

Unasked for advice ...

On the subject of advice to other people, the editor is as shy as an ostrich at a peek show, but occasionally articles pass over the desk which seem worth repeating if for nothing else than their literary merit. This week we reproduce two items submitted.

One is for the teenager and the other is addressed to older people. Just to show we don't discriminate, we'll gladly print something about the group in between if there's been anything written.

For the teenager:
"Always we hear the plaintive cry of the teenagers. What can we do? Where can we go? The answer is go home, hang the storm windows, paint the woodwork, rake the lawn, shovel the sidewalk, wash the car, learn to cook, scrub some floors, repair the sink, build a boat, get a job. Help the minister, priest or rabbi, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, visit the sick, assist the poor, study your lessons, and when you are through, and not too tired, read — a good book."

"Your parents do not owe you entertainment. Your city or village does not owe you a living. You owe the world something. You owe it your time and energy and your talents so that no one will be at war, in poverty, sick or lonely again."

"In plain words — grow up, quit being a cry-baby. Get out of your dream world and develop a backbone, not a wishbone, and start acting like a man or lady."

"You are supposed to be mature enough to accept some of the responsibilities your parents have carried for years. They have nursed, protected, helped, appealed, begged, excused, tolerated and denied themselves needed comforts so that you could have every benefit. You have no right to expect them to bow to every whim and fancy just because your selfish ego instead of common sense, dominates your life, personality, thinking, requests and demands."

"In Heaven's name — Grow Up and Go Home."

For the older people, it's a prayer for brack 'n' growing old. Like the preceding, the author is unknown.

"Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will someday be old."

"Keep me from getting talkative and particularly from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion."

"Seal my lips on the subject of my many aches and pains — they are increasing and my love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by."

"Give me grace enough to listen to the tales of others' pains with patience."

"Teach me that occasionally it is possible that I might be mistaken."

"Keep me reasonably well-tempered. I do not want to be a saint — some of them are so hard to live with."



MARCHING IN A FORMATION which discourages drifts from topping the line, this fence of wooden rails makes a delightful contrast against the snow on the first line, Esqueting. Rabbit tracks are the only disturbance on the big white blanket. (Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

There's one thing that brings people together and makes them forget, for a few hours at least, all their normal, rotten, little, miserable, petty, private troubles. That is a good smash in the midriff from that gentle old lady, Mother Nature.

Whether it's fire or flood, blizzard or drought, a blunt reminder every so often from good old Mother has a salutary effect on the perpetually whining denizens of the twentieth century.

This time it was that "cold snap" in January. I like that term. It's a typical Canadian understatement.

And we delight in it, as we do at barn fires, heat spells, terrible thunderstorms, beautiful autumns and three-foot snowfalls. It's peculiarly Canadian, and it makes us all become human again, if only until it's over.

People who normally trudge around with a face like an old rubber boot, people who wouldn't be caught dead in a ditch together, suddenly start shouting witticisms like, "Cold 'nuff for yeh?", booming through dripping noses and purple countenances.

People who wouldn't be caught speaking to each other in the Black Hole of Calcutta find they have a great deal in common neither could get his car started this morning.

Then there are the braggarts, but we even put up with them, whom we would normally detest, with the greatest of good spirits. They come in different wrappers. Let's say it's 30 below outside. But there's always

some character who lived in Kapuskasing or Yellowknife who swears it was 80 below there all winter, and wasn't even cold, just refreshing. Hacking their lungs out, they say, "This is nothing."

And there's the reverse snob. Through rattling teeth and hunched shoulders, he too claims this is nothing. Why back in '63 it was down to 50 below and stayed there for a week.

Then there's the rugged type. Pounding himself on the chest, he burbles, "This is great; this is the real Canada; this is what makes us a sturdy, independent people." Three days later you get a card from him. From Florida.

Two types are happy, everything is golden, when there is a "cold snap." They are the fuel man and the tow-truck chap. Andbully for them, say I.

But my point is that a nature crisis gets people out of themselves, and perhaps it's better than medicine in this neurotic 20th century.

Forgotten during the "cold snap" are the Vietnam war, higher taxes on booze and fags, your rotten boss and the fact that you can't live another week without an automatic dish-washer.

There is a certain joyous drawing together, against the elements and a definite pride in the fact that you can cope. For once, including Expo, there is a common bond, as we rub our ears and stamp our feet and blow our noses in a great national chorus that, to me, expresses the real spirit of Canada, and at least temporarily freezes all thoughts of separatism, divorce, abortion and who's going to be the new Liberal leader.

When you go out in the morning and find that the battery is flat, you don't fuss and cuss. You feel part of proud that you're taking part in a heroic adventure. You know you're not exactly Scott of the Antarctic, and that you can phone a cab, but you know that all over town, other cars are going "Argh-arh - arh - ah - uhnn," and it gives you a sense of shared danger and hardship.

There's a tingling and a jingling in the atmosphere. People are grinning and shaking their heads and shouting, "Isn't that a brute of a day?"

And even the domestic problems abate. The other night, it was 28 below zero. My wife is always saying that she might as well leave unless I can "show some understanding." Kim continually threatens to run away to Vancouver and become a hippie. I opened the door and said "goodbye, chaps." Fifteen seconds later, they were upstairs, watching TV.

Good old Mother N. Once in a while, she nudges us back to normal, even though the nudge knocks the wind out of us.

Free Press

back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, January 22, 1948.

The ladies of Grenock Red Cross group met at the home of Mrs. Jennie McKeown to organize a branch of the Women's Institute. The following officers were chosen: president, Mrs. J. McKeown; vice-president Mrs. T. Hensley; 2nd vice-president Mrs. H. Reid, district-director Mrs. Hensley; secretary-treasurer Miss Edna Pearen; assistant Mrs. K. Johnston; auditors Mrs. C. McKeown, Mrs. J. Near; convenors Mrs. G. Leslie, Mrs. C. Allen, Mrs. McKeown, Mrs. E. Pearen, Mrs. T. McCutcheon, Mrs. A. Thompson, Mrs. F. West, Mrs. F. Johnson. The name Grenock Women's Institute was chosen. Twelve members attended the inaugural meeting. Mrs. Edgar Gray as organizer was assisted by Mrs. Basil Moore and Mrs. Wm. Ballantyne of Mimosa Institute.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, January 24, 1918.

Snow-shoeing is now a popular past-time. The annual meeting of Acton Fall Fair was well-attended with some driving in eight or nine miles to be present. After five years of faithful service George Havill retired from the chair. Mr. J. E. Pearen of Erin township who has been first vice-president since Acton organized an independent fair, was named president.

Directors elected are - Acton - N. P. Paterson, George Hynds, E. J. Hassard, George Havill, H. P. Moore, C. Woodhall, A. B. McLean, John R. Kennedy, R. M. McDonald, Wm. Johnstone, L. H. Storey, and W. K. Graham.

Esqueting - Thomas Cox, S. H. Lindsay, W. J. L. Hampshire, Neil Gillies, Donald Walde, Erin - J. E. Pearen, John Smith, Charles McKeown.

Eramosa - W. H. Hortop, N. H. Black, Nagsagawaya - Duncan Campbell, W. Lanby.

Honorary directors - Hon. D. Henderson, Alex. Walde, W. A. Storey, Reeve Joe, Dr. Cox, A. T. Mann, George Wallace, Capt. Beardmore, Dr. Anderson, M. P. Clinton Swackhamer and Duncan McDougall.

This year Messrs. W. H. Storey and Son are celebrating their 50th year in business. Mr. Storey commenced the making of gloves in Acton in 1868 in the premises now occupied by Mr. Starkman, merchant, Mill St.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, January 26, 1892.

Several of the small boys have had narrow escapes from hanging on sleighs. The new municipal council has hardly gotten into harness yet and consequently half an hour sufficed for their business.

Rockwood can hold its own as well as other places now. The line is in good working order and there are several subscribers.

An evenly contested checker match was held between Acton and Lincolnton the other night resulting in a victory for "The Rocks" by one game. Acton players were J. Matthews, J. Harvey, L. Lambert, H. S. Holmes, John Lawson, J. Blacker, Lincolnton players H. Lepoldovin, R. Wheeler, J. Parsons, W. Irwin, E. Sharp, W. Nicholl.

The Canada Glove Works now have the new power in their factory in full working order. The engine and shafting were placed by Mr. Arch McNabb and pronounced a perfect job. The power is supplied to each machine and is so skillfully adjusted the operator has complete control over it. The glove makers' work should be less arduous and less trying on the health. Each employee using the power is charged fifty cents a week for it. This is not extremely popular but Messrs. Storey and Son say they will be able to do from 25 to 40 per cent more work.

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Free Press

Church Notices

TRINITY CHURCH

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

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28th, 1968 10:00 a.m.—Morning Worship (Nursery provided). "Focus on Youth and Their Futures." Presentation by one of a team from Emmanuel College.

SUNDAY SCHOOL 10:00 a.m.—Junior School (to Gr. 4). 11:15 a.m.—Senior School (Gr. 5 to Gr. 8).

BETH-EL CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH

Minister — Rev. P. Brouwer Acton, Ontario.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28th, 1968 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 a.m. Everyone Welcome

MAPLE AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH

81 Maple Ave., Georgetown Pastor: Rev. Robert C. Lohnes

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28th, 1968 Here is our sincere invitation to the whole family to attend church. 9:45 a.m.—Sunday School. All ages. 11:00 a.m.—Morning Service. 7:00 p.m.—Evening Evangel. 7:45 p.m.—Wednesday, 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, JANUARY 28th, 1968 10:00 a.m.—Sunday School. 11:00 a.m.—Morning Worship. 7:00 p.m.—Evangelistic Service. Tuesday, 8 p.m. — Prayer service and Bible Study. Thursday, 8 p.m.—Christ Ambassadors. Friday, 7 p.m.—Crusaders. Coming — Evangelist and Mrs. Eugene Johnson, January 30th through February 4th, 8 p.m. Hear this talented couple minister in Word and Song with electric piano and stringed instruments. See pictures of South America and West Indies.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN THE MARYNG ANGLICAN

Corner Willow St. and St. Alban's Drive Rev. Ritchie McMurray, M.A., S.T.B.

Thursday, January 25, 10 a.m. — The Holy Eucharist for mothers with small children and shift workers. Coffee and film afterwards.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28th, 1968 Epiphany IV 9:00 a.m.—The Holy Eucharist. 10:30 a.m.—Church School. 10:30 a.m.—Morning Prayer.

As a guest preacher today, Theological Education Sunday, we are delighted to have Mr. William McKeachie of Trinity College, Toronto. 7:00 p.m.—Choral Evensong in the church. 7:30 p.m.—St. Alban Annual Vestry in the Parish Hall.

ACTON BAPTIST CHURCH

Founded 1842 Pastor: Rev. Stanley Gammon Rev., 144 Tidesy Ave., Phone 853-1615.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28th, 1968 10:00 a.m.—Sunday School Classes for all ages. 11:15 a.m.—Morning Worship. "Majesty and Mercy of God." 7:00 p.m.—Evening Service. "Questions on the Second Advent." Wednesday, 7:30 p.m. — Prayer, Bible Study.

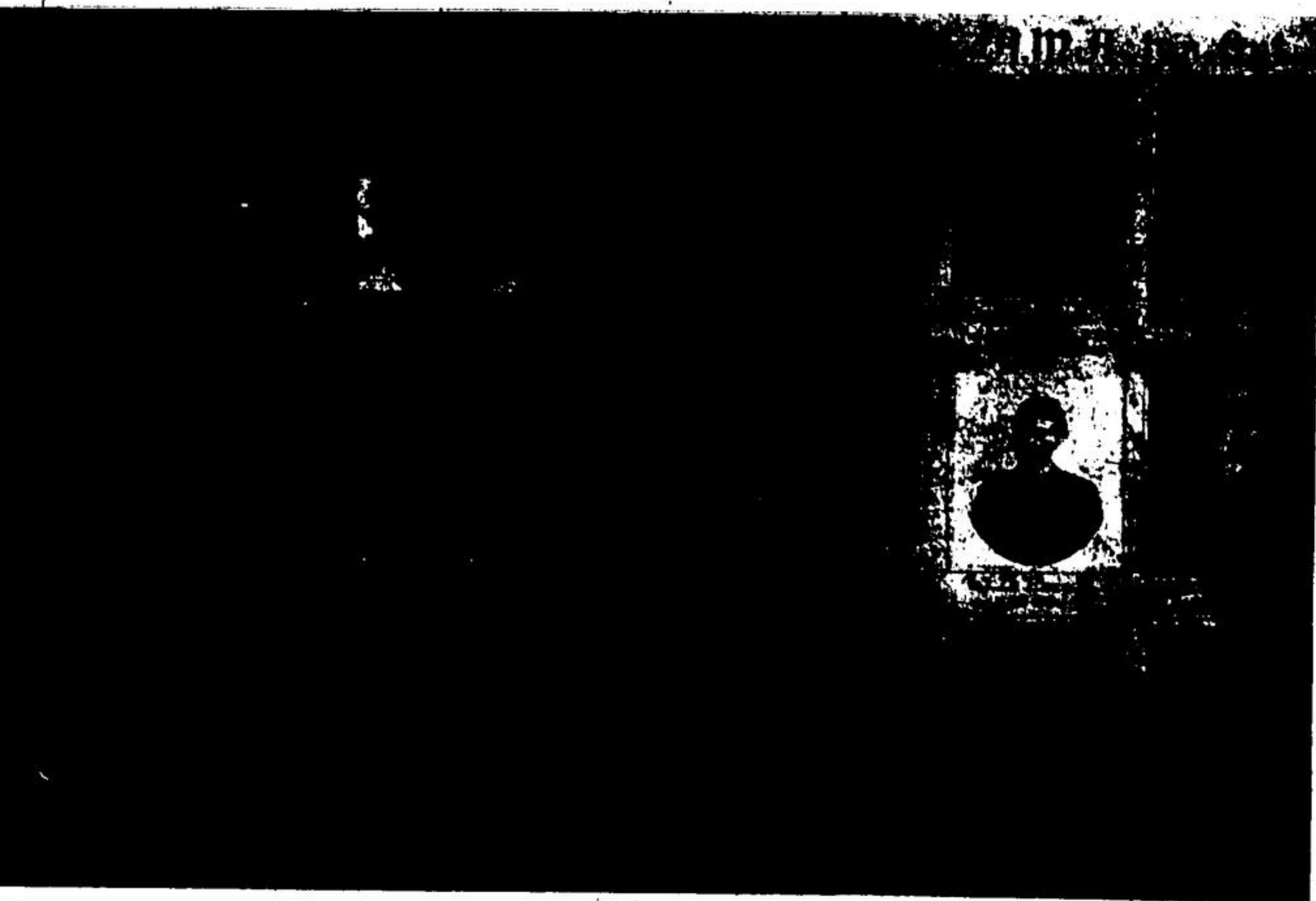
Thursday, 6:30 p.m. — Explorers. Thursday, 8 p.m. — Choir practice. Friday, 7 p.m. — P.H.F. Text: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be at the coming of the Son of Man." Matt. 24: 37.

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, JANUARY 28th, 1968 9:45 a.m.—Church School for ages 3 to 15 years. 9:45 a.m.—Minister's Church Membership Class for Teenagers. 11:00 a.m.—Divine Worship. Sermon theme: "The Danger of Being Religious." 2:15 - 4:30 p.m. — Presbyterian Church School Leadership Conference in Brampton. 8:30 p.m.—Adult Study Group at home of Clarence Coles. Everyone Most Welcome

Photos from the past



GROUP PHOTOGRAPH OF PAST MASTERS OF WALKER LODGE ... UP TO 1908