

### Like your letters...

Like most other newspapers, The Free Press desires to print news of interest to readers in this area, at the same time reserving the right to edit all copy and in some instances to reject part of it.

We particularly welcome letters to the editor for publication on the various issues which may crop up in town and district. We are glad to hear readers' viewpoints on subjects which concern them and we will print most of the letters we receive, although not necessarily in the week we receive them.

However, as in the case of news reports we reserve the right to withhold publication. This is necessary to guard against publication of malicious or libellous material which will get us in trouble with the courts, as well as the writer. These articles and letters are few and far between, but occasionally we do receive one.

We may agree with the opinions but if the writer is malicious or libellous The Free Press cannot be responsible. The writer must sign his or her name in any case, although a pseudonym can be used in the newspaper.

Our news columns, except in the case of signed articles, are relatively free of opinion. We like straight honest reporting with the stress on accuracy, although we are lenient

when it comes to plugging some community matters.

The most frequent rejections are usually nothing more than articles which are camouflaged propaganda or advertising. Reams of it come to this desk from many sources and we file it in the waste paper basket. Sometimes, too, we must cut out advertising from local copy. We do not think it is necessary to explain that a newspaper cannot afford to advertise free. Advertising is the lifeblood of the newspaper business.

The advertiser is the man who makes this newspaper possible. He provides the major part of the revenue to keep the country's newspapers going.

A much higher percentage of news and advertising appearing in home town weeklies is actually read than that appearing in the metropolitan daily or a national magazine. One-half of all the retail buying in Canada is done in small centres served by weeklies. In the past year the readership of the weeklies has increased more than any other news media.

These facts are supported by an independent survey and make the weekly newspaper one of the most attractive market places for the man who is interested in getting his message across to prospective customers.

### Threat to sovereignty...

The Printed Word recalls about 20 years ago when a news magazine in the United States alluded to an area that it called "north of Canada."

A Canadian wrote to the editor to protest that there is nothing north of Canada. Anything beyond Canada is south of the North Pole, which marks the centre of the north.

After some weeks an editor of the news magazine wrote to the Canadian resident and said he could not find where they had that

information in their publication. There was nothing further to be said because obviously the editor was not going to admit the magazine had made a mistake.

But maybe the editor was just ahead of his time or had some information available like certain American mining companies who are disputing the sovereignty of parts of the Arctic.

There is, apparently, a map published by at least one company from the United States, which shows part of Canada's arctic islands as having no real owners.

Canadians can raise their hackles over the unmitigated gall of the Yanks for even suggesting that perhaps the U.S. owns part of the Arctic and can go in and develop resources in the wastelands. But, first of all we should ask ourselves what we are doing to tap the frozen north for minerals and things like oil.

It is a vast, practically uncharted wilderness, virtually untouched and will be a source of temptation for American promoters as long as it remains in its present state.

We sing loudly of the true north strong and free but if Canadians don't develop the large tracts of land in this country we can be sure there will always be neighbors eyeing them covetously.

Fortunately, it isn't the U.S.S.R. John Diefenbaker may have the wrong side of the coin when he suggests defending our sovereignty in the arctic with an Eskimo army. He did, however, see the danger inherent in the situation and recognize the lessons that history has taught us in Oregon and the Pacific Northwest, which today might have been part of Canada if it had been developed by the British.

### France leads...

Alcoholism kills more people in France than in all other major Western industrialized countries. France also registered the highest rate of fatalities from cirrhosis of the liver, a disease frequently caused by excessive drinking.

Per one hundred thousand population, the French death rate from alcoholism was 12, compared with USA 1.4, England and Wales 0.1.

In the case of cirrhosis death rate, France led with 34.2 followed by Portugal's 30.4.

### Off the cuff...

Eating dinner in a restaurant, a customer found it impossible to cut his steak, complained to the waiter and said, "you will have to take this meat back and get me another piece." "Sorry, sir, I can't take this back now, you have bent it."

The only people you should want to get even with are those who have helped you.



LIKE FERDINAND THE BULL, Sam the St. Bernard has a passion for flower power. With his master Peter Hughes, he made the annual inspection of cherry blossoms last week on Braeside Farms near Milton. (Staff Photo)



I never want to wish my life away, but some weekends I could do without and be perfectly happy to have my life cut short by three days.

It started Friday. Somebody called the principal at the school at 8 a.m. and said there was a bomb planted in the building.

Very sensibly, he kicked all the students out of the plant, and kept all the teachers in it. It was a rather brutal, but efficient, way of pointing out who was dispensable in the system.

Hordes of police and firemen added to the excitement. The teachers were twittering like swallows, making bad jokes about ticking brief cases and other Tilarious objects.

As an old fighter pilot, who had bombed, and had been bombed in more ways than one, I thought I should set a good example, so settled myself in a corner of the staff room and read poetry. Not a soul was impressed, which was rather depressing.

The kids had a ball. It was like being locked out of jail. The smokers gathered in their outside smoking bay and reeled away on the weed as though it were going out of style. A number of young ladies, locked out of the school on a cold, windy day and lightly clad, climbed into cars with their boy friends to "keep warm." The pool-room crowd headed straight downtown.

Eventually, the school was cleared and we got a sort of half-holiday, while the police searched the building. Everyone rather enjoyed the break in routine except myself. To someone who is perfectly organized, such a disruption is very disrupting.

It was a fairly hair-raising day for the teachers in charge of the school's annual musical comedy, to be presented that night. Would there be any audience, with the local radio station announcing, hourly, that there might be a bomb in the school?

Needless to say, there was no bomb, and there was a huge audience, and the musical, fortunately, was anything but a bomb. Happy ending.

Who made the phone call? Was it a kid who had been bawled out the day before? Was it a crank? Was it a taxpayer driven beyond the brink? Nobody knows, but it will come out some day.

Well, nothing wrong with that, you say. Just a little extra excitement, and no harm done. But I knew what was coming. These things all run in three's, as any old pilot will tell you.

Saturday, I played my first golf game of the season. I discovered that either I'd gone blind, or Old Nick was moving the ball just as I swung. Talk about a lack of communication.

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, June 2, 1949.

History was made in Rockwood yesterday morning when Canada's Prime Minister gave his endorsement to a public holiday for Rockwood school children. Prime Minister St. Laurent stopped in the village, shook hands with a host of folks and made a brief speech. His car was attached to the C.N.R. train.

Miss Dorothy Pallant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Pallant, graduates on Friday in Occupational Therapy at the University of Toronto. She will take a position in St. Anne's, Quebec.

Over 30 enthusiasts attended the opening night at the Tennis Courts.

Members of local 26 National Shoe and Leather Workers Union met a new union representative in the person of R. Lavack when they met in the Legion Hall. Mr. H. Frueler was elected secretary-treasurer, succeeding J. Roberts who has left the plant.

A committee has been formed by the service clubs and women's organizations to raise funds for the addition of wings to the existing memorial to allow for about 25 names to be added. Tenders are being received and the sum necessary will be in the neighbourhood of \$2,000. There will be a canvas made in town and any who wish from out-of-town may send a donation to Mr. Wm. Clifton at the Bank of Montreal.

There are regular crowds at McEachern's Electric to watch television.

Mr. Rod Ballentine has commenced construction of a lunch counter adjoining his garage.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, May 29, 1919.

Corp. Fred Wright reached home from overseas accompanied by a pretty war bride, who is being made to feel at home with friends of her soldier husband.

The Queen's Birthday was delightfully celebrated with a banquet tendered to all available returned servicemen by the young ladies of the Intermediate Red Cross. The company numbered about 100 and were attended by the young ladies, all in white. During the course of the meal Grafanola numbers were rendered by Mr. C. C. Speight. Taking part in the program of musical and literary numbers were W. Gowdy, Messrs. McClure, Smith, Wildgust

and Mann, Mrs. A. T. Brown, Miss Mae Robertson, Miss Lottie Mason, Miss Bertie Smith, Miss Lily Alderson, Miss Lauretta Gray, Mrs. Leonard Worden. All the vocalists joined in "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall." At the conclusion of the program Sgt. W. Coles voiced the thanks of the men. His resolution of thanks was seconded by Pte. J.P. Scarrow and three cheers were given as only soldiers know how to cheer, "Right over the Top."

The I.O.B.E. Empire Day concert was one of the best yet. Winners for essays on the Union Jack were Marie Lantz, Stephen Guest, Bernice Reid, Leslie Martin, Florence Barr, Joe Provost, Harold Reid, Leona Waller, George Little. The books were presented by the regent, Mrs. R. M. MacDonald.

### 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Free Press Thursday, May 31, 1894.

Citizens generally and visitors condemn the method of our municipal authorities of lighting the streets "by the almanac." During the storm people were obliged to grope their way along the street in darkness because the moon was timed to shine. If we must put up with the last decade lighting, by coal oil, by all means let us have the lamps brightly burning when needed. This is the verdict of the taxpayers.

About 10 days ago Mr. John Sickinger, hostler at the Commercial Hotel, met with an accident by which his leg was broken. He was not aware of the extent of his injury and members of the Kickapoo Medicine Company persuaded him frequent application of their Indian Oil would restore the limb. On Saturday the pain increased to such an extent that a local medical man was called in. It was with difficulty the fracture was reduced and splints applied. He is now doing very well without the oil.

Mr. J. H. Matthews now drives the most natty rig in town. His little driver carries a fine set of russett harness, brass mounted, and is attached to a dainty carriage finished in the natural colors.

A gang of tramps armed to the teeth came through on the early afternoon train from Toronto. At Acton, when conductor Devlin asked them to leave the train, one of them put a revolver to his nose. Mr. Devlin was enough of an Irishman to smell a mouse and lay low. He wired to the police at Guelph. When the train came in the chief of police P.C. Fitzsimmons went to the depot. When they got off the night baggageman tried to capture one and was knocked down for his heroic endeavors. P.C. Fitzsimmons made after him and held on to him. He was the only one nabbed, the others escaping across the bridge.

## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

I was right. Sunday morning, at six sharp, I was visited by the lightning flu bug that has been decimating classes lately. I barely made it to the bathroom, where everything came up except the traditional kitchen sink, and a couple of times I was sure the sink was coming.

It goes without saying that that was my Sunday to take up the collection. Shivering and sweating and tottering, I made it through the service. And if I don't get to heaven, on that performance alone, somebody is going to catch heck.

Sunday, our new kitten who had been perfectly trained from the day we brought him home, going to his litter-box as though he's been doing it for years, suddenly decided to join the teen-age revolt or something, and found a corner, right at the back of one of the kitchen cupboards, where you couldn't quite reach him, which was more to his liking.

Sunday evening, after being assured by four different experts that Pip, the kitten, was a male, a lady dropped in and dropped a pall by announcing, with proof, that he was a lady. A big, ugly, yellow, tomcat loitering in the vicinity when I threw the little monster outside in the morning underlined the point.

We had a visitor Sunday night who stayed up talking until 3 a.m. I arrived at work Monday morning physically and emotionally ravaged. And who was there? A sweet young woman, a former student, who's going to be a teacher, and wanted to "observe" me in action. Some action!

## Salt and Pepper

by harley coles

When the Lord was handing out green thumbs I must have been in the purple finger line-up.

As a gardener I'm a flop. Don't believe it? Come and have a look at our lawn. It'll convince you.

Although it has been cut, fed, rolled, petted, trimmed, manicured, doped and encouraged with thousands of words, it looks as if the dandelions are running the show. Me? I'm just about ready to throw in the towel.

I'm convinced that if I was trying to cultivate dandelions in pots they'd probably wither up and die. If I tried to grow them in beds, they'd probably never poke their heads above ground. But since I'm trying to grow grass where the dandelions are, the darn things are getting the upper hand.

I've fought them on the landing grounds, I've fought them on the beaches. I've wrestled with them on borders, pulled them out by the roots, sprayed them with poison and kicked at them with my loafers. Still they grow in great golden globes of color, crowding out the clover, elbowing the blue grass and choking the fescue, whatever that is.

I planned a real prevention campaign this spring, one that was guaranteed to be foolproof by makers of fertilizer pellets and broadleaf poisoners. It started early with large applications of fertilizer while the grass was still brown. This, the instructions said, would create such a thick carpet of grass that dandelions and others of their ilk would never be able to penetrate it.

They weren't kidding. The grass grew like it never has before. We had to cut ours twice before the neighbor's turned green. He gleefully suggested I should pour beer on the lawn and maybe it would come up half cut. But I was content to sit back and watch the grass grow, confident I had defeated a well entrenched foe (poetry).

It was a fatal mistake. One morning I awoke to find there had been an overnight dandelion invasion. My thick, luxurious



carpet of grass was covered with gold. They glinted in the sun and swayed in the breeze. A pretty sight. If I was a Wordsworth I'd probably have penned something like this:

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
And gazed on gilded dandelions,  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Almost as high as my knobby knees,  
They fluttered and danced in the breeze,  
Millions of 'em in bold display  
It filled my heart with cold dismay.

But being plain disgusted and annoyed I merely went out and bought a new weapon to fight the lions—a weed bar. All you do is put a rope around this big bar of weed poison and drag it around the grass like a pull toy.

Hardly got started pulling the darned thing around the lawn when a neighbor went by. Never said a word, just gawked. But he didn't have to. It was obvious he thought I'd flipped my lid.

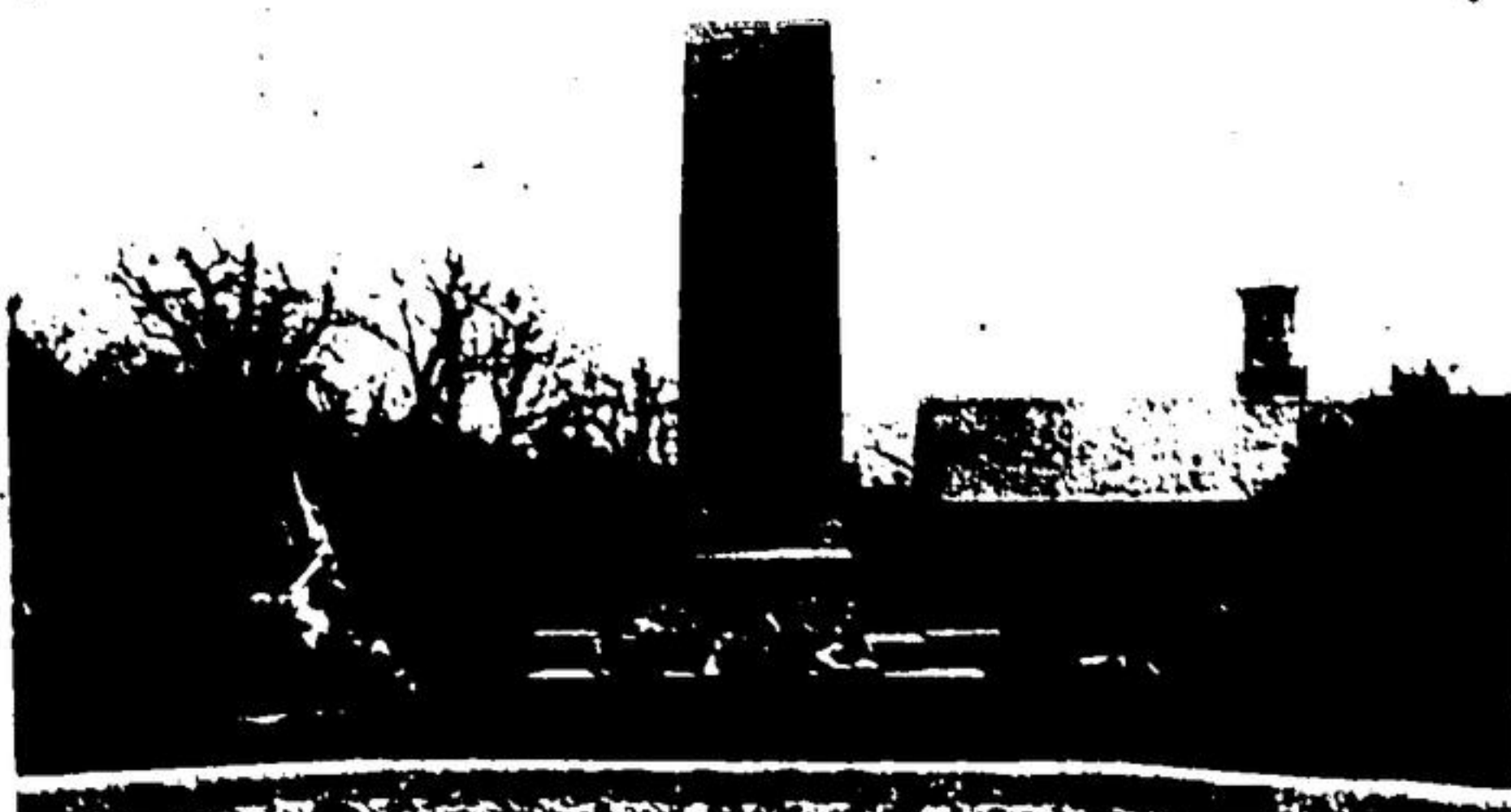
A few minutes later a young lady sauntered by. She stared for a couple of minutes before asking, "What are you doing?"

"Killing lions," was the reply. I should have said, "trying to kill lions."  
A week has gone by since I pulled the weed bar and the dandy lions are getting dandier with no sign—  
A week has gone by since I pulled the weed bar and the dandy lions are getting dandier with no sign they'll succumb to the new weapon. The blurb on the box guarantees death to the dandelions within 10 days but I'm not waiting with bated breath.

Convincing proof that I was no gardener came on a visit to another part of town where a friend has a lawn completely devoid of weeds and as smooth as a billiard table.

"What do you do to deserve this?" I asked.  
He shrugged. "Nothing, it just comes up like that."  
I left whistling. "The wearin' of the green."

### Photos from the past



SOLDIERS MEMORIAL was erected after World War I "by the citizens of Acton in honoured memory of her soldiers who fought and those who fell in the Great War." The Methodist church sheds and St. Joseph's church spire show in the background. For next week there's a photograph of the official ceremonies when the two flanking monuments were added after World War II.

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