sand trucks and snow plows seem to appear to adequately cope with the situation.

Snow plowing and removal is one of those things in which it is impossible to please everyone yet we haven't had or heard any complaints so far this year.

A Basis in Fact

Release of the report of the committee investigating fluoridation of municipal water supplies adds some light to a subject that has been straddled in doubt and emotion.

The committee was appointed by the Province in 1959 to inquire into matters pertaining to fluoridation of municipal water supplies. Fluoridation of water supplies has been a public controversy since 1955. As the legislation now stands no municipality in Ontario can fluoridate its water.

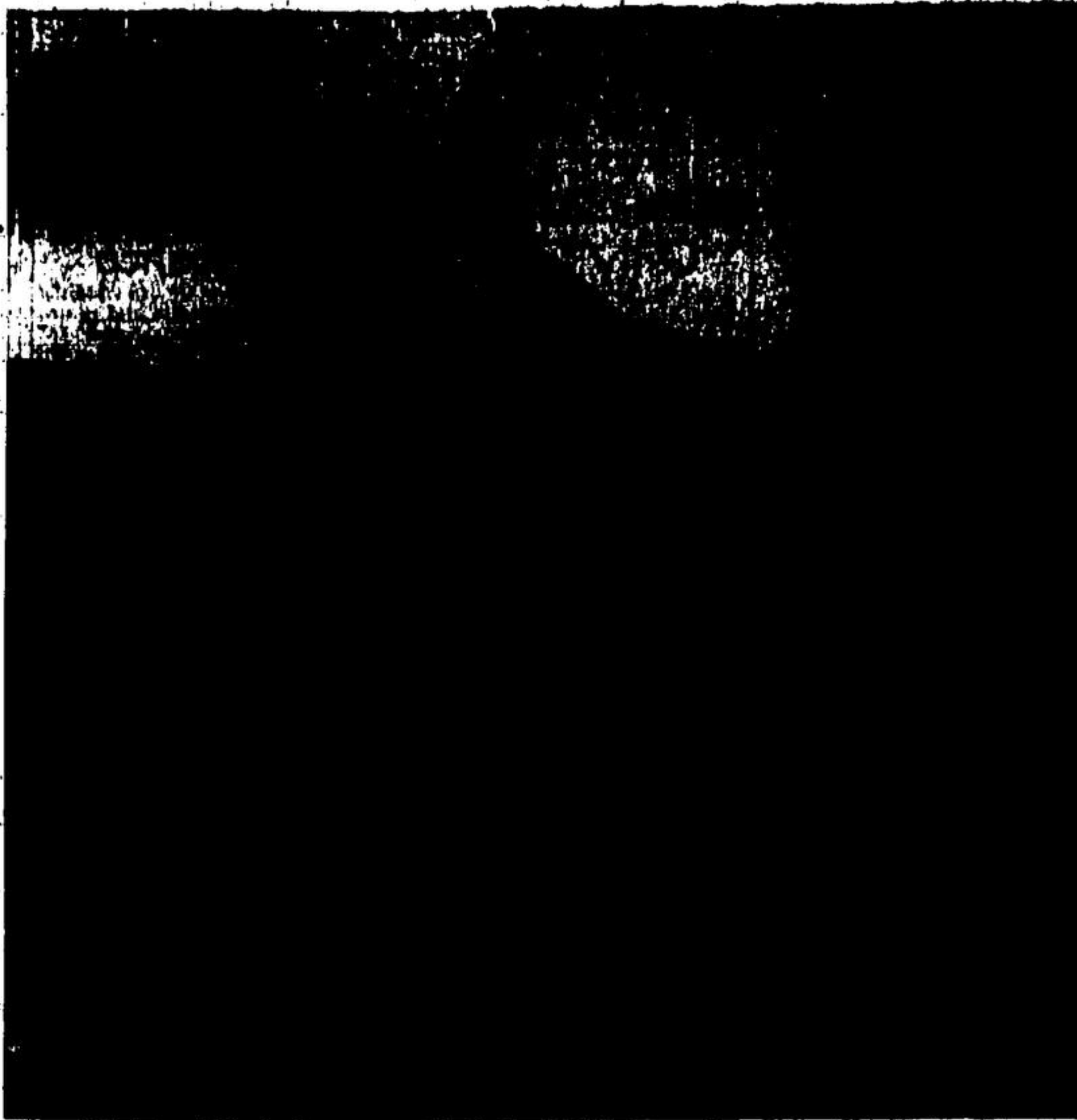
One of the conclusions reached by the committee states "We believe that it is physiologically impossible for any person to consume such quantities of water, containing 1 p.p.m. fluoride, as would produce any

harmful effects attributable to the fluoride content of the water."

The 176 page report is detailed. From the Brantford study it is pointed out that the presence of natural fluoride in a community water supply... lowered the incidence of dental caries and had no deleterious effects on the human body, save the development of dental fluorosis when the concentration was in excess of 2 p.p.m.

Perhaps the report will establish a soundness for understanding and lead to abandonment of the cries of "rat poison", with which some newscasters are casting aspersions on what may be a thing good for many communities.

"Spring Lookout"



—Photo by Kathie Taylor—

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

ance, Hugh and I nervously tried songs, jokes, funny stories and pointing at the new factories. Nothing doing.

I have related this incident merely to explain that you don't pull any boners around our house and expect to have them laughed at. That's why I had a few tense weeks over the tickets. I gave them to her for Christmas. She's a classical music enthusiast and our son is studying piano at the Conservatory, so, at considerable expense, I organized tickets for two outstanding concerts this winter. She was delighted with the gift.

After exclaiming over my thoughtfulness, she put them in her purse, six reserved seat tickets. "Here," I said in a bluff, manly fashion, "you'd better let me keep those. You're liable to lose them." She's always leaving her purse at the movies, or at somebody's house, or in Toronto. So I put them in my hip pocket, where I carry all the things I don't want to lose.

Well, a couple of days later, I was changing my pants, and of course that entailed transferring the contents of my hip pocket. Yep, no tickets. In the intervening 48 hours, we'd visited a lot of people, wandered about in snow on our knees, and generally covered a lot of territory. At first I was alarmed, but not unduly so. I searched my trousers carefully. I checked all the bureau drawers. I explored my wallet thoroughly. I began going through all the pockets of all my clothes. No tickets.

I didn't have the nerve to say a word of course. I checked with all the people we had visited. I searched our luggage. I gumbled the house from attic to cellar, pretending I was checking the insulation or something. No tickets. Finally, I began to panic. The next few weeks were a whirlwind of long distance calls, frantic

letter writing and middle-of-the-night soul searching.

As the deadline neared, the pressure built up. By this time, I was ripping the lining out of my clothes. I had turned my wallet inside out so often that I had found a number of important documents missing for years. But no tickets.

The day of the first concert arrived. Hugh and his mum were making big plans. Drive to the city, have a nice dinner, and drive home, 180 miles in sub-zero weather, but worth it. I agreed, with a sickly smile. I was praying I'd have a heart attack, or that the first Russian missile would fall.

I went out to get gas and oil checked in the car. I tried to jam a couple of tapes on the way home, but they dodged me. At last, after six weeks of mounting horror, the moment of truth arrived.

She was tearing around the house, doing those last-minute things and crying instructions to Kim and me. I slipped into the kitchen, took a big belt out of the medicinal brandy, emerged, put on my most humble look and told her I had a terrible confession to make. She thought it was about a woman, so immediately sat down, all ears.

"I've lost the tickets," I blurted. "What tickets?" "The tickets for the concert tonight and the other concert next month." "What in the world are you talking about? They're in my purse." I took them out of your hip pocket the day after Christmas, because I knew you'd lose them.

I didn't know whether to slay her with the nearest blunt object or run screaming into the frozen wastes outside. I compromised and took another big slug of brandy before I started to sob uncontrollably from sheer relief. As I say, it isn't that I'm scared of my wife. It's just that she makes me nervous.

G.A.D. About

Silence is Broken

Perhaps the first thing I should tell my readers (if I still have any) is that I am sorry this column came to such an abrupt end some months ago. I can assure you it was due to causes beyond my control.

I am trying out a new means of communication, that is it is new to me; the typewriter. I make no predictions how regular or irregular my contributions to this space will be, but I assure you that I will confine my topics to places with which we are all familiar. I won't wander off to the Congo, Algeria or any foreign places and I will do my best not to go into outer space.

To be quite frank about it, I am plain bored doing nothing and watching others accomplish something useful. My wife has crocheted pot holders, covers for

rocking chair arms and cards of fancy edging for pillow cases in addition to numerous household duties.

I have watched TV, listened to the radio, read papers and watched the presses while others worked. My intake has been sufficient but my output has been nil. My dear readers, do not anticipate a good time for me to get this project underway too and the typewriter has come to my rescue in facilitating communication.

Perhaps this introduction is sufficient for a start. I look forward to our succeeding chats. —by G. A. Dilts

Bannockburn W.I.

Hear Guest Speaker

The regular monthly meeting of Bannockburn Women's Institute was held Thursday evening at Bannockburn school, 14 members and three guests were present. The roll call was a verse from an old school book.

Business included a donation of \$5 to Halton County Music Festival. The report on the Farm Accident Survey for 1960 was read. 84 people were injured and six killed during the year in Halton county alone.

Plans were made for the annual banquet in March.

The program topic was citizenship and education. Mrs. W. Waldie introduced the guest speaker, Mrs. W. Elmer Smith, who gave an interesting talk on "Views on Education."

Mrs. C. Coles entertained the members with two piano solos.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1911

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Feb. 23, 1911.

Rev. J. C. Ansell, United Church minister has announced his retirement after nearly 50 years in the ministry. His retirement will take place at the close of the conference year. The day for spoke very carefully of the relationship which exists between himself and the people in Acton. He said he and Mrs. Ansell had never been so happy and comfortable as they had been in Acton. He told the congregation that although he would be sorry to leave his home at Montreal, the kind thoughts of Acton would never be forgotten.

During the regular session of council Monday night, members accepted with regret the resignation of electrician Munkin, who requested to be relieved of the position in one month. He expected to take a position as engineer and electrician with Wm. Stoney and Sons, Ltd. The clerk was instructed to place an advertisement for a new electrician immediately.

During the council meeting, the Women's Institute requested permission to place an organ in the rear of the church hall but to use by them during their meetings. This was granted but the organization is to be instructed that if use of this area is needed in the future, the organ will have to be moved.

"The Guelph Mercury," which has been very materially improved in typographic appearance and general make-up lately, came out on Thursday with an attractive new heading.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Moore entertained the choir of the Methodist church at their home on Agnes St. last Wednesday evening. The occasion was most enjoyable and the members enjoyed the general hospitality dispensed. During the evening, lunch was served and everyone enjoyed songs, skits and musical numbers.

Dr. A. Wilson, a Toronto physician, paid a \$20 fine in court last week for not reporting the presence of scarlet fever in the home of one of his patients.

BACK IN 1941

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Feb. 27, 1941.

Following the completion of the audit of the town books on Wednesday, the new town treasurer, E. J. Bedford, took office immediately from C. E. Leatherford, who has held the office for the past five years. The change was made in order to relieve Mr. Leatherford of the double duty of serving as clerk and treasurer.

Councillor Arthur McDonald has purchased a bakery business at Shelburne and will move there within a week to take charge of the new business. A short time ago, he sold the Acton business to his son-in-law, who has been in charge here since. This will make him in the string of McDonald bakers. Others are here in Acton, at Hepworth and at Chatsworth.

During the council meeting Thursday evening, several important items of business were dealt with. One was the purchase of the papers belonging to the residents on Mill St. Council gave Chief Harrop permission to dispose of the same in any manner he sees fit. He disposed of the same, and will open his office.

A large crowd attended the carnival at the Acton school on Saturday night and were greeted by a musical band. The carnival was held in the school building. The children of the school skating club staged a skit and an entertaining program. The skating club made a splendid job of their program, bringing home many prizes and trophies. A valuable setting of new things was received with large and crisp paper.

The altar was under the open sky under the Duke of York shrine and Lakeview Chapter of the F.O.D.E. as well as the Canadian Legion, and many other organizations. The prizes were given to the boys serving on the altar. The altar prizes were given to the boys and Mrs. J. M. McDonald.

Another large shipment of Red Cross supplies has been sent from the headquarters in Acton. This indicates a great endeavor and much hard work by the committee, assisted by citizens in town.

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