

# Free Press Editorial Page

## Snowmobiles not toys . . .

The snowmobile is not a toy and requires a skilled driver to handle it safely under all conditions.

It was tragic during the 1968-69 season how many people had serious accidents the first time out on snowmobiles and now the problem has been multiplied by the appearance of more and more of the machines in this district.

There's really no need for the hazardous conditions if proper driving instruction is taken, the operator realizes his limitations and takes it easy until he has built up a background of experience that will enable him to use the vehicle with ease and confidence.

Prime requisite after absorbing

knowledge of how to operate a snowmobile properly is to know the law regarding their use. Police in Acton have been receiving many complaints from residents about reckless drivers, invasion of privacy and excessive noise.

Owning a snowmobile gives no one the right to circumvent the laws or display an unusual lack of courtesy towards pedestrians and motorists.

The snowmobile can be a real source of winter recreation but there are inherent dangers which should be recognized to get the full enjoyment from the machine and avoid needless injury.



COUNTRY ROADS ALWAYS HAVE a charm of their own but during the winter they reflect a special beauty with bare trees and fences, rail and wire, relieving the tedium of endless snow and defining growing areas. Snow is piled high along the roadsides but the winter sun is already becoming stronger and rocks soon lose their shallow coverings.—(Photo by Jim Jennings)

## Need self-discipline . . .

Few will shed tears as the 1960's fade from memory although looking back at the past decade there have been many successes for mankind and the technological breakthroughs have been spectacular.

Man walked on the moon for the first time and the day may not be too far distant when the stars will be within reach. Canadians are enjoying unmatched prosperity. Indications are living should be even better as the years go on.

There is almost universal recognition that peace is preferable to war. Civil rights for minorities are being recognized, diseases have not been cutting big swaths through whole populations without check like they did at one time. There are countless other advances which have made the lot of many human beings more pleasant.

It would be sensible to deduce that man, then, must be happier than he has ever been, despite the lapses in Biafra, Viet Nam, and the inroads violence has made in society.

But this is not the case.

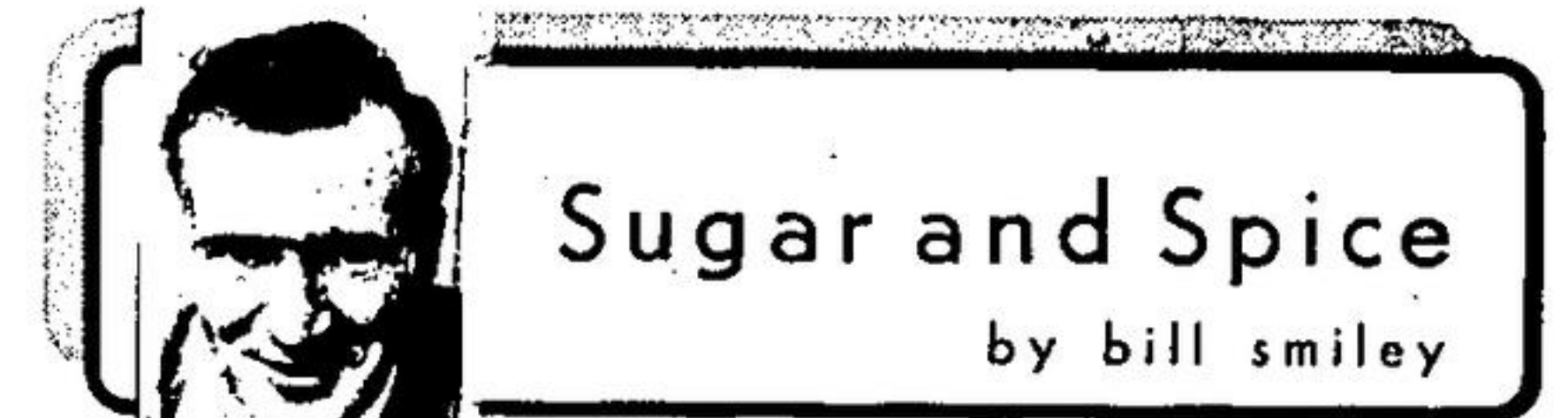
Affluence has not produced happiness, nor has it solved the problems which plague people all over the globe, much of it caused by human failures and the ugliness of a permissive society which is leaning perilously close to anarchy.

There are foolish appeals to freedom without the balance of responsibility, often from people guided by their senses rather than brains, or "hearts."

We could do with a little new-fashioned self control and a taste of self-discipline in the march towards a "just" society and freedom.

Man cannot live in today's complex society without some mutually agreed-upon adjustment with others. This requires self-control and a measure of discipline.

All the laws in the world mean nothing if they are not observed or respected. Freedom can only come when society is committed to preserving its ideals by building rather than seeking to destroy.



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

You probably have some predictions for the 1970's, as I do. Let's see how they match. Remember, this is for the whole decade, not just 1970.

Let's get rid of the dirty ones first. There is going to be more and more racial trouble. And this means more and more violence, hatred, killing and cruelty, both physical and psychological. The whites are going to be beleaguered, and are going to fight back ruthlessly, most of them.

There is going to be more and more pollution: noise, air, water, despite the strenuous efforts of a vocal minority to do something about it. The almighty buck will continue to dictate policy in this field.

Taxes will go on rising and inflation will go on inflating. The only solution would be rigid controls of wages, rent, food, etc., and no politician will have the guts to impose them. And if he did, the public would raise a holocaust of hue and cry that would send him smartly back to his law practice.

The standard of living will increase, and so will the standard of dying. We'll have more things, and we'll kill ourselves faster getting them.

There will be just as many poor people in 1976 as there were in 1966 and

probably more people talking about it, and doing less.

People will drink more and think less. The drug scene will make the Sixties look like a Sunday school picnic where somebody had too much lemonade.

The Vietnam war will peter out ignominiously. The Communists of North Vietnam will take over. There will be vicious purges. And then the Vietnamese will go about their business of rebuilding and living.

Millions of today's hippies will be sick with arthritis and kidney trouble, will be on welfare and wondering why they did it.

The Arabs will continue their efforts to wipe out the Jews and get some bloody noses in the process.

Husbands will continue to beat up their wives on Saturday night. Or vice versa.

Education will go through its lowest swing of the pendulum in 100 years, as the discipline of learning is replaced by having a ball, doing "projects" and talking when you haven't anything to talk with, or about.

Canada will become a very junior partner of Uncle Sam, Inc. That is, if it first doesn't become a gaggle of minor republics with about as much international prestige as Monaco.

Sounds like a pretty sordid Seventies, doesn't it. But it won't be that bad. That's the big picture, and big pictures are often third-rate, as witness most of the big-screen movies you've seen lately.

In the little, subjective world where the individual lives, it isn't all black. Babies will continue to be born and chuckle and have their little soft bellies blown on and be precious and funny and utterly delightful for a few years.

And the foul brown mud of March will gradually give way to the lush green grass of May, and the dead black twigs of winter will become the green mist of April and the rich joy of June.

And the brutal winds and biting cold of February will inevitably turn into the broiling brown beach of July.

And the wheat and the peaches will turn to gold. And the potatoes will come up plump and firm and scabless. And the fish will be fat and the beef will be beefy.

And perhaps you will do something good and kind. And perhaps someone will say something that makes you think you are worthwhile. And perhaps you will have model teenagers (hah!). And perhaps you will grow in understanding and love. And perhaps your cat won't have kittens.

Personally, I think the Seventies will be like most of the other ages of man: black and white; grey and orange; blue and gold.

Well, all we can do is wait and see; chaps. But don't hold your breath waiting for my predictions to be wrong. Just carry on, and live each day as a precious gift which will never come to you again.

Happy Seventies.

## Salt and Pepper



by hartley coles

I feel like the maid who sold her only piece of furniture — this week. She had all her personal belongings piled on top.

When the buyer arrived to collect his purchase, she told him, "Just a minute, I've got some things to get off my chest."

The new year is only a few days old and there are a few things I'd like to get off my chest, which expanded, attains a healthy 39", deflated plummets to a sickly 38 1/2" with a stretchy tape measure.

The first item is a healthy hurrah for officials of Hockey Canada who had the intestinal fortitude to tell those who pretend they are running simon pure hockey teams in Europe it is time to shed the hypocrisy — and let the Canadians use pro hockey players. After all the European clubs have been using pros ever since they started serious competition.

The difference is that in Canada a pro hockey player is called a pro hockey player, the old spade a spade deal. An amateur is a shambler, there because he's likely collecting a few bucks under the table for his services.

The Swedes, the Russians, the East Germans, the Czechs and only Bunny Aherne knows who else, pretend they are not even collecting the proverbial peanuts for playing shiny.

And fooling whom? — Only the peons behind the old iron curtain, and even they are beginning to suspect the wool is being pulled over their eyes more often than when they remove their turtle neck sweater.

It is time Communist political philosophy was banned from international sport. What is wrong with making a buck for playing hockey? Nothing, absolutely nothing. And the comrades who accept their pay for some other occupation and play hockey full time are exhibit number one in support of the profit theory.

Canada's withdrawal from the international hockey scene wasn't all that

pure but the European press in the free countries no longer pictures the Canucks as world hockey villains. We've shed the villain role and adopted the Sir Galahad pose of always telling the truth.

This has gratified some people and astonished the rest.

Number two on my personal new year's crusade to get things off my chest is another paean of praise. This time it goes in the direction of a waitress in Barcelona, Spain, who retired recently at the age of 68.

This seniorita took a job as a waitress 50 years ago, intending to do an Horatio Alger and achieve the stature of a master chef. She retired, still a waitress, but insisted she was a success.

"I started at the bottom but liked it there and decided that it's tops. Waitresses get to know lots of people and have merry, friendly lives," the seniorita told astonished newsmen.

So we say, bully for her. She found the right niche early in life and stayed there despite all the propaganda broadcast that everyone must claw their way to the top.

The final chest matter we'd like to shed is a hoary old chestnut which has survived many minstrel shows and is periodically resurrected by street corner wags.

Two residents of the county home for the aged were comparing the condition of their wives, who had long since passed to glory. One gentleman, his eyes filled with tears, reminded his fellow resident that his wife had a wooden leg.

"That's nothing," replied the spryer of the pair, "mine had a cedar chest."

In the event that is not a item you want to file in your hope chest, may I take this opportunity to wish all readers of this column a happy and prosperous 1970, since I abdicated my responsibilities last week. Thanks for reminders of the omission but it was intentional.

## Free Press

## back issues

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, January 5, 1950.

The inaugural meeting of the first town council for Acton had appropriate ceremonies that will make the event historical. The last village council with reeve Theron Jones occupied the seats at the council table. Mr. Jones handed over the symbols of office to Mayor Mason. Declarations of office were taken by Mayor Mason, Reeve E. Tyler, Deputy-reeve W. J. McLeod and councillors J. Greer, R. Thompson, J. Hargrave, T. Nichol, L. Hotchen and W. Roszel.

A retirement and profit sharing plan has been announced by Baxter Laboratories. Contributions by Baxter and its employees to a trust fund will accumulate to purchase annuities for employees on retirement.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Pearen, R.R. 3, Acton, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

Many friends here learned with regret of the death of Kenneth Henderson, grandson of the late Hon. David Henderson of Acton, at Montreal.

An unpredictable mercury rising to new heights forced postponement of both the Intermediate and Junior O.H.A. curtain raisers this week.

The first new 1950 arrivals at Acton Nursing Home were Michael Earl, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Yule of Rockwood, and a daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. C. Thompson, R.R. 1.

Canadians smoke about 15 million

cigarettes a year and grave doubts are arising over the possible harmful effects of some of the chemicals in them. Medical opinion differs on smoke-induced damage to the lungs but there has been a marked increase in cancer of the lungs in recent years.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, January 8, 1920.

One of the happiest family gatherings that assembled under the home roof tree during the holidays was the celebration of the golden wedding anniversary of our esteemed citizens Mr. and Mrs. William Williams on New Year's Day at their residence on Mill St. It was nearly 20 years since all the members of the family had met together. The wedding gifts were numerous and included a purse of gold of substantial amount. Forty-four years ago they came to Acton and through the years of sunshine and shadow they have been among our best citizens.

A very enjoyable evening was spent by the members of the Egworth League and their friends on New Year's Eve. A skating party was held on the rink and at the church lunch was served around an improvised camp fire. A service of songs, prayer and brief addresses followed.

Nineteen-twenty was ushered in with zero weather and gales of wind and snow. The day was generally pretty well spent indoors. Few motor cars ventured out and the skating rink was deserted.

St. Joseph's church was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday morning, 7th inst., when Ethel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Benton, was joined in the bonds of holy wedlock to John J. Smith of the Toronto Suburban Railway. As the bride entered the sacred edifice leaning on the arm of her father the wedding march was played by Miss Irene Mulholland. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. G. Goodrow. Miss Deline Gibbons attended the bride and Mr. George Benton was groomsmen. The bride looked very pretty in her travelling suit of navy blue tricolour with hat to match and a corsage bouquet of American beauty roses. The company assembled at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith went east on the two o'clock Toronto Suburban electric on a brief honeymoon tour. They were the recipients of numerous fine gifts.

Why is it that every little squirt thinks he's a fountain of wisdom?

A well-informed man is one whose wife has just told him what she thinks of him.

Definition of an ex-squirt, says a colleague, is a "drip under pressure."

## Photos from the past



THE SENIOR II class of Acton public school in 1923 lined up with teacher Miss Isabel Anderson for their annual picture. In the front row left to right are Thomas Gibbons, Bill Williams, Gordon Hansen, Howard Switzer, Tommy Steele, Gordon Lambert, Bert Gibbons, Charlie Holmes,

second row left to right Andrew Buchanan, Jim Huard, Velma Blair, Margaret Bauer, Cora White, Florence Cross, Laura Hall, Clara Bauer, Lorna McComb, Terrance O'Shea, Billy Jones, third row left to right Bob Hall, Isabel Bruce, Viola-Smith, Len Messy, Kathleen McComb, unknown,

Irene Cross, Marion Rigby, Katherine Stewart, Helen Hillman, fourth row Herb Taylor, Colin McNabb, Lloyd Bruce, Stuart Lantz, Frank Winters, Murray Smith, top row Gordon Currie, Clarence Anderson, Joe Woods, unknown, Bert Patrick, Glen Ryder, back row Gordon Reid.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

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Business and Editorial Office

Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 50 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the C.W.N.A. and O.W.N.A. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance. \$6.00 in Canada, \$9.00 in all countries other than Canada, single copies 15 cents. Second class mail Registration Number - 6215. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate. In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

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