

What do we stand for?

People genuinely concerned about the poor of the world constantly ask what they can do to assist them in a manner which is not beyond their means.

Perhaps one of the most practical ways of assisting rolls around each Halloween when children out for "trick and treat" bring along a U.N.I.C.E.F. box. They only ask for pennies but the coins are worth their weight in gold when they are spent to alleviate the misery of the millions of other children who lack even the barest necessities of life.

It has been said that we are citizens of the world much more than we are citizens of a particular nation. Boundaries change from time to time but the old world stays the same unless we give it a helping hand.

UNICEF helps regardless of race, color or nationality. So a coin in the UNICEF box which will be brought your way on Halloween night is really an investment in the children of the world.

UNICEF stands for the United Nations Children's Fund.
What do we stand for?



Problem of leaf disposal . . .

An Ontario newspaper recently commented that it is difficult to associate the pungent odor of burning leaves in the autumn with air pollution. Perhaps it might be a problem near a hospital where it could aggravate respiratory illness. And to the extreme, it could be a traffic hazard. But to most of us the burning of leaves is as much a part of autumn as the pumpkin on the vine or a Thanksgiving turkey.

The editorial went on to question the reasoning behind the banning of burning leaves while automobiles and factories continue to pollute the air.

But all pleasant traditions

aside, the burning of leaves has become a serious air pollution problem. It is not only aggravating to respiratory ailments such as asthma and emphysema but it contributes to the overall air pollution problem by increasing contaminants already present from other sources such as automobile exhausts and industry.

It has been estimated that the smoke from a bushel of leaves is as unhealthy as the smoke from 4,000 cigarettes burned to the last shred of tobacco. One pound of leaves, burned in the open, produces 600 times as many pollutants as one pound of coal burned in a furnace.

Smoke from burning leaves contains carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons, organic acids, particulate matter and nitrogen oxides, the major villains fouling the clean air of town and country.

If you can't burn your leaves, then what can you do with them?

The gardener can make a compost heap and make a mulch of them. If you haven't got a green thumb, collect them in plastic bags and leave them out for the garbage pick-up.

The day of the acrid smell of burning leaves is done.



ANOTHER AERIAL VIEW of Acton taken by industrial photographers Phil Aggus and Sons of Hamilton picks out the Beardmore and Co. plant as the focal centre, along with sister manufacturing plants located in the Acton Industrial Centre. Industrial quarries can be seen in the top left and the Mill St.

business section cuts diagonally into Highway 25 which starts out on its path to Milton at the right side of the photo. It is obvious from the view that trees are plentiful both in town and country, adding serenity to industrial activity and providing ample shade for residents.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

In the midst of the terror and panic induced by the F.L.Q. kidnappings, it was therapeutic, to say the least, to experience a few minutes of peace and sanity and beauty in a world that seems to be steadily steering a path toward chaos.

Sorry you weren't able to share in this pleasant interlude, but then you weren't invited to the Baha'i wedding in our backyard.

When I was in the newspaper business, I loathed writing-up weddings, with their interminable details of the bride's costume, down to the last, lousy stephanotis. Not this one.

It wasn't all smooth sailing. My wife insisted that the lawn be raked. I insisted that she was going to spoil the natural setting of golden leaves the couple wanted.

It rained all week, and I thought I was home free. But the day before the ceremony, it dried up, and my cook was goosing me to get to work. She is a better, or more persistent, insister than I.

With a Herculean effort and the aid of two small boys, I got the hedge trimmed, the lawn raked, the dead weeds pulled and a pile of fresh leaves covering the old sand-box which serves as a combination compost-heap and garbage dump. The groom came

around and asked what the point was of raking the leaves.

During the night, naturally, it rained and blew, and by morning the lawn looked exactly as it had when I'd started the day before. My only satisfaction was going around all morning muttering "I told you so."

Tension increased as the day wore on. It was pouring. The girls' dresses and new shoes would be ruined. People would be tracking mud into the house. The neighbors, who'd been looking forward to the spectacle for weeks, would be deeply disappointed should the ceremony be moved indoors.

As the Saturday morning passed, and the drizzle held, no word from the bride. We phoned, and her mother, with supreme confidence, said it was going to clear by noon. At noon, I took a little sashay out to check. The sky was like the inside of a tar barrel and the Scotch mist showed no signs of abating.

But those Baha-i's must have something special going for them. By one p.m., it had stopped raining. By two it was clear, and a number of guests had arrived. (Typically, the bride had issued invitations for two p.m., the groom for 3 p.m.)

By three, it was one of those beautiful, warm, autumn days, with the sun catching

the highlights of the maples, the grass almost dry, and about 80 guests in a variegation of colors that made even the full glory of the fall foliage look a bit dim.

They piled out of vans and cars and moved into the yard. There was everything from blue jeans to smashing maxi dresses, buckskin jackets to white shawls, colorful headbands to cowboy boots, ultra-mod tweed jackets to gaucho hats.

The principals were not to be outdone. The bride, with long, sleek golden hair, wore a full-length hand-crocheted off white dress with matching hood. The groom was no less imposing, with beard and Afro hair style, his dark, full-length cape covering a white tunic with black hand embroidery. Only a few old squares, like the parents of the principals and us, wore "ordinary" suits and dresses.

Ninety per cent of the guests were under 21, happy and excited, but mute and reverent during the ceremony.

The service itself was charming in its simplicity and sincerity. Friends and relatives read selected prayers. There was no ritual as such, no sermon. The couple was attended by a Witness, who did just that — witnessed.

The only music was a modern song, with the refrain, "See me, touch me, hold me, heal me", soft and lovely, sung by our Kim and friend Mike Hanna.

Then the bride and groom pledged themselves to each other and to God, kissed emphatically, and it was all over.

They can have a Baha-i wedding in my backyard any time. Except February. I will be barbecued before I will shovel three feet of snow out of my yard for anything except the Second Coming.



Mid and Pepper

by hartley coles

With so much discussion about the length of hemlines these days it is enlightening to be assured length has played a large part in discussions down through the ages.

For instance, while my wife and I visited the battlefield at Gettysburg recently on a swing through the States, a guide told us that when the battlefield was dedicated as a memorial, the main speaker of the day — I've forgotten his name — talked for two hours.

When it was President Abraham Lincoln's turn, he spoke for two minutes. But it is Lincoln's Gettysburg address that everyone remembers — a masterpiece of prose which summed up the entire war in a few words.

Now that doesn't necessarily mean I'm in favor of everything short — including skirts. As far as I'm concerned some gals look right neat in the mini, others would look fine in the midi and still others look exotic in a maxi. It all depends on the wearer's shape.

You wouldn't expect length of skirt would influence the executive of Canadian Pacific Airlines, and probably it isn't, but CP brass know a good issue when they see it. They are presently capitalizing on the current mini-midi controversy with some full page advertising in the daily papers.

A month ago when the airline dressed its stewardesses in midi-skirts for the transcontinental run, a favorite with executives, they are reported to have received walls of protest from St. John to Vancouver. How much of this wall was dreamed up by public relations men, and how much was spontaneous, we will never know, but according to press releases it has created a crisis at headquarters.

One letter writer had declared that the airline has succeeded in "making Canada's most attractive stewardesses look like Russian army corporals."

"A collective glob of mid-Victorian frumps," another was supposed to have grumped.

Now, of course, the airline is holding a nation-wide "mini-or-midi" referendum to decide how long skirts should be on this particular run. If they decide to swing back to the mini it will still take three months before they can hoist the skirts back up.

A good idea is a good idea. Perhaps we really shouldn't be surprised when all this reaches the House of Commons. But we were. It came during a speech by Ross Whicher, the Liberal M.P. from Bruce County.

Mr. Whicher, referring to the haste of Canada's two major railways in disposing of passenger business because they are supposedly losing money, compares their attitude to that of CP Air after it was announced they had lost \$600,000 or \$700,000. Instead of trying to get rid of their passenger service, as railways are doing, the airline immediately launched its present promotion about the mini-skirt. Object? — to recoup their losses.

Mr. Whicher went on to describe the services available on the flight. "They can even supply you with dictating machines. You can have any kind of beer you want. They serve the best meals. There are toys for the children. They even boast about their pretty stewardesses."

Then came the punch line.



Midi or mini?

"It is very hard for a country fellow like me to appreciate all this boasting about the great service given by CP Air, which is completely owned by CPR, when you cannot even buy a cold hamburger on their train from Toronto to Owen Sound, a city of 19,000."

With that line Mr. Whicher has hit the problem of rail transportation in Canada right on the nose. We agree with him further when he says that somehow or other there is a closed corporation between the Canadian Transport Commission and the railways.

"In my opinion, the railways of Canada have not been forced out of the passenger business," Mr. Whicher declared. "What happened was that the board of directors sat down at a table one day and decided 10 years from now they would be out of the passenger business in Canada completely." There's too much money to be made in other ventures to be bothered.

Well, we've wandered from the fields of Gettysburg to mini-skirts, airlines, railways and the House of Commons this week. Interesting how it all ties in, though, isn't it?

Free Press back issues

20 Years Ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 26, 1950.

Construction will likely begin within a month for the new county home for the aged. Heading the opposition was Reeve George Currie who charged the council with creating a "white elephant". He maintained the structure planned to accommodate 100 persons was too large as there were only 48 persons from Halton living in the Peel-Halton home.

In his 88th year, Mr. Geo. J. C. Chapman passed away in St. Joseph's hospital, Guelph. He had lived in Acton for over 50 years.

Elected to the Y board of directors were Gordon Beatty, Murray Smith, Gordon Roggvoldson, Mrs. William Dumarsh, Ken Randall, Doug Davidson and Dave Dills.

Salaries of town workmen were raised by council with foreman Al Kirkness receiving \$2236; W. Kentner \$2132, A. Clifford \$1820 and G. Hargrave and A. Loutitt 80 cents an hour. Dr. Oakes spoke of the need for an addition at the school when the Home and School met with Dr. Sirra presiding.

The Friendly Circle met at Mrs. McKenzie's home in Halloween costume and prizes went to Dorothy Roggvoldson as Rule Britannia and Verne Bean as a comic.

Mrs. Sylvia Tennant was the winner of a doll at the annual Legion bazaar. Mrs. James Ford won a cake and Mrs. McGravie a chair.

50 Years Ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, November 4, 1920.

Acton has been singularly free of motor accidents where personal injuries were sustained. But on Sunday afternoon Mr. W. F. Mooney and family had an experience which was most regrettable. Mr. and Mrs. Mooney and children and Mr. Smith, the plumber, were motoring to the home of Mr. Mooney's

parents on the Eramosa Road near Guelph. They had proceeded to the first line and were near Mr. James McMillan's farm gate when Mr. Mooney essayed to fasten a side curtain and asked Mr. Smith to hold the steering wheel as he did it. In a second the car made a lurch and went into the ditch and capsize against a fence. Mrs. Mooney suffered a fractured right arm but is a plucky little woman and makes no complaint of her injury.

Next Tuesday is Armistice Day. What joy and relief the day brought two years ago.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

PHONE 853-2010
Business and Editorial Office

WNA
NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
OF CANADA

Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 58 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the C.P.A. and the N.P.A. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance. \$5.00 in Canada, \$8.00 in all countries other than Canada. Single copies 15 cents. Second class mail Registration Number - 0519. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, the 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.

Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.
David B. Dills, Publisher
Hartley Coles, Editor
Don Ryder, Adv. Manager
Copyright 1970

75 Years Ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 17, 1895

The National Pantomime Company which appeared in the town hall last week two evenings did not win much favor here. Their program was of a very low order both in point of morals and ability. They failed to settle some of their bills here.

Kincardine is building granolithic sidewalks from end to end of the business street. These sidewalks cost considerably more than plank walks but in the end they are said to be the cheaper of the two.

Rev. Mr. Rae had a busy time during his visit to Dutton. He preached on Saturday, three times on Sunday, again on Monday morning and addressed the Christian Endeavour Society after service on Sunday evening.

Last week the annual enumeration was taken at the post office. Postmaster Matthews has handed us the figures for the week, letters 1,449; post cards 369; fifth class matter 20, third class (photos etc.) 1; parcel post 6; registered letters 57; postal receipts for above \$65.98.

The news was received at Crewson's Corners of the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart, who died in La Riviere, Man. trusting in her Saviour whom she was well prepared to meet.