

Time for some action ..

Dutch elm disease is leaving a destructive swath through the forests of southern Ontario that wouldn't be tolerated if it was done by irresponsible vandals.

It's time there was some concerted action to check the scourge before there isn't an elm tree left in the country. Gaunt skeletons of these once stately trees peck the countryside.

The extent of the disease was never more apparent than it is this year. If you've never noticed take a drive down the seventh line to Highway 401 and count the dead elms if you can. Numbers will run into the hundreds of trees visible from the road. Their must be hundreds more hidden by foliage lining back concessions.

It takes decades for one of these trees to grow into full grown specimens and only a few months for it to disinte-

grate into bare, lifeless trunk and limbs. Cause of the destruction is a small beetle which carries the disease from tree to tree. Apparently nothing can be done to control the pests effectively. Only solution is to spray the tree before disease strikes.

One method of prevention, not widely practised, is to cut trees down once they are afflicted. The thousands of dead trees through the countryside show this isn't being done, perhaps because of the cost.

One ratepayer in a nearby town has a large elm on his property which has been infected. It will cost him \$250 to have it cut down and removed. Imagine the cost for a farmer if he has 10 or 20 dead elms on his property.

Will the elm tree go the way of the passenger pigeon before something constructive is done about the scourge of Dutch Elm?

Free Press Editorial Page

Old at 65? . . .

In China, the aged are honored; the old Eskimo wanders away to die when no longer able to produce; the African tribe leaves the aged to die when the village moves on.

In Canada they've set up a system where a man is classified old at 65. You're retired and in a couple of years will be able to collect the pension as well.

For some this is sheer, downright heaven. They've been looking forward to retiring since the day they started working. Now it's a reality. They sit back and really enjoy life.

Others, and they would appear to be a majority, don't relish thoughts of retirement. They've worked at the same job for years. They like it. They've got a big gap to fill in their lives when retirement comes. It's often filled with boredom.

Ironically, a survey completed a few years ago points out that 66 per cent of the world's great achievements have been accomplished by men who have passed the 60-year-old mark. Thirty-five per cent of these achievements were done between 60 and 70 years of age. Twenty-three per cent were accomplished between 70 and 80 and the remaining eight per cent after men had passed 80.

It would appear industry is the

loser. Intlexible rules for compulsory retirement at 65 leave the worker no choice. In many cases the industry loses valuable experience as well as conscientious and able workmanship. The man should have a choice.

The older worker has a big stake in industry and, with a proper and sensible approach to old age, industry will discover it has a big stake in the over-65. Inflexibility in thinking about the old is not just a characteristic of those who are themselves old. The most inflexible are sometimes the young and supple, who are stubbornly unbending in the matter of employing older men.

Smugness about old age is characteristic of many younger men. What they forget is that this old orb turns over every 24 hours and their young genius sometimes can't stand the test of time.

Editorial note

The Canadian Post Office has found it necessary to come up with a new rule. Employees are now instructed not to accept live worms for transmission by post. This, The Financial Post comments, is plainly the cry of a much-harassed government. It has been handling can after can of the critters, from the Rivard case onward. And very lively the beasts were, too.



SKY HOOK? Workmen adjusts the connection between crane and dredge at Fairy Lake recently preparatory to making tests of the lake bottom for weeds and sediment. Tenders for dredging the lake were opened last week but no decision on the successful bidder will be made till Thursday night. (Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

I think probably the most difficult relationship to maintain, at any reasonable level, is that between teen-age children and their parents.

Marriage is tough enough, as you all know. But at least the partners, in most cases, are prepared to bend a little, to give an inch or even two if necessary, to compromise when there's no other way out.

Married people do communicate, even though the form ranges from grunts and sighs to language that would sear the eardrums of a saint. They're usually from the same generation and, at worst, can spend hours running down the government, the boss, the neighbors, or each other's families.

I know couples, including us, who have been amicably bickering for anything from two to six decades. It becomes almost a game, in which you know every ploy or gambit of the opponent. (A ploy is when she has you dead to rights. A gambit is when you just might get away with the story.)

But with teenagers, you're fighting a losing battle. First of all, there is the language barrier. Theoretically, you're both speaking the same tongue, but when it comes to interpretation, there's no relation whatever.

You say, "Now, I want you home at midnight, right on the dot." This, to the teen, gyrating in that wired, trance-like state they call dancing, means "Well, I don't have to leave until midnight." A scene ensues.

And at scenes, you haven't a look-in. You're all set to raise hell. Hackles are properly erect. And five minutes after the kids get in, you're on the defensive, trying to prove that you're not "an old grump", or completely irrational, or "the strictest parent in town", or an out-and-out liar who said twelve o'clock was the deadline for leaving the dance, not for being home.

Teenagers are like women. You can't discuss anything with them, in a logical way. You are completely baffled by a series of irrelevances, nonsequiturs and such things as "You don't trust me. That's what's wrong with you. You don't trust me!" And they're right.

It's sad to see a family breaking up. I suppose it's inevitable and right. But it's sad. Ours is. We had a swim the other day, the four of us. As we were leaving the beach, I said to the old girl, "Do you realize that's probably the last time we'll all have a swim together?" She agreed.

Kids don't want to go swimming with their parents. They want to lurch around with their own age group. They used to practically destroy me, when they were little, making me play with them when we went swimming. Duck dives, underwater endurance tests, races. And now it's transistor radios, squabbling and cheeky remarks for which there is

no real answer except a swat on the ear. And you can't do that, or they'll run off and start smoking pot.

Enjoy them when they're little. You can blow on their bellies, kiss their little soft bums, rock them when they're sick, and tell bedtime stories till you're blue in the face. There's communication then.

But don't expect too much when they get past 13. For the next six years, it will be sun and showers, cold fronts moving in, a lot of low pressure areas, with the occasional high, and such suggestions as I've heard recently: "Dad's just not with it. He's out to lunch."

It's nothing new, of course. When I recall how utterly selfish I was as a youth, how little I cared about my parents' hopes and fears, I understand. It's been going on since Cain clobbered Abel and broke up that nice little family group.

It's a time of life when the whole earth revolves around ME, and parents are merely another awkward, sometimes obnoxious circumstance that is preventing ME from being what I want to be and becoming whatever I will be.

Oh, well, there's an excellent invention called grandchildren. I can hardly wait to get at spoiling mine rotten so that their parents will be totally unable to cope with them.

N.B.: Winner of guest column announced next week for sure. Isn't it exciting?

Free Press

back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 17, 1947.

The Halton Progressive Conservative Association held their annual meeting Monday in the town hall at Milton. Special speaker was Donald Fleming M.P. for Eglinton, who criticized the Liberal Government for inconsistent leadership and rule by political expediency. W. J. Beatty, Acton, was elected president. Miss Esther Taylor of Acton third vice-president and C. F. Leatherland, Acton, treasurer. Miss Taylor was one of the speakers and outlined the P.C. summer school at Lake Couchiching.

On Saturday afternoon last the teachers, officers and scholars along with a good number of the congregation of the United Church gathered in Acton park for the annual picnic. Everyone had an opportunity of getting acquainted with the Rev. and Mrs. L. Pickering. Race winners were Mary Wong, Norma Cunningham, Betty Bean, Nancy McLean, Claire Lambert, Darlene Lambert, Emerson Baxter, Peter McLean, Barbara Baxter, Betty Mae Lambert, Nancy Lambert, Bruce and John Cunningham, Lawrence Bouskill, Marshall Paul, Lorene Roszell, Joyce Lambert, Ronnie Cripps, Ronald Ralston, Jean Harris, Ethel Franklin, kicking the shoe Betty Mae Lambert, Ena Jennings, thread the needle, Jack McGeechie and Ethel Franklin; relay race, Dorothy Simmon's team; rainy day race, Hector Lambert's team; time race, Miss M. Z. Bennett.

St. Joseph's church held its annual picnic in the park and winners of races were Theresa Arbie, Patricia Barr, Caroline Lantz, Pat Coles, Stella Lewandowski, Marilyn Marks, Betty Ann Barr, Adele Chew, Donna Papillon, Denise Coles, Grant Serby, Brian McCristall, Martin Marks, Paul Coles, Russell Arbie, Wayne Arbie, Gregory Barr, Leo McGilloway, Phillip McCristall, Helen Keelan, Jerry White.

At Woodside school closing picnic a dialogue was put on by the pupils. Miss Betty Ann Kerr read an address to Miss E. MacDougall who has been the teacher for the past year and John Lightle presented her with vases.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 19, 1917.

Pte. Len Weller of the Royal Flying Corps visited his uncle, Mr. Charles Conway, Church St. He was one of 80 members of the Corps sent over from England last spring as a nucleus of the aviator corps in Canada.

Scoutmaster Harwood and half a dozen Scouts trekked to Burlington for a fortnight's camping. They camped the first night near Milton.

J. R. Anderson had the misfortune to drive into a telephone pole on the Toronto-Hamilton highway while driving a party to the Orange demonstration at Dundas. His new car suffered considerably but the occupants escaped with a rough shaking-up.

Inspector Harvey had suspicions that John Caffo an Indian who kept a lodging house on Beardmore Crescent, had liquor on his premises. Armed with a search warrant and accompanied by Chief Lawson and Constable Reid he raided the place and seized a keg of beer which had never been broached. The trial is fixed for hearing this afternoon.

The street car men in Toronto went on strike.

A Spaniard was sentenced to Kingston penitentiary for an attempt at white slavery at Welland.

A gang of gypsies travelling in automobiles instead of caravans were driven out of Niagara Falls when they started telling fortunes.

Mr. Frank Havill, who went to the Dominion Bank in Montreal is evidently making good. An increase in salary well up into three figures has been received.

Kendall's Spavine Cure — good for man and beast. For horses and now refined for man.

A car of proven quality — the Ford car has been on the road for 12 years and there is nothing experimental about it. Runabout \$475. Over 700 Ford stations in Canada.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 31, 1892.

Scarcely a summer glides away without a number of animals being killed by the G. T. R. cars. The season's slaughter began last week when one of Mr. H. Strange's hogs came in contact with a car wheel near Rockwood.

A lawn social will be held at the Methodist parsonage Friday evening under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid. Rev. and Mrs. Edge court a very large number of guests for that evening. Acton Cornet Band will discourse sweet music outside and the choir of the church and Sunday school orchestra will enliven the proceedings indoors.

Rev. W. G. Charlton will resign his charge of the Disciples Church here to move to Flushing, Ohio.

In Orangeville they arrest men for smoking in the Post Office lobby.

Instead of fining boys for bathing in prohibited hours the Dundas chief of police canvassed for subscriptions and erected a fence to shield the bathers from public view. A similar arrangement on the south side of the park here would be welcomed by those who visit the park and frequently find bathers in possession.

(Ad) R. B. Jermyn Store — Hot weather dress goods. Colored Challies at 5 cents, extra wide fine print, 10 cents. Blouses going like hot cakes. Extra value in stainless cotton hose, the color will not wash out or rub off. Sizes in cashmere and silk hosiery. Eden Mills flour mill has been fitted up for gristing.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, July 18, 1847.

Mr. Chisholm received a severe defeat at his Nassagaweya meeting on Thursday last which broke up with rousing cheers for Mr. White, and not a word for Chisholm, yet a telegram was sent to the "Leader" from Oakville, stating that a vote of want of confidence was passed in White, and the meeting was enthusiastic for Chisholm! Whoever telegraphed this told a manifest falsehood. What Oakvillian was it?

We have received a communication signed "July" describing an affair which occurred at Hornby East on the night of the sixth inst. A gentleman who had been married that day, was charivari in the old style, that did not choose to receive it as an honor, and shot off a gun loaded with powder; one of the party imagined himself "kilt entirely", but they still refused to leave, whereupon the gun was reloaded and fired off, wounding a young man in the legs, and the party valiantly commenced another Bull Run, threatening to return again and fight another day.

Free Press

Church News

TRINITY CHURCH
(The United Church of Canada)
Minister:
Rev. Gordon B. Turner, B.A., B.D.
Organist: Mr. George Elliott, M.A., Ph.D.

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

SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1967
Combined Summer Services in Trinity United Church. Preacher Rev. Gordon B. Turner.
10:00 a.m.—Morning Worship.
11:15 a.m.—Churchill United Church (Churchill Rd. N.) Morning Worship.

BETH-EL CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH
Acton, Ontario.
SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1967
10:00 a.m.—English Service.
11:10 a.m.—Sunday School.
2:30 p.m.—Alternating Dutch and English Service.
Saturday — Bible Classes, 10-12:30 a.m. Everyone Welcome

ACTON BAPTIST CHURCH
Founded 1842
Pastor: Rev. Stanley Gammage, Res. 144 Tildy Ave., Ph. 853-1615
SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1967
10:00 a.m.—Church School and Adult Class.
11:15 a.m.—Morning Worship. "Signs of His Coming."
No Evening Service during July and Aug. Wednesday, 7:30 p.m.—Prayer and Bible Study.
No Choir Practice in July.
Thought for the week: "I was glad when they said, let us go unto the house of the Lord." Ps. 122:1

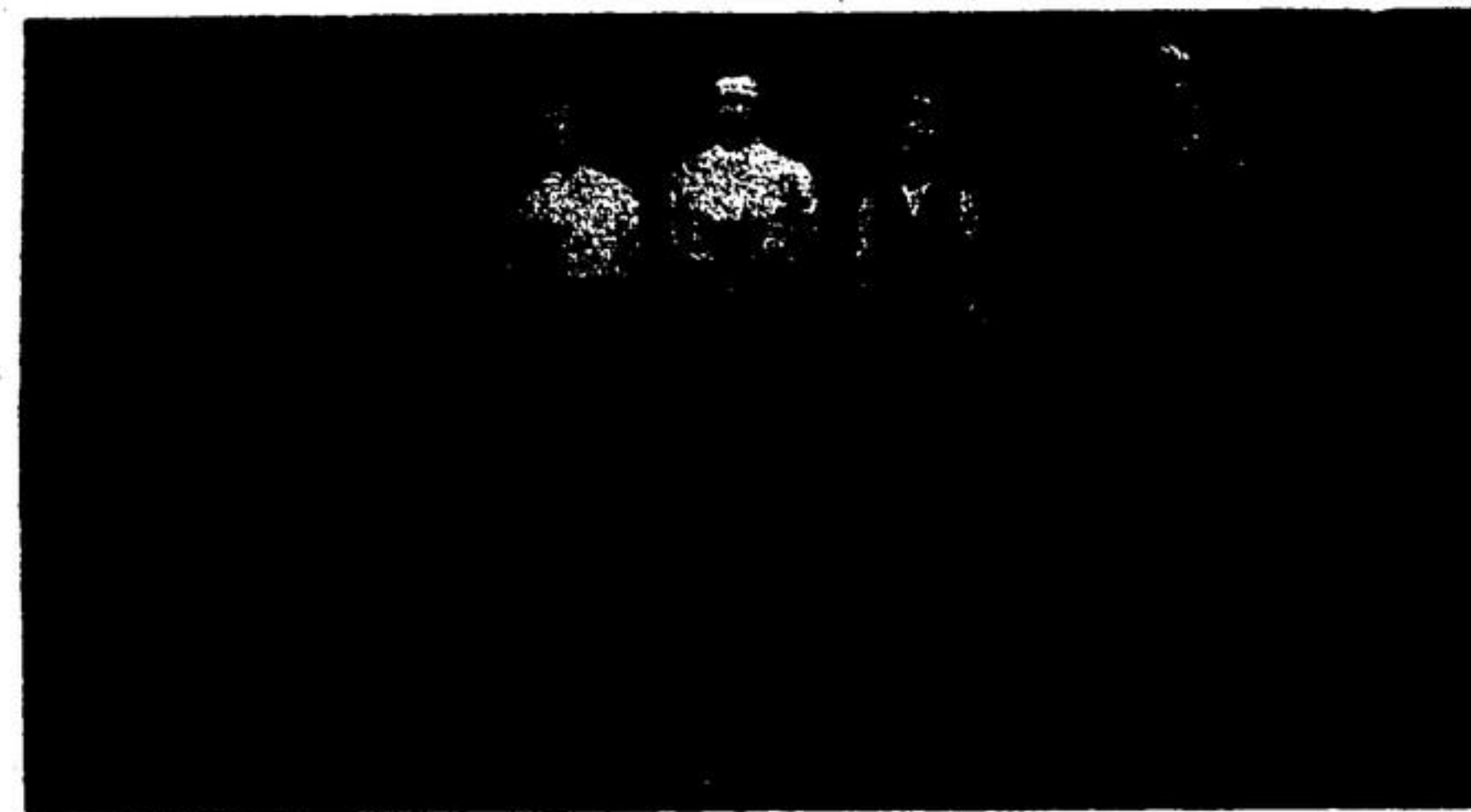
MAPLE AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH
(Georgetown)
SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1967
9:45 a.m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a.m.—Morning Service.
7:00 p.m.—Evening Service.
Wednesday, 8 p.m. — Prayer meeting.
Acton 853-1956 Georgetown 877-6665

EVANGEL PENTECOSTAL TABERNACLE
P.A.O.C. 33 Churchill Road
Rev. S. M. Thoman, Pastor, 853-2715
SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1967
10:00 a.m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a.m.—Morning Worship.
7:00 p.m.—Evangelistic Service.
Tuesday, 8 p.m.—Prayer and Bible Study.
Thursday, 8 p.m. — Christ Ambassadors.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR
ANGLICAN
Corner Willow St. and St. Alban's Drive
Rev. Ritchie McMurray, M.A., S.T.B.
SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1967
Trinity IX
10:00 a.m.—Matins. Messrs. Les Dube, Layreader, and Michael Pratt, Lay reader-in-training, will be in charge of the service this morning.



Centennial Picture Gallery



BOWLING AND BASEBALL were favorite sports years ago. Top photo shows the champion bowlers of about 1900. Neil McDonald, Snow Hynds, Jack Leishman, George Hynds Sr. and William Gould. The lawn bowling green was then at the corner of Bower Ave. and

Alice St. The lower photo shows a baseball team of 1912: front row Ernie Brown, Max Smith, Boyd Clark, Ross Swackhamer, Jack Smith; back row Sammy Edmonds, Vic Coleman, Art Anderson, Ernie Barr, Cam Leishman, Bert Mowat and Joe Kennedy.