

## Highway 7 dangerous . . .

The state of Highway 7 between Acton and Georgetown came in for some caustic comment from members of Acton council at a recent meeting. Motorists will agree with much of what was said criticizing the condition of the road.

Although the Department of Highways has outlined a long term plan for improving No. 7, the process seems to be painfully slow. Three deaths along the stretch of road in recent months have been cause of much concern. There are fears many more might occur if something isn't done soon to correct road deficiencies.

Highway 7 would have been a fine road in the time of the horse and buggy but under today's conditions, congestion and high speed cars, it is outdated, narrow and dangerous.

One of the worst points along the stretch is located at the junction of the Fourth Line, Esqueving where a dip obscures vision of the intersection. Westbound drivers often arrive at the top of the knoll to see a car pulling out in front of them. Instant reflexes are needed to avoid collisions especially when the eastbound lane has traffic in it.

It is true that if drivers exercised more caution along the nine mile stretch between Acton and Georgetown, there would be fewer collisions. But better road conditions would also go a long way towards ameliorating the cause of serious accidents. And we think it is time the Department did something to stop the slaughter.

It is difficult for someone from this section of the province to understand the priorities policy of

the Department of Highways. Trips to the vacation lands in the north reveal smooth new roads being constructed which will enable city cottage owners to reach their summer homes quicker and safer. We are constantly amazed at the network of roads and overpasses along the Macdonald-Cartier Freeway in Toronto. They are marvels of modern engineering, impressive and make travelling through Toronto much safer and convenient.

Naturally, since the province's showplace must be in the capital a large number of dollars must go towards construction of modern roads to serve the needs of the most number of people. However, we suspect that a disproportionate amount of money is being spent on large urban centres and the rural areas must depend on what is left.

When cutbacks in spending are announced the roads outside the large centres seem to suffer most.

We would hope that the Department could find some means of directing more money towards modernizing this stretch of Highway 7, although we realize the demands for better roads is province-wide.

*Just before the paper went to press, the Free Press learned that M.P.P. Jim Snow revealed that the Department of Highways will let tenders for a contract for the clearing, grubbing and fencing of a seven mile stretch of Highway 7 between Acton and Georgetown. The contract calls for planned road reconstruction in that area. We don't think this affects this editorial but indicated the Department may be more concerned about this stretch of road than they have shown.*



SEE-THROUGH STYLES in woman's fashions and in furniture and designed for the bold and daring. Highly practical, this see-through coffee table is complemented by matching chessman and will make any room appear twice as large as life. It's typical of some of the avant-garde home furnishings to be seen at the Canadian Furniture Mart, at Toronto's Exhibition Park. The trade show, largest in Canada, is open to the general public two days.



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Have you had a party lately? If you haven't, don't. It will murder you, physically and financially.

We hadn't had a big bash for several years, and decided it was time. We went carefully over our list of friends, neighbors and people-we-owe, and came up with 68 names. We cut it ruthlessly to 20. And we wound up with 31.

The main point, when you're giving a party, is to be prepared. Leave nothing to the last minute. Check the little things.

Have you enough wood for your fireplace? I discovered I had two chunks, but with old fruit baskets, cardboard boxes, and the bottom step of the cellar stairs, managed quite nicely.

Be sure your wiring works. The switch for our bathroom light hadn't worked for four days, and I couldn't get an electrician because they were all in Florida or

heart disease and cigarette smoking, people are placing themselves in the ridiculous position of saying since the actual mechanism of causation is not yet known, the statistics which link cancer and cigarette smoking really mean nothing.

"In other words," the article concludes, "unless they actually see the skunk emptying his scent gland they cannot be sure what causes the smell of the skunk."

Let's be realistic. Smoking cigarettes carries a great deal of risk to health and those who would deny it are aping the proverbial ostrich burying his head in the sand.

somewhere. But we installed candles, and some of the ladies who used the facilities came down glowing. They hadn't looked so glamorous in years.

Have a last-minute look at your sidewalks. They might seem all right to you, but not all people are mountain goats. I checked mine about half an hour before the party. Back walk was fine, if one had snowshoes. Shovelled it out. Front walk was fine too. Except for a four-foot bank of solid ice and snow between the street and our sidewalk, a gift from the town snowplow.

I went at it like a man looking for a heart attack, and almost hoping I'd have one, so the damn party would be cancelled. I could feel my fresh deodorant going up in smoke, the sweat running down my nose, and the old ticker running like a snowmobile. Finished, feeling as though I'd run the Boston Marathon, just as the first guests arrived.

But those are merely the little incidentals that go with having a party. It took four weeks of planning and three solid days of domestic labor, plus so much money tears as big as tea bags come to my eyes every time I think of it.

A week later, the house still reeks of garlic, and we're nibbling with total uninterest at left-over casseroles of some exotic dish called something like Marmosette.

The guests, their palates deadened by a Mafia combination of Martini and Rossi, seemed to like it. Perhaps you'd like the recipe, if you're dense enough to have a party.

First, you must catch the marmots. This is your problem. Put them through a meatgrinder, gently. Simmer with onions, celery and the insole of an ancient ski boot. Drench the mess with garlic, oregano, chili powder, tabasco sauce and anything else you find on your shelves. Place in casseroles and heat through. Serve promptly, when the guests have been into the Mafia long enough. Oh, I forgot the cheese. Grate about eight pounds of cheese and sprinkle it over the casseroles.

And one more thing. Be sure you have enough. We had enough. For sixty.

These are just the basic ingredients for a party, of course. Add one wife who hasn't slept for three nights because one daughter has decided that university is for morons, and you get the real flavor.

Then pour in thirty-odd people, the odder the better, who have apparently just crossed the Sahara without water-bottles, and stir.

You've got a party. And you can have it.

Then, of course, there's the garbage. You'd have thought we were running a hotel if you'd seen me trucking it out afterwards.

Not that it wasn't a swinger. The Christmas tree almost fell into the party, and my wife almost fell into the oven. But we sang carols off and on, mostly off, and everyone had a roaring good time, or so they roared as they were leaving.

And you are all invited to our next party. In 1984.

## Linked with disease . . .

The link between cigarette smoking and cancer is often pooh-poohed by those who don't want to kick the habit as being based on conjecture and circumstantial evidence, but Canada banned cyclamates on much slimmer findings.

Some 35 rats were fed cyclamates over a 104-day period—11 got bladder cancer and 19 developed preliminary cancer symptoms. When Health Minister John Munro announced the ban on cyclamates he noted a 150 pound man would have to drink 500 cans of cyclamate-sweetened pop each day for his entire life to get the same dose as the test rats.

Canadians, the health minister said, would obey a ban on cyclamates but ignore a similar prohibition of smoking. Few people are hooked on soft drinks—millions are addicted to cigarettes.

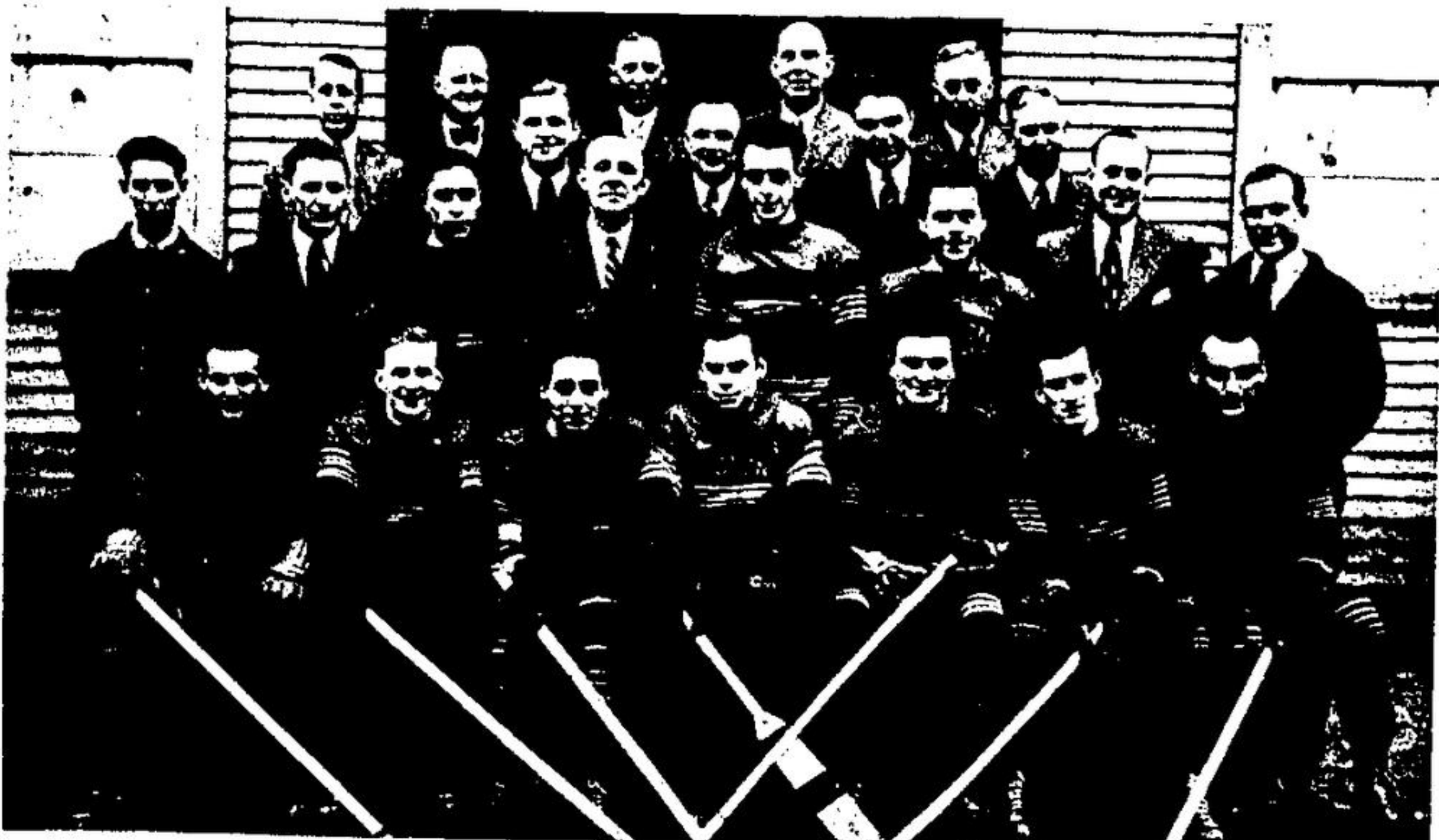
The health minister was right but the evidence to ban cigarettes becomes stronger every day.

The Medical Post recently made



an analogy: "When you smell a skunk in the back yard you do not have to see the skunk to know what is causing the smell—with respect to the relationship between lung cancer,

## Photos from the past



O.H.A. SEMI-FINALISTS in 1935-36 and their officials were: front row, Bura Morton, Norm Morton, Frank Terry, goalkeeper Jack Greer, Clayton (Dude) Lindsay,

Harold Moonhey, Ezio Marzo; second row Tommy Robson, Eli Masters, Lorne (Minute) Walters, Bill Eccleshall, K. Scott, Frank Gibbons, Vic Runley, Joe Woods;

third row H. Fraser, Billy Middleton, Al Marshall, Fred McCutcheon, Dr. E. J. Nelson, J. M. (Bud) McDonald, Hilt Elliott, W. K. Graham; G. A. Dilts.

## Salt and Pepper



by hartley coles

Do you know what happens when you use a can of deodorant for hair spray?

Don't look at me.

A close relative of mine by marriage, rising in the early morning hours one day last week, mistook the label on a deodorant can for hair spray and applied it generously to her newly-done hair.

Result?—odorless, sticky hair that defied a comb and gave out sparks.

Amused almost to the point of obscenity, the lady casually mentioned her faux pas to a friend, who, after she was through chortling, confessed with genuine one upmanship, that she had done something even more revealing of her state of mind, recently. She, it turned out, applied hair spray under her arms, mistaking it for underarm deodorant.

The result in her case was difficulty folding her arms down in their sockets as well as removing the barbed wire effect from the hair.

Although we might question where the man on the other side of the medicine cabinet was in this pair of mishaps, when he is Johnny on the spot in the TV commercials, it shows how completely we rely on our sense of feeling and sight and sometimes don't bother with the print on the label.

It reminds me of an incident which happened while I was a young pup, barely out of the kennel. Again, it happened to a lady in the early hours of the morning when senses are dulled by sleep, or lack of it, and points out clearly the powers of suggestion.

This lady, another close relation, was bothered by a bad head cold which stuffed her nose and sinuses up like a hall closet. She retired early in the hope of taming the cold with some much needed rest. But, alas, sleep would not come.

She tossed and turned for hours in vain attempts to grab some shut-eye, sniffing and sneezing, blowing and bubbling like a whale. Then, during one restless turn on the sheets, she suddenly remembered there was a tube of inhalator on the dresser top which might give her some relief. One good sniff, she thought, and my old head will be as clear as a pane of window glass.

Grabbing the bottom of her nightgown in one hand, she swung gracefully over the edge of the bed, and tottered over the cold floor to the dresser, where her other hand felt for the tube among the bobby pins, curlers, various bottles and other paraphernalia ladies collect.

## Free Press

## back issues

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, January 12, 1950.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mainprize Sr. quietly marked their 66th wedding anniversary yesterday.

Douglas M. Gowdy, a former resident of Acton and son of the late Wm. Gowdy, manager of the Financial Post since 1942, has been appointed business manager of Maclean's Magazine.

Curtailment of train service on the C.N.R. owing to a shortage of coal means that Acton will lose all Sunday train service and one eastbound and one westbound train temporarily.

Sewer work in Acton is making fair progress but the rains have not been helpful. Three machines are on the job for Sparton Construction Co. The line in the Main St. creek is laid and one machine is going south on Main St. while the other machine will work north. Another line is being laid on Crescent St.

Mr. Richard Harris, our correspondent for Rockwood, started just 25 years ago this month to send in the news of Rockwood.

At the inaugural meeting of Acton Public Utilities Commission J. R. MacArthur was chosen chairman and J. T. Ware vice-chairman for the year.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, January 15, 1920.

When the fire alarm was sounded on Friday afternoon and it was ascertained that Noble's grain elevator at the G.T.R. yards was on fire, it was the general opinion that the building would be consumed. A blizzard was raging, and an elevator generally has a draft like a smoke stack, and the fire travels rapidly. But, although the engine house, which was attached to the main structure, was totally consumed, the elevator itself escaped wonderfully well. The Brigade responded promptly and the fire engine was stationed at the Young St. tank. Chief McDonald and his men fought the fire in real earnest. When the 40,000 gallons in the tank were exhausted Messrs. Beardmore and Co. laid a line of hose from the tanneries and under the command of Mr. A. O. T. Beardmore, had a splendid stream playing on the fire.

Finally her fingers lit on a tube, which in the moonlight resembled the heady paste which would allow her to banish the symptoms of distress.

Grabbing the tube with fingers of both hands she applied it to her nose in liberal amounts, one nostril at a time, with great sniffs of delight. Ministrations done, the nostrum gave her instant relief.

She drifted gently off to sleep.

Next morning the lady awoke early—refreshed rose from the bed and as ladies do, took her morning look in the mirror over the dresser.

She was startled. There was lipstick on her nose and the cherry red color disappeared up both nostrils.

One glance at the dresser was enough to assure her it was lipstick which cured the cold.

Memories, memories, as Tony Duncan of the Leamington Post nostalgically writes. Can you remember now:

There were more people who'd been up in balloons than airplanes.

You could win a reputation for repartee by tossing off a fast line such as "Well, everybody makes mistakes—that's why they put erasers on pencils."

Women used more yardage of fabric in a single dress than girls today have in a whole wardrobe of miniskirts.

It started gossip in a small town if the depot loafers saw a married woman get on the front end, and a married man get on the back end, of the morning train to the big city.

A lady schoolteacher seen smoking in public would soon find herself hauled before the outraged school board to explain her moral lapse from grace.

The ulcer became a prestige symbol among executives, replacing appendicitis as the favored ailment of the well-to-do.

Girls began dating at 16 or 17 instead of 12.

Freedom began for a boy the day his parents let him quit wearing long black stockings and put on a pair of long pants.

If you can remember you're at least as old as I am and still pretty sharp.

## THE ACTON FREE PRESS

PHONE 853-2010  
Business and Editorial Office



Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 58 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the O.P.A. and O.P.W.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—0515. 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.

D.B. Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.  
David B. Dills, Publisher  
Hartley Coles, Editor  
Don Ryder, Adv. Manager  
Copyright 1988