

Editorial Page

Into the Spotlight...

In any community and in every community undertaking it appears to us there are two distinctly different types of people participating. The first type of person is the one who has an excellent public image, the one who says and does the right thing at exactly the right time and, if there be such, the one to whom the "glory" falls.

The other type of person in the community undertaking is one who is always there, who is always quietly working away — but by his very unassuming, retiring personality and his desire to remain one of the anonymous, quite often does not always receive recognition for his contribution. This man does not need the public recognition so often eagerly sought by his cohorts — he gains his personal satisfaction and sense of fulfillment knowing he has helped in his own way in the betterment of his fellow citizens.

Acton's citizen of the year, 1966, Fred Wright, is in our opinion a man of the second type. Over many years a number of us remember the little extra things Fred has done to make our lives a little more pleasant. We remember the nights we'd be at camp when Fred would arrive with a fresh, cold watermelon. I don't think there ever was a camp or a Scout Jamboree without Fred arriving on the scene at some time with some little extra treat. We remember the hot summer days when the Junior Pipe band would be exhausted almost beyond recall when Fred would arrive with a trunk load of cold soft drinks that seemed to pump new energy and enthusiasm into the members.

Fred's selection as citizen of the year brings back the memory of his years of service as secretary of Acton Fair. We remember as children, how he used to coax us to enter our model boats, airplanes, kittens and rabbits in the annual fair. It didn't seem to matter how amateurish our models were or how scruffy were our pets — there was always a prize. At the time we didn't realize where the prize came from but as we grew older we began to realize it didn't come from the Fair prize lists!

Over the years Fred has always had a continuing interest in the youth of Acton — as the generations passed he could always transfer his interest to the next crop of youngsters. In 1935, at the establishment of the YMCA in Acton, he played an important part and served as the Y board's first secretary. Over the years he has taken part in many local organizations — always as the secretary or in some other non-spotlighted role, but always there.

As adults now, but as former children, we are pleased and proud that Fred Wright, one of

Acton's citizens who has always worked in the background, will step out in the spotlight of recognition as Acton's Citizen of the Year.

The Decline of High Culture...

The fact that the mass culture — if it can be called that — of the abundant society adversely affects high culture has been known for a while to the observer of the passing scene.

The Atlantic Monthly, Harper's, the Saturday Review, and other scholarly publications, are fighting a losing battle against the Playboy type of magazine. Symphonic music and opera do not draw a tenth of the audiences that swarm over the Beatles.

In the literary field, the success of such productions as "From Here to Eternity" and "Lady Chatterley", not to mention the "Tropics" and "Fanny Hill" would seem to prove that the reader's taste does not lift him much above the belt. As for TV and its choice of programs, it could easily become the death of the legitimate theatre.

Now comes a report from an American sociologist which definitely proves the point. Mr. Harold I. Wilensky, in his research on the subject, asked 1354 Detroit men what books, magazines and newspapers they read and what kind of television programs they watch.

He found only 19 men uncontaminated by contact with shallow culture. They belonged to an eccentric group: college professors, elite graduates, Jews or non-church goers, and some inconspicuous consumers.

The rest, from the professionals through the executives, the factory workers and the men on relief, had completely succumbed to mass culture. If education made a difference, it was imperceptible. Among the university educated professionals, three out of four had not read a book with a profound meaning in more than two months. Fifty-eight percent of the lawyers interviewed never read quality magazines.

The researcher came to the conclusion, however, that television is the greatest and the worst leveller. Watching habits, he found out, are strikingly similar at all educational levels.

The abundant society, with its materialism, its concept for intellectual achievements, and its modern gimmicks, which have taken out of life most of the necessity for struggle and mental development, has practically reached the point where it can brag of a universal level of cultural conformity.

This, possibly to a slightly lesser degree, applies to Canada as well as to our neighbors to the south.

The sad thing is that the levelling is at the bottom.

—The Humboldt (Sask.) Journal



SCOUT GROUP COMMITTEE members assisted Cubs sorting out bottles Saturday afternoon following the blitz of the town to gather bottles to raise money. Left to right are Ron Lewis of the Scout Group Committee, Cub Joseph McConnell, Akela Mrs. Earl Jordan, Cub Blair McCallum and committee member Mrs. Alice Wilkinson.

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

We've been a pretty lucky crew around our place this year. All winter, friends, neighbors and relatives have been coming down with everything from the ordinary stuff — pregnancy and insanity — to exotic items like oriental hepatitis and whooping mumps. We haven't had so much as a sniffle.

It was too good to last, and we got the whole bundle this week. Nothing serious, physically, but mentally and emotionally, a shattering period.

First it was the dentist. Kim's was her regular check-up. It's a breeze. She waltzes in blithely, has her gums frozen, and the dentist pumps a little concrete into a pin-hole you couldn't see with a telescope.

It's a little different for father. I also go regularly to the dentist. Every three or four years. When I have a broken tooth or two and have wild, stabbing pains from several of the other old stumps, and have postponed my appointment about six times, I go down for my regular check-up.

Sweating, trembling, and condemning all dentists and their insane questions to the unkindest depths, I sit there trying to tear the arm of the chair. Too gutless, I go through the agonies of Prometheus as the poor man

Letter from Rudds Is Read at Meeting

On Monday evening members of the Baptist Mission Circle gathered around well-laden tables in the basement of the church to enjoy their annual birthday supper.

After the opening hymn and prayer, Rev. S. Gammon conducted the installation of the new officers: past president Mrs. Landsborough, president Jessie Coles, first vice-president Mrs. C. Baillie, second vice-president, Mrs. B. Harris, treasurer, Alice Pilkington, secretary, Mrs. G. Lott.

Letter from Rudds During the business session the secretary, Mrs. Lott, read a letter received by Mrs. Rolston from the Rudds in India and thanks for a parcel she had sent. The Rudds told of the welcome change in diet the food parcels made. Since then the Circle has sent two parcels.

Mrs. Hedwig reported that a quilt, pad and bandages were ready to send to White Cross work.

A trio, Jessie Coles, Alice Pilkington and Mrs. Feltham sang "No One Ever Cared for Me Like Jesus." Mrs. Harrap gave a delightful reading of a conical imaginary letter to the Apostle Paul from the Mission Board at Jerusalem. Mrs. Landsborough gave a brief history of the early days of the Baptist Church. Pictures and early clippings were posted for members to read and examine.

Mr. Gammon closed this enjoyable evening with prayer.

Move Dances

Beginning this week the Square Dance Club is holding its regular weekly dances in the auditorium at the community centre. Dance sessions during the rest of the season were at the Robert Little School auditorium.

prods about among the snaggles of porcelain, looking for a genuine human tooth he can drill.

And then there's always that excruciating moment when he steps back with some kind of chisel cocked in his hand, shakes his head more in pity than in sympathy, and says "Himn".

Visions of the blood, the pain, the ignominy swirl through my head.

Well that's the way the week began. Worse was to come. I've been suffering from a bad shoulder for years. I know. Everybody has one. Or a bad back or a bad hip. One week, the doctor says it's an inflammation. On the next visit, he says it's an old injury aggravated by tension. Next trip, it's bursitis. Next, after X-rays, it's a calcium deposit. If I had half the calcium in my teeth that I have in my shoulder, I could be one of those grinning apple models in the toothpaste ads.

Anyway, I finally decided to do something about it. Or my wife did. She didn't mind my groaning in my sleep. It was the cursing, every time I rolled onto that side that upset her. She was worried about my soul.

I wasn't. But when it got to the point where I couldn't pour a cool drink any more, without old weeping, I realized that man cannot exist on pain pills alone.

I've mentioned what a yellow streak I had about needles. The doc said as he took out this elephant-syringe, loaded with cortisone, "You'll feel a slight pinprick as the needle enters." The



Bill Smiley, author of 'Sugar and Spice'.

Then he started to lean on the needle. Have you ever had a pin-prick with a crow-bar?

The only comparable experience I've had was one time in a veterans' hospital. I was wheeled into this room for "tests". Flat on my back. Two nurses held a hand each, one on each side of the bed. Decent of them, I thought. Comforters. As I was smiling at them, in turn the doc rammed this huge hypodermic in my chest and shoved down. Then he started to suck (narrow out of my breast-bone, as it turned out). In the next three seconds, those nurses wound up on opposite sides of the bed, without touching the floor. I was told later that I had been a volunteer for a research project.

Well, I won't bore you with a lot more sick detail. Suffice it to say that my wife and daughter went to the eye doctor. Kim, who wants glasses like she wants a hair lip, got them. My wife was sore as hell because she paid 10 dollars for the examination and didn't get any glasses.

Just to cheer us up, we phoned Hugh on Sunday. We knew he was starting to write his final university exams on the Monday. Wanted to wish him luck. A cross-kings wreck who sounded more like Edgar Allan Poe's raven than our jolly boy, informed us that he'd been sick as a dog with the flu for three weeks.

The Good Old Days...

20 YEARS AGO

50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 2, 1946.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 4, 1916.

They're Moving Cobble Hill folks over 40 who recall the significance of Cobble Hill will be interested to learn that the nob which overlooks Acton on the west is moving. The contracting firm of Gowdie and Campbell have a shovel and trucks hauling the coarse clay and heavy gravel to fill in the filter bed dam on the Beardmore property which broke. It's from this high point in the early days of photography the bird's eye view of Acton was always taken. We have in our possession such a picture taken before 1856. It is reproduced in the book Acton's Early Days.

When David Henderson of Acton used to represent Halton in Parliament loads of packing cases were piled high on the hill, well soaked with coal oil and when his election was assured the bonfire was lighted. It used to be said the fire could be seen all over the country. We doubt it, but it was nice to think about in those boyhood days of vivid imagination.

Adam Cook left Acton would grow and surveyed the land into lots 40 years ago. Two brothers who spent six years together in the Canadian Army, Tom and Bus Nicol, are now getting established in the monument business. We wish the boys every success.

Acton's oldest resident, Miss Elizabeth Moore, 92, passed away. Born in England, she has lived in Acton about 70 years. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Freeman, R. R. 2, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

Limchouse W. I. raised \$80 at their tea and bazaar. Mrs. Spitzer and Mr. Noble were in charge of the tea tables. A euchre party was held in the evening.

Sunday morning Rev. Dr. McIvor preached his last sermon at Rockwood before leaving with Mrs. McIvor for Ireland for six months on a mercy errand.

Cancer Drive Raises \$165

Rockwood — The local fund raising for the Cancer Society has been completed in Rockwood. A vote of thanks is extended to canvassers Mrs. Betty Death, Mrs. P. Sim, Mrs. P. Dales, Mrs. Sue Nightingale, Mrs. Marjorie Saunders, Mrs. Hazel Hamilton and Miss Brenda Ingle from the chairman Mrs. F. Taylor.

A total of \$165.50 was raised in the village for this very worthy cause. The head branch in Guelph was well pleased with the Rockwood effort.

Among the 60,000 erector designs sent in competition for prizes, Charlie Landsborough has been awarded 118th place. This entitles him to a prize of a \$5 erector and a testimonial of engineering ability. Charlie has been for two years incapacitated through an infection of the knee and has spent many happy hours with his Erector set.

The call of the tanneries' whistles on Monday morning had a welcome sound to many who have been out of work since the works closed down.

While the feeling in Acton is still very strong against the coming in of large numbers of foreign-born erectors, and especially men of alien enemy nationality, to work in the tanneries, the situation has developed a new aspect. Until the war is over the necessities of the case demand that all leather possible be produced.

This position was explained forcefully to Acton council and when a number of leading businessmen, property owners and others were present. A representative of the government had been sent to investigate the condition of affairs which had arisen here. He said every effort should be made to maintain production, and leather is very necessary for military purposes. The government finds that Acton tanneries had been running at only two-thirds capacity because labor had not been available, and it is absolutely necessary that they run at full capacity. Employing aliens is helping to win the war, he said, and the tannery officials are willing to pay them the minimum wage of 20 cents an hour.

Dr. Gray said the town itself was to blame for the conditions in which foreign-born labor had not been available, and it is absolutely necessary that they run at full capacity. Employing aliens is helping to win the war, he said, and the tannery officials are willing to pay them the minimum wage of 20 cents an hour.

At the Easter Normal School examinations Miss Hazel Hurd and Miss Bertha Brown were successful in securing their certificates. Both young ladies will be teaching in Toronto.

Most visitors to Expo 67 will come from an area within 600 miles of Montreal.

Seeking Wrecking Yard Permit

An application from Laverne Warden of Williams Avenue, Milton, for a wrecking yard licence in Massagawa Township has been referred to the Township Planning Board for consideration. Mr. Warden and his solicitor H. C. Fank attended the Monday night meeting of Township Council and presented the application. Mr. Warden said his plans call for the operation of a wrecking yard on the Guelph Line, north of the MacDonald-Cartier Freeway.

He pointed out two buildings, plus a \$20,000 to \$30,000 home will be built on the 12 acre site. "This is not going to be a junk yard, it

won't be unsightly or I would not plan to build my home next to it," he said.

No Money in Junk

He explained business, would consist of importing truck parts from the U.S.A. and also late model car parts. "I do not intend to be a junk dealer, there's no money in it," he said.

Council pointed out it would be wise on their part to refer the application to the Planning Board and to also have neighboring property owners informed of the proposed operation, before any final decision could be made.

Church Groups Hold Father, Son Banquet

Over 30 fathers and sons enjoyed the Tyro and Sigma-C father and son banquet at the United Church Wednesday of last week. The U.C.W. catered to the turkey dinner.

The tables were specially decorated in group colors with red and white tulips.

There was a sing-song and film, and Tyro leader Allan Lauder played his harmonica.

His assistant is John Wood; Sigma-C leaders are Joe Bray with David Lidka.

This Sunday's Church Calendar

ACTON BAPTIST CHURCH
Founded 1842
Pastor: Rev. Stanley Gammon
Res. 144 Tidy Ave., Ph. 853-1615
SUNDAY, MAY 8th, 1966
Mother's Day
9.45 a.m.—Church School, Adult Class.
11.00 a.m.—Morning Worship. "The Twig is Bent."
7.00 p.m.—Evening Service. "Life's Golden Hours."
Wednesday—Prayer meeting 7.30
Thursday, 7.30 p.m.—Choir practice.
No Explorers, B.H.F., 7. Friday.
Text: "Hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Prov. 1: 8.

PRESBYTERIAN 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
CHRISTIAN FAMILY SUNDAY, MAY 8th, 1966
Church School session with drawn.
11.00 a.m.—Christian Family Worship with families worshipping together. Sacrament of Christian Baptism. Sermon theme "Taking Baptism Seriously". Junior Choir leading praise.
Everyone Most Welcome

BETH-EL CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH
Acton, Ontario.
Rev. Wiebe Van Dijk
Phone 853-1585
SUNDAY, MAY 8th, 1966
10.00 a.m.—English Service.
2.30 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
Rev. Ritchie McMurray M.A., S.T.B.
Easter IV
SUNDAY, MAY 8th, 1966
9.00 a.m.—Holy Eucharist
10.30 a.m.—Church School.
10.30 a.m.—Matins and Holy Baptism.

MAPLE AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH
(Georgetown)
SUNDAY MAY 8th, 1966
9.45 a.m.—Sunday School.
11.00 a.m.—Morning Service.
7.00 p.m.—Evening Service.
Wednesday, 8 p.m.—Prayer meeting.
Acton 853-1956
Georgetown 877-6665

EVANGEL PENTECOSTAL TABERNACLE P.A.O.C.
33 Churchhill Road
Rev. S. M. Thoman, Pastor
853-2715
SUNDAY, MAY 8th, 1966
10.00 a.m.—Sunday School for all ages.
11.00 a.m.—Morning Service.
7.00 p.m.—Evening Service with Evangelist Jim Pierce of Winnipeg.
Tuesday through Friday, May 10-13, at 8 p.m.—Special services with Evangelist Pierce. Don't miss this "Opportunity".
Thursday, May 12 — Ambassadors cancelled.
Friday, 7 p.m.—Crusaders.

TRINITY CHURCH (The United Church of Canada)
Minister
The Rev. Dwight I. Engel, B.A., B.D.
Organist:
Mr. George Elliott, M.A., Ph.D.
CHRISTIAN FAMILY SUNDAY, MAY 8th, 1966
Divine Services
9.30 a.m. 11.00 a.m.
Sunday School cancelled. Students to attend 11 o'clock family service with their families.
7.00 p.m.—Confirmation Class.

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