

Names for numbers? . . .

We agree with the St. Mary's Journal-Argus that few things are more frustrating in the news these days than references to accidents occurring on County Road 24 or County Road 25, and so on.

The first question the man on the street does ask is, "Where in the blazes is County Road 26?"

How much easier it would be if the roads had a designated name. Recognition would come much easier.

This has been done in Halton in the case of the Seventh Line, which is now known as Trafalgar Road, at least from Hornby on down through Oakville.

Why not similar names for all the main arteries in the county and especially in the townships where concession and lot numbers are very confusing except to those who are very familiar with a map of the county?

This can be confusing when people are trying to direct someone somewhere and they both call the same road by different names.

For instance, the other day we referred to 5 Sideroad in Erin township as the Rockwood Road, since we often use that route from 25 Highway to reach Rockwood. But

the person we talked with knew the road only as 5 Sideroad.

The third Line, Nassagaweya, is more commonly known as the Guelph Line. Why not name it the Guelph Line from the Eden Mills road down to Burlington?

Often naming roads in townships and counties can also commemorate famous native sons.

Many of Acton's streets are named after the progeny of the Adams brothers who founded the town. Streets like Wilbur, Frederick and Agnes will keep their names fresh for all generations.

Both Nassagaweya and Esqueving have famous sons and daughters to honor. Esqueving, for instance, could name a road after the present reeve who is also probably the oldest warden Halton ever had. He could also be one of the last if regional government takes over as soon as forecast.

The Third Line of Esqueving is known as Churchill Road when it traverses Acton's boundaries. Why not Churchill Road all the way to its southern extremity?

Not only would the new identification aid recognition, it would also add some class to the sterile number system presently in use.



Contented country

Free Press Editorial Page

Cut the toll down . . .

Safe Driving Week focuses the attention of the individual in the hopes that he or she will exercise extra thought and skill in avoiding accidents. The book of averages says that over 100 Canadians die every seven days on the roads at this time of year, while thousands are injured.

Avoidance of this impending disaster lies within the control of individuals—both drivers and pedestrians. The Sault Ste. Marie Star points out:

The extra safety assured the automobile user who straps on his seat belt should be clearly apparent. Statistics prove the value of seat belt use, including the one which shows persons ejected from a car in an accident are five times more likely to suffer death or injury than those strapped in.

However, even motorists and passengers who are smart enough to use seat belts to avoid injury leave themselves vulnerable to injury or death in another way that could easily be eliminated. With or without a seat belt, injury or death can be prevented if car doors are locked from the inside.

It has been pointed out by the Ontario Safety League that even when a person is wearing a lap belt he can be ejected part way from the vehicle and can be badly hurt because of this. For instance, if a door jumps open in a sideswipe accident the driver or passenger may fall partly out of the car and then be crushed if the door is forced back in a second collision or if the car flips.

Of course, there are other good reasons for motorists making it a regular practice to lock car doors inside.

For one thing, any time there are young people in a vehicle, especially if they are in the rear seat, it is less likely the doors will somehow fly open and their lives be endangered if doors are locked from the inside.

For another, when driving in any lonely section of a highway, and especially if the driver is a woman, the car doors should be locked from the inside to prevent any intruder from jumping uninvited into the vehicle at some time when the vehicle is stationary.

Motorists would be well advised to lock their car at all times—locking the doors from outside when they are outside the vehicle and locking them from inside when they are inside the vehicle.

Off the cuff

For water on the knee, the best thing to do is give the baby back to its mother. What about housemaid's knee?

A person who has everything should be quarantined.

A modern girl looks like a vision at night and a real sight in the morning.



Sugar and Spice

by Bill Smiley

Why does a man stagger out to work when he's unable to do it properly, is a threat to everyone around him, and is probably shortening his own life by three or four years?

This is the sort of rationalizing I was doing this week when I took not one, but two days sick leave. That makes six days in ten years.

I'd been coughing like a kangaroo with consumption. Blowing my nose was like trying to stop Niagara Falls with Kleenex. I was dizzy then a bit at high noon. I ached from stem to gizzard, and I couldn't decide which was aching more.

It's boring, I know. But the 'flu is always boring. Except when you have it yourself. Then it's fascinating.

When you have it, you know that nobody has ever been as ill as you. Especially those phonies on TV who stay in bed, drink plenty of fluids, and stuff themselves with aspirin.

My wife is a great comfort at such times. She invariably says, "You're going to die with that chest cold!" And then she sits back and starts counting on her fingers. The term insurance, the life insurance.

When she begins to look a bit nasty, I realize I haven't enough insurance to keep her in affluence. That's about when she calls the doctor, so I'll get better, so I can take out more insurance.

The doctor, of course, always settles everything. He says, "Hmmm. Got the 'flu, eh?" Naturally I've got the 'flu or my wife wouldn't have called him. If I had merely a broken leg, she'd probably set it herself. But you can die with the 'flu.

And the doctor says, "Take plenty of bed, stay in aspirin, and drink lots." This always brightens me up, and I pull out of the slump within a week, provided I don't drink too much.

But there's a moral question involved with the 'flu. Should one go to church, school or business, and huck, sneeze, cough and spit all over the congregation, the classroom or colleagues?

The answer, I think, is an unequivocal "yes", provided we have the strength. That's the only way in which we can maintain one of our few great Old Canadian traditions: spreading the 'flu. We have spread two things in this country since pioneer days, 'flu and fertilizer, and we mustn't stop now.

Spreading the 'flu is not without its merits, provided it is done with tact and timing. As witness.

On Friday night we were supposed to go to the annual ball of the year. You know the sort of thing. Every town has one. Five per cent of the men want to go, and 100 per cent of the women. It's a chance for them to wear their wigs, make the old man spring for a smashing new dress, and discuss for the next week what ridiculous things the other women were wearing.

After wheezing and sneezing for about three days, I was looking forward to it as one might look forward to his own funeral. So sick was I that even the thought of having to shine my shoes made me feel faint.

That was bad enough. But somehow we'd been finessed into having an after-the-ball party with 30 people guzzling food and drink. I didn't see how I could get through it, alive.

Yes, Virginia there is a Santa Claus. To my delight and her horror my wife woke up Friday morning hacking and gasping and as feverish as I. I'd spread her the 'flu. She hung on till afternoon hoping for a miracle recovery but then had to throw in the towel and cancel everything.

That probably saved my life and about \$100 so the 'flu can't be all bad.

Photos from the past



COMPLETE STAFF of Mason Knitting Company was pictured in 1935, and there are many familiar faces. In the back row, left to right, are Bob Parkinson, John Nicol, Art Gamble and Albert Mills. In the middle row are Bill Ramsden, Charles Kirkness, Ray Gibson, Lottie Mason, Kay Huard, Audress Weaver, Priscilla Palmer, Flora Soyars, Jessie Young, Lesley Latham, Millie Rowles, Irene Flowers, Helen Cook, May Bruce, Rita

McNabb. Front row Laura McMullen, Grace Johnston, Charlie Mason, George Mason, Lil Perry, Daisy Foster, Ethel Harris, Doris Kelly, Annie Mooney, Lana Massey, Elsie Davis, Helen Dawkins, Phyllis Tyler, Oral Chalmers, Dot Cordner, Dorothy MacPherson, Mary Chalmers

Salt and Pepper by hartley coles

Families can live together, proper and be happy under an extraordinary variety of conditions so long as they observe a few simple virtues, chief of which is the practice of diplomacy, says a monthly letter from the Royal Bank.

Cloaked in sweetly flowing rhetoric, it appears to me that the writer is really saying that if your wife wears an ill-fitting dress don't growl at her, "Get that thing off—it only fits where it touches", or some other such remark.

Instead, you mention sweetly that she must be losing weight, because where formerly the dress she had on clung to her like the wool on sheep, now there was a distinct bagginess.

You think that is still a bit harsh?

Well, perhaps we could revise it to, "Did you know that your attire this evening will create a splash at the party? But maybe you were not aware that two other ladies I saw today had almost the same dress on."

Think that would do it? So do I. There's nothing that will change a woman's outlook as fast as an identical dress going to the same party.

What if she goes to the party and doesn't see any dresses like the one she had on?

You'll have to figure that one out yourself. In the institution of marriage there are moments when only the two participants can untangle their own troubles.

There are, of course, different modes of diplomacy, as the letter points out. The formalized diplomacy that a man uses in his office or shop, for instance, would fall on deaf ears in the family circle. Yet this striped pants diplomacy has its place in certain well timed moments.

Consider, for instance a queue outside the bathroom on a morning when you are due at the job 10 minutes early. You are the last man in the line-up—in fact, you may be the only one.

What do you do? Beller loudly and long that you want in there pretty quick or there's going to be oleo margarine to pay? Slip unobtrusively through the line-up until you are at the head of the parade, brooking no interference?

Nothing so rude as that.

Mutter that you are sick and if everyone doesn't get out of the way in a pretty big

hurry they'll be sorry—both for themselves, and for what they have to clean up.

This is striped pyjama pants diplomacy at its most effective.

When all in the family practice diplomacy every person benefits by the elimination of obstacles that are likely to interfere with the attainment of his best desires. In attempting to put diplomacy into use in the home it is also desirable to let everyone know who you think is boss. The first requirement is honesty, another word for sincerity.

Again, for instance, if you tell the number one son in the family that he can't have the family limousine that night, clench your fists and deliver the negative in a very positive manner.

Then after he has wheedled the car out of you for three or four hours, promising to be home before dawn, you can tell your wife that you didn't give in easily and that it is unlikely very much of the neighbors will be up at that hour to see him anyway.

If love is the foundation of a happy marriage, good manners are the walls and diplomacy is the roof.

Members of the family give proof of their high regard for one another by the delicacy with which they frame their requests or instructions. This is especially applicable at the table.

When the children exercise their boarding house reach for the ketchup or elbow their seatmate to get at the salt, it is time this is brought to their attention. Instead of slapping them or roaring like a famished ant at a picnic, why not phrase a delicate question, like: "I say old chap, your salt will taste much better if it is sprinkled with a little courtesy."

Can't you see the amazed looks?

You would lay them absolutely and completely. Perhaps they would even go for this diplomacy kick themselves, spread it around and then no one would know what anyone else is talking about.

No doubt by this time you are agreed that the person who applies diplomacy successfully will not only strew benefits but will reap flowers. And this is the reason I took the course.

A satisfied diplomat has a look about him that defies description so in order to preserve the look for posterity I had it preserved on film so you can recognize a diplomat the next time you see one.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, December 8, 1949.

With 60 per cent of the eligible voters exercising their franchise on Monday and the polls so crowded that at closing time many more could not get inside, Acton voters chose Amos Mason as the first mayor of the town of Acton with a majority of 259.

Reeve E. Tyler and deputy-reeve Wm. McLeod were accorded acclamation to their seats on the first Town Council and members of the council chosen were John Greer, Raymond Thompson, John Hargrave, Thos. Nicol, L. Hotchen and Wm. Rozzell. These will make up the nine man council which replaces the former five man board.

The band by-law was given overwhelming support for an annual fixed grant of \$500 rather than the present half mill on the tax rate.

Relatives and friends in the home community were shocked to learn of the sudden death last Friday of William McNabb at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Alfred Delong in Ottawa. He was an employee of Storey Glove Co. until 1920 when he moved to Toronto. He also leaves daughters Mrs. Margaret Hayes, London, England, and son Cameron McNabb, Toronto.

There's a fine surface on the ice in Acton arena and skating will soon be available.

A delicious venison dinner was enjoyed by the Rotary club and the roast was from a fine buck brought home from the north by Vic Rumley.

The annual bazaar of St. Joseph's Altar Society was held in the church hall last Friday and Saturday. Large crowds attended the event.

Esqueving council paid bounty on 22 foxes killed, at their last meeting.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, December 11, 1919.

The new selection of books for the public library have arrived with 150 volumes carefully selected with a view to well-balanced reading, information and reference. The selection excels in the variety of books for juvenile readers.

The bazaar under the auspices of the Duke of Devonshire Chapter of the I.O.D.E. held in the town hall on Friday and Saturday of last week was a marked success financially and socially. It was indeed a fitting culmination to months of

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