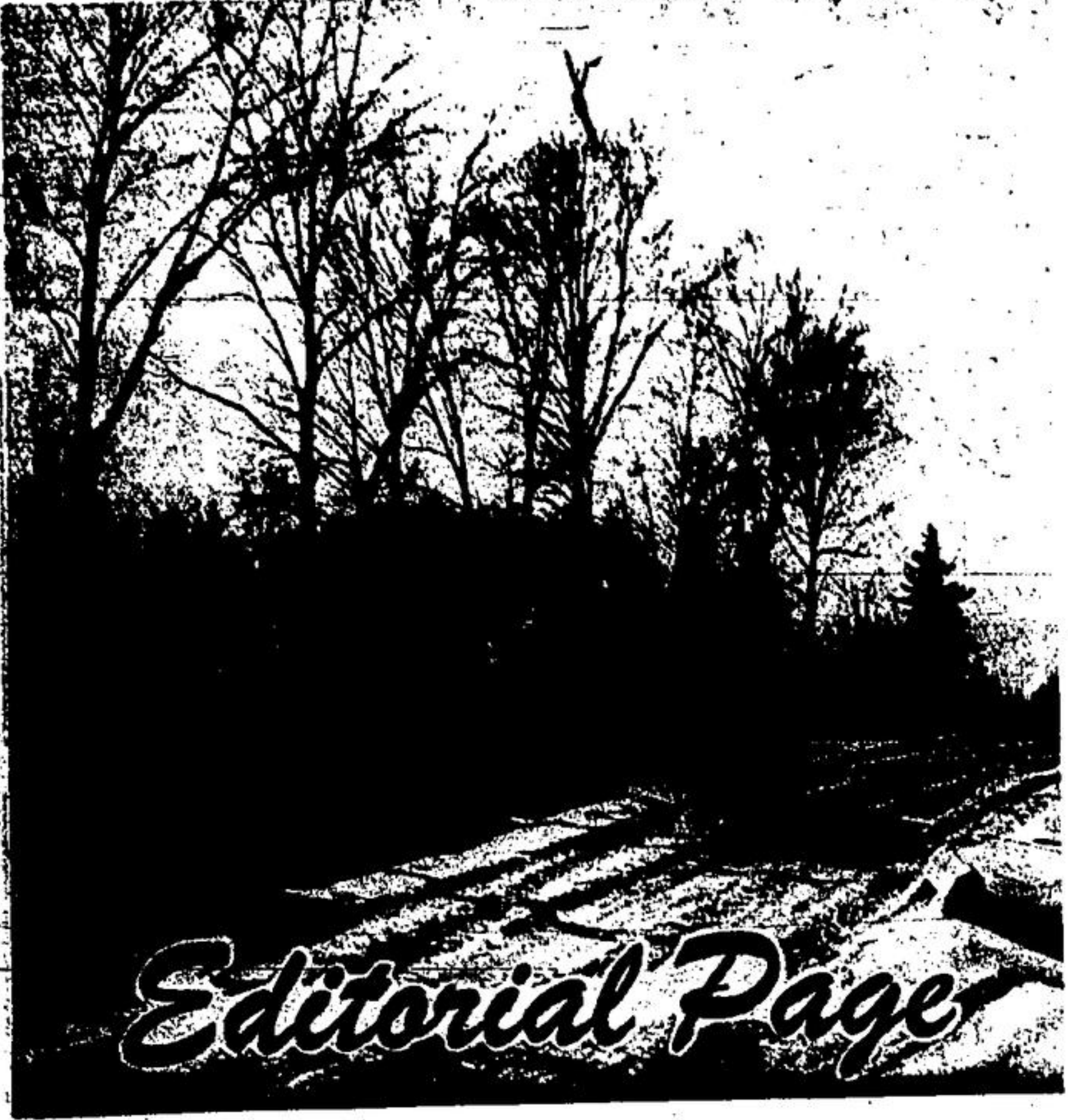


"Into History"



Editorial Page

No Spring Thaw Here . . .

The Lions Club Skating Carnival on Saturday evening marked a high point in a very successful season at the Community Centre—while the financial rewards to the Club may not have been as great as they might have been, the experience gained will undoubtedly assist them in presenting the carnival in future years. The fact that there was one of the largest crowds in the arena since the Georgetown-Acton-Milton hockey era fifteen years ago, speaks well for the efforts of the Club in promoting the event. It is our hope, and we are sure the hope of the Club, that over the years the participation by local skaters will increase until Acton skaters predominate.

The season's activities at the arena we feel have been very well accepted. Minor hockey sponsored by the Legion enjoyed a full schedule as well as play-offs. The younger teams competed in their leagues and while no team advanced too far into play-offs, all completed their schedule without postponements due to unsatisfactory ice conditions. The intermediate club in their first year back in organized hockey, had a creditable season.

Curling, back after many years' absence, attracted an enthusiastic following. With the interest shown this year and registration for next year's curling already on hand, indications are that the popularity of this winter activity will increase.

The operation of the Centre by the Parks Board has been satisfactory. Starting in mid-season with an unfinished building was one of the major problems of the board. Another and equally difficult problem faced by the board was the fact that no person locally had

any experience in the operation of an artificial ice arena. We feel the board has done a creditable job this year. With the experience they have gained in these four months they will be better prepared to present an even better program in future years. The board's financial operations have been most satisfactory also and early indications are that revenue received will meet all operating expenses incurred.

We think back to last year at this time, when the Skating Carnival had been cancelled because the natural ice in the arena "went out", when hockey teams finished the year without playoffs and when activity at the arena had reached a low point. Now we have developed a feeling of pride in all the citizens of Acton who have attained a new high in community spirit through their support and participation in the new community centre. We cannot point a finger at any individual or group and say, "this is the result of your efforts." Rather we say "this is the result of the efforts of all Acton's citizens." It only shows what can be done when we are all prepared to work together.

We would suggest that the fund raising committee, study the feasibility of asking the contributors to the community centre to continue their pledges for an additional three or four months. If the majority of contributors are inclined to do this, some of the "frills" could be provided at the Centre. We feel that a defined parking area would be a major asset to the Centre. There are many other small things that could be done with increased funds that would make everyone's enjoyment of the Centre a little more pleasant.

Those "Meatless" Speeches . . .

Have you ever noticed that the speaker who has nothing to say does it so well, while the speaker who has an important message bores his audience?

If you prepare to take notes on a speaker as reporters do, you often find that after the first few jokes of introduction there is really no "meat".

A neighboring daily recently summed up the situation editorially.

"This is one of the most distressing features of modern life when there is so much emphasis on the techniques of communication. Too many persons who have nothing to say, say it well. And too many who must have plenty to say don't know how to say it. What is worse, some of the smooth and articulate communicators are listened to by millions and many are being overpaid for their small ideas. And the thinkers among us often hide away in their cloistered halls,

unwilling to master the art of communication or expose their wisdom to a critical world.

Come right down to it, we should be more critical of the scholars among us who will not bother to be heard, than of the ones who are heard too much. What of those who have been endowed with wisdom and been privileged to accumulate knowledge? The Bible, of course, says stern things about hiding lights under a bushel and burying talents in a field.

As for the others, the experts at passing on things that don't matter, the intellectual haberdashers who clothe their clichés and truisms in handsome packages, they do have their temporary reward. But they seem tragic too, full of personality and Madison Avenue ratings signifying nothing. Happy Babbits who like the Chicago politician, climb to higher and higher plateaus of success.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Back in 1912

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, April 11, 1912. The blacksmiths of the area have held a meeting and are attempting to adopt a uniform scale of prices for horseshoeing. The increased cost of material, labor and cost of living has forced the blacksmiths to increase their prices. About 25 within the surrounding area have mutually agreed to the new schedule.

George Craig, an employee at the Beadmore tannery was caught between the heavy iron rolls in one of the winglers at the soft leather early Saturday morning and was terribly injured and died during the night. Although several workers were close by, no one knows exactly how the accident occurred. First indication of anything amiss were the screams from the badly mangled worker as he was being drawn into the rollers with a hide he was putting through.

At the Esqueving Board of Health meeting last Thursday, the members passed a by-law whereby all dogs in the township would either have to be locked up or muzzled.

The warm sunshine last week melted the snow very swiftly and as a result flooding conditions were prominent throughout the Credit Valley area. By the end of the week nearly every dam on the Credit was gone as the swift turbulence of the water forced the footings to give way. The dam at Acton was swept aside as a result of the fast moving water combined with huge chunks of ice. The new steel county bridge at Glen Williams fell prey to the fast moving water and ice as well and it collapsed. Many of the oldtimers, classed the flood the worst in 34 years.

It was rather disappointing to find the thermometer down to 30 degrees and the ground covered with snow again Monday morning. Of course it didn't last long as the warm sunshine soon melts the fluffy white stuff.

Word has been received that beginning next year salaries of rural postmasters will be increased from the present rate of \$35 to a proposed \$50.

Quite a few anglers are getting their fishing equipment in readiness for the trout season which opens in three weeks time.

An Acton resident who ventured to Guelph Good Friday to celebrate the occasion, found himself locked up in jail overnight. He was allowed to return to his home the following morning.

Members of town council are beginning to think of cleaning the streets already and with the lack of rain the dust has been a problem to most of the housewives.

Back in 1942

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, April 10, 1942. The continuous breaking of street lights might at last be ended. Two young boys were caught in the act this week and their parents notified as well as the officers having to pay for new ones. Superintendent Charles Wilson has been kept busy throughout town replacing broken bulbs.

The Halton County Music Festival which had been arranged for Thursday and Friday of this week has been indefinitely postponed on account of an epidemic of measles. Quite a number of children participating have the measles and officers in charge are hesitant to have the disease spread to other areas.

Since the gas rationing came into effect the parking lots at local industries are not as crowded as the bicycle racks. More people are walking to work and several have purchased a bicycle.

Many of the farmers in the area are getting started with spring seeding and from all reports the land is in good shape. Reports have come in that several gardens have been dug already. Could it be the opening of the trout season that had anything to do with it?

Gunner Eddie Jamieson who went overseas with the First Canadian Contingent has returned home this week. He has been hospitalized in England for some time. While in Acton, he is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Kenner and is having quite a reunion with former Acton friends.

Acton town hall was filled to capacity Friday evening for the jamboree and dance sponsored by the Scout Mothers' Auxiliary, Dublin and Bannoockburn Women's Institute. The program included old time fiddlers, a magician, yodeler, bagpipers and an acrobat. When the proceeds were tallied over \$85 was handed over to the District War Service League.

Acton Fire Brigade members are sprucing up their equipment this week and are installing new hose and extension ladder, several lights over controls and a rack to carry the ladders on top of the truck instead of at the side. Rubber boots and coats have been numbered to make certain they are worn only during fires and much of the equipment has been painted up. Chief Ed Gamble and his men deserve a lot of credit for their efforts.

A scrap drive is being handled in town in order to gather materials for use in War Work. A ready group of citizens have telephoned to say they have cleaned out their basement and have articles ready.

NEWS FROM AROUND THE DISTRICT

GEORGETOWN—Councillor Fred Harrison predicted a seven mill increase in the tax rate this year, as he protested a wage proposal for the local police association. "It may go higher than that," he said. "Town finances are in bad shape."

OAKVILLE—A lady here has protested the "extremely sloppy way" in which flags are being flown on some of Oakville's public buildings. "It is a bad example for our children when our flag is not flown properly," she points out.

BRAMPTON—Symbolic of Brampton's "near-crisis" status is the present trend toward high-rise apartments. A 77-suite building complete with pool was erected in 1961, one with 73 suites is nearing completion, and a permit has just been issued for \$450,000, 72-suite apartment building seven storeys high.

BURLINGTON—A \$225,000 administration building beside the new M. M. Robinson High School on the Guelph Line is being proposed by the Board of Education. However the recently-adopted master plan provides for public buildings only in the downtown core of the town, virtually ruling out the Guelph Line site.

STREETSVILLE—Toronto Township ratepayers from Eridale Woodlands have asked council to pay the \$1,200 expenses incurred in fighting a rezoning application at the O.M.B. The ratepayers pointed out they objected to the erection of 54 homes in a greenbelt area, and claimed the cost was council's fault.

MILTON—Councillors are considering the revision of an old policy, which would allow the town to sell water to residents outside the town. "We have the water and we should make some plans to help the people who are interested," said Reeve C. A. Martin.

LIMEHOUSE

W.A., Menuettes Meetings Reported in Week's Events

(Held for last week) Miss Marjorie Hall of Acton, visited her aunt, Mrs. Lane, one day last week.

The W.A. met at the home of Mrs. K. C. Lindsay, Tuesday evening last week. Silence was observed in memory of the late Mrs. Fred Brown, a valued member when she was well enough to take part.

On March 28, the Limehouse Menuettes met at the home of their leader, Mrs. Wilson. There were 12 girls present. Mrs. Wilson demonstrated how to make baked rice and cheese, and a scalloped dish containing asparagus and hard boiled eggs. The next meeting is to be at the home of Joy Patterson.

Mr. and Mrs. McKelvey and Sharon visited Mr. and Mrs. Simmons on Sunday.

Mrs. E. Sanford and son Bill attended the diamond wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lane at the home of



Sugar and Spice . . .

BY BILL BAILEY

It may be still snowing in Whitby, but I hope for their sakes that it isn't. But this unpredictable hussy would elicit bad words from a saint. You don't know to whom I'm referring?

I'm sure you're acquainted, old thing. The lady whose name I am alluring is greeted with rapture as "Spring!"

And that's pretty horrible doggerel. But it represents my long-held and carefully considered opinion of the character of that particular season which is supposed to follow on the heels of winter, but is usually so far behind that she's out of sight.

It has been my custom to write an annual and extremely ill-tempered column about spring. For years, my opinion of this greatly over-rated season has been similar to that of a dying man who calls for water and is given a healthy slug of vinegar.

For years, I have longed to get hold of one of those poets who burble about the tiny crocuses poking their heads up to the sun, and show him some of the stuff that pokes its head through the snow around our place, in the spring.

This year, we've had such a delightful spring here, so far, that I find myself in an unusually mellow mood. This year, I cannot bring myself to vilify spring. Even though I know perfectly well that behind that disguise of chaste and gentle

maiden with the warm sweet breath, lies a cold-hearted old hurridan. Even though I know that she will probably produce a wind that would freeze the brains out of a brass monkey, along with Opening Day of the trout season.

It must have been that wonderful month of March that softened me. Almost every day, the yellow sun nibbled daintily at the huge, cruel banks of ice and snow until they were suddenly gone. All except the big one behind the picnic table. It will be there until July.

I hate to destroy a tradition, and I'm doing it with my fingers crossed, which makes typing rather awkward, but this year, I'm going to write a salute to spring. I'm going to say nice things about her. She'll probably be so surprised that she'll blush and weep all over the place. So get your sump pumps ready.

Let's face it. Were it not for the belief that life will return to our frozen land annually, everybody north of the 49th parallel would be running around drooling and gibbering by the middle of March.

Spring is like Santa Claus. She has something good for everybody. She brings pure delight for the kids. Skipping ropes and marbles and mud. And mud and mud and mud. And off with the rubbers and into it, the minute your back is turned.

For the elderly, perhaps more than anyone, the lengthening days, the warming sun, are a blessing and a joy. Cold and darkness and the eternal enemy who lurks in the shadows are beaten again. Life, however tremulous, blossoms, and fear and pain retreat.

For mother, she brings gifts. To offset the tracking in of

dirt and the constant battle over wearing enough clothes, with the kids, there are the touches of reprieve from madness: a goffy spring hat; a flower peering up from the earth; a wild, new shade of paint for the kitchen.

Dad gets his present, too. Car body rusted in spots; a fuel bill like the national debt; April 30 and the Receiver General lying in wait. But he can stand it. The ice on the lakes is gone. The golf course is drying up. And a Sunday jaunt on the muddy sideroads has discovered a new trout stream of superlative potential.

Teen-agers, turn peculiar in spring, as she pours poisons into their blood and bones. Eyes gaze vacantly at teachers. Bodies are one moment utterly lifeless, the next, supercharged with energy. There is a great increase in hunting and pushing and hand-holding and standing about on corners, and long looks.

But the trollop has only begun to distribute her largesse, when we list these. There's the lovely smell of rotting earth coming alive as it crawls from the tomb. There's the chitter of birds and the chuckle of running water. There's the grand, springy feel of yielding ground underfoot again.

Gone is the sombre charcoal sketch that was winter. Here's a touch of green, there a flick of yellow, yonder a smudge of brown. How warming are they to eyes that have grown cold and pale with looking at ice?

There, how's that for an ode to spring? And if it's snowing when I step out tomorrow morning serves me right.

Let's Play Bridge

By Bill Coats

Last week, we mentioned that the finesse could be used as a means of gaining a trick.

This week, we look at another way of gaining tricks—the ruff.

One of the reasons for playing in a suit contract, as opposed to in no trump contract, is the added advantage of control through the trump suit. This control can be used to ruff small cards in a side suit if one hand is short in that suit. Do not plan on ruffing with your good trump.

Let us look at this week's hand. Remember to form a plan as to how you would play the hand.

Dealer: North.

North-South vulnerable.

North

S—9 6 3

H—3 2

D—A 7 4

C—8 7 6 4 3

West

S—8 5

H—10 9 5 4

D—O 9 3 2

C—O 9 1 0

East

S—7 4 2

H—A 8 7 6

D—J 10 6

C—9 5 2

South

S—A K Q J 10

H—K Q J

D—K 8 5

C—A K

North

East

West

Pass

2NT

4D

Pass

Pass

West leads the queen of Clubs.

I do not necessarily agree with South's jump to six spades. North shows the Diamond ace, but there are still a few losers to take care of.

Now plan your play. This hand is odd — there appears to be only one loser, the Heart ace, but there are only 11 winners. Where can a 12th trick come from?

The answer is a ruff. Not a Heart, which would already be a winner, but a Diamond. The problem on this hand is to create a Diamond shortage in dummy by pitching the four of Diamonds on a Heart. So, lead a Heart as soon as you win the first trick. East will take the ace and probably return a trump to cut down declarer's ruffs.

Two more rounds of Hearts are led and the low Diamond is pitched. Now, the Diamonds are led and after the ace and king, the ace is ruffed with the nine of Spades in dummy. After this, declarer draws trumps and claims the balance.

Bridge Tip: Draw trump unless you have a good reason not to. And so until next week, remember that Bridge is a partnership game.

Red, White and Blue I.O.D.E. Dance Colors
Red, white and blue streamers, small flags on tables and clusters of balloons made a gay setting for the dance which marked the 44th anniversary of Lake-side Chapter I.O.D.E. on Friday evening in the Legion Hall. Guests, received at the door by regent Mrs. W. L. Sproston and Mr. Sproston, danced to the music of Merv Tolton.

There were prizes for special dances and the door prize, a potated mum, was won by Jim In-

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY AND TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

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