

It's a team effort...

We would be remiss indeed if we let the occasion slip by without thanking all those who contribute towards making The Free Press one of Canada's top weekly newspapers. The list of those who have some part in the writing and production of this newspaper each week runs into the several dozens.

There are the writers and correspondents from the various districts who faithfully cover the district like a blanket in a manner easy to read.

There are columnists on both the light and the heavy sides who try to interpret the news and the other happenings of interest.

There are the press reporters from the various organizations and those who phone in leads or stories.

The advertisers—God bless them—for without them there would be no newspaper. There is the advertising manager, the staff in the back shop who translate the typewritten word into hard type. There are the proof readers, the office staff who cover up for our mistakes and take the raps on the knuckles. There are countless other including the dealers and in town and district.

Then there's the co-operation we receive from the town council, township councils, school boards, schools, churches, clergy, police, and a multitude of other public bodies.

Newspaper people are supposed to be immune to criticism—hard, thick skinned creatures who would shrivel up and die if they weren't criticized hard and often. Don't you believe it. We are a bunch of softies under this veneer of toughness. We'd rather field a compliment any day than a brickbat or a verbal dart.

That's why we're so happy this week receiving your expressions of congratulations on this newspaper's success in the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association competitions. It takes a community effort to produce a prize winning weekly and we really appreciate all the co-operation we receive.

It again strengthens our resolve to continue to make the weekly visits of the Free Press in your homes and apartments both a pleasant as well as informative experience.

The extra effort that goes into a prize winning newspaper seems all the more worthwhile when it is a tribute to team work.

Summer Sunday...

One of the pleasant sounds on a sunny Sunday morning is the sound of the chimes from Knox Church as they sound the call to prayer.

It is nice to lie in bed on Sunday as the old Harry Lauder song confirms knowing you don't have to go to your work that day. You can smell the bacon frying, the coffee brewing, and the sizzle of the eggs as they drop into the pan.

The light wind rustles the trees and the birds accompany the chimes and they leave the tower of the church and waft over the town and country.

The bells from St. Alban's and St. Joseph's add to the symphony as church goes hustle to avoid being late. The hustle and bustle associated with the weekdays is gone. People relax.

It is difficult to believe there are some who would like to make Sunday just another day — when people must work and hustle to make a buck.

But then perhaps they have never spent a Sunday morning in a small town or in the country.

Potpourri...

Between 2,500 and 3,000 persons are convicted of fishing or hunting illegally in Ontario every year. They lose their equipment and pay fines which total more than \$50,000.

A flying rumor never has any trouble making a landing.

You've got legitimate reasons for being suspicious when a doctor says you are as sound as a dollar.

Customers who used to complain about getting only one meatball. The Financial Post reports, can now put a new twist to their complaint. A Canadian-developed meatball contains no meat. But it's high in protein, can be produced cheaply and keeps well.

We learn from history that we do not learn from history.

Time is a friend — don't kill it.

Package designers for I.Q., a smoking deterrent, have taken a psychological approach by creating a package which closely resembles a cigarette pack in size and color, reports Canadian Packaging magazine. The idea is to give the smoker who's trying to quit, the visual sensation and tactile satisfaction of handling a cigarette package whenever he feels the need of a smoke.

Editorial notes

Proof that man is not a vegetable is supplied by the sunny, hot weather on which plants thrive and man evaporates.

If all the "talk" about construction and expansion for Acton is correct, we'll be living in a metropolis by 1970.



WEEDS WHICH used to choke the tepid summer waters of Fairy Lake no longer exist since this neck of the lake has been dredged. Springs released after years of being choked by silt keep the water sweeter now and relatively weed-free. —(Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

My young brother and I are very close. We always have been. We slept in the same bed for years, shared the same teachers in school, spent our summers together at the family cottage, and fought furiously about such things as who was going to get the bike that day.

Even the war didn't keep us apart. We both served in the air force and trained as fighter pilots, sometimes at the same stations. We were both shot down. We ended the war with the same rank. He is the only real difference was that he could put the letters D.F.C. after his name. But I was able to counter that with horror tales about prison camp.

Yes, we've been very close. So close that we sometimes remember to send a card at Christmas. And we make a point of corresponding every three or four years. And at least once a decade we have a visit.

It happened this past weekend. There's a lot to "get caught up on" when you meet your little brother so seldom. And boy, did we get caught up!

He arrived Friday evening in his colonel's uniform, ablaze with ribbons. That night we got caught up until 5 a.m. on Saturday. Saturday night we did even better, getting caught up until 7.30 in the Sunday a.m. And Sunday night we got caught up until 1.30 a.m., when, thanks to a merciful providence, he had to leave to catch a bus to catch a plane back to Colorado Springs and the panic buttons.

I learned a lot of things. That I still owed him \$9 for my share of the bike. That his only child has married a very wealthy Englishman and has cars, dogs, servants, the works. It's the only money in the entire family connection, as far as I know, but I can't see how I'm going to get my hands on any of it.

And I learned (this is how close our family is) that a favorite uncle of mine had died over a month ago. Uncle Omar had reason to detest me. As an infant, I had cried lustily and steadily throughout his marriage, which took place at my parents' home.

But he forgave, and offered a big helping hand on a couple of occasions when I needed it like plasma. A mule-skinner in World War I, he worked hard all his life, did well, had a loved and loving family and died peacefully at 75. A good life.

Et Cetera...

Shakespeare let Hamlet express his thoughts on pollution: "This most excellent canopy, the air, this brave o'erhanging firmament... appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours."—Hamlet

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 11, 1949.

A donation of \$50 was made by Acton Women's Institute to the War Memorial fund.

A special meeting of council was held to give Acton businessmen some first hand information on the sewage disposal plans. The second purpose of the meeting was to have the men organize a Chamber of Commerce or similar organization to deal with the many inquiries coming in about industries locating in Acton. About 35 businessmen attended. Mr. Anderson, engineer, explained the complete sewage system planned for Acton and a modern disposal plant. Present prices indicate the work could now be done for \$24,000. The streets would be torn up and some reorganization occur.

A committee was named to arrange a meeting and details of the organization of businessmen. The committee is H. H. Hinton chairman; R. Goodwin, J. Royston, T. Watson, W. Coles, E. Marks and V. Bristow.

Betty Gibson sang at a concert at Dunn's pavilion in Bala.

Members of the Women's Institute, with the help of their husbands and a few volunteers, painted the booth at the park this week.

Four cases of polio have been reported to the Health Unit.

Some say it was 104 degrees last Thursday.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 14, 1919.

Council met in regular session and 38 mills was fixed as Acton's rate for this year.

Thursday afternoon the members of the Methodist Sunday School assembled on the church lawn ready to proceed to Mr. Charles Bailey's splendid grove on the first line for the annual picnic. Conveyances were numerous including a number of autos, farmers' wagon and hay racks supplied with hay and there were drays.

Salt and Pepper



by hartley coles

You asked for it at least some of you did.

I vowed last week's column on England would be the last, outside of a few more isolated incidents, but many people have asked me to continue the series for at least one or more issues. I've relented and completely rewrote this week's.

I never realized there is such a thirst for travel stories and knowledge about other countries until the past couple of weeks. Travel, indeed, is broadening and you only have to talk to people from other countries to appreciate your own more.

In a game of one upmanship with some English relatives over in the sceptred isle we were casually trying to introduce features which we considered best in our own bailiwick. In the ensuing conversation I thought I'd come up with a gem in the fact that we bought our milk in bags back in dear old Ontario.

"In bags, old boy?" asked a polite English cousin.

"Yep," I answered sitting back with a superior look. "In plastic bags."

"Well, that's odd," he commented. "Almost like our beer."

"What about your beer?" I pursued in the bland Canadian accent that had them puzzled about my origins.

"You can buy it in cans," came the reply.

"Well, what's so odd about that," said I. "We've got it in cans too."

I smugly thought I'd won the competition.

Two or three days later, however, another close relative, miffed because he had to work late, asked me to skip down to the village of Carshalton Beeches and get him a can of beer.

"One can?" I asked surprised. "Yes, one will do," he answered.

Down to the village I went, looking for the Elizabethan-looking off-licence shop. Walked in, to see a pleasant English lady who enquired what I'd like.

"A can of beer?" I told her half expecting her to tell me I'd have to buy at least two of them. But there was no hesitation. The lady disappeared in the back of the shop and came out carrying a can. And what a can!

"Ere you are," she said politely. "Right out of the cellar." And with those words she started to fasten a handle of tape over the end of the eight pint can.

A site on a grassy hillside under lordly maples, beeches and elms was chosen for the rendezvous. For the success of the afternoon much credit was afforded to Rev. I. M. Moyer, superintendent Frank Kennedy, principal Stewart, Messrs. Harry McDonald and Fred Johnston, Misses Bertie Brown and Emma Hawthorne.

The Board of Education has engaged Mr. J. M. Rozzel the new principal at a salary of \$1,800 to succeed Principal W. H. Stewart. The salaries of Acton school now amount to \$7,400; principal Rozzel \$1,800; Pearl Baker, assistant, \$1,150; Minnie Z. Bennett, entrance \$850; Jean McLeod \$675; Daisy Folster \$650; Muriel Fleury \$650; Olga Armstrong \$650; Myrtle Royce \$650; Isabel Anderson \$625.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 16, 1894.

The usually quiet Sabbath in Rockwood was dived of its hallowed influence by the intrusion of an uncultured, untanned and refractory bovine of the masculine gender, the coveted prize of a prominent Guelphite. On the preceding day, while en route to the Royal City, the animal exhibited Samsonian qualities by elevating the occupants of the vehicle, behind which he had been secured, to such an alarming height that, on the arrival at terra firma, one of the acrobats actually declared that he was made an eye-witness to the bombardment of Wei-Hai-Wei and the repulse of the Japs. His revelation was verified by Monday's press dispatches. Taurus repeated his performance of feats of strength during Sunday forenoon. After defeating 13 strong men in a tug-of-war he was at last overcome by the reinforcements of men, boys and dogs. He was taken to the abattoir owned by the village butcher and paid the penalty of his evildoing the following morning.

Peach social at Dr. McKeague's tomorrow night, sponsored by Knox Ladies' Aid.

The fire which has been raging in the swamp on lots 27, 28 and 29 in the first concession of Equeusup the past month is still doing damage to timber.

While I still stared with my mouth open, she cautioned about carrying the huge can with the handle.

"Better put your hand under it, just to be safe. My old man dropped one on his toe. Broke it."

"And how is he?" I asked in my nicest tone of voice.

"Oh, he's dead," she replied matter-of-factly.

I hurried out of the shop with the beer under my arm, still wondering why the British put their beer in such huge cans but only bottled milk in pints.

"Do you suppose they like one better than the other?"

Britain is full of contrasts like that and characters I thought existed only in Dickens' books or caricatures in the movies. The least hint of rain brought out all the broileries which the British engagingly hooked over their arms. They love to dress up for any occasion. Fashions, of course, in London are out on Cloud Nine but no one seems to follow them slavishly.

Mini skirts are "in" and if you are scandalized by the look of a woman's legs then stay out of England. Some of them go so high that the girls look like popsicles on the end of a stick.

My wife and I climbed over some of the roughest ground in Cornwall to see the ruins of King Arthur's castle at a spot called Tintagel, which also features a magnificent view over the Atlantic. After huffing and puffing down one side of the cliff and climbing the other past the ruins of an old Celtic monastery we arrived at the highest height of land to glimpse:

No, it wasn't old King Arthur's ghost, although there are some pretty strong tales that he hangs around at night.

No, it wasn't a herd of sheep which seemed to be the only creatures at home on the terrain.

Yes, it was a girl in a micro-mini taking a picture with her camera!

My wife says that I spent 10 minutes getting a picture of the mini-skirted blonde taking a picture of the deep blue sea. And unknown to me at the time there was a German chap taking a picture of me taking a picture of the mini-skirted blonde who was taking a picture of the sea.

I wouldn't have been surprised if a troop of the Queen's Household Cavalry had ridden up the cliff on through old Merlin, the Magician's cave which tradition says bores into the cliff at that spot.

But that's England!

Photos from the past



EIGHT TEACHERS posed in 1937 for this photograph—Margaret Young, Martha Orr, Miss McMillan, Miss M. Z. Bennett, Miss Bruce, Miss Folster, Miss Anderson and Miss Hunt.

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