Free Press / Editorial Page

Bring back services...

We think one of the most ludicrous situations in the country is being played out in railway stations in Acton, Rockwood, and other stations the CN proposes to close.

There are men posted in these stations with absolutely nothing todo but while away the hours the best way they can. The railway has taken away all the facilities so that absolutely no business can be transacted. Even the telephone has been whisked away.

The reason for the removal of railway business in Acton, of course, is to prove that the town and district can do without the station and the entire service can be run from the master agency in Guelph. After a period of time a hearing is supposed to be held. Unless the community can prove there is a reason for keeping the station open, it us usually only a formality to close it.

Acton people reacted to this kind of treatment with a stubborn determination that the country should know what the railway was really doing-removing services and then claiming there was no demand for them. MP Rud Whiting brough the situation to the attention of the entire country of the floor of the House of Commons.

Last word from the Canadian 'Transport Committee was that another hearing would be held, to review the whole matter of the master agency. According to the information the Halton MP received. the onus is now on the rallway to prove that they need to close the Acton station.

Presumably the railway is now working on the case.

Meanwhile, the agent is sitting tight without any duties to perform and awaiting the decision.

It is time a decision was made. Let's have the full facilities of the station returned to Acton. The same services cannot be supplied from

Weather controllers ...

Whether or not you like the weather, you are stuck with it. Unless you have some occult powers, that no one else seems to have, it is not going to change to suit your whims.

When last week's weather came in warm and humid, though, we wished there was some way we could control it.

This writer prefers the weather to be between 70 and 75 degrees with just a hint of humidity in the air-and that controlled by a lovely

Now I realize there are probably all kinds of other weather watchers who like the hot, sticky weather. And if everyone had their own way that the Weather Controller would have a hard job pleasing all the

different shades of opinion. Some like it hot. This gives them a chance to don their briefest attire and adopt a casual attitude that is common in many of the tropical countries. Many of these people have better than average figures. But for reasons of my own, I'll call them the

thin blooders. Others like it cool, verging on cold. This way you are never forced to expose the person to more than a trifling dalliance with the elements. Many of the real intellectuals come from this group. Cool weather helps them keep their mind active and their is nothing they enjoy more than exercising the mind. We'll call them the thick blooders.

Last but not least are the biggest group of all-those who wish the weather would be moderate at all times. Not too hot. Not too cold. Some times they like to exercise their minds. Sometimes they prefer a little bodily exercise but they don't want an excess of anything.

When we get a real change in the weather like we did last week where the thermometer nose dived one day and then climbs for the clouds the next-they complain. And indeed they should. For they build their entire lives around moderation.

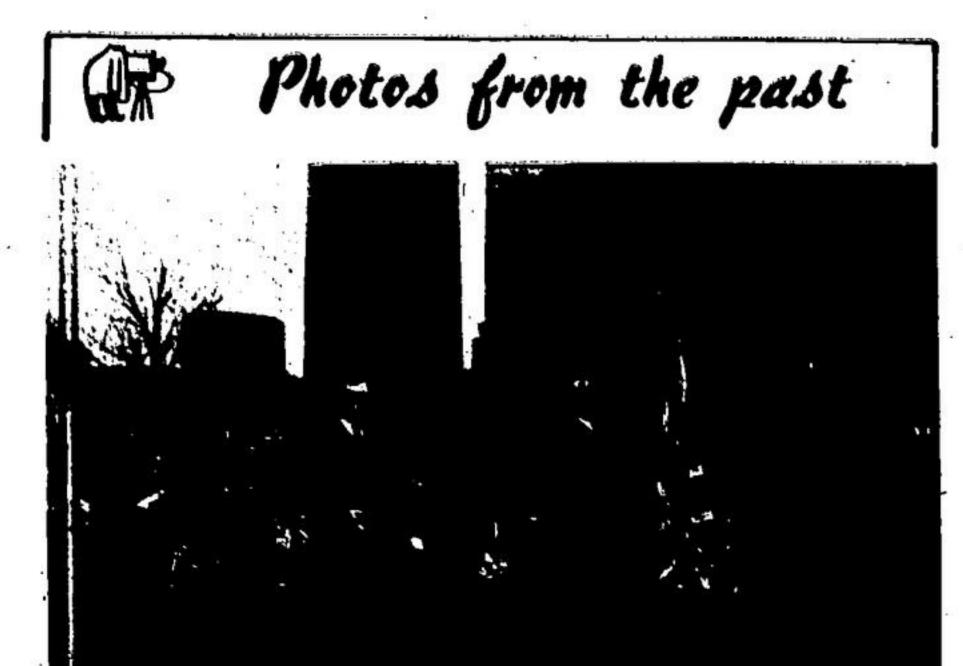
But the moderate person is going to have a hard time all his life. The thick blooded person can always move to the Arctic or the cold northern wastes. The thin blooder has the tropics at his disposal and a variety of desert islands.

Moderation is an attribute you can adopt in your attitudes and habits but it is sure hard to find in the weather.

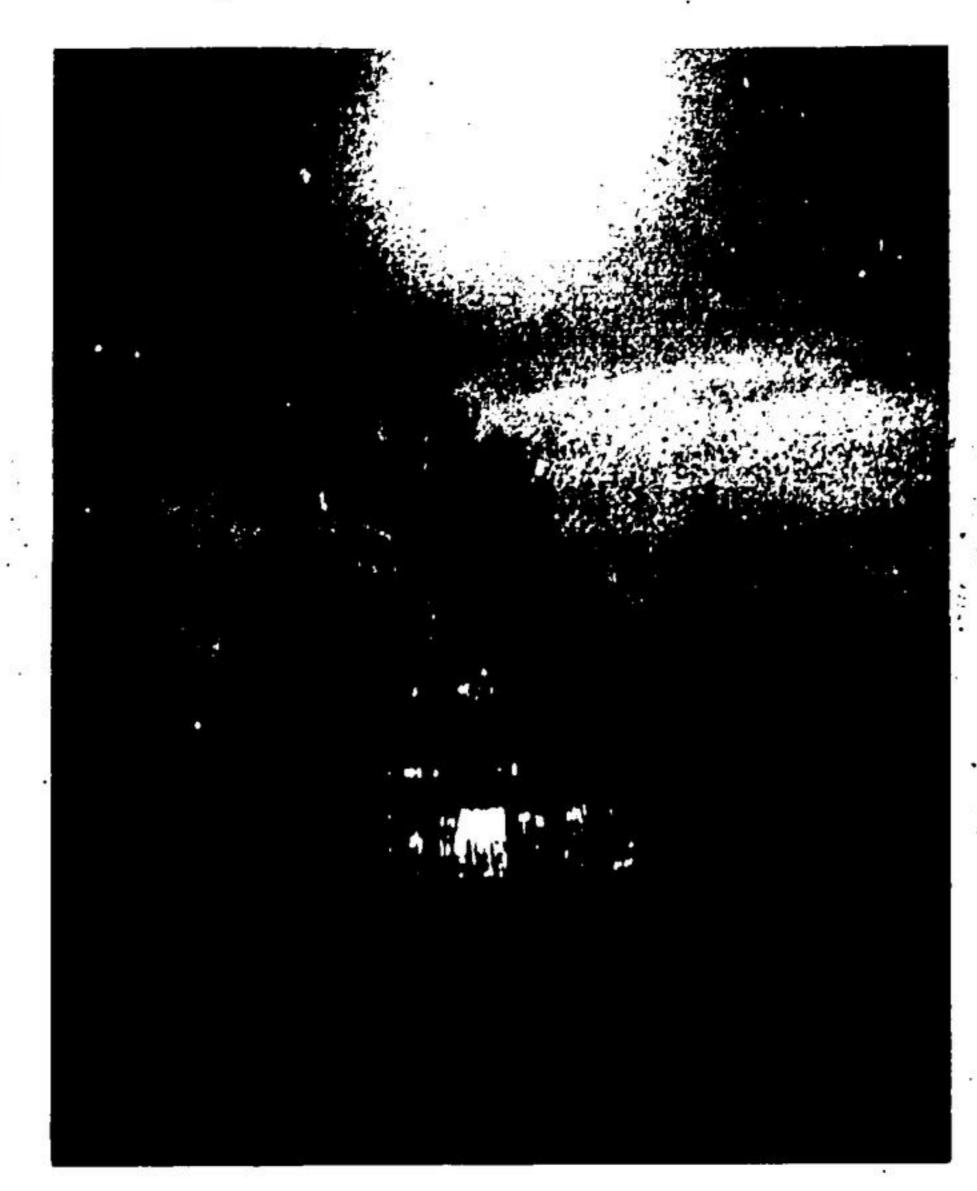
The sight of a dog trotting into the lobby with an arriving guest disturbs some hotel managers, but not Lyle P. Brown of the Norwich Hotel in Columbus, Ohio. Dogs are: warmly welcomed there. Brown, a member of the local Beagle club, explains why, on the back of his calling card:

"I have been in the hotel business 50 years and never can stay here."

called the police to eject a disorderly dog. We have never seen a fire started by a smoking dog. We have never found a hotel towel, an ashtray or a blanket in a dog's travel bag. Never has a dog tried to sneak another dog into his room. Certainly, your dog may stay at my hotel and if he'll vouch for your character and credit, you too



DEDICATION OF additions to the cenotaph brought the Lieutenant-Governor to Actor for Remembrance Day, November, 1949. Pictured are Boer War veteran Wilfred Coles, Reeve Theron Jones, Major John Stratton, Lieutenant-Governor Ray Lawson and Max . Storey. After the unveiling a civic banquet was held in the Y.M.C.A.



FRIDAY NIGHT'S full moon illuminated Fairy Lake at the point in Prospect Park, providing a leafy silhouette for the Free Press camera. - (Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

The next night, there was a big fire,

about four blocks from our house, when a

It takes a mickle to make a muckle, whatever that means. And it takes a lot of mickles and muckles to make up that peculiar agglomeration of mammals known as modern society, including a quantity of crackpots and a welter of weirdos. Present company excepted.

society, the human race, in the last few days have baffled me completely. How did we get as far as we've come? And how come we haven't got farther?

First of these was a big project at the big shoe factory I work in. Teachers and students have been slaving for months, making canoes and planning trips. They wound up with about 30 canoes, maps, compasses and no brains.

With just a little less fanfare than the Spanish Armada, they set off on a sunny Friday afternoon, holiday weekend, to conquer the wilderness and make Etienne Brule look like a Sunday tripper.

It rained all day Saturday, Sunday and Monday in the great national park they chose for their insanity. The temperature was a little above freezing. They came back exhausted, souked to the skin, and frozen to the marrow.

About 50 people were about as miserable as they ever have been, or ever will be, in their lives. And already they're planning the next trip. Already, it's a great adventure, in retrospect.

I know the feeling. I was a prisoner of war, and there was little joy in the jaunt. But looking back, I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Pretty stupid, eh?

The same week end, since the rain ruled out anything intelligent, I took two little nieces out to the beach to see the "motorcycle gang." We saw them. In all their glory. Black jackets, beards, long hair and frightening. The kids weren't, I was, Frightened, that is.

When we arrived, these young adults, and I emphasize that they're not teenagers, were grooving on fireworks. Fortunately, they were so beered-up, and it was so damp, that the whole thing was a fizzle. They were trying to light Roman candles and such on the floor of a restaurant. Adults, playing with firecrackers.

What makes these people wander about the country in wolf packs? They get their kicks from noise, speed and violence. But they're poeple, and certainly some of them have brains, feelings, decency. Yet they're capable of actions that recall Hitler's Brownshirts, and I don't think there's any

Off the cuff ..

Nothing makes a woman's clothes go out of fashion faster than her husband's getting a raise.

Chiropractor to patient: "It's going to rain today. I can feel it in your bones."

need to go into detail. I was glad the two police cars were there.

lumber yard went up in a dazzling display. And who was there hot-rodding it from all I over fown to get a ring-side seat? Good, Four different glimpses of modern blonest, responsible taxpayers. Including yours truly. I was so pleased (I've always loved a

good fire, especially at night) that I left my wife standing in her dressing-gown and pyjamas, about a block from the blaze, while I pressed closer for a cheek-by-jowl i view with the other sensible citizens. "Ain't she a dandy?" And "That's a real

ripper," we grinned into each other's orange faces, a little disappointed because there was no wind, and the firemen were preventing it from spreading. My wife walked three blocks home, in her night attire. I'd forgotten her completely. What kind of monsters are we?

And then I went back to school after the weekend, and here are these Grade 12 students, in panel discussions, sane, serious and sensible, grappling intelligently with the problems they're going to have to face

They're not doing it to impress me. Some of their opinions would curl their mothers' hair. But they don't like society much the way it is, and they want to do something about it.

They get angry with each other, disagree, grow red in the face, and shout at each other lie well, like a group of adults.

Crazy world, but it's the one I want to stay in for a while, at least. Today's world, in addition to the cold binoculars of the historians, needs some minor chroniclers, like your humble servant, to tell it as it

> THE **ACTON** FREE PRESS PHONE 853-2010

Business and Editorial Office



SO Willow St., Acton, Ontario Member of the Aucht Bureau of Circulation, the CWNA and OWNA Advertising rates on request Subscriptions payable in athance, \$8 00 in Canada, \$0 00 in all countries other than Canada; single copies 15 cents. Second class mail Resistration Number -0515. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the scent of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied allowance for ugnature, will not be charged for but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate. In the svent of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong price, soods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sail, and may be withdrawn at any

> Ditte Mining and Mublishing Co. Itd. Bavid R. Dills, Publisher Hartley Coled Adv. Manager

> > Copyright 1989

Free Press

back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, June 9, 1949,

This week a new business recently started by an Acton young man will open in new quarters. It is known as Hassard's Electric and is owned by Ken Hassard. The new shop is in the Harold Wiles building.

Miss Joan Somerville has successfully completed her record year in Physical and . . Health Education; U. of T; Mr. John Agar his first year at O.A.C.; Mesers. Ray Arbic and Armand Braids their second year at O.A.C. and Jack Mainprire his third year in . mechanical engineering, U. of T.

"Amidst a sating of bridal wreath and iris in the Acton United church Kathleen Annetta Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm Evans, Acton, became the bride of Donald Wilbert VanFleet, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. VanFleet, Acton. Rev. Louis Pickering officiated with Miss Ethel Franklin at the organ, and Mr. Norman Bird sang, The bride's attendants were her sister Mrs. J. Wilkins and Miss frene Evans. They went to Ottawa on their honeymoon.

Following the resignations of Miss Shantz and Miss McColl the high school staff is now complete. Mr. Orland E. Robbins of Richmond Hill has been engaged as principal at \$3500. Miss feabel Gammie at \$2600, Mr. C. A. Stewart, Mr. D. McLean and Mr. E. A. Hansen, former teachers, remain on the staff.

The dry weather has affected the source of water supply and the Public Utilities commission has found it necessary to cut off the use of lawn hose until such time as the drought has ended.

Bert Wood's new garage is a very attractive addition to the town.

50 years ago

. Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, June 5, 1919.

The Junior Ball Team was re-organized with Hon. Pres. W. A. Storey; president W. Arnold; vice-pres. Robt. Scott; secretary-treasurer Roy Brown; managers Neil McNah, Frank McIntosh and Geo. Hynds Jr.

Troop Leader Leslie Martin, Bugler Robert Stewart and Scout Stanley Mackie went to Toronto to attend the review held

by Chief Scout Sir Baden-Powell. Nassagaweya folks want the hydro. A petition requesting estimates from the Hydro Electric Power Commission for light and power, in connection with a similar

petition from Eramosa, was approved by

While setting out to drive to Guelph Mr. Charles Davidson was thrown out of his democrat and painfully shaken up.

Mrs. William Shortill is having a home built for her in Hallinafad. It was refreshing to see Rev. J. C. Wilson B.A. in lus pulpit in a palm beach suit. There may have been a digression

from the formalities, but there was comfort and freedom. Mrs. Andrew Cree, Willow St. died

suddenly of an affection of the brain. II. A. Coxe, Acton (ad)-Pord Touring cars can now he supplied with electric starting and lighting systems as optional equipment. Ford runabout \$660, Touring

Picnic parties in the wildwood are nov

Watch for the potato bug!

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, June 7, 1894.

The congregational meeting of Knox church was well attended. When the vote upon the erection of the proposed new church was taken less than a dozen members voted to repair the old ediface in preference. A committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions and if they are successful the erection of the new building will proceed with at once. The new church will cost \$6,000. The site chosen is the vacant property of Mr. John Kennedy, opposite West Bower Ave. The present

church building will be utilized for sheds. The home of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Johnson was the chief centre of attraction Friday evening when the members of Knox church choir resorted thither for the purpose of expressing to the newlymarried couple the high esteem in which they were held by the members of the young people of church. As a recognition of Mr. Johnson's service as a bass singer he was made the recipient of a beautiful ebony-wood mantle clock accompanied by a neatly worded address. Mrs. Johnson prepared a sumptuous repast the viands of which would tempt the appetites of an epicurean. The rest of the evening was devoted to social amusements in which all heartily engaged.

In view of the fact that smallpox has again invaded this continent, would it not be a good idea to have the pupils of the schools undergo the ordeal of vaccination? There is no guarantee of being spared; a stitch in time saves nine.

Salt and Pepper

Remember back to your school days when the teacher picked on you to give an oral composition?

You were expected to prepare a two minute talk-then deliver it to your fellow classmates and delinquents, who gloried in your discomfort, fearful only that they might be the next one fingered to address the class.

When the long dreaded day arrived, you greeted it with dry throat, wet palms and a frog as big as Charlie DeGaulle in your craw. Then with halting voice and a slight trembling at the knees you started out

"Mrs. Dolittle and fellow students. The subject I have chosen to speak on today

Your presentiment of disaster is never fully realized as you stumble through the first few lines of introduction. Then you launched into the gist of the matter knowing full well you knew little or nothing about the subject. If you did you weren't going to admit it.

That's almost like I feel this week. The subject I chose to speak on today is . . . beds. Yes, beds. Before you go off the deep end and accuse me of knowing little or nothing about them, let me say you are probably right.

I found out by mischance that after decades of sleeping in them that I know no more about beds than the day my mother kicked me out of a crib to make way for a sister.

The realization I was an absolute nincompoop about beds only came this week, however. Thumbing through a book about England. I came to a picture of an old Elizabethan bed. You know the kind, with curtains all the way around.

I had always thought the curtains were meant to hide occupants of the bed from prying eyes since every time I saw Henry VIII hit the hay in the late movie it was in this particular model. If you'll recall your history, old Henry had a habit of hiding someone different in his bed every now and then.

It turns out I was dead wrong. If old Henry was alive he would have my apologies for being misinformed. These curtains weren't to hide behind. They were meant to keep out the drafts in the cold old houses.

You could have knocked me over with a



by hartley

coles

feather bed. Somewhere along the line there had been a big gap in my education. Teachers had instilled some knowledge about important things like Ulysses chasing the golden fleece, how far it is from here to Tibet, but they neglected beds entirely. An oversight I presume, but one which may have had a direct bearing on my life.

For instance, what if I had ended up sleeping on a hard mattress? Would I have a tore back or a sore disposition?

What if I had been consigned to a sleeping bag and never had the chance to feel a soft mattress underneath. Would I have been a rover?

Moot questions. And I'll never know unless I experiment with different types of beds. Waste of time? Good gosh, Gerald, you spend almost one-third of your life under the sheets. Surely it's worth a bit of

One fellow tells me you should always have your bed pointing in the direction water flows in your neighborhood. No, it wasn't Darcy Mckeough, either. This gentleman has experimented with various bed situations and concluded following nature was the only way.

I'm prone to question his decision because I remember letting nature takes its course in the dim distant past and all I got out of it was a lecture and a slap on the

But the more time spent investigating the fascinating subject of beds and the more interesting it becomes.

There are twin heds, bunk beds, trundle beds, round beds, square beds, hospital beds, queen-sized beds, brass beds, continental beds, inflated beds, rocker beds, truckle beds and flower beds. And each one has a story of its own to tell. There are other variations of the bed such as the sailor's hammock and, of course, the sleeping bag which comes in a variety of sizes and styles.

The subject could go off into so many different directions I think perhaps it would be discreet to forget about the whole thing and plant the pansies my wife bought in our flower beds.

I may never get very informative or the other types of beds but I'll sure get a tot of

P.S. A colleague wonders what that will do for my disposition.