

# Editorial Page

## Carelessness is One Cause

Carelessness causes forest fires nearly 6,000 each year with losses running in millions of dollars.

Latest available statistics indicate that forest fires cost more than \$34 million annually, but loss of valuable national resources cannot completely be measured in dollars.

Human carelessness is the major factor in forest fires. Additional hazards from dry weather may tend to increase the number of fires this season.

In addition to loss of valuable timber, forest fires often claim human lives and wipe out important wildlife. The following are suggested precautions against needless fires of this type:

1. Don't throw cigarettes, matches or "live" pipe ashes from car windows, use the ash tray.
2. Out of doors, break matches in half before discarding.
3. Cigarette and cigar ends should be thoroughly doused in water or stamped out on a rock before discarding.

4. Don't let outdoor "fireworks" fire get out of hand, many soft woods particularly evergreens, produce sparks which may be dangerous, and very large fires are always hazardous.

5. Repair cottage chimneys with spark arrester, this may save a serious cottage fire as well.

6. Built campfires on rock or sand base.

7. Never build campfires on soft forest floor or peaty ground, fire can travel great distances underground, then reappear on the surface.

8. Drown all campfires with water, or smother with earth, above all make certain they are out.

9. Remove small sticks, dead wood and dry grass from around camp areas.

10. Never use gasoline or similar fluids to start a campfire.

11. If you spot a forest fire, no matter how small, report to local police, forest ranger or telephone operator immediately.

## Behind the Curtain

Whether one hates or fears or admires the people of the Soviet Union, one must admit that their rulers are intelligent and competent to direct their country towards the goals, national and international, they have set for themselves. Granted that these rulers will be freely whenever a lie suits their purposes, and that their diplomacy is based on deceit, there still remain their actions as a fruitful field of study for the Western Nations. Now that tourists from the free world are admitted behind the Iron Curtain more readily than in the past, it may be more easy than before to gather some authentic information about what is going on in the tortuous minds of the Kremlin.

For instance, one would like to know what the Russians are doing about "civil defence". Are they building air-raid shelters for civilians, arranging for living accommoda-

tions for urban survivors of raids? The travellers behind the curtain do not report on such matters as a rule. Yet the information would be valuable to the free countries in forming their own defence policies.

The Soviet rulers certainly know that a war in which atomic bombs were used, even if they were the first to use them, would not be quickly over. Retaliation would be swift and deadly. Moscow and Leningrad would be destroyed not long after London and New York. On both sides everyone would be in the front line and the casualties would be enormous. It seems reasonable to suppose that if Mr. Khrushchev is not making preparations for the survival of Russian civilians, including himself and his gang, his threats of an atomic war must be a bluff; and while he continues to bluff, there is no need for those on this side of the curtain to become hysterical with fear.

## It Takes Two

Toronto is indulging in another of its continuing battles in the war on sin which is said to sweep out from the Jarvis and Dundas streets area.

There is nothing particularly new about conditions of sin and the warriors seeking to chase it out of an area which also includes some very fine churches and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation headquarters. Sins are the same. Factions opposed to sin are the same. Only the faces and the individual names are new.

Eradicating Toronto's sin, which appears to centre largely on sex and drugs, seems to be as hopeless as the attempts to do so are continuous. Plan after plan has been suggested. Many have been tried. Some have had temporary success. But when the fresh fervor of the crusade has worn itself out the sinners go back to their ways and the forces of good fall back to regroup their forces for another attack on some future day.

What makes it difficult to curb sin in Toronto and chase it out of the city to other places are the customers. If there were no customers there would be no sin. Police are handicapped by the rules which restrict them largely to one half the deal which makes sin profitable enough to continue. They can bundle the solicitors off to the hoosegow. But the solicited are usually safe: One suggested manner of dealing with this matter of making sin less popular is to tar everyone connected with the deal with the same stick. It takes two to make sinning worth while financially, and if it is not financially attractive there is nothing in it to commend it to the sinners.

Give the police a chance to toss the willingly solicited as well as the solicitor in the same paddy wagon and bring them both up before the magistrate and the purveyors of sin are likely to find customers getting so rare they will have to get a job or join the unemployed. The Meaford Express.

## Typical of Civic Holiday

There were some tired local residents following the Civic Holiday and there were, of course, some small problems when events didn't go exactly as planned but the day was truly a civic event.

It gave credit to Acton and to those who are convinced that a community can, within itself, contain the elements which make it worth while to have a local program and not just another day for travel and the seeking of entertainment elsewhere.

July and August are disrupted months with vacations at many plants. Plans are made in advance and involve so many that there is an interference that was not met with in earlier years which made participation and attendance possible for everyone.

To those who made the event possible and give their time and talent to present the Civic Holiday program go the thanks of all of us who thoroughly enjoyed the results of their efforts.

## Brief Comments

### TO COLOR ORANGE AGAIN?

You can expect to find artificially colored Florida oranges in your grocery after October, predicts the Financial Post, Canadian ban on color-added oranges, imposed early in 1955, has been lifted. Our Food and Drug Division has approved a new chemical coloring.



—Photo by Esther Taylor

## "My Turn Next"

## Sugar and Spice ....

BY BILL SMILEY

This week I'm going to do something I have long meant to do. I'm going to say thanks, formally and sincerely, to all those people who have dropped in at the office, or written notes, to tell me they appreciate Sugar and Spice.

I'm doing it thus, publicly, because I do it so badly in private. Some old gal from Kalamazoo, Mich., on the way to her summer cottage, will stop in to pay her subscription. She'll peer around, spot me and holler: "You the fella writes that Sugar and Salt or Salt and Pepper, or Sand and Gravel?" Unusually, I mutter "yup". She slaps her leg and says, "I sure got a kick out of that. I laughed fit to cry over that one you wrote about the cat, back in April, or was it November?"

Now, I know perfectly well that I have never written a column about a cat. We've never had a cat, and I don't like cats. She probably means the one I wrote about the dog, back in January. But what's the use of going into all that, I just say heartily "lead you like it, nice to see you again", and rush into the back shop, pretending I'm sorely needed there.

Then there's the fellow who comes in, a perfect stranger, looks at me shyly and says: "If I wrote things like that about my wife, she'd kill me!" With a fixed smile, I quip just as easily: "Sometimes she'd like to", and hate myself for saying it. It's not true. She might like to change my profile a bit, or smash me a couple of times right over the head, but she doesn't want to kill me.

At least, not very often. I think perhaps today was an exception. She'd been at me ever since June to get the furnace pipes down.

When they're not taken down, they leak a peculiar, gummy brown substance. Well, I've been trying to plan around it, but we have miles of furnace pipes, and it takes a lot of planning around it.

This week, she and the weatherman turned on the heat simultaneously. So on the hottest day of the summer, I'm bulled into taking down the bleeding furnace pipes in my noon hour.

By the time I'd got well into it, we weren't on speaking terms. She was sulking in the bedroom like Achilles in his tent, and I was, I'm guessing, in the bathroom like Achilles in his tent, and I was, I'm guessing, in the bathroom like Achilles in his tent, and I was, I'm guessing, in the bathroom like Achilles in his tent.

Finally, I got two of the reluctant joints moving. I got a four foot length onto my shoulder and was easing down off the chair I was standing on, when one end of the pipe bumped the top of a cupboard, tipping the other end toward the floor. Into the sink, bathtub and toilet, onto the towels, washcloths and bath mat, cascaded about four pounds of fine black soot.

Swearing fearfully, I dashed down the back stairs, throwing soot behind me like a smoke screen, and outside I fell over the dog, so help me. By this time I was in a tearing rage. I went back up, grabbed another hunk of pipe, gave it a wrench, and a 10 foot length collapsed in the middle of the back hall, the soot landing everywhere but on the newspapers I had spread.

Throwing everything to the wind, I use down the rest of the pipes, threw them into the back yard, swept up two large cartons full of soot, and stomped out, leaving as I learned later, a

track of mud-black footprints across the kitchen floor.

By six o'clock, I had cooled down enough to be scared, and when I got home I found that my instinct had been infallible. To cut a long story short, I scrubbed floors and woodwork until midnight, most of it a hands-and-knees staff. Then I had to start writing my column, which has to be done by tomorrow morning.

It is now 3:30 of that tomorrow morning. Do you know what I've been doing for the last 30 minutes? Well, it was like this. I went to the refrigerator to get a slug of orange juice. It was in one of those big, plastic containers, and it was full. I picked it up in one hand, it slipped, hit the floor, and the top flew off. And I've been mopping up three quarts of orange juice since 3 a.m. Between food and juice, the joint smells like a City by Pittsburgh out of Florida.

There's no moral to all this. I just wanted to let you know that writing this column is not always all beer and skittles. Sometimes it's all soot and orange juice. And that's why your kind words about it are appreciated, and I do thank you.

## Many Attend Service At McKee's Cemetery

The annual Memorial Service was held in McKee's cemetery on Sunday afternoon with a large attendance. Many journeyed from distant places for this reunion of friends that has taken place each year since 1933.

Fergus Citizens' Band provided the music throughout the service, opening with the Doxology. Invocation was by the Rev. Leonard Watt, B.T.H., of Belwood United Church.

President of the cemetery board, Job Ransom welcomed everyone, saying he was glad to see so many friends and relatives of those laid to rest in the cemetery. He told something of how the board tried to keep the grounds in good shape and of the new by-laws recently passed in order of the Board of Health.

Mr. Watt introduced the speaker, the Rev. W. H. Staver, B.A., of McKee United Church, Fergus.

Three Reasons  
"Why do you come here?" Mr. Staver asked.  
"You come in this lovely day for three reasons," he continued, "to do the past, inspiration for the present and investment in the future."

The speaker continued, "Certainly we owe a debt to the past. We know that the souls of those laid here are in God's keeping. We do not live in the past but in the present. We want to shine through the gloom and we cannot go on without inspiration. We make our best investment here on earth."

He concluded by saying as he had said, "I do not build a wall and patch a tent. In modern terms, to do a piece of work for God, do a well chosen work and build a Christian home."

Said it was Mrs. Zilva Trifunovich who sang in the Garden, and Open the Gates of the Temple. She was accompanied by Mrs. A. Smith.

# THE GOOD OLD DAYS

## Back in 1909 Back in 1939

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 12, 1909.

Alma Gillette, the 18 months old baby girl of Mr. Harry Gillette, while playing on the veranda at home on Henderson Crescent on Monday evening fell from the railing to the ground about three feet below, and struck her forehead on a board containing a rusty nail. A long jagged wound was seen in her forehead requiring seven stitches. The girl little has not uttered a word since from the accident.

Alton has been the candidate for a week or ten days of Miss Ritchie Hall, who came here direct from Glasgow with his family. Mr. Hall is a fine specimen of well developed manhood. He stands six feet two and weighs over 200 pounds. He attended Knox church on Sunday in his old country kilt and was much admired. Mr. Hall is a skilful paper and negotiations are being made with him by the officers of the Highland Regiment of Winnipeg to take a position with their band.

Miss Jennie Kananen of Acton, California, was in town on Monday and decided to comply with the wishes of her friends to give the drug store business on Mill Street back to the owner street line. The arrangements will include a new back and plate glass front, with remodelled and modernized interior. This will improve the street very materially and will give Mr. Brown fine premises for his drug and stationary business and telephone exchange.

Mr. William Parnell, who went to South Africa in company with Joseph Lynd on the 9th March, 1901, returned to Acton this week, having spent eight years in that country. Mr. Parnell had 13 months in active service with the British Army and was then for two years in the South African constabulary.

The first of the time spent in hospital and convalescence at the St. Mary's hospital in London. The first of the time spent in hospital and convalescence at the St. Mary's hospital in London. The first of the time spent in hospital and convalescence at the St. Mary's hospital in London. The first of the time spent in hospital and convalescence at the St. Mary's hospital in London.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 10, 1939.

Last Friday morning, a quartette of young men broke down the door of the refreshment stand at the Blue Star Service Station and ransacked the place, taking about \$50 worth of goods before being disturbed and forced to get away. The stolen goods were mostly tobacco, an electric clock and a few other articles.

The breaking in of the door around Mr. Orville Brown, who lives across the street from the service station, and he immediately phoned Chief McPherson. In the meantime Gordon Cook was driving past and noticed the car and turned his lights on. Gordon gave chase but by the time he had turned around, the car had started heading east and was being driven by Mill St.

The group went right through and out the road past the mill. The group was to last night. The group was to last night. The group was to last night. The group was to last night.

At the general meeting of the Acton Public Utilities Commission last Thursday, superintendent Wilson submitted the report from the Department of Health regarding the water situation and it was found the water from the spring and summer's service was a

Tommy Atkinson left his workplace outside the Royal Cafe in Friday afternoon and returned 15 minutes later to find a missing and that the car was the

Atton won 3-1 against Acton in an exhibition game at the Acton park in the series on Saturday. The game was played in the afternoon. Acton won 3-1 against Acton in an exhibition game at the Acton park in the series on Saturday. The game was played in the afternoon.

People from a team spent 15 minutes in the Acton courts last Thursday evening and went home after an 8-4 defeat. The Acton players teamed up well and gave the visitors a trying time in every game. A local time followed.

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