

# Free Press Editorial Page

## Acton tourist attraction?...

Many visitors to Acton have remarked on the opportunity to develop a real beauty spot on the western approaches to town from the piles of silt dredged from Fairy Lake.

The beauty of the school creek (officially dubbed Henderson's Creek) is a natural asset which has been partially exploited by the centennial library and the school grounds. The whole area could be enhanced further if there was a vista which made Fairy Lake visible from 7-Highway with a full sweep of the water.

We are missing out on a tremendous tourist attraction as well as the pleasures provided by a beauty spot by not developing this feature of the town. The piles of silt could be bulldozed down, levelled, grass planted and there would be a good start for future flower beds and rock gardens, something parks board would certainly like to see done.

Imaginative planners also envision a green belt extending along the creek right to the music centre on Wallace St. with a walkway to Fairy Lake.

Of course, one of the first questions any municipal official would ask is where the money is going to come from for projects like this. There is an eight mill increase in

taxes this year and that doesn't include any money for local improvements. How can we even think of beautifying the town?

That, of course, is the short-sighted view. There are other benefits that can accrue from having an attractive place to live, including a lure for industry whose executives might want to live where they work. Merchants could benefit from tourists and residents might think twice before going out of town to shop.

There is a shortage of summer jobs for students this year. They don't want to hang around doing nothing. The townspeople don't want them hanging around the streets. Why not recruit the able bodied students to work at such projects?

The payroll might be high but it could save the town and the country money in the long run by giving the students something useful to do during the summer months that would increase their self respect as well as providing spending money.

Impractical? We don't think so. Impossible? We doubt it.

At the risk of being labelled garrulous we think such a project could generate a brand new spirit in the town.



Boiling water



## Sugar and Spice

by Bill Smiley

This is going to be a long, hot summer. And not only for those U.S. cities with their kerosene-soaked black ghettos just waiting for a match to be struck.

It's going to be a long, hot summer for a lot of Canadians. High among their ranks will be parents, policemen and resort operators.

Why? Because the supply of summer jobs for students is far, far below the demand, and there are going to be thousands of restless, bored young people looking for excitement.

It's a natural for an eruption of rumbles, hassles and vandalism which could make the summer a nightmare for the already-harried victims listed above.

For the last decade, there has been a steadily-growing population of young bums of both sexes. Summer-time, warm-weather bums.

These are the kids who don't really want a job. They live from hand to mouth, sleeping on the beaches, or in the old cars that are part of their scene. They are not necessarily evil or vicious. In fact, most of them aren't.

But they're aimless and irresponsible and rude and selfish and dirty, and lazy as cats. Cats that aren't house-broken.

They're bored, and they're boring. They talk in endless circles about nothing. They even bore each other. But they're united in one thing—their contempt for the adult world.

High on their list of interests, which are extremely limited, are sex and drugs. On weekends, they are infiltrated by the "pushers", many of them amateurs, who arrive from the cities with their little packages of pot and speed and LSD.

Lurking on the fringe of this bundle of bums is another group—the teenie-boppers. These are not kids—they are children—who are just beginning to make the scene, who find it fascinating, and who want to try anything that's going.

In the cities, same thing, except that it's

shopping plazas and public parks and the streets, instead of the beaches.

Well, add to this parasitic swarm all the kids who wanted, and needed, jobs this summer, angry, frustrated, and you can see what's coming. I hope I'm wrong, but two and two still make four.

Permissive parents, an inflationary society in which even young people need money; give masses of them nothing to do but look for kicks all summer, and the old crystal ball looks pretty muddy.

When I was a teenager (said the boring, middle-aged man), summer jobs were even scarcer. He who nabbed one was deeply envious. My first job, at 17, was working on a Great Lakes steamer, 12 hours a day, seven days a week, \$1 a day. And every other kid in town thought I'd hit a bonanza. Boys who couldn't find a job played baseball and swam about eight hours a day. Girls did whatever girls do, giggled probably, and swam and picked berries.

Today's jobless youth barely muster enough energy to leave a swim. In the day-time, that is. At night, they flower into some sort of life and go to bed at dawn. And wake up. Bored.

There are a couple of villains in the piece, of course. One is industry; the other government. Industry could absorb twice as many students as it does, at comparatively little cost. Industry is the first to whine about the "products" it gets, but does little to help produce a first-class product. One or two future employees of high calibre from a summer group would easily repay the cost. And it would be good public relations on which industry spends thousands, mostly on whiskey.

Governments could, and should, plan work projects to absorb most of the surplus students. They'd get it all-back in taxes shortly. But if they sit on their hands and allow a generation of bitter, lazy, alienated bums to sprout, it will cost them plenty in the end.

(That's quite a sentence, but no puns intended. Behinds, bums, and end, indeed!)

Hope your kid has a summer job. Better still, hope you're not a parent or a policeman.

## 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, May 26, 1949.

Council has decided that all buildings in town will be numbered.

Invitations are being sent out for Nasagweya centennial.

Dorothy Gager, Rockwood, and Joyce Deserault, Acton, received diplomas in nursing from Guelph General Hospital.

Mr. George Robinson who has been the energetic manager of the Roxy theatre for the past year has been advanced to St. Thomas. Mr. Lewis Miller of Kitchener will be the manager of the Acton theatre and Mr. C. J. Pittove will be projectionist.

On Sunday Rev. Fr. Francis Morgan of Hamilton, newly-ordained priest and nephew of Rev. Fr. V. J. Morgan, Acton, celebrated Mass at St. Joseph's church. After Mass, Fr. Morgan was presented with a purse and address, which was presented by R. J. Braids on behalf of the parishioners.

Miss Frances Chew was entertained at two miscellaneous showers last week.

Highway 25 is being oiled from Speyde to Milton.

Road construction on the highway south of Speyde makes it unadvisable to use this road at all. We suggest the fourth line for going to Milton.

Victoria Day was celebrated rather haphazardly.

The second court at the local tennis court has been put into operation. There was quite a number out for the opening of the bowling greens.

The United Church choir spent a social evening at the home of Miss Fern Brown. A presentation was made to Miss Anetta Evans, a bride of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crump announce the arrival of Suzanne's little sister Nancy Elizabeth.

Crosson Corners and Siloam churches on the Rockwood circuit will be closed. It was felt that the general adoption of the motor car would facilitate attendance at the churches most convenient.

A public meeting will be held in the town hall to consider means of improving our telephone connections. It is felt that Acton should have closer connection with a number of outside points which look to our town as their natural centre. It is also desirable that 24 hour service should now be installed.

Tramps have been living in Guelph's smallpox hospital for some time and holding the high carnival.

The split-log drag could now probably be used on many of our roads. The dust on Mill and Main is also a menace.

## 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, May 24, 1894.

The late P. T. Barnum, who called himself the Prince of Humbugs, one declared the average public loves to be humbugged. That his declaration was correct was fully manifested by the crowd of citizens and farmers who congregated at the corner of Mill and Main Sts. on Saturday night. A fakir who called himself Texas Charlie was garbed in cowboy costume with a brace of pistols. After a harangue interspersed with numerous last generation "chestnuts" he commenced the sale of corn salve, catarrh cure and California beans. A rapid sale went on for an hour or two and the fakir pocketed \$78 in good hard cash before he quietly blew out his lights and departed.

The corn salve at 25 cents a box was a mixture of lard and buckwheat flour purchased at a grocery a few feet away from the scene of operations, the catarrh cure at \$1 a bottle was an equally harmless mixture while the California beans at six for a dime were ordinary horse beans, slightly perfumed, which may be had by the bushel at any seed store.

R. J. Morrow walked from Acton to Georgetown in an hour and 17 minutes. He says, "Beat it who can."

A great deal of interest is manifest in a reunion of the pupils of the revered teacher, the late Robert Little.

Tenders are asked for improvements contemplated at St. Joseph's church which will be supervised by an architect and will cost in the neighborhood of \$1,000. It is proposed to build a vestry of good size, the ceiling will be replastered and the roof repaired.

The Queen's birthday Guelph's big celebration.

Some of the sports will attend Georgetown races. Be careful, boys, with your firecrackers today.

The unprecedented rain storm lasted from Thursday to Tuesday, the longest in the memory of anyone in this section.

## 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, May 22, 1919.

Four more soldiers were given a cordial reception last night, Pte. James Robertson, Pte. Charles Morton, Pte. Joseph Kennedy and Pte. Andrew Decker.

During the meeting the Junior I.O.D.E. presented the town with a beautiful flag of generous proportions. Three young ladies of the society went to the platform and addressing the Reeve, Miss Vera S. Harvey, regent, read the address and Misses Stella McLam and Alice Johnstone presented the flag to His Worship.

At the annual meeting of the Guelph District of the Methodist church it was decided with sincere regret that owing to the declination of Membership and the scarcity of ministers the Everton church on the Eramosa circuit and the Eden Mills,

## Salt and Pepper



by Hershey Coles

If you are in a deep sleep and the telephone rings about 1:15 a.m. what would you do?

Turn over? Yell at someone else to get it? Ignore it? Answer it?

Well, if you are in the newspaper game you answer it.

I did on Monday night, or I should say Tuesday morning, at approximately that time. It was the daughter of the house returning from a trip to New York with geography department head Paul Martindale, his wife, and a busload of students.

They decided to return early from the trip so their parents wouldn't have to get up early to meet them and because they couldn't get tickets for the Broadway production of Hair. That's the musical where the players dress up in their own hair and sing current hits like 'Aquarius'. They shake like egg-nogs, dress like star steppers and talk like something out of this world.

At one point in the production, it is reported the cast sheds all their clothes and the audience is none the wiser.

And that's just the kind of weekend it was for me. I shed all my cares and no one is the wiser. I've been saving a few clippings for a week like this plagiarized from other sources, mixed in with a little homespun comment of my own.

Here, for instance, are some incidents Tony Duncan of the Leamington Post records where someone put their foot in their big mouth:

"Why pay the retail price for it? If you want me to, I'll arrange to get it for you wholesale."

"How can anybody who is grown up get lost in a few acres of woods? This looks like the road we came in on. Shall we try it?"

"Here, let me hold the match. You bend down and look in the tank."

"Go ahead, kid. Hit me in the stomach with all your might. I can take it."

"If you don't like it you can lump it."

"Of course, I'm just kidding, honey, but supposing I was to ask you whether you'd marry me or not. What do you think your answer would be?"

"I don't want to mess up the bar with you, but how would you like to join me in the alley outside, where there's a little more swinging room?"

"Heck, anybody can leap-frog over a fire hydrant. If I go first, will you follow me?"

"Just sign on the dotted line. In case you don't find this second-hand car up to snuff in every way, all you have to do is drive it right back here to the lot, and we'll give you another one as good as new—and no ifs, ands or buts about it."

"This looks like it's probably the men's room. You go in first, and we'll see what happens."

"No use stopping now. We're only 20 miles from home. Surely we've got enough gas left to get that far. I filled it up only the day before yesterday."

"Put your money where your mouth is."

Here are a few "press boners" as they actually appeared in publications across the United States and Canada:

He then attempted to shoot himself in the head but the bullet apparently only creased his scalp and ran out of the tavern and drove off.

Housepets for several days at the Lindsay home are Mr. and Mrs. Wally Burman of Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Latest market reports reveal that mines are down, airplanes are slightly up and tobaccos closed strong.

The chief is inclined to believe that a crossed wife might be the cause of the fire.

Several chorus girls told the police they thought the prizefighter was simply pinch-drunk.

## Love and Kisses...

Don't look now. You may be under someone's microscope.

According to one Toronto financial newspaper some German insurance companies have even provided data for a study of the influence on husbands of wife-kissing before leaving for work.

The two year investigation shows that those who do not kiss their better half goodbye are inclined to be moody, depressed and disinterested in their work.

The man who does kiss his wife goodbye starts the day very positively and "his feeling of harmony is reflected psychologically as well as mentally." The osculating husband is also a safer driver and much more likeable.

On the other hand, maybe the safe drivers and likeable people are just good kissers.

No matter how you feel about it the Financial Post thinks that this is a good argument for getting on the daily kissing bandwagon. The clincher is that kissing husbands can

expect to live about five years longer than their less romantic swains, which sure beats jogging and giving up smoking.

Speaking from an academic point of view these statistics may actually embarrass some husbands who prefer not to kiss their wives in the morning. They may prefer to kiss her in the evening when she looks much better.

The observant husband who has seen his better half with curlers in her hair, no make-up and a sloppy house coat in the early mornings, has good reason for not wanting to kiss her. He's a lover of beauty. If that's the price he must pay—five years lopped off his life and mean disposition—most are prepared to pay it.

Then again some wives may not want to kiss their husbands in the mornings because he's no Rock Hudson, either.

So you can see the tangled mess figures can produce, and learned professors to the contrary, we think they are a lot of bunk.

## Teach by example...

An official of the Ontario Safety League was greatly impressed recently by an incident in Uxbridge.

A man was walking on the main street sidewalk, with two small children. They reached a T-junction with a minor road. No traffic was approaching. Most adults would have walked straight across the intersection. But the group stopped at the curb, in what was obviously a regular drill, and the father said: "Is it all right to cross now?"

The two children looked left, then right, then left again and said, yes, it was safe to go.

Father, whose accent suggested he was a new Canadian of British origin, then said: "Right. Then we'll walk across quickly, but not run."

## Editorial notes

"Each year cigarettes kill five times more Americans than do traffic accidents. Lung cancer alone kills as many as die on the road. The cigarette industry is peddling a deadly weapon. It is dealing in people's lives for financial gain."—Quoted by the late Sen. Robert F. Kennedy.

Early indications are that Britain's new, tough regulations against drinking and driving will be followed by an appreciable lowering of the traffic accident rate. The Ontario Safety League says that two years ago Czechoslovakia reported a 25 per cent drop in accidents after, blood or breath tests were made compulsory in cases of suspected impairment.

The use of automobiles reached significant proportions in North America earlier than most people realize. More cars than buggies were sold for the first time in 1900.

It was an outstanding example of intelligent concern for the safety of children. The youngsters were being led towards self-reliance at an early age by the father's teaching that it was up to them to make their own observations, judgments and decisions when crossing streets. The habits they are forming should protect them through life.

## Photos from the past



LAST IN SERIES of school pictures lent by Mrs. Ross Robertson (Grace Lantz) appears today. The teacher is Miss Martha Orr. Front row, Harold Skilling, Rollie Anderson, Willie McEain, Fred (YIP) Wilds, Vic Elliott, Lloyd Brown, Bob Marshall, George Switzer, Ed Footitt; second row, Blanche Smith, Dorothy Babcock, Helen Campbell, Worth, Tony Lavalee, Vic White, Jack Smith, Harold Mooney, Ilio Marzo; third row, Eileen Breen, Grace Lantz, Vera Vickers, Irene Darby, Elizabeth Darby, Grace Gibson, Edna Hinton, Agnes Chisholm, Marguerite Currie; fourth row, Phyllis Mackie, Vera Rawlings, Vi White, Lillian Woodhall, Lorraine Wilson, Marjorie Worth, Ellen Dunn, Elsie Anderson, Dorothy MacArthur, May Waterhouse, Ina Joaque, Ella Marshall, Thelma Cripps.

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