

Wide open Sunday? ...

How do you feel about Sunday racing at the Mohawk Raceway?

On the surface, the request from the Jockey Club to Nassageweys township council for a by-law which will allow racing on Sunday, is no different from a request for Sunday ball games or a good movie on the Sabbath. It is another indication of a more open Sunday which has gradually been finding acceptance through the province.

Is this good?

Arguments pro and con could be banded back and forth like a tennis ball.

Those who appreciated the peace and quiet of the old-fashioned Sunday with overtones on the religious will frown on the open Sunday very emphatically. Others who prefer the Sabbath to be just like any other day of the week, will give unqualified approval to the idea.

We are living in a pluralistic society with all shades of belief clamoring for their own ideas to be accepted. It is no longer acceptable that one set of opinions or beliefs should be allowed to deprive another of rights to set their own standards of behaviour.

But when you come right down to it, the idea of Sunday being a day of

rest and relaxation is taking a beating. The person who would like to set Sunday aside as a special day is under increasing pressure to conform to the wide-open formula.

We believe that the person against wide open Sundays should be able to retain the type of Sunday they want without being subjected to either social or economic pressures.

It is difficult to imagine that 60 or seventy years ago people fought for a Sunday for the working stiff, which he today tosses away by neglect or merely to stuff a few more dollars into his pocket.

We were glad to see that Nassageweys Council decided to let the electorate make up their minds whether there should be Sunday racing at Mohawk although by resolution they have clamped a temporary ban on it. All religious scruples aside, ratepayers should be free to reject or accept the idea.

We are all for increased relaxation and the freedom to enjoy the amusements people like, but we draw the line at making Sunday another ordinary working day for the sake of profit or at the expense of people without the resources to withstand the pressure.



COUNTRY LIVING on a day when the cicadas hum in the tall trees, and the dry summer winds bend tall roadside grasses, makes the pulse slow down and the tempo of living come almost to a halt. What better way to spend

the day than in a screened verandah listening to the summer sounds and watching the sun lengthen shadows of tall maples guarding a sunny drive.

(Staff Photo)

Free Press Editorial Page

Broken glass menace..

A recent editorial in the Toronto Daily Star regarding the broken glass menace, which threatens barefoot people in parks and on sidewalks, attaches much of the blame on non-returnable bottles.

Until three years ago, the Star editorial says, all pop sold in Ontario came in bottles for which the purchaser paid a few cents, which he got back when he returned his bottles. Now the financial inducement is gone, destroyed by the bottlers' new policy of non-returnable bottles.

The soft drink people argue that they're supplying the new bottles because the public wants it that way — they find it inconvenient to store their bottles and take them back.

Maybe so, says the editorial, but convenience is not sufficient reason to encourage people to leave their empty bottles away on the beaches, parks and woods, creating a public danger. The city council of Kitchener has launched a campaign to have the non-returnable bottle banned, and this August, the Association of Ontario Mayors and Reeves, tired of public complaining, plans to ask the province to outlaw them.

A broken pop bottle is as deadly as a knife blade for barefoot people, especially when it is hidden from view, underwater or in long grass. However, to attach the major share of the blame on the bottlers is much like putting the cart before the horse.

Let's face it. Some of the glass would be there, anyway, thrown by careless or malicious people who couldn't care less about the effects their slovenliness will have on others. They are the ones who should be penalized

for slashed feet and painful injuries which on more than one occasion has threatened life.

Meanwhile, until the public has developed a sense of responsibility in this matter and doesn't hesitate to let authorities know about bottle throwers, we'll have to go along with the advice The Star dispenses.

The pop manufacturers should either devise an inexpensive container of non-breakable material, or else return to their former practice of refundable bottles, so that the public has an incentive to return them instead of discarding them in some place where they could cause injury.

There is no reason in the world why children should be cut and slashed by broken glass if it is possible for bottlers to devise a safer container at moderate cost.

Sugar and Spice

by Bill Smiley



A couple of experiences recently have confirmed something I have long suspected. People spend far too much time going to the doctor. Most doctors would probably agree.

My wife who could go 15 rounds with Cassius Clay and not breathe hard, goes to the doctor about twice a month. He says, "well, you're certainly looking in fine fettle," gives her a bottle of pills and sends her about her business.

My experience with doctors has been on two levels, the social and the professional. Socially, you can't beat them. They like a drink, a good story, good company. Professionally . . . well, let me tell you.

Just after the war, the medical profession told me I had tuberculosis. There was a shadow on my chest X-ray. They pumped out my stomach and poked among the horrors exhumed. They vamped blood

out of my arm. They sucked marrow out of my breast-bone.

Every so often, a specialist in reading X-rays would show me the "shadow" on my lung. There were about 484 shadows on the X-ray. I'd nod intelligently though I'll swear it was a different one every time.

I still think they got a fly-speck on the original X-ray. But I bear them no grudge. This used to happen to me during the war. We'd be flying formation, on a mission, heads swivelling wildly to watch for German fighters. Suddenly, I'd spot a whole gaggle of the foe and holler over the radio, "Enemy aircraft, above, 10 o'clock."

After a frantic silence, in which everyone else swept the sky with his eyes, a sardonic voice would announce, "Smiley's got oil specks on his windscreen again."

So I forgave the docs. In 12 months, they couldn't prove, at least to my satisfaction, that I had TB. But they needed the practice, and I bore no ill-will.

About eight years later, I had a very sore back. Could hardly straighten up. I went to a specialist. He took \$28 worth of X-rays and a ten dollar fee, poked me painfully, and on the second visit informed me that I had a "severe irritation of the lumbar region." I was pretty scared and asked him what it involved. "To put it in layman's language," he pontificated, "you have a sore back."

Couple of years later, I hobbled into another doctor's office. My knee was acting up. A German fellow had tried to kick the kneecap off one day in 1944, and every so often it went on the fritz. The doc twisted it until I screamed, told me it was very painful, and sent me to a specialist. He took X-rays, wrenched it until I was bathed in sweat, and told me I had a bad knee and should be careful with it.

Recently, I went to the veteran's hospital for my regular chest check-up. The doc couldn't find the scar on my X-ray and had to ask me which lung it had been. I didn't know.

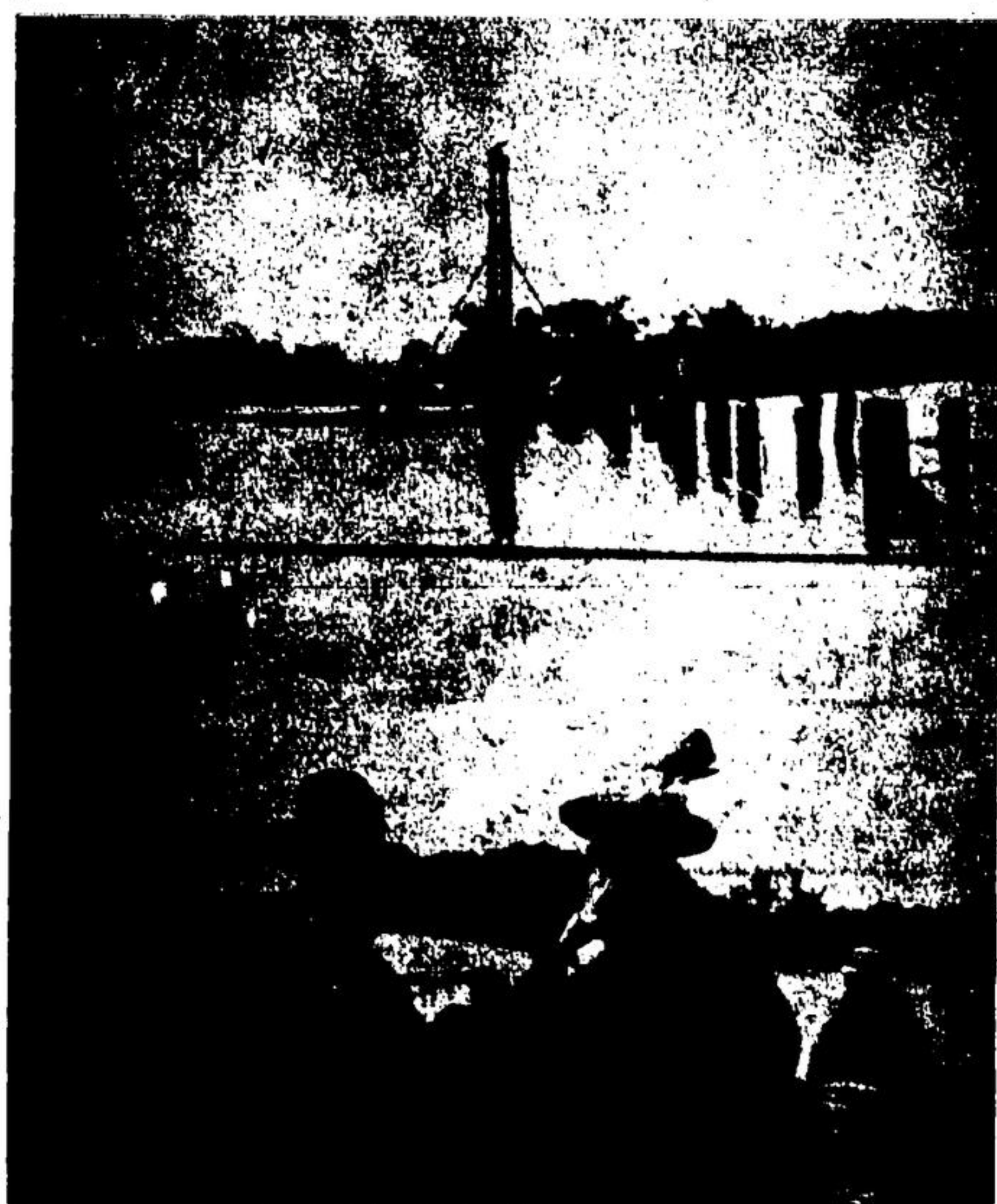
The other day, I went to an eye specialist. I can see fine, but my wife thought I should go. I haven't had my eyes checked since another eye specialist, 15 years ago, prescribed the glasses I wear for reading.

Well, this young fellow the other day, who can give you an appointment within four months of the time you call, told me I didn't need glasses. Said the ones I had were as useful as window panes. He didn't realize I'd had them renewed at about \$25 a rattle, four or five times since the original prescription, whenever I'd broken them or lost them.

Well, I'm going to fool him. I'm going to go right on wearing them, if only to hide the bags under my eyes.

Doctor! It's not that I'm prejudiced. Some of my best friends are doctors. But how would you like your sister to marry one of them?

Photos from the past



ACTON LADIES gathered to watch the workmen lay the pillings for the radial line across Fairy Lake in 1913. A picture was taken of them as they apparently paid more attention to their hair do's than to the progress of the line. They

are tentatively identified as Miss Bertie Speight, her mother Mrs. C. C. Speight, and Mrs. A. T. Brown. The radial line opened in 1917, the early version of "GO" transit, between Toronto and Guelph.

Free Press

back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 19, 1948.

Claude Gamache one of three inmates of the Ontario Reformatory who escaped on Tuesday was apprehended in Acton about 1:30 on Wednesday morning by Constable Grant Allan.

Gamache was seen loitering on Mill St. opposite the Free Press office by Constable Allan. He was questioned when taken to the town hall and locked up for the night. He was identified by guards from the Reformatory, the following morning and returned to Guelph.

Dr. and Mrs. F. G. Oakes, Caroline, Peggy, Frances and George are spending a holiday at Saul's Ste. Marie.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey McCutcheon and children of London spent their holidays with Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McCutcheon and family.

The Canadian National Exhibition will cater to the young idea again this year when the famous dance bands of Gene Krupa and Tommy Dorsey appear at the Coliseum. These exponents of modern dance rhythm are the leaders of their respective groups.

Miss Eleanor Ross successfully completed her fifth form examinations in Toronto and hopes to enter training at the Sick Children's Hospital in September.

Bobbie Rumley has returned home from a two week canoeing trip in Muskoka and Haliburton.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 17, 1893.

A man living in Kentucky, believing he had "power over reptiles" caught a number of rattlesnakes, confined them in a box, and began exercising his supposed power over them. He tied them in knots, hung them about his neck, suspended them by their tails, drew them across his face and did other things with them which made his neighbors' hair stand on end to see. "But one day an old serpent of great venom struck his fangs in the man's hand. The bitten man treated the matter coolly, and said he would get drunk for safety's sake, believing that when he became sober he would be beyond all harm from the snake's venom. But whiskey had no power to save him. His hand and arm swelled frightfully; though drunk, he writhed and groaned in agony and in a few hours died.

Annual rifle matches of the 20th Lorne rifles will be held at Georgetown range tomorrow.

Mr. Thos. C. Moore has the foundation nearly ready for his new brick house on Lake Avenue.

Messrs. W. H. Storey & Son are putting in electric light in the Canada Glove Works. Messrs. J. A. Murray and brother are excavating the foundation for their new terra cotta brick house on Mill Street.

Mrs. W. Smith has decided to retire from business and will during the next month dispose of her stock of groceries and crockery at cost.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 15, 1918.

A United States navy collier has succeeded in pumping fuel oil through a hose to a battleship while both vessels were running at a speed of sixteen miles an hour.

The New York Evening Journal says that "prohibition means more drunkenness and those that are really and sincerely opposed to drunkenness and to excessive drinking of whiskey should be the honest and open opponents of mistaken prohibition and its mistaken friends."

The question may arise to some as to where the supply of catgut used in the making of strings for violins and tennis rackets comes from. It does not come from cats, as the name would imply, but from sheep. The intestines of sheep are used, as well as every other part of the animal, for a purpose.

While Catherine Jones, the little daughter of Rev. R. E. Jones was bathing in Corporation Pond last Wednesday, she lost her footing and fell forward on her face into the water. Laird McDonald, son of Customs Officer McDonald, plunged in after her with his clothes on. He promptly rescued the frightened little lassie. Rev. and Mrs. Jones appreciate very fully Laird's courage and presence of mind.

They fine motorists \$10 and costs at Oakville for driving or standing their cars on the wrong side of the street.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, August 13, 1868.

Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup for children teething, greatly facilitates the process of teething by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation, will allay all pain and spasmodic action, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and relief and health to your infants.

The silver movement in Milton has come to an untimely end, and we are now in the same position as before any rate of discount was adopted. For a few days nearly every businessman in Milton had placards posted up conspicuously that discount would be charged according to the rate demanded in other places, but one or two refused to sign the agreement, and those who had signed began gradually to take down their placards and receive the silver at par. A fresh demand was made on the printer, and in a few days placards were inserted in every store telling purchasers that large silver to any amount and small to the extent of fifty cents would be taken at par, and four per cent premium allowed for bills. So far as we can learn from our exchanges, Milton is the only town where the imposition of the discount has proved a failure, and we think this failure is mainly attributable to the fact that a sufficient trial was not given, so that the working of the scheme might be fully tested.

Free Press

Church Notices

TRINITY CHURCH
(THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA)
Minister:
Rev. Gordon B. Turner, B.A., B.D.
Director of Music:
Organist: Mr. George Elliott, M.A., Ph.D.

SIXTH SEASON — COMBINED SUMMER SERVICES
IN TRINITY UNITED CHURCH
Preacher, Rev. Gordon B. Turner
SUNDAY, AUGUST 18th, 1968
10:00 a.m. — Divine Worship.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR
ANGLICAN
Corner Willow St. and St. Alban's Drive
Rev. H. J. Dawson, B.A., B.Th.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18th, 1968
Trinity X
10:00 a.m.—Holy Eucharist.

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

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18th, 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

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

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18th, 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.
1 John 5: 4 — For whosoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

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, AUGUST 18th, 1968
9:45 a.m.—Church School and Adult Bible Class.
11:00 a.m.—Morning Worship.
Mr. Briggs Crichton, Guelph.
No Evening Service.
Wednesday, 7:30 — Prayer Meeting and Bible Study.
Thursday, 8 p.m. — Choir Practice.

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

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18th, 1968
9:45 a.m.—Church School and Adult Bible Class.
11:00 a.m.—Morning Worship.
Mr. Briggs Crichton, Guelph.
No Evening Service.
Wednesday, 7:30 — Prayer Meeting and Bible Study.
Thursday, 8 p.m. — Choir Practice.
"He that hath the Son, hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." 1 John 5: 12.

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

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18th, 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 Evange.
7:45 p.m.—Wednesday, prayer meeting.
Acton 853-1956 Georgetown 877-6665

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

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PHONE 853-2010
Business and Editorial Office

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