

A northern bouquet...

We're like to join our voice with the other constituents congratulating George Kerr, the quiet spoken Burlington lawyer appointed to the Ontario cabinet by Premier Robarts last week. He is the first cabinet minister from this riding.

We have always been impressed by the sincerity of Mr. Kerr's convictions and the manner in which he gets jobs done. He'll gain new respect in his new job as Minister of Energy and Resources Management. The post could very well turn out to be one of the most important and influential positions in the province.

Although the Department of Energy and Resources Management is only responsible for water pollution at the present time, new legislation being processed at the current session of the Legislature will transfer the responsibility for air pollution to Mr. Kerr's portfolio.

It isn't difficult to see that the pollution department could well be the next battleground in the province.

George Kerr has said publicly that he will take a tougher stand than his predecessor in the post and will not hesitate to drop the full weight of the law on transgressors. He has indicated that he will ask the Ontario Water Resources Commission to impose bigger fines

against corporations and municipalities convicted in court of fouling water supplies.

He also feels the minimum-fines magistrates have been handing down to pollution law breakers are too small. He advocates "really socking it to them."

We have only one regret over the new appointment. The new post will keep George Kerr out of this neck of the woods - the northern end of the Halton West riding. He was often here representing the government at functions.

He is well liked in this area not only for a pleasant personality and an ability to get things done, but for his reasonable attitudes to problems.

We can't help but think of his unruffled and reasonable approach to the problems of regional government, a refusal to get really provoked at those who attacked with any weapon at hand and his accessibility for constituents. His behaviour at the recent Chamber of Commerce meeting on regional government illustrates the point perfectly.

He is also possessed of a sense of humor.

Although we are often on the other side of the political fence, we wish Mr. Kerr the best in his new job.

Honoring fathers...

Sunday is Father's Day. While Father's Day has never had quite the same impact as Mother's Day - for obvious sentimental reasons - it has nevertheless become widely popular over the years as a means of paying tribute to the man of the house.

The idea for Father's Day originated in the United States and was first celebrated in Spokane, Washington, in 1910. Mrs. John B. Dodd wished to honor her father, William B. Smart, a veteran of the civil war who raised six motherless children.

She felt the occasion would call attention to the multiple role of a father as a husband, dad and breadwinner. With her minister's encouragement she wrote a letter to the Ministers' Alliance which received her suggestion favorably. It was then brought to the attention of the Spokane UMCA which took steps to implement the idea of a day set aside in honor of father.

The word "father" is taken from the Latin word given to Roman senators - "Pater." Thus you have

the Spanish word padre which English speaking peoples have adopted to identify a minister or priest who serves the armed forces. You have the Pater Noster, the Lord's Prayer, or literally the Our Father.

There have been many famous fathers since Adam's time. Some are known for having lived a long time, others for having many children.

Methuselah, referred to in the Bible as being 969 years old, is the oldest man on record. In the antediluvian times in which he lived the average life span was 900 years!

He was not, however, the oldest father, being a mere 187 when his first son was born. Noah, who died at the age of 950, is the champion in this division - he was 502 at the birth of his first son. Contemporary medical records report on men who became fathers between the ages of 80 and 90.

Whether your father is young or old, Sunday is the day set aside in his honor. Show you appreciate him even if it is only a word or two.

Proper priorities...

A pamphlet extolling a church men's conference comes up with some interesting statistics on how the average person of 70 years has spent his life. They are figures which bear repeating if only for the amount of time obviously spent in pursuits which sometimes seem irrelevant.

- The average person spends:
- 3 years in education,
 - 8 years in amusements,
 - 6 years in eating,
 - 11 years in working,
 - 24 years in sleeping,
 - 5½ years in washing and dressing,
 - 6 years in walking,
 - 3 years in conversation,
 - 3 years in reading,
 - 6 months in worshipping God.

You can deduce from these figures that the most important things in the average person's life then are sleeping, working and amusements in that order. And the least important things, by the same yardstick, are education, conversation, reading and worshipping God.

We ask with the Trudeau government: Are these the proper priorities?



FAIRY LAKE'S waters were just too nice to resist for two local youngsters, who decided to take an after supper dip this week. (Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

We all know what happens to good Samaritans, don't we? They end up holding the bag.

Recently we acquired a kitten. It was practically over my wife's dead body, but Kim insisted she was going to crack up psychologically if she didn't have a little brother for company. As usual, Dad was the catalyst. No pun.

It turned out to be a little sister, as I've mentioned, but that was to be expected. She was a little beauty and immediately took over the house with that mixture of charm and utter arrogance that only a female kitten can muster.

Even the Old Battle Axe became fond of the thing, despite the usual clawing of furniture and drapes. Kim was ecstatic. I'm the only one in the family who can barely be civil to cats. I'd as soon have a baby gorilla, or a pet anaconda, as a cat.

Pip, the kitten, had been retrained, after a traumatic lapse when the painters were here. All was serene. She had the run of the house, slept with Kim, and began spending some time playing in the back yard making like a tigress with insects and worms. Tragedy struck Sunday, afternoon. I was sitting outside, reading, when I heard the unearthly but unmistakable scream of an animal in its death throes.

I couldn't believe our kitten could make such a noise. But it was definitely feline, and she'd been playing around in the yard only a little while before. Leaping up, I spotted the direction of the walls, and ran out to the road. There was Pip, head down, wailing wildly, crouched in the middle of the road, as the cars sped by.

I picked her up as gently as possible, certain she'd been run over, or at least hit by a car. She squealed piteously and clutched my sweater. She was shuddering with terror and pain.

I carried her in like a wounded bird and called my wife. She was horrified. The kitten was obviously in shock, eyes glazed, head shaking. Her hind legs seemed paralyzed and I thought her back must be broken. Her face was bloody and half her nose seemed to be missing.

We put her in her box-bed and stood about, wringing our hands. My wife shrieked, "She's shrinking!", and I agreed. Creatures seem to do that when they're dying.

Editorial notes

"They are proud in humility, proud in that they are not proud." - Robert Burton.

Income: Something we can't live within, or without.

Chance favors the prepared mind.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, June 16, 1949

Total amount raised by the Rotary Club through Easter Seals was \$477.54.

St. Joseph's Church was the setting for the wedding of Frances Doreen Chew to Jean Claude Marcoux. Maid of honor for her sister was Miss Patricia Chew; best man was Andrew Marcoux and the ushers were Hartley Coles and Kenneth Marchmont. The bride and groom left on a wedding trip to the province of Quebec.

Last Saturday 11 enthusiastic scouts gathered at their new home, the Scout Hall, to attend the first in a series of weekend summer camps. Campers were J. Davidson, R. Hutt, H. DeForest, G. Clow, B. Spielvogel, J. Haydon, R. Ralston, D. Cook, J. Hufnagel, R. Kirkness, C. Douglas; leaders were D. Dills, J. Lambie, G. Elliott and J. Dills. They camped on the property of Mr. Clancy at Terra Cotta.

Elliott Bros. have received a new panel delivery truck.

Dr. C. L. Young, who graduated this year from the O.V.C., will join his father Dr. B. D. Young in practice at Brockville.

High school students are writing senior matriculation examinations.

About 100 people braved the humidity to attend one of the mildest and unexciting federal election nominations ever held in Halton riding. Oddtimers left Milton town hall shaking their heads and wondering if the political life of the country was falling into the doldrums. The three candidates are Hughes Cleaver, Liberal; Miss Sybil Bennett, P.C.; and W. A. Shane, C.C.F.

Georgetown has entered the North Halton High School district.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, June 12, 1919.

John Bell, a venerable old gentleman of 82 of Centerville, Pa., finds himself possessed of a consuming desire to visit the scenes of his boyhood and young manhood in Acton and vicinity. He arrived by train Monday and for two days has been revelling in visiting the scenes of Auld Lang Syne.

He was born in Belfast, Ireland, and came to Canada with his father in 1841. They settled just above Crewsons Corners. He remembers very distinctly the Crewsons, Moores, Kennedys, Sopers, Cripps, McKeowns, Blacks, Pearen Hill, Lambs, McIntoshes and others of that vicinity. He spent many a day logging in the bush with Philip Hemstreet. He learned the trade of carpenter and farmer. He and the late Richard Hamilton built many of

the buildings in Acton and vicinity, including a store on Mill St. for one of our early merchants, Mr. Benzie, which burned down 50 years ago.

His father was one of the committee which built the Orange Hall which stood on the Rockwood crossroad in the rear of the farm of James Hill's father. He died in 1854 and is buried at Churchill.

In 1862 the family moved to Niagara Falls and when the war broke out John Bell and his four brothers all joined the American Army. He was seriously wounded and is fortunate to receive a substantial pension.

He talks with remarkable glibness of such well-known citizens as Squire Alex Brown, Squire Alex Grant, John Speight, Samuel Speight, Edward Moore, Asa Hall, Joseph Lashby, John Farmer, Edwin and Benjamin Nicklin, Eli. Snyder, Peter Gibbons, Richard Hamilton, George Elliott, William Hemstreet, Robert Warren, James Cameron, Simon Anderson, John O'Connor, Joseph Allan, James Matthews, John Burns, James Kelson, Tom Dunn, Erastus Hall, James Ryder, John Lightheart, Oliver Lozer and others.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, June 14, 1894

The picnic season is here again and Rev. Father Haley is the first with picnic in the park in aid of St. Joseph's church. There will be a programme of sports with foot races, bicycle races, jumping, etc. Mr. Dolin, the humorist, will take part in the proceedings. There will be several horse races and a musical merry-go-round. The candidates for the Legislature and other prominent politicians are expected to be present.

Rev. J. E. Howell M.A. of Goderich has been appointed the new pastor of Acton, Methodist church.

The flourishing Epworth League of the Methodist church elected officers John Coleman, Robert Edminton, Maggie Matthews, Carlos Williams, Hattie Thurston, Chas. Jenner, Clara Moore, Rev. J. Edge and H. P. Moore.

Lacrosse had quite an innings in the park on Saturday. Early in the afternoon the juniors played Brampton, scoring four straight goals. At four o'clock the local team defeated Glen Williams.

A social in aid of the new Presbyterian church will be given by Mrs. John Stalker at her home in Esquesing. Conveyances will be at the post office at 7 p.m. Tuesday. Admission 15 cents.

The boys have returned to their summers sport of bathing and are having jolly times at it.

Salt and Pepper



by hartley coles

It is getting so a fellow hardly knows where his work starts and ends around the house these days.

Used to be there was a clear line of demarcation between the husband's chores and the wife's. Now the jobs sometimes overlap and we have friction between those who think they are doing more than they should, and those who think the other half should be doing more.

You can blame it all on these new fangled labour saving gadgets and appliances. Many of the old chores such as taking out the ashes, chopping kindling, cleaning stove pipes, emptying the wash water, hanging out clothes, running to the store, planting gardens, canning fruit or pushing a hand mower, to name a few, have been either eliminated by improvements or made easier by a modern system.

Working on the assumption his home is his castle, the man of the house used to figure every castle needed a lord to look after it. Since there were no other contenders, except the old woman, he claimed the post. Naturally the position carried some responsibilities and the man did not hesitate to rattle off the orders which the rest of the clan accepted, albeit grudgingly.

The women looked after the domestic affairs, the kids, the shopping, had the babies, saw that everyone had a bath on Saturday night and changed the baby's diapers without flinching.

The lord looked after all the heavier chores which included the garden, the storm windows, repairs around the old homestead and applying the stern discipline which could come in the form of a solid rebuke or a trip to the woodshed.

In addition to these arduous duties, the lord also contrived to keep a crock of home brew bubbling in his basement. His pay cheque was the only source of revenue for the whole gang. And it never seemed to spread far enough.

The kids, who varied in number from one to 10, depending on the number the Lord sent, were expected to do all the dirty work, like running errands, wiping dishes, cutting lawns, picking berries, digging potatoes and keeping peace with the neighbors and the other members of the brood.

Then times changed. The old lady got a job. She started to bring a few bucks home every Friday night. And she felt that since she was contributing to the paying end of the deal that she should also get an opportunity to say a few words about the sloppy way the lord was running the house.

At first he looked down from Mount Olympus with an amused grin at this show of independence. Then he got worried. But it was too late.

Already the sweet girl he married was talking about marriage being a partnership - that both husband and wife should share in the decision making. By the time he started growing a moustache back and letting sideburns grow, control of the house had been wrested from him with hardly a struggle.

The kids, amazed that the lord had surrendered with hardly a stiff upper lip, decided they should also share in the rebellion. They got part time jobs, refused to get up in the morning and let their hair grow. The lord had become an anachronism, a relic of a past age.

Now the old lady started to wash the family jalousy, a job considered sacrosanct a decade back. The lord washes the dishes, looks after the young kids who come less and less frequently. Sometimes he even does the washing in the shiny automatic which replaced the tub and washboard. It is indeed a low point for the lord. He moans about his fate and curses his softness.

He goes home now and instead of slippers being laid out there is a list of chores. He is rapidly reaching the end of his tether.

One of these days he will again don the lord's mantle and exert his authority. In the meantime he is the butt of the comedy, the underbelly of the snake and the jester to kick at when there is something bothering you. He's early to the grave, late to the dinner table and last in front of the TV.

One day of the year - Sunday - has been set aside to turn back the clock. So enjoy it dad. They may even swipe that from you.

Photos from the past

ELLIOTT BROS. store made the Mill-Willow corner a busy spot for years. Harold Elliott is pictured standing at the door. The Bank of Montreal is here now.

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