

Two Actons Again Associated

(Fourth instalment)
Last week some readers might have ended up with the impression it's not a good idea to arrive in Paris after dark. There's nothing really wrong with Paris at night — provided you speak French — you know exactly where you're going — and you can show the taxi driver right on the map exactly where you want to go or better still can drive the taxi yourself. Driving in Paris is not too bad except they don't turn on the headlights and the next driver is just as crazy as the last one.

Coming out of the station exit we felt it was only proper we should follow the customs of the country and line up in the queue. After waiting in the queue for considerable time it became evident every man for himself was the true custom. Getting the taxi proved to be only the start. After a small UN assembly of taxi drivers we got the idea there was no such hotel and no such street as we had written on our little piece of paper. The result — after a few more sessions — was that our two taxis barrellled off in all directions.

Apparently the drivers were under the impression there is only one hotel in Paris because by some strange coincidence both arrived at the Hotel Claridge in the Champs Elysees, not far from the Arc de Triomphe. I wouldn't want anybody to get the impression anything funny was happening but the doorman did seem to recognize the drivers and did write in his little black book.

The Claridge does have a nice location. It was built quite a few years ago. The rates ran at \$17 for a single and \$21 for a double. These rates did appear a little high and it may have been the reason we rattled around like peas in a pod. There didn't appear to be anyone else on the whole fifth floor. One of the big features was that breakfast in the room was included in the room rate. I guess they didn't want us to appear in the dining room even if we could have afforded to.

With only a relatively short time in Paris the bus tour of the city seemed to be our best bet.

We passed all the famous landmarks and historical sites, some past the back door, and had 20 minute tours of some of the churches. Each place we got off the bus we were the immediate target for the salesman. Coming out of Notre Dame we started down the side street back to the bus when one of these gentlemen sidled up. Werden Laavens from Bolton got off the remark, "Get away from here! Can't you see I've just come out of church? And, I'm a Methodist, too!" It was too bad the poor Frenchman didn't understand but it doubled up the rest of us. At Montmartre, the artists and salesman were out in full force selling their charcoal sketches and paintings. The sun was flooding the square and really lived up to my expectations of what Paris should look like.

On Sunday we were off on the metro back to the Louvre and Eiffel tower. With only a couple of hours at the Louvre, where we should have had days, we managed to see the Mona Lisa and Venus de Milo. At the Eiffel Tower we paid the five francs to go to the top and mail some postcards (clean) and have lunch on the second level.

Saturday night's trip to the Folies Bergeres was an experience. The taxi trip up was only five francs. The trip back to the hotel, after we had turned down the driver's various suggestions for the remainder of the evening, was fifteen francs.

Apparently there is some concern in government circles about the falling revenue from the tourist industry (1964 down 6%). It is obvious this concern has not filtered down to the people who are meeting and dealing with the tourists.

The hotel we should have been staying at (\$7 a night) and had reservations for, was one block from the Folies' back door. The tickets, the service, the tip to the usher ran up to almost \$10 each. The seats were good and our relief was obvious when we weren't the ones selected to make our debut on the stage. One of our group was wearing red long johns which no doubt could have added greatly to the gaiety of the evening.

Natives of Paris appear to be very friendly — many were the girls who wished us a "Bon Soir" on the Champs Elysees both walking and slumping down in their cars. Our lack of facility in the French language undoubtedly saved us from many long and no doubt boring discussions on world matters.

Eating is always enjoyable and while the food was good, again our lack of working knowledge of conversational French no doubt limited our full enjoyment of the menus. Anyway it was only once that we ended up with French fried potatoes for dessert.

A noon flight to London left Monday morning for shopping but with the retail stores in Paris closed on Monday, shopping was at a minimum. London was more than we dared hope for. For five days the sun shone brightly, the grass was green—the daffodils were in bloom—Spring had arrived and we could understand the natives if not their money. The hotel, the Cumberland on Oxford St. at the Marble Arch, was comfortable, clean and by Canadian standards inexpensive.

Every place we went, and we walked miles, we were reminded of our English history — our heritage and our way of life. Every corner we turned brought something we had always heard of — never seen, but felt at home in. The five days sped by and we only scratched the surface. It's impossible to describe the feelings I experienced walking up the Mall from Admiralty Arch to Buckingham Palace, the sight of the flags — the Union Jack, that is, the first sight of the Clock tower and Big Ben in brilliant sunshine from the shadowed side streets, Westminster Abbey and St Paul's with the east end rebuilt according to Wren's original plans and specifications. — The history we felt just standing in these two great buildings.

The lunch in the Cheshire Cheese Pub just off Fleet Street and meeting a journalist there who had worked in Chatham, Ontario. These are the kind of memories I couldn't capture on film.

The crowds at Buckingham Palace for the changing of the guard surprised us, lined 8 or 12 deep along the fence in the "off season". One little woman had travelled the 16,000 miles from New Zealand to see the pageantry and wasn't the least bit happy when the bobby told her she couldn't stand up on the fence. The crown jewels at the Tower didn't really impress me as much as the Bloody Tower itself.

A trip to the theatre to see the Black and White Revue, which has been running two shows a day for four years was enjoyable but passed all too quickly. Robert and Elizabeth, a musical based on the lives of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, was good and was as cultural as we got.

Dinner with friends near Woking in Surrey, was pleasant and certainly a relief from hotel and restaurant meals as well as renewing friendships. The commuter service into London and public transportation within the city itself never ceased to amaze me. A commuter train arriving at Waterloo station every 20 seconds during rush hour in the morning emphasized how important transportation is in a great metropolitan area. Transportation was fast, efficient, comfortable and dependable.

Out the central subway line to Shepherd's Bush a 117 bus took us to Acton on Thursday, March 11. Werden Laavens from Bolton, made the pilgrimage with me. Arriving in Acton we luckily got off the bus in front of the Public Library. Inside the librarian was most cooperative and explained to us the history, past and present, of Acton, England. A walk across the street to the town hall put us in touch with the clerk. Our reception here was most friendly. The mayor was contacted and an appointment was made for noon. Leaving the town hall we walked throughout a small area of the town.

Back at the town hall the mayor greeted us in his parlour and we made a presentation of the new Canadian flag from Acton, Canada and a letter from Mayor Dubsy. The exchange of flags between the two Actons goes back to 1935 when a Union Jack, bearing the coat of arms of Acton, England, was made to the then Revue of Acton, Canada, C. H. Harrison by Dr. Smart. The flag is today still hanging in the glass case in the foyer of Acton, Canada town hall. The exchange of greetings and messages of goodwill was instituted many years ago by the late H. P. Moore, editor of the Free Press, and Sir Harry Brittain. Friends in Acton, Canada, will be pleased to know that Sir Harry is still enjoying good health and recently appeared on TV in England.

MAYOR DUBS' LETTER OF GREETINGS

February 22, 1965

The Mayor of Acton,
The Mayor's Parlour,
Town Hall, Acton, W.3,
LONDON, England.

Dear Sir:
It is again my privilege as Mayor of Acton, Ontario, to send to you, your Council, and your people, my personal best wishes and the best wishes of the Council and citizens of Acton.

We are delighted that our greetings are to be presented to you personally by Mr. David Dills, Editor of The Acton Free Press.

For some years your Flag bearing the Coat of Arms of Acton, England, has hung in an honored place in the Acton Council Chambers.

Please accept as a further token of our mutual goodwill, our gift of the New Flag of Canada — bearing in mind that the Union Jack and the Canadian Ensign will always have a hallowed place in the hearts of true Canadians.

We present the gift of our New Flag proudly, and trust you will accept it in the same manner.

Yours very truly,
LESLIE A. DUBS, MAYOR.

Talking with the Mayor we learned that the Borough of Acton would cease to exist as a municipal government on April 1st of this year. The town will retain its name and postal districts, but will be amalgamated in municipal government with two other Boroughs in the reorganization of local government in the Greater London area.

During lunch at the town hall the mayor and clerk expressed surprise that elected representatives in Canada were receiving remuneration. In England, apparently this is not the case.

One other interesting service, to us, was the provision of a hot noon meal, delivered to residents on pension or physically unable to look after themselves. The reorganization to a regional type government and the health and welfare services appeared to be two areas that could be exported to Canada.

Acton, with a population of over 60,000, with an inflow of similar number of workers each day, is the largest industrial area south of Birmingham. Over 700 industries are established in the Borough. One of the industries Canadians recognize is the Wilkinson Sword Company, which had presented a very beautiful, if somewhat non-functional ceremonial sword to the Borough. The Mayor of the Borough, has been selected from Aldermen elected and is not elected on a direct vote of the people. This appears to be worthy of export in that in many cases in Canadian elections, very good candidates for mayor not elected would be a definite asset to council.

In accepting the Canadian flag and message of goodwill, the mayor expressed the hope that a continued happy relationship could be maintained between the two Actons.

Leaving London Saturday morning from Victoria Station we travelled through the English countryside to Dover for an uneventful channel crossing. (smooth as a mill pond) to Calais. Through northern France by train (without a dining car). Work on the land had started and seeding was underway. Back at Marville for Saturday night and off at noon for the flight back to Ottawa and Malton and winter in all its fury and how.

The reason 20 weekly editors were in Europe was because of the surprising number of people in Canada totally unaware of the important role which is being carried out by the Canadian forces in Western Europe. Their purpose in being in Europe is to provide the surest of all deterrents — the means of instant retaliation should Russia decide to move against the West.

The Canadian government has reasoned, along with the other Western powers, that the surest way to invite the loss of our freedoms and our way of life is to leave the door open for aggression. Admittedly all this preparedness would be of little value should war commence with the firing of intercontinental ballistic missiles. There is always too the very real danger that a future

The Good Old Days...

20 YEARS AGO 50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, April 15, 1945.
With the opening of the roads after the severe winter, there has been a real flood of farm auction sales, which in this locality are still hitting a new peak and will likely continue until seeding time. They take the attention and time of the farmers. Prices are still reported to be good with plenty of brisk bidding, especially for labor-saving farm equipment.

Perhaps we were a bit hasty in saying that Highway 25 between Acton and Milton had wintered well. As the spring days continue, it gets worse and worse, and the experiment of last year's surface is shown to be just another experiment without any permanency.

While playing in the gymnasium at the Y on Monday, Frankie Spicelwood had the misfortune to fracture his right arm.

The electrical storm on Wednesday damaged an oil breaker at the hydro substation here and as a result, there will be a power interruption on Sunday afternoon while permanent repairs are being made.

Mrs. William MacArthur received a bouquet of orchids from her grandson, David Norton, last week on the occasion of her birthday. They were sent by an express in four days from Villavieja, Colombia, South America, and arrived in excellent condition.

The 13th power bill presented to the public utilities commission at their regular meeting showed the largest surplus yet. A new pump is to be installed at the spring and the old pumps will be used only in case of an emergency.

At a Red Cross meeting last week, officers for the work room were chosen. Convener of the group is Mrs. A. Mason, with Mrs. A. B. McLean as assistant, Miss M. Z. Bennett, recording secretary, Mrs. M. Schroeder, convener of shipping, Mrs. W. J. Hearty, convener of knitting, Mrs. E. S. Blows, convener of sewing. Sewers are badly needed now for the work ahead.

March sustained her reputation for winds and stormy weather during the closing week of the month.

Mr. Harold Wiles has a very attractive Easter window. The kiddies are greatly interested in the Easter chicks and other novelties.

The first new motor car to be delivered in town this spring was shipped in on Tuesday. It is a fine five-passenger Studebaker and belongs to Mr. William John Stone.

Arrangements have been made at last whereby the old cemetery is to be fixed up and put in a more presentable condition.

war might begin on a "limited" basis to escalate to a full-scale, all-out, global conflict. It is the job of the NATO forces to see that such a "limited" brush war does not get a place to start.

We have enjoyed writing this series of "editorials". We particularly enjoyed and appreciated gathering the material.

The conclusion: Paris, it's nice to have been. London and England, I can't get back soon enough. The Army in Soest and the Air Force, efficient and doing a very necessary job.

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL BAILEY

Watching the world lately, I find it hard to believe that mankind has progressed very far since the day Cain clobbered Abel and began a feud that has never lost its popularity—murdering one's brother.

Whether it's Alabama, Hamburg or Havana, Quito or Quebec, the pattern is the same: clubs swinging, women screaming, skulls cracking, blood spurting.

Hammering one's fellow citizen with a billy club is one of the leading outdoor sports of this generation.

It's difficult to believe that all the hatred and viciousness among men is based on color, or religion. The Pakistanians and Indians loathe each other. They're the same color, different religions. The Viet Nams and the Viet Congs murder each other with mutual relish. Same color, same religion.

In South Africa, whites kick blacks around. In North Africa, blacks kick whites around. In both cases, religion is immaterial.

In South America, the rich kick the poor around, and they all go to the same church. In North America, wives kick their husbands around. Same color, same religion; different sex.

If it isn't racial or religious or sexual, what then is the basis

for all the pounding of other people? Is it simply fear that if you don't smash the other fellow's skull first, he will kick you in the groin?

Or is it something more simple and primitive, just a savage joy in the letting of blood, in pain and cruelty?

It's hard to know. An anthropologist will say one thing, a psychologist another. And a good bartender could probably come as close to the truth as either.

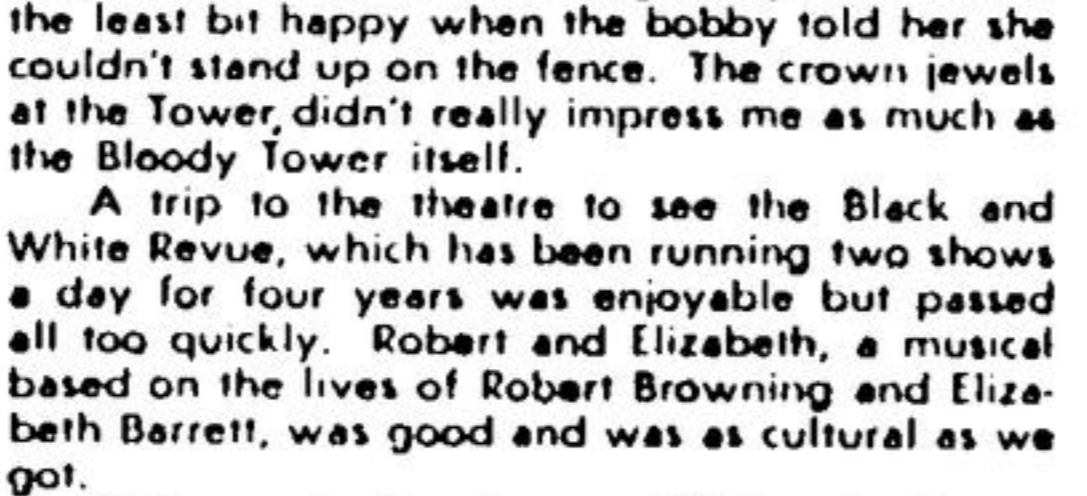
It is my experience that the tensions of race, creed and color are completely artificial. It is only when they are fanned by ignorance, fear or malice, that they burst into flame. Ignored, they dissolve and vanish.

The other day, I was supervising an examination. For something to do, I looked down a couple of rows of students and checked off their national origins. They were Swiss, Polish, Dutch, German, Italian, Norwegian, Anglo-Saxon. There were Jews and Roman Catholics and Protestants of all denominations.

They didn't even look as they should have. A red-headed German and a red-headed Jew. A couple of swarthy, black-haired Mediterranean types called Smith and Jones.

And it helped convince me that race, religion and color have very little to do with man's inhumanity... or humanity... to man.

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Color ranged from silver-blond Norwegian, through coffee-hued Maori Indian from New Zealand to coal-black West Indian. Religion ran the gamut from agnostic to fervent R.C. from Baptist to Moslem. We were like brothers.

On my 21st birthday, having sprained an ankle badly in a rugged game, I couldn't walk to my own birthday party. It was carried to the pub on the shoulders of a magnificent turbaned Sikh from India, a Polish count, an Australian dairy farmer, and the son of a fine old Belgian family. It was my finest hour, when my brothers deposited me gently at the bar.

And it helped convince me that race, religion and color have very little to do with man's inhumanity... or humanity... to man.

PRESCRIPTION FOR TODAY

To humans it seems that some folks have had more than their share of trouble but we should remember that the more troubles we have, the greater is the challenge to turn them over to our Heavenly Father. His arms are ever outstretched to those in trouble. His comfort is ever available.

This Sunday's Church Calendar

TRINITY CHURCH
(The United Church of Canada)
The Rev. Dwight J. Engel, B.A., B.D.
Organist:
Mr. George Elliott, M.A., Ph.D.
SUNDAY, APRIL 11th, 1965
THE CHURCH SCHOOL
9:30 a.m.—Grade 5 and higher.
11:15 a.m.—4 years to Grade 4.
DIVINE SERVICES
9:30 and 11:00 a.m.
Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday—8 p.m. Holy Week services.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA
KNOX CHURCH, ACTON
Rev. Andrew H. McKenzie, B.A., B.D., Minister
Mr. E. A. Hansen, B.A. Organist and Choir Master
PALM SUNDAY, APRIL 11, 1965
9:45 a.m.—Church School.
11:00 a.m.—Palm Sunday Worship Confirmation and Reception of new members. Sermon theme, "Following Jesus Today."
8:00 p.m.—Community Holy Week service. In Trinity United Church. (See advertisement elsewhere.)
Everyone Most Welcome.

MAPLE AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH
(formerly Evangelical Baptist Church)
SUNDAY, APRIL 11th, 1965
Bus leaves Y.M.C.A. at 9:15 a.m. Calling at Limehouse 9:30 a.m.
For information call Acton 853-1956
Georgetown 877-6663

BETH-EL CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH
Acton, Ontario.
Rev. Wiebe Van Dijk
Phone 853-1585
SUNDAY, APRIL 11th, 1965
10:00 a.m.—English Service.
1:30 p.m.—Dutch Service.
3:45 p.m.—Sunday School.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR ANGLICAN
Corner Willow and St. Alban's Drive
Presiding Rector: Rev. J. D. Lafferty
SUNDAY, APRIL 11th, 1965
9:00 a.m.—Holy Eucharist.
10:30 a.m.—Church School.
10:30 a.m.—Morning Prayer, Blessing and Distribution of Crosses.
Good Friday, 11 a.m.—Good Friday devotions.

ACTON BAPTIST CHURCH
Founded 1842
Pastor: Rev. Stanley Gammon
Res. 144 Tides Ave., Ph. 853-1615.
Palm Sunday
SUNDAY, APRIL 11th, 1965
9:45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Class. (Scripture Press material used.)
11:00 a.m.—Morning Worship. "The Joy of the Lord."
7:00 p.m.—Service cancelled.
8:00 p.m.—Holy Week Service. (See special notice on Page B2)
Thursday, 8 p.m.—Choir practice. Holy Week Services
April 11, 13, 15
Good Friday service—11 a.m.
If you have no church home, we welcome you to worship at the Acton Baptist Church.

ACTON PENTECOSTAL TABERNACLE P.A.O.C.
33 Churchill Road
Rev. S. M. Thoman, Pastor
853-2715
SUNDAY, APRIL 11th, 1965
10:00 a.m.—Sunday School for all ages.
11:00 a.m.—Morning Worship.
Guest speaker, Rev. Thomas Laito.
7:00 p.m.—Evening Evangelistic Service.
Tuesday—8 p.m.—Prayer Service and Bible Study.
Thursday, 8 p.m.—Christ's Ambassadors.
Friday, 7 p.m.—Crusaders.

Professional Directory and TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

MEDICAL	AUCTIONEER	DENTAL	APPRAISING AND INSURANCE	TRAVELLERS' GUIDE
DR. D. A. GARRETT Physician and Surgeon Corner of Willow and River Sts. Entrance River St. Acton, Ont. Phone 853-0341 By Appointment	ALFRED R. SPENCE Auctioneer Glen Williams A Complete Service Telephone Georgetown 877-3306	DR. A. J. BUCHANAN Dental Surgeon Office — 90 Church St. E. Office Hours — 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Closed Wednesday afternoon Telephone 853-1750	F. L. WRIGHT 20 Wilbur St. Acton, Ontario Phone 853-0720 Appraiser and Insurance Over 50 Years in Acton	GRAY COACH LINES COACHES LEAVE ACTON Standard Time Effective October 25
DR. ROBERT D. BUCKNER Physician and Surgeon 39 Wellington St., Acton, Ont. Afternoons by appointment. Closed Wed. & Sat. evenings. Phone 853-1240	C. F. LEATHERLAND, Q.C. Barrister and Solicitor Notary Public Office Hours: 10 a.m. - 12 p.m. 1 p.m. - 5 p.m. Saturdays by Appointment only Phone Office 853-1330 - Res. 853-1745 Acton	DR. CEDRIC DEY Dental Surgeon Suite No. 3, Hinton Bldg. 17A Mill St. E., Acton, Ont. For appointments phone 853-1300	DENNEY CHARLES Representing CO-OPERATORS INSURANCE ASSOCIATION Sponsored by Federation of Agriculture Auto - Fire - Family and Farm Liability - Accident & Sickness Phone TR 7-2084 Georgetown	6:31 a.m. (Daily, except Sun and Hol.); 8:54 a.m. (Daily except Sun and Hol.); Express 8:58 a.m.; 11:33 a.m.; 2:08 p.m.; 5:04 Fri., Sat. and Sun.; 5:08 p.m.; 6:23 p.m.; 8:33 p.m.; 10:08 p.m. (Sun. and Hol.)
DR. T. B. MOORE DR. C. HUTCHISON Physicians and Surgeons 2 Main Street North Corner Main and Mill Street Acton, Ontario Phone 853-2180 By Appointment	A. BRAIDA, B.A. Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public Office Hours in Acton Monday - Friday evenings 6 p.m. - 9 p.m. Saturday 1 p.m. - 5 p.m. 28 Paisley St., Guelph, Ontario Phone TA 4-2242	E. L. BUCHNER, O.D. Optometrist 6 John St. S., Acton In Acton Wednesdays only 2:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m. For appointment, phone 853-1041 11 no answer, phone Waterloo 742-8667	G. W. CORBETT, D.C. Doctor of Chiropractic 11A Main St. N., Georgetown. PHONE 877-6631 By Appointment	Westbound 7:37 a.m. (Daily except Sat. Sun. and Hol.); 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.; 1:02 a.m. (Sat. only).
DONALD E. SKINNER B.Arch., — M.R.A.I.C. 17A Mill Street, Suite 2, Acton. Telephone 853-2740 Office Hours by Appointment or 20 Stavebank Rd., Port Credit 877-6956	KAPLAN & ORD Barristers and Solicitors Sidney Kaplan and John D. Ord, O.C. 116 Mountainview Road S. Carleton Place, Georgetown 274-3428	ARTHUR A. JOHNSON 184 Main St., Milton Phone TR 8-9072. Res. TR 8-9678 Tuesday Afternoons Thursday Evenings Friday Mornings	CHIROPRACTIC PHUNERAL DIRECTOR Shoemaker Phone 853-0390 night or day Bruce E. Shoemaker, Mgr.	CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS Standard Time Effective October 25 Eastbound 6:50 a.m. to Toronto, daily Mon to Fri.; 7:22 p.m. to Toronto, Sunday only. Westbound 12:05 a.m. to Stratford, daily except Sunday; 6:27 p.m. to Stratford, daily Mon. to Fri., change at Guelph for London etc.