

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 27, 1913.

The cigarette manufacture, importation and sale in Canada is to be prohibited; at least, it has been announced that Hon. R. L. Borden will introduce the matter. It may not, however, come this season.

Farmers are complaining about men engaged in fishing on neighboring streams on Sunday. This is a violation of both the game laws and the Lord's Day Act and is punishable with heavy fines.

The large double house on the right-of-way of the new electric railway on Main St., owned by Mrs. Huffman, was moved to an adjoining lot at the corner of Church and Main Sts. This is one of the oldest houses in town. It was erected 70 years ago by the late Rufus Adams Sr. and was the farmhouse for his homestead lying south-east from the Second Line and Mill St. This was the birthplace of a number of residents who are now considerably past the meridian of life, among them Mrs. James Moore, Bower Ave.

Mr. Ray Watson has passed his final examinations at the School of Pharmacy, Toronto, with splendid standing.

Victoria Day next Saturday — a holiday for all — will be a day of love and peace. The apple trees have been visions of loveliness with their bridal robes the past week.

Mr. N. P. McLean has installed an electric motor to run the fans for his blacksmith shop.

Peace Sunday was observed in the churches with sermons on international arbitration and universal peace.

Mr. David Wilson of Nasagaweya sold his heavy team of horses to a Frenchman from Montreal for a good figure last week.

Now that the dreariness of winter is over, how would it do to put some of them on Fairy Lake? They will be needed there as much as anywhere else.

Swat the flies! They carry death about on their hairy legs and wings.

20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 29, 1943.

The allotment of sugar for civilian purposes is set at 10 pounds per person. The total allotment for the district is 90,760 pounds. The coupons will be mailed some time before June 1. There are requests for 239,719 pounds of sugar already before the local Ration Board. No additional consideration can be given. The shipping situation is not improving and now that there is fine weather along the Atlantic coast, it is likely to become worse.

Last Saturday, Acton Boy Scouts were able to earn \$25 for their camping equipment through the co-operation of Mr. E. E. Barv. They held a sale of articles donated by him in part of his store.

Miss Jean Mackenzie, who was born in Acton, and has had charge of the Acton office of J. B. Mackenzie and Son, has joined the R.C.A.P.

Two young ladies from Acton were among the class of 16 graduates of Guelph General Hospital training school. Miss Amy Anderson and Miss Jean Beattie were graduated.

Even though it rained on Tuesday, Mr. R. R. Arnold of the Acton Public Relations Committee kept his date with Percy Evans and presented him with the \$25 War Savings certificate he won the night before in the blitz bomb contest.

The 24th will not be observed as a holiday in compliance with the request for fewer holidays this year.

Principal M. Leitch and his assistant and the Continuation School girls held a very successful tag day for the Chinese Relief Fund.

A variety program was enjoyed Monday night, arranged by the United Church Young People's Society. Featured on the program were the Boys' Band and solos by Dorothy Simmons and Douglas Priestly. Others taking part were Mr. Beane, Lois Dawkins, Mrs. Beane, Ernie Wilderspin, Gordon Beatty and George Elliott.

Well, it's been another busy, busy week, hasn't it? It's bad enough most of the time, but spring is pitiless in her demands on us.

She fills a pot with boiling adrenalin, throws in a handful of humans, just out of the deep freeze, adds a carrot of new hope, an onion of energy and a garlic bud of renewed promise. She sprinkles it with a dash of color and a whiff of scent. She toasts in a saucen of sunshine and stirs vigorously with a ladle of old memories until the whole thing is bubbling and gurgling.

What she comes up with, for people of all ages, is a heady brew — experience, the essence of life.

It came to our family in three doses this week. My son took a lesson in economics, my daughter took the cat to the hospital and I took a dozen nice speckled trout. We suffered and enjoyed in about equal proportions.

Hugh discovered the elementary thesis that dimes are murder on the money. He took a girl to the high school prom. Tickets, corsage and the inevitable post-dance snack cost him what he would spend on himself in about two months. I hoped the lesson would register and that he'd give up women for life, but he is human and as such, perverse. All it did was make him want to get a high-paying job for the summer, so that he could do it again and more often.

I think the dance took more out of his mother than it did out of him. At any rate, he was more tired when he left for the dance than he was when he got home. This, I understand, is par for the course.

On Monday, my wife made one of those lightning decisions for which she is famous. After two years of coping with kittens,

she snatched the phone, called the vet, plunked the cat in Kim's arms and pushed both of them out the door. When I got home, she was wearing that smug air of decision which Caesar displayed the day he crossed the Rubicon... Or was it the Delaware?

And I don't blame her. We had spent a hideous weekend, Piper, the cat, was that way again. A huge white tom prowled and howled in the backyard. A gigantic black tom yowled and scowled about the front door. Our dog roared from one to the other, yapping ferociously. They just sneered at him and retreated not an inch. This went on for hours.

Finally, I picked up the cat and hurried her out the back door. I felt just like the Russian parents in those old stories who, chased by wolves, threw their children out of the sleigh — one by one, in the hope of slowing down the pursuers, so that the others could get to safety. Anyway, there'll be no more of that cacophony of cat-calls around our place.

In an effort to save my sanity, I went trout fishing. I nearly destroyed the scattered remnants of my wits in the rediscovery that speckled trout fishing is the most awkward, inconvenient, difficult and infuriating sport in the world.

My wife, and most women, consider trout fishing as the most ridiculous form of recreation that exists. They are right. You stagger through swamps. You slip off wet logs into ice-water. You trip over roots. You lose a hundred hooks. You bat-

tle insects. Your line is perpetually tangled around twigs, leaves or your left ear. You puff, heave, splash, profane. You eat lunch with hands generously spread with an equal mixture of worms, guts and fish-guts. If you are tremendously successful, you bring home enough fish to provide a dinner for a midge with an ulcer.

Why do men do it? There are several reasons. First, there are no women, children or cats on fishing streams. There are no telephones or doorbells jangling their nerve-rattling summons. It is life stripped down to elements. There are just you and those stupid trout. It's you or them. And nine times out of ten, it's you.

Don't feel sorry for the trout. They're pretty, with their colored spots, but nobody ever sees them except their trout, who promptly try to eat them. And don't feel that they haven't a chance against the cruel angler. Sending a sedentary civilian against the brook trout is like sending a hippopotamus out to catch monkeys with a butterfly net.

The real reason I go trout fishing at least once a year is that it's a ritual of spring that purges the soul of those slummers which have built up during the winter. After a long day on a rugged trout stream, even civilization looks pretty good.

No Substitute...

Two years ago, under the federal government's price support program, there were 112 million pounds of butter in storage in Canada. To encourage increased consumption, in 1962 Ottawa reduced the retail price of butter by paying a subsidy of 12 cents a pound. And the theory worked — up to a point. On the average we ate a pound and a half more per person; total consumption

increased from 228 million pounds in 1962. Not unnaturally, however, the subsidy also encouraged increased production — from 353 million pounds in 1961 to 362 million pounds in 1962. The end result? The amount of butter in storage increased to 136 million pounds.

The moral? For balancing of production and consumption, a government subsidy is no substitute at all for a free market.

Election Postscript...

Canadians didn't quite manage to elect a majority government on April 8, but they can gain some satisfaction from the new record high reached in both the total number and percentage of the electorate which voted.

The final count shows the total poll to have been only fractionally below 80 percent, comparing very favourably with the 65 percent vote recorded south of the border in the 1960 U.S. presidential election.

Of the 7,800,000 votes cast, the Liberals received 41 percent and won 129 seats in the new House of Commons; the Progressive

Conservatives, 33 percent (95 seats); the New Democrats, 14 percent (17 seats); and Social Credit, 12 percent (24 seats).

The percentage strengths of the two smaller parties are little changed from the June, 1962 election, although the New Democrats returned two members fewer than last time and Social Credit dropped six.

The significant shift was in the percentage of votes won by the two main parties, both having secured 37 percent of the total in 1962. The four percent gain by the Liberals this year, and the corresponding loss by the P.C.'s, was sufficient to produce a change of government.

Rockets Bloom in the Spring...

"Rockets that Bloom in the Spring" is the appropriate title of a booklet issued by the Better Business Bureau outlining some of the many unscrupulous selling activities undertaken by itinerant salesmen this time of year.

North Halton has had its share of travelling repairmen, building material salesmen and other opportunistic ventures (or vultures) who charge exorbitant rates, do inferior work, and commit a few crimes on the side.

Not all transient repairmen and door-to-door salesmen are untrustworthy, of course. But there has been enough evidence of the unscrupulous ones to make most district residents view with suspicion every smooth-talking "pitch-man".

Homeowners should be especially wary of the people with the wonderful offer that's available only if they sign the contract immediately. Or the line that "we're selling you this at less than cost in order to encourage sales among your neighbors."

Let it Go...

Acton Council at their meeting last week agreed to offer the Crown Assets Corporation \$10,000 for the old post office building. Council has estimated \$15,000 in renovation costs will be required to prepare the building for occupancy by the town.

Since the town has seen fit to offer \$10,000 for the property, it is our only hope Crown Assets will not accept the tender. We have heard the points advanced by Council for the purchase of the building for municipal purposes.

mediately. Or the line that "we're selling you this at less than cost in order to encourage sales among your neighbors."

Then there are the chaps with a host of verbal promises which are never found in the written contract. And the ones with the line that you've been selected for a valuable free gift.

But these are old approaches and perhaps this year they've concocted something new and even more enticing.

The safest action for any householder, before he or she signs any document, is to check with local merchants and tradesmen for comparable prices. In almost every case, the "bargain" comes from these established and reliable businessmen, not often from the stranger at the door whose fast talk is designed to secure a fast buck—for himself.

We believe the interests of the town will be better served if the old post office building is not acquired for municipal purposes. We think there are other areas in which further municipal office space can be acquired — if more space is necessary.

NEWS DISTRICT

BURLINGTON—A new \$2,260 "helper" will soon be available for town police. It's described as "a motorcycle with a big box on the back" and will be used to help control traffic and issue parking tickets. Police find it handier than foot patrolmen.

GEORGETOWN—The children of today are no different than they were in yesteryear — they still have a natural affinity for wet cement. Councillors admitted it's a tough job to keep the kids away. The town foreman has thrown up his hands in disgust, for he's having trouble finishing the new sidewalks before the youngsters start decorating the freshly-laid cement.

BRAMPTON—The town's present population growth has been estimated at 260 people a month. The planning board has just approved draft plans of two new subdivisions and a third is under construction that will bring 2,000 new homes to the city.

OAKVILLE—A study is being launched into Oakville's traffic and roads system, that will determine the town's needs for the next 25 to 35 years. Cost to the town is about \$13,750, while the remaining 75 per cent of the \$55,000 survey will be provincially subsidized.

MILTON—Town Council took a hefty swing at increasing education costs last week. The councillors knocked \$47,500 off the estimated \$207,000 price of purchasing and renovating and adding an auditorium to the Martin St. high school, which the public school board hopes to buy for a senior public school. Then they cut approval on a \$700,000 high school board request to \$450,000.

Hints on Culture

Many Roses Face Failure Wrong Location, Planting

One of the most popular shrubs being purchased for spring planting by Halton homeowners is the rose. Unfortunately a large percentage of the roses presently being planted will not bloom properly, because of mismanagement.

The ideal location for roses is where there is a gentle slope to the south or west. Horticulturists with the Ontario Department of Agriculture advise that the site should be sunny, well-drained and protected from strong winds. Roses prefer a rich deep soil that is well-drained. Both heavy and light soils may be made more suitable for growing roses, by digging in quantities of organic matter such as well-rotted manure. It is unobtainable use leaf-mould or peat and supplement with a dressing of a balanced fertilizer. In average soil the rate of application should be about 2 lb. per 100 square feet.

How to Plant As soon as you receive your bushes unpack them and soak them in water, and plant immediately if the beds are not ready they may be "berled in" by digging a trench, set them close together and cover with soil at least half way up their stems. When the permanent beds are ready, dig a hole large enough to allow the roots to spread out naturally. The swollen area of the stem just above the roots should be set about an inch below the soil surface. Firm the soil around the roots to ensure good anchorage. A thorough soaking should be given to help them become established.

Fifth Bible School For Reformed Church

"Calvin" Christian School Society is holding its fifth annual Vacation Bible School this year Tuesday, July 2, till Friday, July 12. For the second consecutive time, Acton Public School Board has made available five rooms in the Robert Little school. Classes will be held from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. daily.

Members of the Young People's Society of the "Rehoboth" Christian Reformed Church will work this week and next on a house-to-house campaign to enroll the children from six to 12 years old. Cost of attendance is free as the operating cost will be borne by members of "Calvin" Christian School Society and members of the "Rehoboth" Christian Reformed Church.

Last year's steady daily attendance was around 130 children. This year it is hoped to increase this to 150 children, divided into five classes. Volunteer teachers will be Mrs. John Krul, Mrs. John Van Barneveldt, Mrs. Thys Kremer, Mrs. John Looyen and Mrs. Hank Harmama. Some of their able assistants will be Miss Tini Vos, Miss Henry Sulp and Miss Anika Oostrob.

Let's Play Bridge

Distributional hands can be a blessing or a curse. It all depends on how they work out. Here is a board that caused all the East-West players some grief. This is board number 11 with neither side vulnerable. The dealer was South.

North S-K 10 8 6 5 3 H-K 6 5 2 D-4 2 C-8

West S-A J 2 H-O J 9 4 3 D-Void C-A J 10 5 2

East S-O 7 H-10 7 D-A K Q 9 6 3 C-K Q 4

Probable bidding: South 1C Pass North 2D Pass 2H Pass 3D Pass 3NT Pass 4D Pass 4H Pass 5C Pass

Please notice that I have said probable bidding, not suggested bidding. The Acton Bridge Club had its biggest night of the year, with six and a half tables in play. This hand was played six times and no one stopped at less than five clubs. Every East-West suffered defeat.

The best lead by North is the diamond four. Dummy wins and declarer gets rid of a spade. If everything breaks, declarer can plan on ruffing a diamond, to set up the suit. A low club to 10 and club back to Dummy.

When declarer finds the 4-1 split in trump, he must change his plans. He has five club tricks, three in diamonds and one sure trick in spades. He needs two more tricks and he only gets them in hearts. Another high diamond is led and the spade jack is stuffed.

Declarer leaves the other diamond in Dummy to stop the suit. He does not need another discard. Dummy's last club is led and overtaken with the ace. The jack of clubs removes the last of the outstanding trumps and hearts is led. Declarer will have a trump and the space ace for control. The high diamond in Dummy serves as control there.

I think most players went down because they did not develop the heart suit soon enough. If tricks are required in a side suit, then that suit should be started as soon as trumps are out. Don't remove all your side controls before developing a suit.

This week's winners: first, J. Coats, W. Coats; second, Miss E. Leslie, Mrs. J. Gibbons; third, G. Banks, T. Warrens.

TODAY After checking the patient over, the physician asked, "Have you been living a normal life?" "Yes, doctor." "Well, you'll have to cut it out for a while."

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