

ESTIMATED AGE OF THIS horse-drawn hearse is 145 years. The story is told that the carriage once graced the streets of Acton before it was retired. At least one museum has looked it over as a possible restoration project of early Canadiana.—(Photo by Bill Stuckey)



## nd Pepper by hartley coles

Tony Duncan of the Leamington Post has a puckish sense of humor which leads into extraordinary research sometimes.

For instance the play on the word "mini" had him curious about the extent to which people would go to use the word which is currently in vogue—and then he came up with a few ideas himself. He called the column a "Maximum of Miniterms".

There's no doubt about it. We are playing mini to the maximum. For instance, the program at a concert the other night listed this:

MOONDOG Minisym No. 1

Pseudo-intellectuals recently have been referred to as mini-brains (this with the hyphen for accent). Some people have declared the House of Commons guilty of wasting time on too many minimatters.

All this minimania started with short skirts. First, miniskirts, which as they became shortened more (or is it less?) became known as maximinskirts. Or for short maximins.

If allowed to proliferate, this could lead to describing someone who is expert about these skirts as having maximinimoxie.

As the skirts shortened the list of words lengthened.

Printers began referring to this small type used, for instance in printing baseball box scores, not with the old term of agate type — but as miniprint.

Pocket-sized sewing gear is advertised as minisewing. And those old-fashioned penny candy bars (now two cents) as minibars. And compact stationwagons as minibuses.

Thus, life has become a minisplendored thing.

Well, the upshot of this maximinimadness is that we want to get into the game—along with headline writers, advertising copywriters, and clothing designers. We want to offer to the world samples from our own minidictionary (although if it is unabridged it would naturally be a maximinidictionary).

The result of recent inflation — minimoney.

A Texas league single — minihit.

A quick gasp — minimutter.

A condensed novel — minibook.

From all this we could greatly simplify our language. For instance, the book "Brief Encounter" could be named "Minimeet."

And rather than try to explain about distant relatives we could refer merely to minikin. A person could have many minikin, and if they were very rich they could be moneyminikin.

When you really get into this maximixing of minimeanings, you begin to feel the potential power of minimixes. To wit this selected mininess:

Maxi minidays — Dec. 22 and March 23.

A mini minitale — a short short story.

Maxi mum — total censorship.

Minimeeneminiemoe — a quick decision.

Well, if this parlor game were to sweep from city to city across this nation, we could refer to it as:

Manymuniminimania.

Well, there you go. About the only thing he missed out on was Minnie Mouse. He probably remembered she would not go any place without her Mickey.

## Free Press Editorial Page

### Excellent display . . .

Acton firefighters stuck their collective necks out and organized a fireworks display in town—the first in many, many years—and we hope it will be the first of many more annual pyrotechnic displays to celebrate Canada's birthday.

In spite of the huge numbers who watched, the fire brigade had to dip into their own kitty to make up the difference between the cost of the fireworks and the amount collected at the gate and in a hat passed around the banks of Fairy Lake and adjacent streets.

Describing the quality of fireworks is like trying to describe different reactions to views from a

kaleidoscope. It is different things to each person. Gorgeous exploding confections lit the sky reflecting in the mill pond surface of Fairy Lake, drawing oohs and ahhs from the audience.

Dominion Day, or Canada Day, call it what you will, used to be a time for local celebrations and pageants for small towns but in the last few years the trend has been away from community celebrations. Most people jump into their cars and drive miles to the beach, cottage or park, which often has no more attractive facilities than their own local facilities.

Because the holiday fell in the middle of the week this year—although it was marked on both Monday and Friday as well—many people stayed home. The evening's entertainment was well worth while.

Perhaps if some of the town's service clubs helped the firefighters another year the combined efforts could produce a whopping birthday celebration.

Certainly this year's celebration was a most successful event and the firefighters are to be congratulated for adding a new dimension to the usually quiet holiday.

### Jog to health . . .

Middle aged — lost your vim and vigor?

If you are a male then why not try jogging? Studies by an eminent doctor in the U.S. have shown that male patients put on a jogging regime by their doctors show a significant improvement in heart work output and pulse rate!

The doctor studied 25 volunteers with a mean age of 43 who jogged not more than 10 minutes a day for two months. He wanted to find out what this relatively mild exercise would do to the conditioning of the average middle-aged male, who in North America tends to be over-

worked, overstressed, overfed and underexercised.

Each volunteer selected, after a medical examination, was asked to map out a one mile track somewhere near his home. Thirty-five were originally chosen for the two month project. Ten threw in the towel within the first few weeks.

No attempt was made to control the volunteer's eating, drinking or smoking habits. The only change in his ordinary living was the daily one-mile job.

There were significant changes in the volunteers decrease in body

fat, girth reduced by a mean of 1.7. Skinfold thickness showed a reduction of 21 per cent. The physical efficiency index showed an impressive 36 per cent improvement and work-output showed a mean improvement of 16 per cent.

There were other medical improvements, intelligible only to medical men, but surprisingly there was little weight change. Track time showed a reduction of 3 minutes and 28 seconds, or a 28 per cent improvement.

Feel lousy and listless? Try jogging—after a medical.

### Should we complain?...

"To complain or not to complain" is a dilemma in which customers and consumers all too frequently find themselves.

What is the correct course of action when one is the victim of a disservice in store, office, garage, repair shop or place of entertainment?

What should one do when short-changed or over-charged when quality, price, service, delivery or payment arrangements are not as advertised; when obvious

discourtesy, inefficiency, carelessness, delay, discrimination or neglect is encountered?

Here we face the very real psychological fact that when we do kick, we feel like heels, perhaps most of all when complaint is met with sincere apology and rectification.

Does not a firm policy of "complaining when gyped," brand us as chronic grouches or kickers among all who know us?

On the other hand, are we really wise to adopt consistently the roles of a Casper Milquetoast or Walter Mitty? By making ourselves doormats we are simply asking to be continually walked upon.

By submitting without complaint to disservice we are encouraging its being rendered to others, conniving at making inefficiency, dishonesty and discourtesy the common conditions under which business and industry are operated.



## Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

It's hard for the average chap to get away from the daily grind: wife, kids, job, mowing the lawn. He's fortunate if he can sneak a game of golf or get out fishing, without experiencing a deep guilt feeling. This week, I did it, have no guilt feeling, and spent one of the most enjoyable days I've had in years.

A colleague who is an ardent, crafty and persistent angler, and is leaving the area, decided to treat me to a day's fishing at one of the secret places he has reconnoitred over the years, and would rather sell his wife and children into slavery than reveal its location.

He doesn't have to worry. It took us three hours to get on the lake and I couldn't find my way back there with the help of a bloodhound handcuffed to a Mountie. We began on highways that dwindled to gravel concession roads that shrunk to mountain-goat paths that ended in solid bush.

But once on the lake, we got a modicum of relief. And the fishing was very pleasant. It was one of those too-rare summer days that are ideal for fishing: cloudy, odd flash of sun, threat of rain, and just enough breeze to ripple the surface.

We trolled and chatted and ate sandwiches and had a slug of rum. It must have been the last item that did it. After more than an hour without even a snag, I was caught on bottom, right after we'd had a snag. We backed up to try to save the lure, and suddenly the bottom began to move.

I knew it wasn't a real fish. A speckled, rainbow, or bass will fight, jump and try to snag you under the boat. This was an old rubber boot. Besides, there were no rainbow, speckled or bass in this lake.

After five minutes of praying that my rotten lure, unused for two years, wouldn't break, I caught a glimpse of him, and my suspicions were confirmed. Just a dirty big sucker I'd probably hooked by the tail.

Oh, well, I had to get my lure. So I dragged him up, my partner netted him, and with considerable chagrin I discovered I'd caught a 5 1/2-pound lake trout. Sneaky devils go for the bottom instead of coming up and fighting.

Another hour without a touch and we decided to move into the other secret lake, where the big speckled are. After a vicious 60-foot portage of sorts, which left me gasping like a trout out of water, we were on it. Again, a completely lonely little lake, wooded to the water, with not a cottage or water-skier in sight.

My partner took a 10 1/2-pound lake trout as the sun went down and total peace reigned. He didn't like it, but he was forced to smile as he laid it down beside my "big one".

A nice day. Two strikes, two lakes, two fish. Any my wife nearly died of shock when I walked in holding them.

## Free Press back issues

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press June 29 1950.

Over 1000 persons gathered in Prospect Park on Sunday to dedicate the town of Acton in a fitting outdoor service. A parade of local organizations and council, led by Acton Boys and Girls Band and the Lorne Scouts paraded from the town hall to the park.

A 60-voice choir comprised of members of the churches of Acton under the direction of Ted Hansen and accompanied by Miss Lampard contributed several anthems. Rev. E. A. Brooks of Grimby and former rector of St. Alban's was the guest speaker. Collection from the event was for the Manitoba Flood Relief and totalled \$121. Over 100 citizens attended the service. Souvenir programs were distributed by the Boy Scouts. In front of the pulpit was the official crest of the new town and the old village, a crest that was presented to the village by Sir Harry Brittain on behalf of Acton, England. The motto on that crest is "May Acton Prosper".

Teachers of Queen Victoria School, Toronto, had a happy gathering to honor Miss Robena (Ruby) Clark upon the completion of her teaching career. She was presented with a beautiful Royal Doulton table lamp.

Betty Masters was entertained by friends at a miscellaneous shower at the home of Lorraine Hargrave.

Results from Toronto Normal School include Muriel Burns, June Watkins and Joan Coles as graduates with Shirley Elliott receiving her Primary Specialists' certificate.

has been re-engaged at a salary of \$1,900. All the teachers of the public school have been re-engaged and received liberal increases in salary.

May Barnes, an Acton girl, and Benjamin Strudwick, a returned soldier, were married on the stage of the Alien Theatre, Toronto, last Wednesday night. The couple won a free license, free minister, and free bridal set of dishes which went with the ceremony, as they were picked out as the most handsome pair of some 20 applicants.

There was splendid weather on the first of July and the national holiday was greatly enjoyed. There were numerous private picnics in shady forest nooks and down the

mountain side. Georgetown and Ebenezer celebrations took large numbers. An extra at the Wonderland attracted large crowd, Silver Threads among the Gold, a picture play replete with laughter and tears.

Sir Robert Borden has resigned the premiership of Canada after nine years in office.

Blue Spring park is popular for pic-nics. The accommodations have been greatly improved.

### 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press June 27 1895.

The annual convention of the Woman's Missionary Society of Guelph division was held in Guelph. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Moore, Acton, was elected secretary. Mrs. M. A. Christie read a paper showing the deadly work of the opium habit and traffic and the necessity of coping with this great evil. Giving papers were Mrs. S. Harris, Rockwood, Mrs. J. W. Oram, Acton and Mrs. G. Clarkson of Rockwood.

The widow Lady Randolph Churchill is in Paris disporting herself daily on the wheel in a smart cycling mourning costume.

A caravan of lazy men, dirty women and children and foul smelling bears and monkeys passed through town Saturday.

The third annual park social and promenade concert given by Acton Temperance Union will take place in the park tomorrow evening.

Acton is in no immediate danger of starving, with three bakeries now.

The Public School examinations yesterday were attended by a number of parents and friends. The pupils manifested careful teaching and acquitted themselves creditably. A class of 12 or 15 students will go to Georgetown tomorrow to write at the entrance examination.

The first shipment of cheese from Rockwood Cheese factory was made this week when Mr. Hallett of Guelph received 300 May cheese having paid 7 1/2-16 cents a pound for it. About \$9,000 worth of livestock was shipped from Rockwood station this week.

### 50 years ago

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

The board of trustees has engaged Miss M. Knapp of Galt as assistant teacher for the Continuation School at a salary of \$1200 per annum. Mr. J. M. Rozzell, the principal

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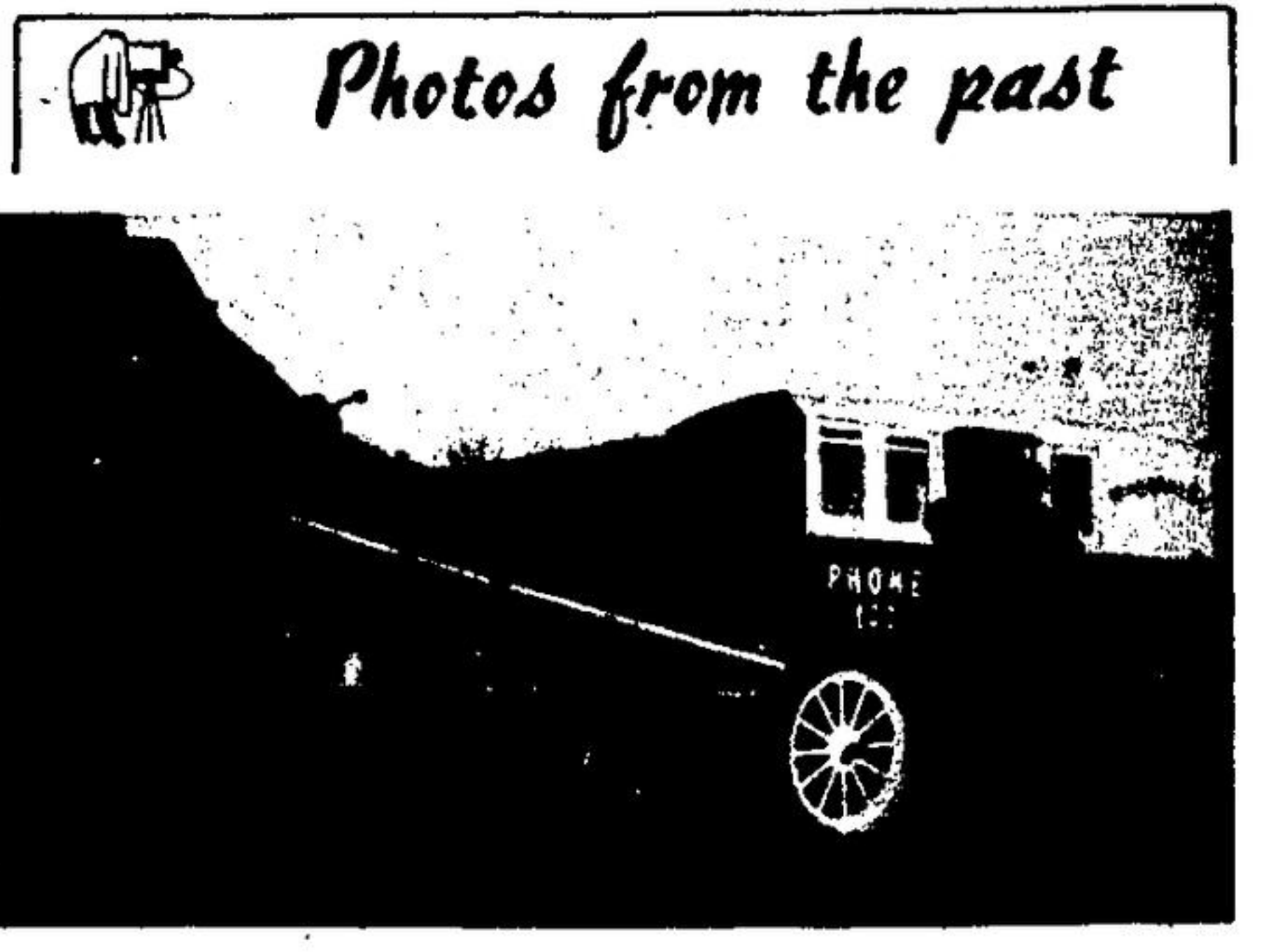
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REMEMBER WHEN your bread and milk came by horse and rig? Not too many years ago was it? This picture was taken before the war years when MacDonald's bread with the convenient phone number of 100 was delivered door to door. Recognize the driver? He's a well known man in these parts. The roof of the old United Church Horse Sheds can be seen in the background.