



SHOWING STROKES they learned in the first three-week swimming lessons are some of the youngsters who passed their tests last Friday. Hands out ready for a dead man's float are, front row, Sherry Phillips, Steven Conroy and Carol Grant. The old favorite, the dog paddle, is shown by the clowning foursome in the back row, Larry McGilloway, Donald Coats, Carol McKenzie and Sherry Morris. Their teacher was Trudy Morris.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Glorious summer morning, early. Writing this at the picnic table, on back lawn. Feet planted wetly in dewy, three-inch grass.

Yes, the grass needs cutting. The hedge needs trimming. The flower-beds need weeding. The garage is still half-painted from last summer, though the new green is fading nicely into the old blue. Twelve feet of my neighbor's rotten old board fence has fallen on my side, crushing shrubs. The barbecue is broken. The clothes line is sagging. My wife is in a vial temper for all the above reasons. And my daughter is moping because she doesn't have a waitress's job, like all her pals.

In addition, my piles are acting up, my bursitis is throbbing, my golf has gone sour, and I haven't got my snow tires off yet.

In short, it's a typical day of my summer holidays. It's the difference between the beautiful illusion and the sordid reality.

For the few school teachers who are taking a summer course, or marking papers, the two long, golden months of summer stretch ahead like a glimpse of paradise.

And for a few, they are pretty close to it. These are the unmarried ones who don't have a home to maintain, and have saved all year. They simply close the apartment, pick up their tickets and head for Utopia.

And even the rest of us make plans. Oh, how we make plans. I did it again this year, and on paper it's beautiful.

Up early, stroll about the ranch, pulling a weed here and there, listening to the birdies, watching the squirrels at play, smelling the summer morn.

Breakfast. The works. Fresh strawberries, bacon and eggs, pot of coffee.

Then to work. Nine till noon at the typewriter. Lunch. Game of golf. Take

family to beach for swim. Home for leisurely drink and barbecued steak. Quiet hour in lawn chair with book. Bed. Then up and at it again, fresh and fit.

By summer's end, a healthy, clear-eyed constitution, a book ready for the publisher, and the estate looking like something out of a women's magazine.

That's the illusion. It's about as much like the reality as the Venus de Milo is like an orangoutang.

There are several flies in the soup. I won't even mention such things as bone laziness, the heat, and 140 chores a day my wife dreams up.

One of the big ones is the late movie. All winter, there's no time to watch them. I know. It's stupid. You might as well be on junk or booze. But who can pass up Capney and Cooper and Bogart in their prime?

Result: instead of a clear-eyed attack on breakfast and typewriter at nine, there is a bleary-eyed retreat from both, at eleven.

Second big difficulty is people. Here's a typical day. In fact it happened this week. Old friends, with children, dropped in at 10 a.m., on their way through town. Stayed for lunch, match. At 1.15, students arrive for last-minute help with year-book. Stayed till 3.00. At 4.00, had to sally forth to launching party for new lawn umbrella, in friend's back yard. Home at 6.30. At 8.00, twelve miles to visit friends at beach cottage. Yak, yak. Home at 1.30 a.m.

But I'm not really complaining. I did get up early this morning, for the first time this summer. The birds are singing in the trees, and one flicker is bathing under the sprinkler. The squirrels are frolicking. The oaks and the elms and the maples are looking down at me benevolently. The sun is shining. The sky is blue. And my feet are drying out.

It beats heck out of being dead and buried.

Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Free Press, Thursday, July 25, 1946.

A very successful five years of operation of Acton and vicinity War Service League has been closed and the funds remaining in the treasury have been deposited in the care of three trustees. The only service still being performed with these funds is the presentation of needed articles to brides who come to Acton from overseas to help them get established in their new homes. The final report, audited by J. H. Creighton, showed \$17,295.49 raised through donations, entertainment, bingo, etc.

Friday's storm of wind, rain and lightning caused a great deal of damage in this district. Heavy losses were incurred on farms north of Acton. Heaviest loss was suffered by Mr. A. J. Murray of Cloverdale Dairy. Twenty-one head of his purebred Jerseys were killed in the field by a bolt of lightning. His son Harry found the dead cattle and one, miraculously alive, had to be helped from the pile.

Just half a mile north the driving shed, implement shed, and hen house on the farm of Mr. Geo. McPhail was lifted from its foundation and demolished. Implements, straw and hens were buried in the wreckage.

Jack Stewart was hauling a load of hay along Main St. when the whole load was upset. Lightning struck the barns of Col. Will Head, Everton and Norman McLeod, Erin.

Sgt. Jack and Mrs. Boves arrived from England this week to make their home in Canada. He was for two years a prisoner of war of the Japanese and no word was heard from him.

Sgt. Hugh O'Rourke arrived home on the Georgia after two years overseas. While overseas he married Miss Margaret Corner of Glasgow who will follow him. Arriving in Acton Sunday was Mrs. Wm. Carnochan, formerly of Brighton, who came to join her husband.

On the Queen Mary was Mrs. Alice Toth and son Raymond, wife of Gnr. Frank Toth, Acton.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Free Press, Thursday, July 27, 1916.

Mr. Thos. Crawford, who recently purchased the property at the south-east corner of Mill and Frederick Sts., has decided to remove the old frame building. The building was erected about 50 years ago by William Grant for a wagon shop and residence. His brother-in-law, the late James Ryder, had a blacksmith shop where the Baptist church now stands and they worked together.

Hundreds of young people and some of maturer years are enjoying themselves daily in the waters of Fairy Lake and Corporation Pond. It is deplorable, however, that some so far forget themselves as to make use of much profanity and unseemly yelling. An occasional tour of the swimming places by one of our constables would have a salutary effect.

A sad fatality occurred here when Melvin Williams was prostrated by the heat. He was one of the brightest students of the high school. Much sympathy is felt for the family, especially sister Lillian, who has been head of the home since the father's death. Surviving are Nellie, teacher at Dublin, Fred, a soldier in the trenches and Hughie.

Free Press Church Notices

TRINITY CHURCH
(The United Church of Canada)

Minister: Rev. Dwight I. Engel, B.A., B.D.
Organist: Mr. George Elliott, M.A., Ph.D.

COMBINED SUMMER SERVICES
At Trinity Church

SUNDAY, JULY 31st, 1966 — at 10.00 a.m.
Preacher: Rev. Andrew H. McKenzie,
Theme: "The Two Wanderers."
Church School withdrawn at both churches for the summer months.

BETH-EL CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH
Acton, Ontario.
Rev. Wiebe Van Dijk, Phone 853-1585

SUNDAY, JULY 31, 1966
10.00 a.m.—English Service.
2.30 p.m.—Dutch Service.
3.45 p.m.—Sunday School.

MAPLE AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH
(Georgetown)

SUNDAY, JULY 31, 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 Churchill Road

Rev. S. M. Thoman, Pastor, 853-2715
Remember: Great Tent Crusade at Georgetown Plaza every night at 8 p.m.
Outstanding preaching and musical talent. You are welcome.

SUNDAY, JULY 31, 1966

10.00 a.m.—Sunday School for all ages.
11.00 a.m.—Special Service at Evangel Tabernacle with Rev. Pierre, Crusade Evangelist.
7.00 p.m.—Tent Crusade.
Tuesday, 8 p.m.—Prayer and Bible Study.

Harvey Stafford writes from the trenches he got his "blighty" at Ypres. He was buried in one trench, dug out, and was having a smoke in another. He didn't know what happened but woke up in a dressing station. The other fellow was killed.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Free Press, Thursday, July 30, 1891.

Guelph is suffering from a serious outbreak of diphtheria. As Daisy, the interesting little daughter of Mr. A. E. Nicklin, was engaged in play with companions, she fell and broke her arm. The little girl is very patient and is doing well.

If you are a prim businessman and want fine printing, come to the Free Press. Teeth! Teeth! D. Stirton, L.D.S., next the post office. Teeth \$6 and \$8 per set. Perfect fit guaranteed and good quality.

Mr. L. H. Hacking of Winnipeg, founder of the Acton Free Press, made Acton friends a short visit this week. He has aged somewhat but is still the same wide-awake newspaperman of years ago.

B. Savage, Guelph — Silverware for Wedding Presents — berry dishes, sugar bowls, egg stands, salt and pepper cruet, scrup jugs, bon bon dishes, pickle cruet, etc.

The contest for the medal given by Acton Gun Club was held Wednesday. Eighty rounds were fired and Messrs. C. C. Speight and J. J. Pearson were a tie. W. Jean's was third and E. W. Nicklin fourth. A very pretty little Shetland pony and outfit to match passed through town from Toronto on the way to Guelph. It was much admired by those who saw it.

Bollert and Co., Guelph — July Sale — Millinery, all trimmed goods. Fresh sailor hats just to hand. Flannel blouses, silk blouses, visages, lace wraps, lace doll-mans. Lisle and silk gowns half price. Umbrellas 50c. One gross washing buttons for 5c.

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David H. Dills, Managing Editor
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CHIEF LIBRARIAN Mrs. R. P. Watson was thrilled Tuesday morning when chosen to turn the first sod for Acton's new Centennial Library. She has been looking forward to construction of the new building for some time. Left to right are Mayor Les Duby, library board chairman George Lee, Mrs. Watson and works superintendent Dean Crowe from E. S. Kerr Construction.



LAST STEP before construction of Acton's Centennial Library project began was the signing of the official contract with contractor E. S. Kerr Company Ltd. on Wednesday morning. On Tuesday night at a brief council meeting, approval was given to sign the contract. At the town office Clerk-Administrator Jack McGeachie and Mayor Les Duby signed the contract while architect Donald Skinner observed.

Lesson in economics

The United States is now in the longest stretch of sustained prosperity in its history. This is good, right?

Wrong. Prosperity breeds inflation. So President Johnson has warned Americans to live a little lower on the hog or face a tax hike.

So bigger taxes would halt inflation, right?

Wrong. At least, when the cost of living went up again recently, a Government spokesman blamed it partly on excise taxes... some of which had been recently increased.

Item: The Federal Government is over-spending its budget this year by almost \$4 billion. This is bad, right?

Wrong. In these days, this is relatively good. It had been expected that the budget deficit might be as much as \$6.4 billion.

So the Government has cut back that much on spending, right?

Wrong. The fact is, the tax money is pouring in so fast and fat that the Government hasn't been able to spend it all yet.

Item: Americans went \$93 billion deeper into debt in 1965 and now owe

each other more than one trillion dollars. This is bad, right?

Who knows? Some economists say this is the way to keep the economy healthy. And private companies and individuals are even deeper in debt than the Government. So everybody's doing it. The name of the game is... whe-e-e!

Item: Whoever thought up the name "economy" for this kind of carrying-on must have been a great kisser, right?

Right!

—St. Thomas Times-Journal

Only Certificate . . .

We're pleased the Free Press is being awarded a certificate from the Industrial Accident Prevention Association, for a certain number of lines of news published on their behalf. Allan Lauder was district chairman, and of course this gave the articles a local angle.

If we helped, we're happy. But we're also happy to get a certificate this summer. After winning awards for many years in succession in Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association conventions, we won't be getting any this August . . . we forgot to enter.