

Free Press Editorial Page

Make it a happy holiday ...

If you plan to join the thousands of Canadians on the highways for the Victoria Day celebrations, make sure your weekend is a safe one.

A high percentage of accidents, whether on the highways or on water are caused by carelessness. The first long holiday weekend of the season could be turned into tragedy by not observing ordinary precautions.

The driver who lacks consideration for others on the highway, the boat owner who fails to check his equipment after it has been in "dry dock", the person who engages in vigorous activity after months of little or no exercise; these are the people whose thoughtless acts frequently result in death for themselves and others.

The old proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is a sound philosophy to observe at any time of the year but it takes on added significance on a holiday weekend, when we are prone to let cares evaporate.

Since the 24th of May is also associated with fire crackers and fireworks there are added dangers when people don't take the proper precautions with them.

Make sure there is adequate supervision when children are present for fireworks displays. There are too many children with blind eyes and scars of burns from the misuse of fireworks now, without adding to the total.

Happy Holiday!

Need regional plan ...

One of the alarming aspects of the Central Ontario Regional Development Council's (CORDC) survey of the region, which includes Acton and the two adjoining townships, is the prediction that agriculture cannot survive in this area.

The study, which was undertaken to pinpoint some of the region's major problems, deduced that agriculture would inevitably disappear because farmers could no longer operate economically in an urban milieu.

The consensus of opinion among most of the experts the CORDC survey team interviewed was that land costs were beyond the reach of the ordinary farmer, and labor and equipment costs, together with the low prices of farm products, are making the operation increasingly uneconomical.

Agricultural problems were judged to be acutely aggravated by the urban competition for land and labor. Most of those engaged in agricultural pursuits could see no way where a farmer could compete as a user of land in an urban development.

There was one exception—the highly productive 31,360 acres in the Holland Marsh area. Because of its unique terrain and soil it was felt the area could continue in agricultural production. It is not under the same development pressures as farmland and to the south because of its distance from Toronto.

Tiddle-de-de ...

We can't help jumping on the bandwagon for a plea to keep the Don Messer show on T.V.

If there is enough interest in the program to warrant the hubalaloo that ensued when the CBC announced they had plans to cancel it, then there's adequate grounds to keep Don Messer and his case on TV.

There are other shows, of limited audience, for those with intellectual tastes, that the CBC has no intention of dropping. Why cut off a program which has such a large following?

We are not going to pretend to be a critic but the fact that some people have labelled the program "corny" has nothing to do with it. There are many other TV programs which could have far worse labels attached to them, far less entertaining than the Maritime troupe, which could easily be scrapped.

It seems that the Messer program appeals, in a particular way, to many of our senior citizens. Surely the CBC does not want to take away their enjoyment?



SPRING IN THE WOODS features thousands of Ontario's emblem, the lovely white trillium, which carpet the forest floor along with other early wild flowers. —(Staff Photo)

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

With the income tax return safely off at the usual eight minutes before midnight on the last day, and my wife, who figured out mine, nearing normal a couple of weeks later, I think I have cooled off enough to pay a deep-felt, and deeply-deserved, tribute.

Oh, not to her. As I told her, from a safe distance, "Any dummy can do that." I didn't really mean it. It was only in retaliation for her applying to me the epithet "stupid" twelve times during one Sunday afternoon when I was helping her. We got a different total on every column of figures.

Patiently, I pointed out to her that women didn't have the panache to deal with income tax forms. They want everything to come out even, just as they do when wall-papering. Men would much rather grin fiendishly and say, "Let's see what the computer can do with that."

Finally, in disgust, I left it to her. She's so ridiculously honest that I probably won't even be fined this year, as is the custom. But that takes a lot of the fun and excitement out of it. There's no joy in doing your income tax form unless you think you've gotten away with something.

No, the tribute I want to pay is to a modern writer. He's anonymous, or I'd trumpet his name from the housetops. He's the chap who produces that annual best-seller called TI General Tax Guide. Don't let the title fool you. That's just a front for one of the most baffling mystery stories of the year.

It's wildly unfair that his publishers, a stodgy old firm called Department of National Revenue, with headquarters in Taxation, Canada, do not give this author the glory and publicity which is his due.

Not since Nicolo Machiavelli wrote the Prince, back in the sixteenth century, has such a brilliantly, diabolically clever piece, of prose been produced. And this guy does it every year.

The 1968 edition of this work ran to only 30 pages, but it was a little masterpiece. It had the usual combination of complication, suspense, mystery, irony and horror. While it smacks of Machiavelli there are undertones of Edgar Allen Poe.

Mind you, it's not for the average reader, who likes a plot with beginning, middle and end. This is for the more sophisticated reader, who likes jumping backwards, forwards and sideways in an effort to keep up with the subtle, involved mind of the writer.

Nor is it a thrilling encounter for the fellow working for a salary, paid by cheque, with all deductions at source. But for the citizen who has more than one source of income, the book's combination of back-tracing, leap-frogging, equivocation and gobbledegook are sheer delight.

My wife enjoys this sort of thing. In fact, her favorite indoor sport is reading aloud to me excerpts which prove that I am going to wind up in the penitentiary for life, if I ignore Item 36 of this gem, which the author, with typical irony, calls a Guide.

With a guide like this, who needs a compass? It's all there, perfectly clear. For instance, she was delighted to find that because we live in one of the ten provinces of Canada, we get something called "Abatement for Provincial Taxes." This can amount to 28 per cent. Just like money in the bank. Pretty darn decent of

the federal government. It is actually called a "reduction."

Of course, you don't get this reduction if you live in the Yukon. You have to pay the whole shot. Pretty darn mean of the federal government. And, of course, if you do live in one of the provinces, your "reduction" is added back somewhere, and you pay the whole shot, anyway. But this is just one of the charming, illogical little peccadilloes that make this book a "must" for anyone.

Anyone, that is, who is being skinned alive by a trapper who smiles and smiles while your pelt is being removed.

Editorial notes

A speeding motorist was stopped near Salina, Kansas, by an officer who was told by the driver that he forgot his glasses and was hurrying home to get them because he "couldn't see a thing without them."

Someday, something's got to give! According to the Ontario Safety League, the number of new cars built each year in North America is nearly double the number of babies born.

This sign greets motorists entering a Texas freeway: "Smile. You are on Radar."

Unlike lightning, injury-producing accidents always strike twice, says the Ontario Safety League. First the person, then his purse.

A tactless person is one who says what everyone else is thinking.

City dwellers tend to forget that in many smaller communities fire fighting is done by volunteers. They are authorized to display an amber light on their cars with the letters VFF. The Ontario Safety League reminds drivers that VFF cars, and all other emergency vehicles on duty, should be given the right of way. The law requires that, when you are aware of the approach of an emergency vehicle, you should stop, as near the right hand curb as possible.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS  
PHONE 853-2010  
Business and Editorial Office

Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 50 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Rural Bureau of Circulation, the CANADA and ONTARIO Advertising Rate of Inquiry, Subscriptions payable in advance. \$5.00 in Canada; \$6.00 in all countries other than Canada; single copies 15 cents. Second class mail Registration Number - 0515. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate. In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is hereby offered to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

Dale Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.  
David B. Dale, Publisher  
Hartley Cole, Editor  
Don Ryder, Adm. Manager  
Copyright 1968

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 19, 1949.

Claimed to be the finest since its inception 25 years ago, Halton Music Festival conducted a two day competition at Milton last Thursday and Friday. During the first day the bulk of the prizes went to the lower portion of the county. Nassagaweya township was high in contestants and Donna McMillan and Martin Davenport won first and second in their respective classes. They were chosen guest soloists at the Halton county council luncheon.

Other local winners included Aline Charette, Grant Surbey, Joyce Farmer, Forbes Cole, Anne McLaughlin, Marjorie Cutting, Helen Landsborough, Eddie McMullen, Raymond Braids, Joan Oakley, Leona Sagauki, Billy Skilling, Bob Cook, Frances Oakes, Joan Hodge, Bobby Wahlman, David Cullen, Joyce Palmer, Peggy Oakes, Bill Somerville, Russell Aybic, Matt Madden, Marcie Vyse, Paul Lawson. Nearly 1,500 students from all parts of the county took part in the festival in Knox Presbyterian church at Milton.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 15, 1919.

A splendid meeting was held in the town hall when the need for and aims of the Great War Veterans Association were presented in sane, interesting and effective statements. The large audience was deeply impressed, and support and co-operation was assured. Capt. Torrance Beardmore occupied the chair. Splendid selections were played by the orchestra and Mrs. Harold Nicklin sang "Soldier of the Empire." Before the meeting local veterans to the number of 40 paraded with the Scout Band.

Mr. A. H. Carr, who has been appointed pastor of the Baptist church, commenced his ministry last Sunday.

Rev. J. C. Wilton has been engaged to occupy the pulpit of one of the leading Presbyterian churches in New York for the next two Sundays. Friends there, who know Mr. Wilton and his abilities well,

arranged the supply. Prior to his leaving his Board of Managers handed him a substantial cheque to cover his expenses.

Pte. Fred Creamer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Creamer, passed away at Camp Dix, New Jersey, of cerebral abscess.

While in Elora last week we visited the public school grounds and there noticed that the board had provided half a dozen teeters which afforded immense pleasure. Two-inch hardwood planks about 10 inches wide and 12 or 14 feet long are bolted to iron piping set in cedar posts.

At a meeting of Canadian citizens Viscount Bryce declared "Providence has ordained the British to be a race to do more for the welfare of mankind than any other people. Let us not fail in this great task."

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 17, 1894.

We announced the visit of the Kickapoo Medicine Co. last week. Their method of doing business is a strong contrast to the ordinary traveling salesmen. In the first place, no remedies were offered for sale the first night. They refused to sell anything before convincing the most skeptical that the Kickapoo Indian Remedies do possess real merit and are worthy of trial. They are introducing six specifics.

Rheumatism is one of the illnesses that can be treated in a public manner. A Georgetown townsman, who had been unable to work since December, presented himself, was taken to the dressing room and before a committee several bottles of Indian Oil were applied. The man could stamp his leg and in no way induce the pain to return. Friday he went to work after months of enforced idleness and Monday he walked from Georgetown to Milton and back. Such work inspired confidence in many minds, and many are trying the Indian Remedies with satisfactory results. Several of our deserving citizens, too poor to purchase, are being treated free of charge.

Prof. Alfred Bailey extracts teeth daily from 10 to 12 free of charge, his object to illustrate the anesthetic properties of Kickapoo Indian Oil.

Salt and Pepper



by Hartley Cole

A young friend, the matrimonial knot tied a scant three years or so, took me aside one day recently and announced he was going to teach his wife to drive the family car.

I blanched visibly.

"Wazza matter?" he asked. "Didn't you teach your cup of tea to steer that jalopy you drive?"

I whitened more, the memories flooding back like it was only yesterday, felt a bit sick at my stomach.

"Don't bring it up," I said sadly. "I vividly remember the year B.D. (before drive) 1965. It was the year our marriage almost landed in a wrecking yard."

"If you're asking my advice about whether you should teach your wife to drive, I can only utter one word—don't. Unless you're a man in a million it won't work. You might even end up not talking to each other."

He looked slightly insulted that I should have such a base opinion of his teaching ability. But he listened.

It started out, I said, like a big lark. Wife behind the wheel, beginner's licence in her purse, and a pleased smirk because she had answered 19 of the 20 questions on the form perfectly. I had only got by on my test a few years before by the proverbial skin of my teeth. And she knew!

She backed out of the driveway perfectly, aligned the car with the ditch and rammed the gas pedal to the floor. If you're familiar with passing gears you'll have some idea of how we took off. Like a jet. Gravel flew, tires spun and we started down the road as if there was a squadron of dragons chasing us with long stickpins. And we were the pin cushions.

I hung on for dear life, clutching my seat belt, and saying in the same breath, "Slow down a little, willya?" It was an automatic response. Five miles further down the road she pulled up and in a terse voice answered, "If you're going to talk to me like that you can drive this thing yourself." She got out of the car and it looked like she was going to march back into town—on foot.

I managed to close my mouth, utter a quick apology for my atrocious manners. It took some urging but she got back in behind the wheel and it wasn't long until we were once more merrily on our way. I had virtually ceased trembling when she drove into the driveway at home. She was as pleased as Punch. I was as shaken as Judy.

"How'd I do?" she asked. "We got here didn't we?" I smiled back. I felt at first my compliment was overdone when I saw her gratitude but she recovered. Privately, I

was concerned and consulted two of my neighbors, veterans who had survived similar episodes under more trying circumstances.

The first one thought he had all the answers. "I," he said, "leaned out the window and cleared the way by announcing in a loud voice that my wife was at the wheel. The road cleared miraculously." Being slightly introverted, this type of advertising did not appeal to me. Later I learned his neighbor had to finish the job off.

The other, less cocky but equally sure of himself merely said, "Sent her to a driving school" when I popped the question. "Too expensive," I answered.

Well, after several months and about three beginners' licences, 42 fights, 110 arguments and copious amounts of tears I began to see another side of the picture. I made peace with the wife and she agreed to go to driving school. Now she's a better driver than me but for a few months I had a taste of what Dante saw in his Inferno.

My friend listened thoughtfully. You could tell he didn't agree. "I think I can do it," he said. I hope he can.

Meanwhile, some unsolicited advice for husbands came this way from the Hamilton Automobile Club.

Your wife is an extremely sensitive and sophisticated mechanism. Theoretically she should last you a lifetime. To get the most mileage, you must be aware of the things that can go wrong, whether she's a 1969 model or as old as a model-T, foreign or domestic, new or used.

Some wives suffer slow starts in the morning. A battery recharge in the form of a good night's sleep could put her in better condition.

Is she irritable and peevish? That sounds like crank-case trouble. She is probably bored with household chores. Take her out for a surprise weekend at a hotel or resort. She'll be easier to handle after that.

If she develops a noisy muffler and you cannot get a word in edgewise, your friendly mechanic will probably suggest a gift of flowers. Her overall improved performance will be noticed almost immediately.

To keep per purring smoothly, tell her how nice she looks BEFORE she goes to the beauty parlor.

Most men are satisfied with their wives. However, some may think they got lemons. When this occurs, remember, it's far better to give your wife a tune-up than to start searching for a new one.

Photos from the past



MISS NELLIE Anderson's Class in 1926 posed for this picture, lent by Mrs. Ross Robertson (Grace Lantz). Identifications include a few blanks. Front Row, Rigby Cross, ? Shea or O'Shea, Harvey Hodgins, Hector Lambert, Ed Footitt, Second Row, George Switzer, Herb Price, Rigby Cross' cousin ?, Vic White, Nell McNabb, Jack

Smith, Rollie Anderson, Mervin Reid. Third Row, Gerlie Kerr, Helen Campbell, ? Dorothy Babcock, Jessie Trotter, Ruth Jennings, Marguerite Currie, Grace Lantz, Dorothy Cross. Back Row, May Waterhouse, Dorothy MacArthur, Margery Patrick, Ellen Dunn, Lorraine Wilson, three unknown, Frank Jones, Bert Crewson, ?