

Preserve the trees . . .

Acton council's concern about the survival of a number of trees on the south side of Bower Avenue is the type of thinking we would like to encounter more often.

Trees, of course, provide shade and beauty but perhaps few people are aware they purify the air and add oxygen and moisture to it for the benefit of man.

Not too long ago a group of citizens tried to stop their city's works department from cutting down some sturdy shade trees on a street marked for widening. Adult verbal protests had little effect. Then a boy in the group shinnied up one of the trees and refused to budge.

The result was that the mayor called a halt to the whole project.

This group was taking constructive ecological action to protect the trees from destruction. How much better it would have been if the city's officials were better educated in ecology so that any ill-considered move to remove trees would never have gone past the planning stage.

We've all seen the vast cement deserts in the city or tracts of asphalt which wind like ribbons through the treeless countryside. They turn your stomach, especially in hot, muggy weather.

As individuals we need to study our environment and see that we are not adding to or subtracting from it in a negative way. Let's delve into alternative methods of pest control such as those of

organic gardening instead of being trigger happy with pesticide spray. Let the earthworms work for us—don't kill them with heavy chemical fertilizers.

There are going to be projects where trees must be cut down to make way for a building project, to make a highway or street safer for traffic but it is reassuring when you know town councils are concerned about the ecology so they save trees whenever possible.

There's an old song about how only God can make a tree but we are the people who are expected to look after the oaks, the maples, elms and other varieties after they've grown. Let's not be careless with that stewardship.

Litter unsightly, poor advertisement

Man, it is said, is the filthiest animal on this planet. He sows pollution, dirties his water and distributes his garbage over the streets.

One need go no further than Acton to see the gum wrappers, old newspapers, cigarette butts, cardboard cartons, tin cans and bottles that litter the streets.

Much of it perhaps is thrown there by children who thoughtlessly unwrapped candy and tossed wrappers away. However, we have seen cigarette packages tossed out of car windows by adults. Curbs downtown are often littered with trash thrown there heedlessly by people who unconsciously, perhaps, disclose the untidiness of their own environment.

The town placed litter containers

along the business section to encourage people to use them and help keep streets clean. Some people do use them. Many do not.

It is a poor advertisement for any city, town or village when visitors pass through to see untidy streets, especially the business section which is supposed to be the show window of the community. Their impressions may mean the town loses or gains an industry, a business or a new family.

Who wants to move to an untidy community where there is no pride in appearance?

The Department of Highways has a stiff fine for those who litter the province's highways.

We are not advocating a similar plan for littering town streets but wish there was some better method of control. The business section of

town is swept but other streets just continue to accumulate the trash until there's a wind to sweep it up against fences and walls.

Maybe the answer is in better education but we suspect if everyone who threw some trash onto streets was made to pick it up again it would be a giant step towards solving the problem.

Again we run into the problem of who is going to enforce the by-laws.

Not too long ago there was some discussion at council meetings about the advisability of a by-law control officer — someone who could see weeds were cut, dogs tied and look after enforcement of other by-laws.

Maybe it is time to think about this again and perhaps add litter control to his duties.

By-law enforced with discretion . . .

An anti-littering by-law passed in Oakville is getting quite a play in the daily papers with the pros and cons sounding off, and the police squarely in the middle.

"A policeman's lot is not a happy one" as an old saying goes. 'He's damned if he does and damned if he doesn't', we have been having our own confrontation in a quieter way.

Georgetown has had a by-law similar to Oakville's for several years now. The idea, like most laws is not to persecute, but to give police the power to act when the necessity arises.

Though some will disagree, we interpret all laws in this way.

A speed limit does mean that a policeman automatically jumps on every motorist driving a few miles faster. He uses his judgment to determine whether the motorist is callously disregarding the law and is creating a hazard to others.

Littering is an even less exact type of thing to determine, and surely cannot be so strictly enforced that a group of people cannot stop for a chat. The by-law was passed to stop unpleasant incidents which can arise when such groups become a nuisance to other traffic.

Young people, particularly, will complain when they are told by an officer to move on. That's not new.

We grew up in a busy part of a large city, and when a gang of young people gathered on a main corner, it was never long before a man in blue was breaking us up. It was only years later that we understood why he was doing so.

According to town officials, police have been criticized by parents of young people who have been told to break it up when they gather in commercial areas. Surely, a parent should realize that this is not individual persecution of their youngster, but only a means of keeping Georgetown the quiet, untroubled town it has been and should continue to be.—The Georgetown Herald.



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

This summer I feel distinctly that some malicious witch or warlock has put a curse on me. Don't ask me why. I ain't done nothin' to nobody.

There's been nothing serious or tragic. Just a lot of little things that seem to wind up spelling hex.

Why, for example, should there be a huge wasp's nest in the middle of my hedge, when the filthy little brutes have never built there before?

Why should I trip over a rock, take a chunk the size of a silver dollar out of my shin, and sprain my thumb trying to save myself?

Why should my waist-line suddenly leap from 31 to a snug 32? Why should my daughter fall in love with a guy of whom she says, "I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man in the world"?

But it's not just what happened to me. I seem to be carrying the spell around with me, and am beginning to feel like a Jonah.

Went to a delightful party. Everyone was pleasant. Except that a couple of 200-pounders wound up in a state of deep un-

brage. That's a sort of purple. One had told the other, during a discussion of exercise, jogging and waistlines, that he was "just a big, fat pig." Not nice. But why was I the only male left to keep them from coming to carnage? All 140 pounds of me.

Went sailing with friends on a perfect summer day. Why did a terrific storm come out of nowhere? Because I was on board. I'm sure of it.

Last Sunday, went out as crew with a friend who races his sailboat. He didn't figure on winning, with a crewman who doesn't know a luff from a larboard. But he also didn't figure on winding up two miles behind every other boat, including one he beats regularly. We hit every patch of dead calm in the bay, while the other boats invariably caught a breeze which would vanish by the time we got there. Why?

Another friend invited me for a day's fishing. Came the day, ideal for fishing. Came also a phone call saying he'd put a rod through his crankshaft, or something equally horrible, and his motor was ruined. You think that was just coincidence?

The other night I did go fishing with my brother-in-law. Good boat, good motor, lots

of worms and minnows, perfect time of evening, and a hot spot where he'd picked up some nice bass the day before. I don't have to tell you what we caught. About four pounds of weeds, while a chap in the next boat hauled in aunker.

Last night we went out to visit another brother-in-law. They'd taken a cottage to get away from the terrible heat of the city for a week. That brief visit fixed him. Today it's sweaters and long pants weather, with a howling wind and the temperature down about forty degrees. They'll have a miserable week, thanks to me.

These are just a few incidents from a catalogue as long as your leg. But I'm beginning to think that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. And I'm getting mad.

I can put up with my normal stupidity. Like a dinner from the revenue people for a \$65 fine. Or going out to put our suitcases in the trunk of the car and finding it full of elm blocks for the fireplace which my father-in-law had given me last spring, and having to unload them in the heat and my brand new sport shirt. Or having the cat claw me about the head and shoulders on three separate occasions, because she doesn't like driving in a car. That was my wife's stupidity.

But I can't help feeling that there's something sinister, some kind of a trend, in all the other little "accidents." Somebody out there is trying to get me.

Today I'm convinced of it. Woke up with violent stomach cramps that turn me into a white, sweating wretch about every twenty minutes. Ate and drank the same things last night as the others in the house. Why should I be the only one to wind up with dire rear? Why?



THE MILL POND surface of Fairy Lake is like a giant picture upside down to get a different effect.—(Staff Photo)



and Pepper by hartley coles

What you don't see when you haven't got a gun!

A smatterin' of local dialect which describes exactly the reaction I get when I'm in the right place at the right time with the wrong equipment.

For instance, being camera toting newspapermen, we like to keep a camera handy just in case something unusual happens. Invariably when it does, that's when I'm carrying a loaf of French bread and a pound of butter instead of a turn lens reflex with a light meter.

I've noticed this peculiarity many times. On an assignment which requires sports pictures, we try to angle in on goal, the home plate or some other spot where action is crucial.

Take hockey for another instance. It is customary to settle at one end of the rink, confident the action will soon come your way. It doesn't. So gather up the straps, the strobe, the battery and camera and transfer it to the other end of the rink where most of the hockey is being played.

My move is usually the signal for some smart aleck on the team hemmed in behind the blue line to shake his pursuers loose, barrel down centre ice, pull the goalkeeper and rifle a shot into the net with the accuracy of a Gordie Howe.

Picture goal—but you've got no picture—and if it happens to be the home town hero who split the defense and scored there's

always someone to rub it in verbally.

"Where were you when they scored that one," comes the taunt, floating in from the bleachers, just audible enough for everyone within 10 miles of the arena to hear.

Of course, there's always a smart answer like, "Oh, I was slugging fruit flies, at the other end."

But somehow despite the knowledge you were doing your best to shoot a super-duper photo, you sense the big picture of the night has eluded you. And you compensate for the loss by taking sequences which fall in the mediocre category.

A friend of mine takes a junket into the north woods with a number of friends every fall to bring down a moose for an empty larder. But invariably he returns empty-handed while the rest of the party have pretty good luck—and full larders.

"What do you attribute your extraordinary lack of moose meat to?" I asked with biting wit after another unsuccessful expedition. His hang-dog look changed to an expression of dismay.

"I dunno," he replied. "I saw just as many moose as the rest but I never had a gun in my hand when I sighted them."

His most embarrassing moment came as

dawn broke one frosty fall morning, presaging another perfect day for hunting.

He was awakened by the call of nature, too, which meant a journey down a leaf-strewn path to a convenience in the birches. Pulling pyjamas tightly about him, feeling for his shoes with half-frozen feet, he plunged out of the lodge door into the half-light of dawn and followed the crooked path.

He had almost reached the door of the relief station when he felt someone watched. He turned and peered into the bush and almost simultaneously as a large bull moose ogled him from about 20 yards out.

Instinctively, he felt for the nearest lethal weapon which turned out to be the big, oversized button his wife had sewed onto the pyjamas. He reasoned quickly that the button wouldn't bring down a mouse let alone a moose.

Mustering his dignity he marched right into the convenience and slammed the door.

After a decent interval he peered out—just as a bunk-mate pulled the trigger and downed the magnificent moose.

The relief was instant. But it wasn't quite the same type he anticipated when he left his warm bunk. Facing a moose with an oversized button was a task he wasn't quite up to at dawn in the north woods.

As he says — "What you don't see when you haven't got a gun."

His bunk-mate, meanwhile, points out it was fortunate HE had a gun and could hear as well as see the dilemma on the leaf-strewn path which winds from the lodge to the house in the back.

Scottish dancer at the World's Fair will give exhibitions in her line. A number of prominent Sons of Scotland and others will deliver addresses during the evening. Refreshments will be provided on the grounds.

Business was suspended in Ripley for three hours when citizens and farmers gathered in the Presbyterian church to earnestly pray the Lord would favor that locality with rain. Before the day was over they had received a heavy shower.

Three more stone flag crossings have been put in, one on Main St. at Agnew's hotel, on Mill St. opposite Fellows St. and a third on Bower Ave. at Frederick St.

Carter Harvey is justifiably proud of his dray horse. Last Friday he hauled the new 4 x 12 boiler for the Canada Glove Works, weighing 7,300 pounds, from the G.T.R. station to the glove factory with apparent ease.

License inspector Harvey and the special municipal officers of the county are determined to round up such bootleggers and run-runners as are suspected of operating in Halton.

Never in the history of Acton school have the premises been so attractive. J. P. Worden has been busily engaged and the ten rooms and corridors have been scrubbed, the ceilings whitened, the walls tinted and paneled.

back issues

Free Press

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 24, 1950.

Roeve Tyler has received a telegram saying steps are being taken to ensure the continuance of vital services while the strike is on the Canadian railroads.

Heavy rains on Thursday afternoon figured in a cave-in on the corner of Elgin St. and Bower Ave. at about 3.30 when two workmen were buried while working on the sewerage installation. Andrew Johnston of R.R. 3, Acton and Albert Harris of Church St. were sent to Guelph General Hospital after they were rescued from the avalanche of earth. Johnston had a lacerated left shoulder and abock while Harris suffered chest injuries. They were in the 11-foot hole when the banks collapsed. Harris was completely buried and Johnson was covered up to his waist. They were uncovered in three to four minutes.

Mrs. C. W. Mason, an Acton resident for almost her entire life, passed away this week. Mr. and Mrs. Mason celebrated their golden wedding this year.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, August 19, 1900.

The G.W.V.A. "One Big Day" staged for last Saturday had been well planned by the management and the program scheduled was a real day's sport. Major-General V. S. Williams was present accompanied by his aide and gave a characteristic soldier's address complimenting the veterans on their enterprise. He requested to be taken to Fairview cemetery to see the veterans' plot. Pte. Masters is the only soldier of the late war buried there and the General said he would have a standard soldier's cross forwarded.

In the trot or pace race Jack Powers came first. The whippet races were a new

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 8, 1895.

Today is Acton's regularly proclaimed Civic Holiday. The forenoon is given over to quiet and restful recreation. At 1.30 a lacrosse match will be played between Acton and Milton. At 3.00 a County League baseball match was arranged between Oakville and Parkdale Beavers, one of Toronto's strongest clubs. At 5 o'clock a five mile bicycle race will be ridden. At six o'clock the Sons of Scotland will take charge of the proceedings which will be inaugurated with a march from the hall to the park of the Ivanhoe Camp headed by the Highland Fipers Band from Hamilton. During the evening there will be a tug-of-war between Halton and Wellington and an exciting porridge race in which all athletic Scotchmen are expected to enter. Miss May Matheson of Hamilton, who was first prize

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

PHONE 853-2010

Business and Editorial Office

ARC

CWNA

Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 59 Willow St. Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the CWNA and OWNA. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance. \$4.00 in Canada, \$5.00 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 wrong price, error advertising goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is posted on offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

Dilla Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.

David R. Dilla, Publisher

Hartley Coles Don Ryder

Editor Adv. Manager

Copyright 1970