

# News and views

By LORRAINE

A calamitous situation that could have climaxed in horrendous disaster was cleverly averted last Monday evening when an adroit bus driver kept his cool and was able to literally dissect a washroom lock with only forks, a knife, and a bent nail as his tools.

Mrs. Blythe is the name of an energetic little lady from Guelph whose chief ability seems to be to organize bus trips which transport great numbers of people to and fro from various places whereat cultural concerts are being performed. Approximately once a month a group of ladies (with the odd spouse thrown in) trips off to a short-distanced destination to enjoy a program of anything from boys' soprano concerts to outstanding symphonies and, homeward bound they pre-arrange to stop off at the St. John's Anglican parish hall where the ladies there have daintily prepared a scrumptious lunch of sandwiches and delicious homemade cookies.

Now this can be a long and rather late affair as the usual procedure for these events is for the St. John's damsels to arrive at the hall about 9.30 p.m., set up tables and arrange the food attractively which will be served with steaming hot coffee or tea, before the arrival of the bus passengers scheduled for about 11 p.m. and the signal to hurriedly scramble and serve is when the jubilant voice of organizer Blythe booms from the opened parish hall door that "Yaloooo, we're here!" and the late arrivals swoop in to the tables, partake of the goodies, swoop out again and then nothing remains but the clean up.

Ordinarily 1.00 p.m. is as good time as any to expect to completely wrap up the whole business, dishwashing and all that being a time consuming effort, but last week's saunter proved to be slightly more dramatic than usual and it could result in being either a boon or a baboon to the ladies of St. John's depending on the attitudes and results of last Tuesday night's event.

Everything was going well. The St. John's ladies were especially pleased because the count of only 35 customers turned out to be 36 when an extra head bopped up from the depths of one table after its owner had retained the penny she had dropped on the hall floor, thus giving the church another two quarters and, as we all know, when you're dealing with church finance, every 50 cents counts.

As I said, everything was going according to Hoyle with the treasury being some few dollars fuller than it was four hours earlier. The Guelph travellers had, via Mrs. Blythe, said the old "Thank you very much and see you next month" and were trooping out just as they had come in about an hour and a half before, when great exclamations and noises were heard coming from the vicinity of the ladies' washroom, some little lady had been locked in the lavatory.

It was with calm dignity that the ladies of St. Johns called through the door to the frantic female and told her not to be alarmed that she would be out in no time, at which point forks, pencils, and bent nails were all produced miraculously to work on a locked door which, I learned later was always playing havoc with people who were brave enough to chance the plumbing facilities in the Parish Hall.

But nothing worked; everyone of those metal devices failed to release the broken lock. Vocal noises from within the washroom were sounding more and more alarmed and frankly it was disturbing because no one, except her friend on the outside of the door, knew who was inside and the lady outside kept bemoaning that Bessie really was not the kind who liked being locked up inside a ladies' washroom. I took time to mentally ponder just who was the proper type for such an ordeal and wondered if I'd ever met such an individual.

One by one we all tried our own special type of manipulation in an attempt to dispel the lock on that door with the exception of the lady from the Cultural Society who kept assuring the cultured lady inside the washroom that she shouldn't worry too much because she would not leave until she was out.

Now Babs Ellis was very good. She handled the situation in grand fashion but, in all fairness, it was obvious to most of us that she knew a great deal more about horses than about picking church lavatory locks.

Flossie McMinn swiggled a pencil around in a circle inside the lock which had a rather large hole in the centre of it and kept saying something about "this happens all the time when the Girl's Auxiliary are here and this seems to work for them". However, the pencil was either too small for the hole or she

wasn't turning it around fast enough, in any event that didn't work either.

I must admit that I pushed futilely at the handle a few times myself but my help also wasn't to much avail, meantime the poor lady inside kept calling frantically through the door that all she wanted was to get out. Our deep consternation was broken momentarily by the assurance of the Guelph lady on our side of the door when she called through, "Don't worry, Bessie, some one is coming now" and I turned around to see who was coming only to see Audrey Hudson arriving on the scene looking positively efficient and wielding an impressive little gadget which was definitely, according to the look on her face, going to do the trick. On closer inspection, however, deflation set in fast, as a close up view of the utensil with which she was about to attack the lock was nothing more than an axel from a child's truck to which one wheel was still attached and, frankly, this did not appear to me to be a tool for opening locks.

By this time, the bus driver, getting a little tired of gassing his vehicle to the tune of 36 females minus two, prattling behind him, came on the scene to investigate the hold-up. After all it was already about 12.30 a.m. and certainly no hour for a lady who had come from a recital of the St. Augustine Boys' Choir to be holed up in a washroom.

Now the weary bus driver did not profess to be a lock specialist but, despite the lateness of the hour, he was still awake enough to realize that forks, nails and bottle openers were not exceptionally great equipment for such a hazardous situation, nevertheless he did, in spite of such odds, attempt to turn the screws in the lock with a hope of loosening the contraption. Fifteen minutes passed and Bessie in the washroom was becoming slightly more alarmed, especially when someone had jokingly suggested that she might have to take breakfast in St. John's washroom from under the door and Mrs. Blythe who also had made her appearance was trying to keep things gay and hopeful, saying things like "Well, it could have been worse", but from the side of her mouth in garbled tongue, "She's just the one to have a fit" and I had imaginary pictures of all sorts of things.

Well, happily everything turned out alright. One clever church representative did suggest that we should contact the gentleman in charge of the parish hall in case it might be necessary to break down the door. However, his wife was slightly disconcerted and said that I a.m. was no hour to be calling a man from his bed to try to get a lady out of St. Johns. Those of us involved also thought it was no time either for a visitor to the church to be stuck in the washroom and that we too would like to be at home in our own beds.

It was about 1.15 when that poor woman was released after the quick thinking bus driver had decided to rip off some stripping along the door frame rather than tear it down fireman style. She looked slightly harassed and certainly the experience was not a good promotion for every trip, but there is good reason to believe that now the executive branch of the parish hall (whoever they are) will finally decide that the women's washroom door lock needs to be replaced and Mrs. Blythe assured the St. John's ladies present that her Guelph Culture Society will not hold it against them for another time.



THE END OF AN ERA. Driver Roy Nightingale discontinuing the delivery service after 15 years. Made his last rounds in the Saunders Bakery delivery truck, this week. The bakery is Mr. Nightingale will continue to work in the bakery.-(Staff Photo).

## End of an era

### Saunders' bakery truck completes last run

The end of an era in the village of Rockwood was signified when the Saunders Bakery delivery truck made its final round last Tuesday, March 31, 1970.

It was with sad acceptance that township and village residents read the sincere letter left by their regular delivery man, Roy Nightingale, explaining the necessity of delivery cut-off after 56 years of continued and friendly relationships between bakery and customer.

Probably one of the last bread manufacturing shops in Southern Ontario to have kept up this patronage service, the Saunders management explained in their personalized circular that "due to illness in our family and spiralling costs in our industry, we regret to announce that, starting April 1, 1970, we will discontinue our retail bread delivery."

The Saunders bakery is conducted in the building which was originally trade named the Grundy Bakery but was taken over by George Saunders in

1910, four years after he had spent a year there learning his trade and then completed his training in Guelph and Toronto, returning to Rockwood where he purchased the shop in which he had taken his rudimentary apprenticeship.

A family business which progressed through the years from horse and buggy delivery to the more modern innovation of mechanized delivery truck, gradually included various members of the Saunders family in its organization as well as several outside employees, from time to time. The oldest established trade store in the village of Rockwood, the customers of which come from great distances to be on hand as the hot bread is taken direct from the oven and, with only two of its original customers left, the bakery shop caters to a miscellaneous clientele with homemade baked goods for every taste.

The big double Hi loaf is a bread buff's speciality and, during summer months, oft

tines wends its way on weekend afternoons to cottages as far north as Temagami and South River, Ontario, with hot yeast rolls adding to the success of many local banquets. French ginger and icebox are only two of the original cookie highlights of this culinary cuisine, with fruit loaves, Chelsea buns, fluffy chocolate eclairs and many other home-bakery lines, as well as special occasion wedding and birthday cakes.

Reference to this country bake store has been made many times by such notables as Percy Saltzman, Pierre Berton in MacLean's magazine, and Greg Clark, with particular mention made of the breads and doughnuts.

Although Mr. and Mrs. George Saunders, the family originators of this enterprising retail store could have retired years ago, it would have had to be with great misgivings as they both were gregarious individuals who enjoyed meeting the public and liked the business they were in. Consequently, Mrs. Saunders Senior, assisted by her daughter Bernice Bacon and daughter-in-law Marjory, still attends the counter while their son Herb works with his father making up the special breads and pastries.

Probably one of the best known of the Rockwood residents also employed by the Bakery is Roy Nightingale, a young married man who has lived all his life in the village of Rockwood but who now commutes from Guelph where he and his wife and small daughter reside. Roy has always been a favorite on the Saunders delivery truck with many village and rural folk looking forward to his twice-weekly bakery runs which take him through Nassagaweya and Eden Mills covering the 4th and 5th lines as well as Rockwood proper. During his daily trips he has managed to relay messages, report fire mishaps, and be a general "Jack of all Trades" to his patrons. For 15 years he had made his deliveries, chatting with customers, remembering their particular preferences, and making them all feel special, with his own unique good humour and charm.

The new innovation or the discontinued old one will find Roy Nightingale now working full-time in the bakery. The Saunders bread will continue to be available at various points of delivery as in the past as well as

## Raceway should contribute

The establishment of the Halton Automobile Raceway, near Milton would accelerate the need for reconstruction of the Base Line Road, a letter from county engineer D. J. Corbett informed Esquing council

The letter also said Halton Automobile Raceways Ltd. should be prepared to contribute to the cost of improving the road and also to pay for special signing, illumination and control devices.

Halton Automobile Raceways Ltd. should ensure that gate capacity on the Fourth Line is at least equal to the capacity of the road to deliver traffic, the latter went on.

at the bakery itself but no longer will the familiar yell "Saunders" reverberate throughout the area homes as he pulls his truck up to his regular customer's driveways and opens their back doors; no longer will they be able to hassle over what he has in his basket as compared to what is in the bread truck; no more the old familiar exchange of local pleasantries; the Saunders' bakery truck has completed its last run.

The time of fresh bread and baked goods direct to customer service is over and another past era will soon be erased!



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## Let's Play Bridge

by bill coats

There is a useful axiom at bridge which goes as follows "An opening bid opposite an open bid usually produces game". Nobody gives written guarantees at bridge so you cannot expect to make game all the time—just most of the time.

A few partnerships would have done better had they known this axiom and used it last week at the Acton Bridge Club. Here are the hands in question.

South dealt with East-West vulnerable

NORTH S-102 H-K73 D-KQ632 C-KJ10

WEST S-AQ83 H-Q86 D-985 C-432

EAST S-KJ9765 H-J10 D-104 C-A76

SOUTH S-4 H-A9542 D-AJ7 C-Q985

Suggested bidding:  
SOUTH WEST NORTH EAST  
1H Pass 2D Pass  
2H Pass 4H All Pass

Opening lead - 2 of clubs.

Some of you might object to South opening the bidding with only eleven high card points but when you add two points for a singleton plus a five card suit, plus two defensive tricks, there is every reason to open with this hand. North's hand is worth twelve points and can easily be bid at the two level.

South should resist the temptation to raise partner's diamonds. A minor suit game is not attractive and a raise might sound too forward going with a minimum hand. Since most players in this area open four card major suits, it is far better for South to rebid his hearts showing both a five card suit and a minimum opening bid.

It's all up to North whether they get the game or not. If he simply bids three hearts, South will pass. However, North's hand is a good hand and many players would consider it of opening bid strength. I feel that North should proceed directly to game in hearts.

Regardless of the opening lead, declarer can draw two rounds of trump and then run his diamonds. The defense should take at the most one spade, one club and one trump.

If declarer gets a spade and a spade return he will of course ruff. Now he must only take out two rounds of trumps before starting on diamonds. A few players hate to leave a high trump outstanding, but in this case you must or you will not make the contract. If you lead a third trump, West will win and force you to ruff a spade using up your last trump. Now all you can make are five diamonds tricks and four hearts tricks. Once East gets in with the club ace he will take all the spade tricks that he can get.

Last week's winners at the Acton Bridge Club were: first, Mike Lorusso and Duke Wilson; second, Jack Coats and Bob Dickson; third, Gwen and Pat Jeffares.

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