

15 years of dying ...

It was an obituary that really set you to thinking:

"Man, age 36, dies after 15 years in hospital, following auto accident in which he was totally disabled."

Fifteen years of staring at the same ceiling; 180 months of complete dependence upon others; 780 weeks of hopelessness, with expenses towering to crowd everything else off the skyline; 5,475 days of waiting for the night; 5,475 nights of waiting for the day; 131,400 hours of four walls, fading flowers, medicinal smells, useless sympathy; 7,884,000 minutes of vegetation with roots withering in hopelessness; spirit shrinking in stagnation; 473,040,000 seconds of death before burial.

And probably because of some "little" fault that you might be committing every day of your driving life, such as failure to glance left and right, or forgetting to check your rear-view mirror ... squeezing one more trip out of bald tires ... crowding the car ahead ... leaning on luck in a blind spot ... trying to average 60 on a 50

mph road, or in 50 mph conditions. Or just plain, blind assumption that the other driver will do the right thing.

Death at 36 after 15 years of dying! Within that period of time a man usually marries, has a family, climbs upward in the world, travels, plays, begins to mature, enjoys a million sights, sounds, sensations.

Over these same 15 years, this man was a castaway on a lonely bed-island. He absorbed tasteless food; slept a desperate sleep; suffered; cursed; cried; felt the bitterness kink his insides into knots at such ordinary sounds as laughter, free footsteps and hearty talk.

For every person who dies in traffic smash-ups, many others spend agonizing weeks, months, life-times of disability.

You risk this as well as a quick ending when you commit those "little" driving errors.

The editorial above, submitted by Constable Peter Campbell of the Acton O.P.P. detachment needs no comment.

Free Press Editorial Page

His helmet on his knee ...

At the recent Road Safety Workshops, held in Toronto by the Ontario Department of Transport, an American official told this factual story, to illustrate the difficulty involved in legislating and enforcing traffic safety.

A furious motorcyclist wrote to the State government, about new legislation requiring the wearing of safety helmets. He said it was an unjustifiable intrusion into the rights of the individual. He would obey the law, since he was a law-abiding citizen.

However, since he noted that the legislation did not specify where the required helmet had to be worn, he always rode with it strapped over his knee.

The Ontario Safety League reports that at a subsequent session, a panelist gave this fanciful embellishment to the story:

One day a policeman stopped the motorcyclist, and insisted that he take the helmet off his knee and put it on his head. As he rode away the indignant motorcyclist turned back to shout a rude remark at the policeman, side-

swiped a parked car, and painfully injured his ... knee.

Plastic jugs ...

Consumers' Association of Canada advises that three-quart jugs of milk are economical and now that the container is light-weight plastic, they are easier to handle as well. However, they point out the consumer has created a problem for the dairies since the plastic container came on the market.

Some have used these plastic jugs to store pesticides, gasoline and cleaning solvents. They should never be used for these products as there are serious dangers with them.

Some children have apparently used these jugs to play with and have returned them to the dairies with bits of plastic and pencils in them.

The storage of liquids other than milk causes the dairies to use expensive equipment to wash away the odors that shouldn't be there. Wrongful use of these containers could result in pushing up milk prices.

The wise consumer rinses the jug in clear water only and returns it promptly to the dairy or store from which it came.



MONDAY'S BRILLIANT sunlight and warm temperatures brought a brown bareness to open fields in the countryside but snow still remained deep in the bush. Signs of spring were everywhere and this cascading creek near the

ninth line in Esquevas starts its descent down the escarpment swollen by melting snows. Tuesday, the weather changed and we were plunged back into wintry conditions by a large fall of snow. (Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice

by Bill Smiley

A funny thing happened on the way to the proof-reader's, a couple of weeks ago. My column appeared, headed "Gloom and Doom." It was riddled with quotations by experts, allusions to economics, references to the stock market and all sorts of similar portentous fulminations.

I imagine bewildered readers shaking their heads and muttering to their spouses, "Here, Mabel. What's come over young Smiley. He sounds learned, intelligent and as though he'd lost his last friend. Completely out of character."

What happened was that the headings were inadvertently switched on my column and that of Ray Argyle, an old friend who writes a perceptive column on current affairs.

And his readers must have been equally baffled, asking, "What in the name of all that's ridiculous has happened to Argyle this week? Pure drivel. Never knew him to write such puerile nonsense before." Oh well, the allies made bigger boos than that and won the war.

At any rate, it may be of some comfort to you to know that this week's column is not only mine, but is being written by the undisputed Russian Billiards champion of the local curling club. I'm not much on the ice, but I'm a baller on the pool table in the basement.

It shook a lot of the denizens of the billiard room, but none of them as much as it shook me. Knocked off three opponents, including one bird who tried to oust me by bringing along his own private cue, to make the finals.

Should have seen the tiger I faced then. Six feet four, 20 years younger than me, fine golfer, hawk-eyes of the outstanding hockey goalie he is, and the hottest pool shark in town. Now don't panic, mum, I beat him.

It was the best three games out of five. He took the first two so fast that all I had a chance to do was chalk my cue and spot the balls he kept knocking in. Isn't this exciting?

Well, as we old fighter pilots put it, there I was at 30,000 feet, upside down, out of ammo, and three straight games to win. I knew that only sheer brilliance and naked courage would save the day.

So I gave him the old reverse treatment. Instead of making points, I kept losing them. You can do this in Russian billiards. Pretty soon I was 28 in the hole. He was about 30 in the clear, a difference of 58.

He got over-confident and careless, started knocking the balls around, losing points, and I craftily crept out of the hole, a few at a time. Suddenly he realized this old duffer might beat him, got desperate, and had him on the run. Nothing to it, really. The thought of the shame if I beat him destroyed his confidence and he was a sitting duck. That's

my story, anyway, and there were no witnesses.

Speaking of games, never play them with women. I found out years ago that the only game you can play with them is the love game, and even there you have about as much chance of winning as you have with a slot machine.

Women are completely devoid of sportsmanship, hate to be beaten and turn cold or hot with rage when they are. Knowing this, I foolishly took part in a mixed curling bonspiel the other day. The girls haven't changed. They played as though the six-dollar prizes were solid gold Cadillac.

Still on sports, the winter carnival season is in full swing. I guess they're a good thing. Give people a chance to get stoned to the eyeballs or roar about on their skidoos, releasing their aggressive tendencies. The height of something occurred at one of these events the other day. Winner of the ice-fishing contest collected a free holiday in Nassau. The winner? A 4-1/4 inch perch.

And a last word on games. The Liberal leadership marathon is on and the pack is off and running. But the bulldogs, greyhounds and just plain mutts are all looking over their shoulders at that darned French poodle coming up fast.

My suggestion: call the race off and ask Dief to take over as leader. Winston Churchill crossed the floor of the House and took how far he went. And wouldn't the Old Chief have a lovely time ripping into Stanfield?

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 4, 1948.

Acton Tamers took the group title, defeating Fergus two straight.

The annual Officers' Tea of the Duke of Devonshire chapter of the L.O.D.E. was held at the home of Mrs. W.J. Beatty. Members volunteering to pack food parcels for Britain this month are Mrs. Wolfe, Mrs. Schroeder, Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. Grant McDonald and Mrs. Baird.

Acton friends and relations join in congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W.D. Frick of Toronto who celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary.

The presentation of the first report of the county Health Unit was given to Halton county council. Much has been accomplished since the Unit was organized in October. A mass chest X-ray program was held in the fall. Considerable emphasis has already been placed on immunization. Inspections and visits by health nurses were reported.

Last Friday was an eventful night at the Ac-Teen Penguin Club when the efforts of the drama club blossomed forth in a skit, Cy Jenkins General Store, with Gord Lawson in the role of the duke and Fred Euringer starring as Cy. Prizes were given for fast-moving novelty dances to H. DeForest, B. Mooney, J. Spielvogel and E. Beatty.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 16, 1893.

Those from Eden Mills who turned out on the 13th inst. to hear the phonograph concert were again fooled. For the second time the photographer didn't show up.

Bogus 32 Mills are in circulation. Instead of Dominion of Canada they say Province of Canada. By examining your bills you may save the price of a couple of years' subscription to the Free Press.

Evangelistic services in the Methodist church are held every evening with fruitful results.

There is money in dairying, in these days of low-priced wheat. Is there not a good opening for a dairy business in this vicinity?

T. A. Mason moved this week into his new store, corner Mill and Main Sts., with a good supply of Crocker and Glassware. The farmers are busy these days getting out their supply of winter wood. The roads are in a strange state of transition, not fit for equestrians or pedestrians.

Send 25 Sunlight soap bar wrappers bearing the words Why Does a Woman Look Older Sooner Than A Man and you will receive a picture pretty enough to frame. This is an easy way to decorate your home.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 21, 1918.

Postmaster and Mrs. James Matthews celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary last week. The Matthews family were pioneer settlers of the area. Postmaster Matthews came to Acton with his father in 1845. In 1852, when acting as a clerk with his uncle, the late Rober Swan - Acton's first postmaster, who had named the place for his old home near London, England - he succeeded him and has for 65 years been in continuous and faithful service in the Post Office. The fine new \$35,000 post office erected four years ago may be regarded as monument to his faithful service. A telephone has been installed.

Mr. G. H. Brown has been elected president of Acton Horticultural Society with Mr. L. Williams vice-president. Messrs. Beardmore and Co. made a generous donation of \$50 to the Society. A flower show will be held in September.

A pretty wedding took place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Alice McPherson, Bower Ave., when her eldest daughter Isma V. was united in marriage to Mr. G. Arlo Dills of the Free Press. The young couple left on the evening train for Toronto and will live on Park Ave.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, March 12, 1868.

We have to record today the demise of an old resident of Halton, and one whose political career as a sterling and enthusiastic advocate of Reform must be fresh in the recollection of all the old settlers of the county. We allude to Samuel Clarke, Reeve of Trafalgar for several years, and at one time Warden of the United Counties of Wentworth and Halton. Mr. Clarke was the originator of the first newspaper published in this town, the Halton Journal on July 5th, 1855. A few years ago he removed to Crowland in the County of Wexford, where his experience and aptitude for public business were quickly perceived and he was soon elected Reeve of the Township, in which honorable position he continued until his death. Mr. Clarke was always a zealous and consistent adherent of the Reform party, and his zeal did not diminish with age, as those who had the pleasure of hearing his speech at Milton at the close of the last election can testify. He came over from Wexford and gave his earnest support to Messrs. White and Barber at that time. He expired at Port Robinson at about two o'clock in the afternoon of Friday last, after a short illness from a severe cold. He was 65 years of age.

Photos from the past



RADIAL LINE ran alongside the south shore of Fairy Lake years ago. The electric railway was the GO service of the day, carrying passengers from Toronto to Guelph. The railway was completed in 1917 but the project was abandoned and the tracks taken up about 1928. These two pictures, lent by Charles

Landsborough, show the construction stage when steam engines were used. Top picture shows a water tower on Mill West, with a now-demolished slaughter house in the background. Bottom picture shows construction crews with homes on Lake Ave. in the background.

Free Press Church Notices

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, MARCH 17th, 1968
Lent III
9:00 a.m.—The Holy Eucharist.
10:30 a.m.—Church School.
10:30 a.m.—The Holy Eucharist.
Mid-week services are cancelled until further notice, but Sunday services will continue as usual.

BETH-EL CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH
Minister — Rev. P. Brouwer, B.A., B.D.
Acton, Ontario.

SUNDAY, MARCH 17th, 1968
10:00 a.m.—English Service.
11:10 a.m.—Sunday School.
2:30 p.m.—Alternating Dutch and English Service.
Wednesday, 8 p.m. — Annual Prayer Day Service.
Saturday — Bible Classes 10 - 12 a.m. Everyone Welcome

MAPLE AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH
81 Maple Ave., Georgetown
Pastor: Rev. Robert C. Lohnes

SUNDAY, MARCH 17th, 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

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, MARCH 17th, 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 II in series, "Deviations from Historic Christianity: Mormonism."
Everyone Most Welcome

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, MARCH 17th, 1968
10:00 a.m.—Morning Worship (Nuptery provided).
"The Cross of Christ and the Christian (3) Man's Need and God's Salvation."
7:30 p.m.—Hi C's.

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

ACTON BAPTIST CHURCH
Founded 1842
Pastor: Rev. Stanley Gammon
Res., 144 Tides Ave., Phone 853-1615.

SUNDAY, MARCH 17th, 1968
9:45 a.m.—Church School and Adult Bible Class.
11:00 a.m.—Morning Worship.
7:00 p.m.—Evening Service.
Wednesday — Prayer and Bible Study, 7:30 p.m.
Thursday, 6:30 p.m. — Explorers
Thursday, 8 p.m. — Choir practice.
Friday, 7 p.m. — B.H.F.

Text, "Behold we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be delivered unto the chief priests, and they shall condemn Him to death."
Math. 10: 33.

EVANGELIC PENTECOSTAL TABERNACLE
P.A.O.C. 33 Churchhill Road
Rev. S. M. Thoman, Pastor, 853-2715.

SUNDAY, MARCH 17th, 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 Ambassadorok.
Friday, 7 p.m.—Crusaders.

This is an invitation to attend the Church of your choice on Sunday.

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