



Fairy Lake beach mecca for swimmers

Longevity gap . . .

Latest estimates indicate that by next year, the average Canadian male will have a life expectancy of 69 years. They confirm, too, that the Canadian woman (Average 75 years) is

maintaining the six-year lead attained in 1961, although this would not seem to have lengthened appreciably over the past decade. Over the past four decades, the Canadian male's life expectancy is

up, in all, some nine years, that of the Canadian female, some 13 years. The tables tell the story:

Year	Men	Women	Gap
1931	60	62	2 years
1941	63	66	3 years
1951	66	71	5 years
1961	68	74	6 years
1971 (est)	69	75	6 years

For both sexes, the increases in life expectancy have largely been in the younger age groups, particularly in infancy, and diminish with advancing age.



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

What a day to write a light, breezy column. The rain is coming down so hard and steadily, for the third day in a row, that even the birds are walking. The cat had made a mess on the floor when I came down. Threw her out into the rain and saw my garbage can on its side, the contents spewed all over the lawn. Coons.

Oh, well. The sun will shine again. The cat will make a mess again. And the coons will pry off the garbage can lid again. God is, presumably, in His heaven and all's wrong with the world. But it's the only one we have.

It hasn't been all bad this week. Tuesday, a good soak in the sun at the beach, and a brisk, 12-yard swim. Wednesday, a game of golf with the only person I know who can turn me from a jovial duffer into a thin-lipped, emotional hacker — my wife.

Some old pattern. I try to give her a few tips. She gets sore and tells me to shut up and try to hit a decent ball myself. Third time she tells me, I get sore and the rest of the game is played in grim and stony silence with only the odd sneer to break the ice. It's the same as the way we play bridge together.

By Thursday, we were speaking again, and that night went to an exhibition of modern art. The artist is a former student of mine. Now I know what he was doing while we were studying King Lear. He was doodling. Powerful doodling, to judge from his work. Gilbert Gignac, son of a very proud carpenter, and some day a famous Canadian painter.

The exhibition was in the house of another talented young artist, Hugh Niblock. Delightful evening. Punchbowl, coffee and lots of talk.

The Smileys, as usual, were the last to leave, except for a draft-dodger and his very pregnant wife. They make pottery in a nearby village. He loves Canada. Nice young chap. Quiet, gentle, honest.

We made it to the car about 3 a.m., me lugging a large painting and the old girl a big chunk of sculpture, on trial. Got home, and while I was putting the car away, the police called. Asked my wife if our car had been stolen. Slightly baffled, she replied that it was just driven home in it. Cop asked her to check and make sure.

She was about to give him an argument when I arrived and told him no. Seems they'd seen it parked, had been keeping an eye on it, and we had slipped off with it when the patrol car was going around the block. Bizarre incident. Congratulated police on their efficiency. And so to bed.

Friday, fine and fair. Good show, as we'd been invited yachting. Fair breeze, good skipper, hot sun, blue sky, hot chowder, cold drinks, and congenial company.

It wouldn't be hard to get hooked on sailing. It's virtually voluptuous, spanking along at about six knots, sails taut, and none of the stink and noise of a motor-boat. It was

like gliding into another world, out among the green silent islands, seeing it all as Etienne Brule or Sam Champlain might have over 300 years ago.

The only nautical terms I'm sure of are: "The sun's over the yardarm," and "time to splice the mainbrace." But I would surely admire to have a boat like that, stand tall at the tiller and snap Captain Bligh-like orders to my wife, as our host did.

You should have seen that poor girl scrambling around, luffing the jib and raising the mainsail and struggling with the anchor. Her knees were red raw from kneeling on the deck while she hauled away at something or other.

We slid into a cove as silent and secret as it was 500 years ago. Delicious supper after spicing a couple of fractured mainbraces. Then came the storm. Thunder, lightning, bath-tubs of rain. Very pleasant to be a landlubber, sit in the cabin drinking coffee and watch through the hatch skipper and wife, in oilskins, hoisting anchor and getting under way. Fine trip home, 40 miles of sailing behind, and only three people scared out of six.

Daughter Kim home Saturday, sick of squalid job in squalid city, lip curled when she saw the art-work and heard of the boat trip, snapped: "So you've joined the jet set, have you?" Jealous.

Not exactly. We haven't enough fuel for jets. It's back to clipping the hedge tomorrow. But it's nice to fly once in a while in this world of infinite variety.

Last year this fuzzy faced scribbler enjoyed a visit to merry old England and with the temerity of the inexperienced traveller batted out my impressions of that scattered isle in an offhand manner which caught the eye of more seasoned globe trotters and British types both here and back 'ome.

Some said: "My boy that's exactly my impressions of the old country."

Others complained that a three week visit was hardly sufficient experience to become an expert on England, or for that matter even a small part of it.

However, there was another reaction which came by air mail from Minehead in Somerset.

The person, who dwells in baronial splendor in a manor within sight of the moors and Bristol Channel, depending on which window you look out of, demanded equal time to answer my observations. He had been on a visit to Canada a few years ago and inscribed some indelible impressions on his memory about Canadian railroads.

Well, we can't give equal time but there's some space available. Howard Cooksey, at 95 Parkhouse, where the roses grow in blooms so large I mistook them for sunflowers. The Cookseys entertained this branch of the Coles family for one delightful

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 10, 1950.

Lyle Stumpf, Rockwood, suffered head injuries while working on the sewer installation.

Mrs. Gowdy's piano pupils recently tried examinations and those successful were Joseph Jany, Elizabeth Jany, Sylvia Jones, Robert Armstrong, Evelyn Macdonald.

At Rockwood, since Dominion Day when members of the Community Club cleaned up the river bed at Hortop's mill dam. Mrs. Dave Armstrong is busy supervising young folks in the art of swimming and water safety. The bulk of the work of redecorating Rockwood Presbyterian church is just about completed.

The Ebenezer district lost a highly respected citizen in the passing of Mrs. Elwood Wilson, a faithful member of Ebenezer United church.

Many friends learned with regret of the sudden death of little Lynda Anne, the 5-month-old daughter of John and June McHugh.

Around 80 people gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Davidson to hold the eighth reunion of the Smith-Bell families.

The Annual Fair of Acton Rotary club on July 28 was given a splendid reception on July 28 by citizens and resulted in another success and the raising of funds to aid the work for crippled children. George Mason was master of ceremonies for the entertainment. The Boys' and Girls' band paraded and there were outdoor movies. There was a full midway of games and each child received a balloon. Winners of the big

Thank you very much . . .

We can't let the occasion of two national newspaper awards go by without acknowledging the thanks we owe to the numerous contributors, advertisers, tipsters and others who have assisted the staff in publishing a prize winning weekly.

The two new prizes will supplement the pair received from the Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association this year when judges picked the Acton paper first in the coveted General Excellence class and also selected the front page as being the finest of any weekly in the province.

The Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association awards were received for the same two classes—best all-round paper in its class and best front page.

Of course, none of these special recognitions would be possible without the co-operation we receive each week from correspondents, columnists, letter writers, club secretaries, amateur

photographers and writers from our sister weekly from Milton.

The editorial, advertising and mechanical staff of this newspaper are always pleased to win awards. We take more than our fair share of criticism sometimes and it helps to know that when you are stacked up against the finest papers in the country, with similar problems, that the publishers, boys and girls in the back shop and the rest of us who labor in the production of the Free Press each week rate pretty high.

Newspaper work, although it has become much more sophisticated over the past few years with the use of offset equipment, computers and the gradual elimination of "hot" type, is still fundamentally the same. It sometimes requires long hours which would send a shudder down the spine of the average 8 to 5 worker. But there's the reward of doing interesting work to compensate for the inequities elsewhere as well as the doubtful

advantage of "being in the know" on many issues and controversies which affect the community.

If we were asked what particular part of this journal we would like to see extended, it is use of Our Readers Write column. Although there has been an increasing flow of letters in the past year indicating many people are interested in the affairs of the town and district, we feel there is still plenty of room for more comment.

Participatory democracy is often expounded by politicians as being the ideal type of government. We feel letters to this newspaper on issues or ideas assist in that concept.

We believe in publishing free comment provided it is in good taste and there is no libel. The letter must be signed by the writer although a pseudonym can be used for publication.

Again we say thank you for your help through the past year and ask your indulgence for another one.

How long can we pay . . .

The latest proposal in our welfare society is that there should be a basic guaranteed income for everyone. Not, mind you, for the people who work like dogs and still can't get along . . . but for everyone. That includes the lazy and the greedy.

There is no denying the fact that a society as intelligent and affluent as ours cannot permit the less fortunate among us to suffer actual want (although we are still doing so in too many instances). However, every one of the benefits we extend to the unfortunate must be paid for by those who, for one reason or

another, have adequate incomes.

Many, perhaps the majority of those in need deserve our consideration and assistance. We are thinking here of the sick, the widows with small children, the pensioners who live on a barely marginal income. Then too, there are those members of our society for whom we have failed to provide educational facilities, such as our Indian population. They live in poverty because they have not had anything like equal opportunity.

When the balance sheet is completed, however, we find that the average working man is not

only paying for the normal services provided by government but is also supporting his own wife and family and about six other people as well.

He contributes to family allowance even though his own children are grown and gone; he aids in all the welfare schemes such as old age security, the taxes which support homes for the aged, orphans, widows, etc. In Ontario he pays for considerably more than half the cost of operating our hospitals, over and above the premiums to OHSC. He donates

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and Pepper by hartley coles

day which extended overnight and into English hospitality which equals anything this scribbler has ever run across.

He calls it:

OFF THE RAILS

When the trans-Canadian halted at Calgary to replenish supplies, I walked thankfully down the long platform to stretch my legs in the fresh air. At the far end of the train, the driver leaning out of the side of his locomotive, responded in friendly fashion to my respectful greeting, and accepted the compliments which a mere Englishman offered to his colossal engine, and to the skilled and daring man who served it.

"Why not come up and look around" he suggested, "we have to go down the line a ways to fetch a third loco for the Rockies."

Weighing rather more than 200 pounds, and at a timid age, I eyed the 8-rung perpendicular ladder against the side of his engine somewhat doubtfully, but was saved

from ignominy by a surge of snide nationalism. Was a Briton however flabby, to shrink from the challenge of a Canadian, and in Canada?

So I made it, and hoped that none of the company I found aloft in the iron parlour could see that I was short of breath and sweating slightly.

Some 10 or 15 minutes later, with the reinforcement in position, I was permitted to express my gratitude and sense of special privilege to my hosts, and hastened down the platform to rejoin my worried wife. She was about to alert the train authorities over her missing man, and it took even a man in good practice some time to mollify her anxiety, so thoughtlessly inflicted.

But I made my point at last: "How could I abandon such an opportunity?" I pleaded. "To have ridden in the locomotive of the C.P.R. trans Canadian assures me status for life with my grandchildren."

How I craved such status, and, arrived in

Vancouver, I took the first conversational pause that fell upon the assembled tribe, to recount my exploit at Calgary and demonstrate that, however he might look and sound, Granddad was indeed abreast.

Even as I laid out the glorious technicolour, I had a slight misgiving that audience participation was not as keen and tense as I should have liked, and, as I delivered my final flourish, it seemed that I was dropping a pebble into a very, very deep well.

My pitying daughter hastened to my rescue: "You see, dear, we have not been in a train for five years. Probably the last locomotive they saw was in England. Boat, yes, car, yes, plane, yes, but they have forgotten what a train is."

I had to wait until my return to England, and a conversation with a railway aficionado who listened to my tale, rapt and with bolting eyeballs, as to the saga of an astronaut, and still treats me carefully, and invites me to visit a train museum with him, to gather my laurels.

But, as far as my status with my grandchildren is concerned, I am still a puffing billy, off the rails.

What more pertinent comment could we have about the last vestiges of the railroad age?

Free Press

back issues

draws were Charles Findlay, a combination radio and record player; Kenneth Mann, Gail Padbury, Harvey Young, Fern Brown, Thomas Elliott, Mel Jordan.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 5, 1920

The annual garden party of St. Alban's church in the park last Thursday evening proved a most enjoyable and successful affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Torrance Beardmore are now removing to their new home in Toronto and Miss Frances and Master Knox will be greatly missed in Acton. Mrs. Beardmore's solicitous care and attention in homes where there has been sickness had been greatly appreciated. Mr. Beardmore will, of course, spend most of his time here. The vacated home will hereafter be utilized as a home with comfort for members of the firm and officials when they are in Acton. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Beardmore will now have Beverly House as their private residence.

The community of Ospringe was terribly shocked by the news that David Cunningham was discovered by Mr. Gordon and Mrs. Joseph Stewart on Sunday evening

sitting in his buggy in front of Gordon's store, quite dead. Death was probably due to heart trouble.

The following members of Acton Boy Scouts Band left by motor for Jordan Harbor, near St. Catharines, for a holiday, outing: scoutmaster N. F. Moore; patrol leaders George Soper and Ray Agnew, Corps. R. Spielvogel and Lloyd Forbes, scout H. Hynds, T. Savage, Leslie Gregory, Ray Gamble, Ernie Coles, James Matthews, Telford Kenney and William Robertson. Rev. I. M. Moyer, who is spending his holidays in the vicinity, will be spending part of his time at the camp.

There is great prospect for a beechnut crop this year.

Acton is fixing parking places for autos, to avoid congestion of traffic.

There are rumors that the highest point for high prices in the cost of living has been reached.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, July 25, 1895.

A new enterprise has received mature consideration at the hands of James Firstbrook, who is about to operate a fish

hatchery on the farm of Alex Wright in Esqueping about a mile from Acton. The fish culture is not very extensively operated in this country owing to the prolificacy of our streams. However, latterly some of our streams are depleted of the much prized trout. Mr. Firstbrook will go into the culture of spawn and fry for the market and in the course of a few years will have a fish pond for the use of the public. He feels confident of the plausibility of the undertaking.

Mr. Wallace Lasby, Esqueping, is building an addition to his barn. The raising took place last Wednesday afternoon and in the evening a great many young people assembled who indulged in all kinds of amusements, and some in tripping the light fantastic until the wee hours of the morning.

Numbers of our citizens heard a Ladies' Brass Band for the first time last Wednesday when the Lassies' Band of the Salvation Army gave a concert in the town hall here.

A rather serious accident occurred at the barn raising of Mr. D. Talbot, deputy reeve of Ramoth. When a bent was being placed in position one end fell some ten feet and struck a young man named Charles Alton on the head, slightly fracturing the skull. He remained insensible for some time but on Sunday was able to be removed to his father's farm a short distance away. The young man may recover.

Two deaths and four or five serious injuries have already occurred at barn raisings this season within a 25 mile radius. The choosing of sides and contesting for first completion of a side should, in our estimation, be done away with for men become excited, some made even more so by a little beverage.