

Answer to Dutch Elm...

There's a general realization in the United States that the control of Dutch Elm Disease is less expensive than the neglect, says an article in The Financial Post.

This is the view of Burke Stannard, a scientist with the Defence Research Board, Ottawa.

The scourge of Dutch Elm has left thousands of once beautiful elm trees standing stark and bereft of all life in this part of the province. It isn't confined to Ontario. Dutch Elm Disease has spread all over eastern Canada.

Although some attempts have been made to control the disease, most municipalities in Canada have been throwing up their hands in despair when D.E.D. is mentioned. Visions of the cost of removing the large trees has been enough to cause infectious headaches around council tables.

This need not be so, says Mr. Stannard. Canadians, he suggests, would be well advised to consider the experience of two U.S. cities, Urbana, Illinois, and Evanston, Illinois.

In Urbana no one did anything

when Dutch Elm arrived. In Evanston action was taken.

D.E.D. hit Urbana in 1954 and within six years reached a peak. By the end of 1968 this city of 100,000 residents had less than 5 percent of its elms left. One estimate of removal cost puts the total bill at two million.

Evanston, Stannard says, decided to fight the disease and was able to keep tree losses to less than one per cent a year. Evanston's total costs, reduced to the same 100,000 unit of population for comparison, ran at a rate of \$100,000 per year. And they kept 95 per cent of their trees while Urbana lost 95 per cent of theirs.

In addition, Urbana had to face the cost, effort and inconvenience of replacement.

Stannard goes on to say that Evanston controlled D.E.D. by spraying all elms once a year with a 12 per cent solution of DDT, inspecting all trees regularly for evidence of the disease, removing trees on city property within a week of proof of infection, and by giving owners 10-days notice to cut down their infected elms.

Free Press Editorial Page

This matter of judgment...

None of us goes through a day without making judgments. Always there are many things to be considered, evaluated, and decided upon.

Judgment is essentially the choosing of one thing in preference to another. This exercise of choice is the crown of human intelligence. The more decisions a person is forced to make the more he becomes aware of the vital importance of that kingpin of liberty: his freedom to choose.

People's lives turn on small hinges. People make many decisions, some of seemingly little consequence, but the total of these decisions determines the happiness or misery of their lives.

Of all paths a person can take at any given moment in business or personal life there is a best path, and to find it and walk in it, is the one thing needful. When people err, it is often because of their faulty choice between alternatives. They may emphasize "bigger" rather than "better", the quantity rather than the quality; they may choose an immediate pleasure at the expense of a future benefit of greater importance. Though they may have all other perfections, if they lack discrimination in making choices they will be of no great consequence in the world.

Wisdom in making a judgment is narrowed by ignorance, habit, obsession or prejudice. It is broadened by knowledge, open-mindedness, and meditation. To attain these, one must step a little aside, out of the noisy, pushing crowd, and take a prospect of all that is relevant to the matter that demands decision.

The word "contemplation" does not mean "dreamy, impractical". To go to a quiet place to think things over before arriving at a judgment divests the mind of old worn-out thoughts and energizes it by giving new freshness to one's outlook. In this private fourth dimension we find an opportunity to understand things, to weigh interests, to estimate effects.

Good judgment in public affairs is particularly needed in these days. For the first time in our history we have to share political action with people abroad who have a bewildering array of levels of knowledge and civilization. At the same time, we ourselves are undergoing a technological revolution at home. No people in history ever had to cope with changing life on so many fronts at one time.

There is a price to pay for our benefits and for our freedom. We need to develop a better understanding of the device of democracy than we have had in the past, of its obligations, responsibilities and duties. We must realize that there is a great variety of possible choices in dealing with people and events, and have in mind the potential significance of an error in judgment.

Information is the fuel behind all reasoning. To live at random in the hurly-burly of business or pleasure, without ever reflecting upon the past, or upon what is happening in the minds of people, is to have no clear knowledge of the sort we need for decision-making. A person who lives in this state will have chaos in his emotions, and confusion in his judgments.



"CONSIDER THE LILIES of the field, how they grow — they toil not, neither do they spin. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these".

(Staff Photo)

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



Every year about this time, I have an affair, whether my wife likes it or not. I fall in love and let the chips fall where they may. I have my September Affair.

In movies and novels, that title means that a man, or woman, falls in love in the fall of his or her life. It has a sweet, nostalgic note, with a touch of sadness in it.

But I've had a September Affair since I was a sprout. Every year, I fall in love with the month of September. And it is sweet and nostalgic and a little sad. And achingly beautiful.

As a tyke, it meant coming home from two months of wild, free running about at the cottage, one of a big family. We were sun-burned and bramble-scratched and just a couple of jumps ahead of the gopher or the ground-hog, socially.

What a thrill to be home! Flip a light-switch, flush a toilet, in the big, old house with the high ceilings and cool rooms, after eight weeks of grubbing it.

And then, the magic of modern living rediscovered, it was out into the streets to find the "kids" and race around in the glorious September evenings, playing Run, Sheep Run, and Redlight and Hide and Seek. Mothers called, but nobody came. It was the first fascination with the September Affair. Our mothers seemed to sense it and let us have a last fling before life became serious and autumn dimmed the lamps.

As a teenager, working five hundred miles from home in September, I had my Affair. There was a churning yearning to get back to school, friends, football and the interrupted romance with the brown-eyed girl. It almost hurt physically.

As a youth, there was the headiness and tension of going off to College, a big world, in September. A strange and frightening place. A small-town boy in a big puddle. New people. New manners. New everything. A September Affair.

And at college, first year, there was the wrenching affair with a South American wench. Sylvia. We met by chance and it was wrenching because she had to go back to Rio in four weeks, and I was really gone, and I knew I'd never see her again, and we wandered in the soft, September dusk, hands clasped, and my heart turned over in its grave.

Then came the war years and there were a few memorable Septembers. One on the Niagara Peninsula, with the grapes and peaches lush, and the thrill of knowing I had passed elementary flying school and could put the white "flash" of a pilot in my cap.

One in England, hot and hazy and languorous after a cold, wet summer. And the weekend leave in London, twenty years old and a pretty girl on your arm and death lurking in the wings, and crring not. Too fast it went.

One in Normandy and jump to Lille, and jump to Antwerp and life every day on a tenuous, white-hot wire, and the beautiful weather and the terrible daily disappearance of Paddy and Mac and Taffy and Dingle Bell and Nick and Freddy.

And that long, hot September of 1945. Home. Alive. Unreal. Really unreal: the family, the places, the peace, the boredom, and then the silly young people back at the university. But the September Affair with the trees and the cool blue sky and the long dark hair and yet another pair of brown eyes, browner than ever.

And the next September. Marriage to the brown-eyes and a wonderful week at the old cottage in Quebec, with this strange woman. Canoeing and swimming and me teaching her how to cook. And she's just as strange today, 22 years later. And just as brown-eyed.

And a lot of Septembers since, golden and blue, with the last breath of summer in the green trees and the first kisses of fall in the cool nights, and the magic that makes me fall for the ripe charms of that ripe old lady of the year, September, oozing with plentitude, gorged with the fruits of summer, yet wakening with a sigh to the brisk business ahead.

I have a bad crush on the lady.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, September 9, 1948.

The following pupils of Miss Lynda Stewart, A.T.C.M., L.R.S.M., were successful in examinations of the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto.

Grade III, Piano—Honors, Beverly Hyde, Eileen Frank.

Grade V, Piano—Honors, Donna McMillan, Christina Lamb, Lila Ranney.

Grade III, Harmony—Honors, Shirley McNalley, Pass, Albert Tost.

Grade IV, History—First Class Honors, Kenneth Harrison; Honors, Daphne Keelan, Albert Tost, Pass, Shirley McNalley.

Multi-colored gladioli decorated St. Joseph's Church, Acton, on Saturday, September 4th, for the marriage of Shirley Marcella Duval, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Duval, Acton, to Rino Joseph Braida, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Braida, Acton. Rev. V. J. Morgan officiated at the double ring ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Van Norman and Mr. and Mrs. Norman McEachern spent the weekend at Wasaga Beach.

About 70% of all the lobster canned in Canada goes to the United States, leaving 30% for domestic consumption. Canada is said to be the only country in the lobster-canning business. Normal yearly pack is around 60,000 cases.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 7, 1893.

Government Detective Greer has been arranging for the trial of Jennie Wench, the alleged murderer of her child and her grandmother, near Collingwood. While the evidence against her is strong, it is generally believed that the young woman will be discharged on the ground of insanity and remanded to jail for commitment to an asylum.

An old frame building on the property formerly owned by the late Alex McNabb was destroyed by fire about 4:30 a.m. Thursday morning.

If the bicyclists keep on bending over as they do, and the laws of evolution and heredity get in their appointed work, it will not be many generations before the sporting man will have nothing to do but put a pneumatic tire on himself.

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Payne of Richland, Iowa, are visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Storey.

Summer has slid out of the world as quietly and unceremoniously as if saying good-bye, catting a heartache or a pang, and the lovely lingering evenings and warm tints of the afterglow have become a memory which shivers at the thought that it will soon be time to get out the family snow shovel and poke up the furnace.

Twenty-one medals have been awarded to Canada for her fisheries exhibit at the World's Fair.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 5, 1918.

"What was it the rich man called for in hell?" demanded the frantically excited temperance lecturer. "Was it whiskey? No! Was it rum? No! It was water, water, clear, cold, sparkling water from some brook or mountain stream! Now, brother, what does that show?"

And the mild person in the crowd remarked: "It shows where all you teetotal fellows go to".

On Monday evening as Mr. Robert Lasby was driving a rink of bowlers home from Kitchener, a motor coming toward them ran head on into his car. Mr. Lasby had driven to the side of the road nearly into the ditch, and the driver of the other car appeared to lose control. Both cars were badly damaged.

Sam J. Stauffer, the fishman, had the misfortune to have three ribs broken on Monday when his horse ran away and the wheel of his delivery rig passed over him.

Mr. John Walters has sold his brick house and two lots on Park Avenue to Mr. Ambrose McCann for \$2,200. Mr. McCann gets possession this month.

Mr. William K. Near, of Detroit, Mich., arrived in town on Monday, Mrs. Near and children returned home with him.

John H. Walker has donned khaki at London Camp and is now a member of the 1st Depot Battalion there. Jack is thirty-nine years of age.

Pte. Ernest Barr was home from Niagara Camp over the weekend.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, September 5, 1868.

In the last official Gazette we find the following patents granted to citizens of this County:—James Nichol, of the Township of Nelson, in the County of Halton, Mill Wright, "A new and useful machine or apparatus for cleaning the boilers of Steam Engines" — Dated Ottawa, May 1868, Jacob Lawrence, of the village of Palermo, in the County of Halton, Machinist, "A certain new and useful improvement in the Cutter Bars of Reaping and Mowing Machines" — Dated Ottawa, 10 July, 1868, Jacob Peart, of the Township of Nelson, in the County of Halton, Yeoman, "A new and useful application to the land wheel of Marr's Patent Plough Holder" — Dated Ottawa, 1st April, 1868, William Stephenson, of the village of Knatchbull, in the County of Halton, Blacksmith, "A new and useful wrought iron Plough share" — Dated Ottawa, 11th May, 1868, George James Baker of the town of Oakville in the County of Halton, Livery Stable Keeper, "A new and improved Washing Machine" — Dated Ottawa, 5th June, 1868.

A Mrs. Flint sold a hen's egg in Chatham the other day, which was eight and one-half inches by seven and one-quarter inches, and weighed four and one-half pounds. Mrs. Flint herself weighs 337 and one-half pounds. What a country this is!

Salt and Pepper

by harley coles



After a couple of weeks of frenzied travel through the Bruce Peninsula, a few quiet days at home and then more frenzied touring New York State, it is good to be back at the old stand again.

Travel is indeed broadening, especially on the posterior, which translated into ordinary language usually comes out "seat". There is, however, one drawback—too many places to go and not enough time to see them properly.

Highlight of the trip in my book was a visit to the United States Military Academy at West Point where we happened along at the propitious time to see a military display by 4,000 cadets. High humor point was a loud burp at the Radio City Music Hall in New York City while the orchestra rested between phrases of Offenbach's Orpheus in the Underworld.

Vacation is something you look forward to each year if for nothing else than to break the monotony of the everyday grind. Then you can come back to work with your mind clear, put your nose back on the grindstone with the knowledge you have cleared away the cobwebs and made room for more.

Although the decision wasn't unanimous, it was decided at our house that a trip to the Bruce Peninsula would be worthwhile this year. This idea was reinforced by the kind lend of a book about the Bruce from Joe Bray, who's a sort of one man Chamber of Commerce for the peninsula, where he was born and raised.

It had some fascinating information about what is a little known part of Ontario and exerted a real pull on the imagination. I persuaded the better half to read it and she was equally excited at seeing the rugged cliffs and sandy beaches—until she came to the chapter on rattlesnakes.

Rattlesnakes? Yes, it seems some of the Massasauga Rattles left over from the reptile age continue to make their home in the swamplier places of the peninsula. The book assured us the creatures were

relatively harmless until they bit you but this failed to allay my better half's suspicions that one of the little fellows would sneak up on us some dark night and take a little nip.

It took a little more persuading but we finally started out on the first leg of the trip, stopping at Owen Sound for lunch. While we were there we thought we might as well do a bit of browsing through the stores. As luck would have it one of the first places we stopped had a large snake on display. Its lifeless jaws were wide open and a large sign with bold letters asked:

Have you got your rattlesnake venom kit yet?—or words to that effect.

You can imagine the electrifying effect this would have on someone who can't stand the sight of a dew worm let alone a full blown rattler. Nevertheless, we pushed bravely on. And would you believe it? We never even saw a garter snake let alone a Massasauga.

The Bruce is just as scenic and interesting as its advertising declares. Towns like Warton, Lions Head and Tobermory are picturesque and preserve a unique character of their own.

We took a side trip to the Cape Croker Indian Reservation and were impressed by the efforts of the Ojibways to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps in spite of being shunted out on a cape which makes no pretensions at being good agricultural land.

At Tobermory we were delighted by the port atmosphere and the rugged harbor. Tying with the idea of taking the ferry across to Manitoulin we met Mrs. Marion Reed of the high school staff and Mrs. Smith, both of whom seemed to be really enjoying the relaxed atmosphere of the port. They were taking the ferry trip across to the island along with many more vacationers, many of them from the U.S.

Speaking of the United States we'll have a few more words to say about a trip to the great republic to the south next week.

Photos from the past



ABOUT 1912, young men from Acton enjoyed camping at The Breezes. In the picture at the left are John L. Moore, Andy O'Brien, Arlof Dilla and



Victor Coleman. On the right are Ernest Black, Arlof Dilla and John L. Moore. Mr. Moore was killed during World War I.

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