Editorial Page

Nineteen Centuries Later

(Attributed to Dr. Philip Schaff 1819-1893)

Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another village. He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty and then for three years he was an itinerant preacher.

"He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never had a family.

"He never travelled two hundred miles from the place where he was born. He never did one of the things which accompany greatness. He had no credentials but himself.

While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. He was turned over to His enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon a cross between two thieves.

"His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth while He was dying, and that was His coat. When He was dead He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

"Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone and today He is the centrepiece of the column of progress. I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched and all the navies that were ever built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together have not affected the life of man upon this earth as much as One Solitary Life."

That Fine Line

Perhaps we're out of tune with the times but we always regret seeing the price tag on municipal service climb higher and higher.

It's not too many years in the dim and distant past that many municipal councils were not paid for their work, save in terms of achievement. Lately, thought, the swing has been for paid councils. We use the term "paid" rather loosely though because in many cases it is simply an honorarium.

The difference between honorarium and salary though is a fine line. Probably the fine line is in different places for different people.

For instance last week County Councillors raised their meeting fee from $16 to $20. This fee applies to the committee meetings as well as the regular monthly meetings.

There are some of the members who suggested that $16 was sufficient and the fee should not be raised. There were others who suggested the $20 fee was quite reasonable. None of the old arguments about it "just covering expenses" were raised and there was no debate between whether it was "pay" or an "honorarium".

The difference between the two is separated by a fine line. The day is fast disappearing too when there are sufficient citizens financially able to serve on councils without pay as the job of dealing with an expanding and more vocal electorate increases.

There are many different opinions on the $16 and $20 fee. It just depends where you draw the fine line.

A Bold Conspiracy

It is common knowledge that despite the party line of peaceful co-existence, communism is working hard in Canada and every other democracy to stir up trouble and become if not the government, the power behind the government. Less common, probably, is the knowledge of how bold the conspiracy has become in South America. Recent red activities that led to the expulsion from Uraguay of a Russian government representative have brought disclosures from the government of that country about Moscow's attempts to influence Latin America's 140,000,000 people.

Uruguay, with 3,000,000 people and an area about one-third that of Manitoba, is having its serious economic problems. Added to inflation is the problem that the price of wool, the chief export product, has been tumbling. The communists, exploiting the crisis, sparked a riot in which there were scores of injuries and one death. Evidence of their involvement led to the expulsion of the Cuban ambassador and the first secretary of the Soviet Embassy.

In a dispatch to the Toronto Globe and Mail, Jacob Beller has reported from Montevideo on the story's background: "The Soviet First Secretary was an important figure in the Soviet espionage system. He acquired a good knowledge of the Spanish language years ago with the help of Latin American communist intellectuals in Moscow. In 1958 he was sent here to assume the management of the communist propaganda bureau for Latin America.

"Montevideo was the ideal spot for such a base. Until not long ago Soviet officials did not need any special permit to enter this country. The local banks followed the Swiss practice of not divulging their accounts. There are about 90 communist agents here in the guise of diplomats. The USSR has 60 persons in its embassy here and Uruguay has but six in Moscow.

"In the year 1959 (there is as yet no report for last year) 776 foreign diplomatic pouches entered Uruguay all bearing mail (read: communist propaganda). Less than one-tenth of this mail was accounted for by the U.S. and British embassies.

"Free trips to Soviet Russia are arranged for journalists, students, union leaders and working men in the name of cultural exchange. Four hundred Soviet tourists visited this country last year to acquaint themselves with it. Estimates are that Soviet propaganda here costs more than $100,000,000 a year. The main brunt of the propaganda attack is directed against the United States of course—the key slogan is Hate America!"

Fortunately, few Latin Americans are going along with Moscow's campaign. In Uruguay, as in South American countries generally, official policy is stiffening towards the communists and their Cuban bedfellows.

Potpourri

Acton Council on Wednesday set their 1961 mill rate. At the figures of 78 Commercial and 74 mills Residential, the rates indicate that not only Council but all municipal bodies have made a real effort to hold the rates the same as last year. It is encouraging to note that all budgets were pared until it was possible to hold the line. While Acton was able to hold the rate at 1960 level, practically every other municipality, we hear of, is faced with an increase some a considerable increase. It will require a herculean effort on the part of all municipal bodies to stay within this budget.

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Announcement by the Bell Telephone Company of their program to provide Extended Area Service to Acton subscribers is made this week. When the dial program is completed (December, 1961, schedule) it will be possible for Acton subscribers to call, without extra charge, the Bell subscribers in Georgetown and Rockwood. Of course, once again, we are not being given anything for nothing and a corresponding increase in monthly charges will be made. Apparently the Telephone Company cannot increase rates without an application to the government, but increases can be made if subscribers are provided with a larger calling area. It will be up to the subscribers to decide whether the increased service is worth the increased cost.

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Council is having an engineering study made at the present arena to determine the soundness of the present structure. This is a good practice in the light of the proposed renovations. Meanwhile plans are proceeding to implement a public subscription campaign to finance the renovations.

The Acton Free Press

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The only paper ever published in Acton

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David R. Dills, Managing Editor

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICE PHONE 600, ACTON

"Easter Joy"

—Photo by Esther Taylor

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

This is the fag-end of the year. Winter has retreated as suddenly as a rattlesnake with an ulcer. Summer is as remote as heaven. And the citizens of Canada are at the end of their tether.

In most northern countries, winter is the bad time. The Finns and the Swedes and the Russians do most of their suicuding in the melancholy of the long, dark months. Not Canadians. We are too busy curling and going to meetings and watching the hockey games on television.

No, we get through the winter famously. It's around the end of March that Canadians begin to brood, to draw in on themselves, to eye each other darkly. By out this time of year, though an outsider would never suspect it, most Canadians are as mad as March hares.

What's behind it all? First, it must be remembered that we have just come through a five months' siege by a fierce determined and implacable enemy. We have fought gallantly and well, but our nerves are frayed, our bodies racked, and our galoshes holed. Second, though the siege is raised and the enemy has moved off, the relief column is at least a month away. Our starving souls must feed on something and there's nothing around to eat but people.

There are terrible scenes in our homes, as men and women chew at each other and children snap at their parents. In offices bosses snarl and secretaries weep. In schools, teachers turn amok and hurl themselves headfirst at blackboards.

The March madness takes many forms. Honest, upstanding citizens spend hours crouched over income tax forms, trying to defraud the government. Elderly ladies stumble around their backyards in rubber boots peering wildly at the ruins of last year's herbaceous border.

Other men drive into the country and sit alone on a little bridge, bitterly watching the brown trout leaping up a nearby waterfall. Other women drive downtown to start a fresh bout of painting their kitchens.

There's nothing unusual about all this. It's simply that the residents of this country have entered that miserable, wet, cold, frustrating, dismal season that delights in the name of Spring, gladsome Spring. We might as well be honest about it. Spring in this country is a hideous nightmare that may last from the end of March to the middle of May.

Because we are a people used to Doing, rather than Thinking, we find spring an excruciating experience. There's nothing to DO! Curling is about shot, and it's too early for boating, gardening, golfing and fishing. It's the mating season, presumably, but everybody is so irritable it's rather a waste.

In other springs, this waiting period, this spell of madness, has resulted in near-tragedies around our place. I have seen me off pick up a coal shovel and batter a harmless old furnace with it until I dropped from exhaustion. I have seen my wife trembling with homicidal intent on catching me clapping pieces of coal with my nine iron when I was supposed to be cleaning up the basement.

In some countries, spring may be a season for light hearts, for love, for song and laughter and dancing. But in the true north, strong and freezing, it's a gray time of waiting, of despair, of the March mania.

You can't have a light heart when you have a heavy fuel bill. I defy anybody to fall in love in Canada in March. Your song can't be heard above the howl of the wind. The only people who are laughing are being taken away by the boys in the white coats. And it's pretty awkward dancing when you're up to the knees in mud.

Oh, I'm all right. I haven't snapped yet. But my wife and kids are looking rather sinister these days. And some of my neighbors are beginning to act mightly peculiar. And don't tell me that old lady who tried to push me in front of a moving van at the store the other day was completely sane. In the spring everyone in this country except me goes slightly mad, mad, I tell you, mad. Hee! Hee! Hee!

G.A.D. About
Some Easter Recollections

For a start of all, I want to express my appreciation for the many kindly comments that have reached me from readers and friends and for the encouragement they have given me since I started my column again after a lapse of two years. That sort of encouragement is liable to keep one's chin young and keep me right in the way of the production staff who get along quite well without my supervision.

This is Easter week. Among the childhood recollections that have remained with me down through the years is the Easter story my mother used to tell me with a little cross made of twigs and tiny pieces of pink egg with a heavy edge made by sliding skates. "The little chicken of course represents the Lord's body. Hands and feet on the cross. Lord's egg the artist symbol for [illegible]

[illegible] the Easter Egg. The eggs we produced were old hens and stored in [illegible] and box holds [illegible] dozen. It was said that [illegible] and unfortunately many [illegible] were broken and [illegible] by basket [illegible] That was my good [illegible]

[illegible] was the year I took [illegible] Good Friday morning. They started to come out of the oven about four o'clock in the morning at Stathopoulos Bakery and they sure were hot. The bakery was full of youngsters with their baskets. I sold 15 dozen that year at 10 cents a dozen and earned 15 cents in cash, which was put away toward the purchase of a baseball mitt that was on exhibition in the window at Charlie Speight's on Mill St. The ball season was well advanced before I was able to raise the rest of the money.

You could buy quite a bag of hard mixed candy at George Sarpet's for a cent and the pennies just seemed to slip away. You could also buy marshmallow eggs and pages of transfers for a copper.

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One thing about a column such as this is that one may wander around quite a little and I am liable to take this privilege. I notice by the daily press and radio that water supply sytems are likely to be treated with a chemical that aids in the preservation of the teeth of young people. Of course, it cannot do much good for us older folk who are now wearing dentures and where the yellow has already gone down the drain. I recall all the fuss that was made when all the milk offered for sale had to be pasteurized. Then there was quite a turmoil when all the cattle had to be tested for tuberculosis and many had to be sacrificed.

Down through the years there has always been opposition to new methods. When we all had the family cows, we thought we didn't like anything but straight milk. Remember when the milkmen used to deliver the milk in big cans and carried a ladle on to the customers with a pint measuring tin hang from the spout. The milkman called and you brought forth your container and you were given the amount required. There were no refrigerators and the milk had to be put in the cellar right away. The housewife had to make a trip to the cellar for all the milk as required. Milk was five cents a quart or three cents a pint. There were no milk bottles.

We will likely hear more about putting fluorine in the drinking water before it is done. It will be done, however, in the near future and it will not be as bad as may appear to some at present.

That's enough from me. Happy Easter to all.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1911

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 30, 1911.

Mrs. Alex F. Smith sold her property at the corner of Mill and Fellow Sts., adjoining Mr. W. W. Beardmore's property, to Morris Saxe on Monday for $1,800. Mrs. Smith gives possession on the first of June. Meanwhile, Mr. Saxe has the use of the grounds and outbuildings.

Mr. W. D. Anderson moved the five-ton safe from the former premises of the Metropolitan Bank in the Agnew block to the G.T.R. station on Tuesday. His team hauled it with ease.

The King's Orderlies spent Wednesday evening of last week very enjoyably at the home of their teacher, Mr. John S. Coleman, Willow St. An address on the elements for success in character and life was given by H. P. Moore. The generous hospitality of Mr. Coleman and the members of the family was much appreciated by the 35 members present.

Miss Mae Hawthorne held her first display of millinery last weekend which delighted a large number of ladies in the community. The bright spring colors and new styles displayed in her new premises were very much admired.

Mr. George Barber arrived home last week from his third trip to the west. This time he visited in Vancouver, where he claims real estate is quite high and the city is active in building projects. He manifested his faith in Vancouver by making further investment, rather than disposing of his present buildings, as he anticipated.

The showers this week have very acceptably washed the face of nature and replenished empty cisterns. A number of residents in the area have complained of their cisterns becoming dry but they now are quite happy to see the water replenished.

Mr. William Brown's sale of horses and dairy cows yesterday afternoon was a great success and the owner realized a tidy sum for his venture. Some of the animals brought the highest prices ever recorded in the area.

BACK IN 1941

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press, Thursday, April 3, 1941.

A very successful bingo, sponsored by Limehouse Women's Institute, was held in the Legion Hall, Georgetown, on Tuesday, when the neat sum of $69 was made to be used for war work.

On Tuesday evening, about 20 friends of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Wright arranged an informal gathering to celebrate with them their 23rd wedding anniversary. A most enjoyable evening was spent with the popular couple. Mr. Wright recalled that April 1, 23 years ago, was one of the blackest days of the last Great War.

The Y.M.C.A. badminton team returned home from Fergus Monday evening with a neat 24-8 victory over the Fergus club. It was one of the most decisive wins of the season and with only nine players present.

For the past few years, there has been a gradual increase in the collections at the customs office in Acton, but the year closed on Monday set a new high record. Receipts were $207,923.60, which is almost double the figure of last year at $108,525.22.

With these figures, some conception can be secured of the part Acton's industries play in the community. All of them find the customs port most necessary as most of them do a large export business. Acton port has showed a steady increase for several years but 1941 was a record breaker.

Another Red Cross shipment of supplies for the men in the service was sent to headquarters from the Acton branch this week and the comforts will certainly be well accepted by the men overseas. This shipment, as well as former ones, represents considerable work on the part of the ladies of the local branch.

Derailment of a freight car east of Limehouse last Thursday tied up the main line for a short time. Auxiliary crews and a crane were sent from Toronto to lift the derailed car onto the tracks again.

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TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

GRAY COACH LINES
COACHES LEAVE ACTON
Standard Time
Eastbound
8.33 a.m. (Daily except Sun. and Hol.); 9.44 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
10.27 a.m.; 12.57 p.m.; 2.57 p.m.; 5.27 p.m.; 7.27 p.m.; 9.12 p.m.; 11.32 p.m.; 1.12 a.m. (Fri., Sat., Sun. and Hol.)

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS
Standard Time
Eastbound
Daily except Sunday 6.44 a.m.; Daily except Sundays 9.33 a.m. (flagstop); Daily except Sat. and Sunday 7.07 p.m.; Sat. only 5.37 p.m.; Sunday only 8.01 p.m.; Daily except Sunday Flyer at Georgetown 6.10 p.m.; Daily Flyer at Georgetown 10.05 p.m.
Westbound
Daily 12.29 a.m.; Daily except Sunday, 7.07 p.m.; Sat. only 8.13 a.m.; 2.22 p.m.; Sunday only 9.43 a.m. (flagstop); Sunday only Flyer at Guelph 7.05 p.m.; Daily except Sat. and Sun. 8.30 a.m.; 6.31 p.m.