

Minor hockey week...

This is the time of year when we pause long enough in the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness to pay tribute to the minor hockey workers of the community.

We have a dedicated corps of hockey coaches, managers and executives in Acton and district who make it possible for any boy who wants to take part in organized hockey to participate either in the Legion town league or the more competitive Tri-County.

The program has paid off for years in keeping youngsters off the streets, engaged in healthy, supervised sport, but the real benefits can't be measured. Not only does the program pay off in stronger bodies and healthier minds but it also contributes towards better citizens, both from the viewpoint of

the players and those who operate the leagues.

Slogan for minor hockey week has been to keep a boy out of hot water—put him on ice. The municipality provides the ice, the enthusiastic volunteers do the work.

Although nothing special is planned to mark minor hockey week in Acton, we must go along with sports editor Denis Gibbons who last week said every week is minor hockey week in Acton.

There should be a special week set aside to recognize those who make minor hockey possible here and we are more than willing to join in tribute to the thousands in almost every municipality across the country who make Canadians hockey conscious.

DON'T SEND... TAKE YOUR BOY TO THE ARENA!



Juvenile Hockey or Juvenile Delinquent?



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Snow is something you like or dislike. You can't just ignore it. At least not around these parts. If you ignored it at our house, they'd find you in the spring, in a high state of decomposition.

When I was a kid, I loved snow. The more the better. Fighting in it, rolling in it, making "angels", washing girls' faces in it, throwing it at the enemy, and coming home for supper rosy-cheeked, warm as toast, and soaked to the skin.

Somewhere along the line, our love affair has withered and gone stale. Oh, I admit it's beautiful to look at on a bright winter day, when there's been a fresh fall of a few inches, and the whole world is like Adam and Eve.

But when it keeps coming down and coming down, and you have to get rid of it, you remember that the above-mentioned pair got kicked out of paradise, and the rest of us have had to slug it out ever since.

Putting out the garbage is a simple thing. But when the snow is over the top of your boots, and you have to carry the cans 80 yards, it's a minor nightmare.

Deciding in the morning whether or not you can ram your way through the three-foot bonus from the snowplow across the end of your drive is similar to Russian roulette. I tried it once last week and had to leave the car sitting there like a stranded whale, tail sticking out into the street and body straddling the sidewalk. One hour shovelling after work.

We have an excellent system of snow clearance in our town, except that the operators have a diabolical sense of the perfect moment to strike.

The big street plow lurks around the corner while you shovel your driveway. Then the driver's mate says, "O.K. He's all ready," and they whistle around the corner and dump about three tons of new snow back into the driveway. The only way to

beat them is to throw your shovel away as though it was molten metal, jump in the car, and roar out backwards before they make it.

Then we have a sidewalk plow. If you beat the big plow, the little one will get you. He comes around when you're at work and kicks out a one-foot pile on the street side and another on the driveway side. This is frozen into crusty snow-ice by the time you get home, and you need an Alpenstock to break it up.

One big help though, is the kids. They're right on the job. If it snows two inches of fluffy stuff, they're at the door with big, boyish smiles. "Can I shovel your walk, Mister?" You could do it yourself without strain, but figure on assisting free enterprise, give them the job, and over-pay them.

Comes a real downfall, say ten inches of that wet slushy stuff, when every loaded shovel weighs six pounds and is a potential coronary, and they're all home watching television.

The final aid is the snow-blower. When the banks have built up to a height where you can see only your neighbor's roof and a bit of sky, when the banks are so high not even the Abominable Snowman would tackle one, the blower comes around. And throws 2 tons of snow, salt and sand well up onto your lawn. Great for the grass.

Well, if you can't beat them, what do you do? I've been turning over a scheme. No dopey snowmobile. No downhill skiing, because of a couple of crook knees. And if I wanted to ski, I could do it in my own backyard, practising jumps off the picnic table.

No, I've decided to re-learn to fly. Take lessons at the local airport. Surely some of the old skill, such as it was, is still there. I've done plenty of winter flying and it's great up there, except when you run into a snowstorm and have to set her down in a farmer's field.

But I could sail along at a couple of thousand feet and sneer down at the snow, enjoy its beauty, and maybe even get to like the filthy stuff again. It would be a lot better than having the snow sneer down at me, as I try to hoist a loaded shovel onto a seven-foot bank, and wait for that sharp pain in the chest with each hoist.

Salt and Pepper



Hardly completed last week's column on the popular nostrums to cure flu and the cold before I was in bed myself suffering from the current epidemic of la grippe sweeping the area.

It started with aching legs and a dry cough that came from somewhere down around the heels and then spread upward into the vitals until my entire bag of bones was one throbbing ache. My wife, alarmed at flushed cheeks and lack of ambition, stuck a thermometer in my mouth which registered around the 100 and 101 mark.

Orders were to stay in bed until the mercury registered normal. Outside the mercury was dipping down to its lowest point of the year. Inside I was attempting to hit a new high.

After four days of horrible suffering, moans and groans, a distaste for food, innumerable TV programs and countless books and articles I staggered back to the desk Friday morning hacking and blowing like a sick seal.

My fellow workers avoided me as if I had the plague. They consciously skirted my desk shouting questions and answers from somewhere on the other side of the room... the cowards!

Although I didn't feel like climbing Mt. Everest or scaling Cobble Hill, it sure was good to escape from the daytime TV serials, where life is really serious and there's enough love triangles to outfit every orchestra on the continent.

It is no wonder some people get a jaundiced view of the outside world when they are exposed to the soap operas five days a week. I'm still looking over my shoulder to see if anyone is gaining, as ole Satch Paige observes.

Meanwhile, while I was lying on the bed of pain, alternately rising and falling as the mood fit, the high school decided to run their mid-winter exams which unleashed two teenage whirlwinds on the house studiously avoiding books and making attempts to deafen sensitive ears with 20th century rock and roll. The decibel count was stupendous, although no doubt there is a tremendous amount of rhythm in rock—if you can find it.

Meanwhile, the Edge of Night, As the World Turns and various episodes of Perry Mason and a new soapy opera called Strange Paradise were turning me into a neurotic. The latter had a bewitching miss who conversed with a portrait on the wall concerning the best methods of wiping out the remaining ancestors. She was succeeding, too, in the last episode I saw.

On the other end of the spectrum, Perry Mason was gibly solving murders right and left, while the U.S. brand of justice was dispensed in a way I could agree with almost every time.

Now I honestly don't want to confuse the issue but I think this Strange Paradise show could use old Perry to solve some of their mysteries. He'd soon have the right witch located and she'd be behind bars so fast you wouldn't have to Search for Tomorrow with the Guiding Light.

By the time I'd ridden out the Secret Storm and answered all the questions on the Game Game (Idiotic name, eh?) it was time for the Galloping Gourmet.

I watched Graham Kerr, the Galloper himself, make some chicken pie and roast a suckling pig almost in the twinkling of an eye so convincingly that it almost turned me into an amateur chef. Then I remembered, just in time, before my final resolve, that I had once cooked a chicken while my wife was ill and left the insides inside.

GALLOPING GOURMET



REDEEMING FEATURE

TV was a real afternoon wasteland.

Now and again there'd be a good movie on that never made the ratings and a flick of the dial would land on and draw your interest.

Reading? I read everything I could get my hands on including all the back copies of National Geographic.

I swallowed aspirins, drank hot lemonade, poured gallons of orange juice and other assorted liquids down my quaking insides which sometimes were not very receptive to the idea.

By Friday I felt well enough to totter down the road and collapse on the third floor chair with a cough that dozens of cough drops failed to conquer.

It couldn't be the Asian flu you had, said one sympathetic co-worker. Otherwise, you wouldn't be back at work yet.

Free Press back issues

50 years ago

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, January 26, 1950.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, January 29, 1920.

The delivery truck of Bradley's Meat Market went out of control on the icy roadway and went head-on into a pole. Tom Perkins, driver of the truck, suffered a fractured left knee and other injuries and Billie Spielvogel was badly cut on the face. Damage to the truck was extensive.

W. Linham was elected president of Acton fall fair, at the annual meeting. Prize money of \$2,407.75 was paid.

One of the highlights of the year in Acton Rotary Club was the Ladies' Night with turkey dinner catered by Watson's. Pres. Alf Long was in charge and George Mason was the master of ceremonies for the entertainment which included solos by John Rockwood, formerly with the Metropolitan Opera who now resides in his home town of Rockwood; cartoons by George Mason, cornet numbers by Amos Mason, a quartette of Harold Baxter, George Musselle, Ted Hansen and Vic Rumley, hillbilly trio Les MacSwain, Jack and Ken Blow.

The newly-formed Young People's Society of Knox church held its first side with president Doug Davidson in charge and Olive Musselle at the piano. Taking part were Jacqueline Watkins, Crawford Douglas, James Greer, and Joyce Greer. Young people from the United, Anglican, Baptist and Churchill United churches were also present.

Big news of the week to Acton taxpayers came when council agreed on a 34 mill rate. Last year's rate was 70. The rate fulfills the predictions under the new assessment plan.

Marc Laforriere was elected president of the town volleyball league at the Y with Jack Honeywell vice-president and Rae West secretary-treasurer. Teams are the Tannery Reds, Micro Plastics, Tannery Blues, Businessmen, Independents, Y's Men.



Photos from the past



ACTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE members presented a play, The Old Maids' Convention, well over 50 years ago. In the cast were, front row left to right Mrs. (Dr.)

Holmes, Mrs. R. M. MacDonald, Mrs. Ada Near; second row Mrs. William Laird, Mrs. A. T. Brown, Mrs. W. H. Stewart, Mrs. Clarridge; back row Mrs. John Harvey, Mrs.

Jos. Holmes, Mrs. J. R. Kennedy, Mrs. George Havill, Mrs. Gordon, unknown, Mrs. Milton Henderson.

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