

Taking a turn for the nurse . . .

We were reassured by a recent meeting of the new community services committee of Halton county that the Health Unit would improve health services in North Halton.

There obviously are discrepancies in the north despite the reassurances of some people in authority that all is fine and dandy. Evidence indicates strongly the southern half of the county enjoys a much better service, perhaps because of its population advantages.

Problems the Health Unit has in servicing the northern part of the county have been further compounded by a shortage of nurses which, apparently is general throughout the province. This is further complicated in North Halton's case because nurses prefer to work in Oakville or Burlington rather than in the north where they have their work cut out for them.

We believe officials in the Health Unit and some county councillors have not had a clear understanding of the needs of the northern half of the county. Despite all the publicity we wonder whether they ever will fully understand.

For instance, the director of nursing has indicated that the immediate need for the north was employment of one nurse to serve the north.

A recent issue of this newspaper revealed there were 302 births in Esqueping during 1971. One of the myriad duties of a public health nurse is to help expectant parents and assist with newborn babies. Obviously the one nurse allocated to Esqueping would have a difficult time looking after the babies without turning their hand to other duties.

Chairman David Coons of the community services committee told Acton reeve G. W. McKenzie that there is no question that the medical officer of health got the message that more nurses are needed in the north.

We particularly liked the summation of the Acton deputy reeve in a letter:

"Let us bury the past and work for improved health services in Halton County. I do not expect the health services in North Halton to be improved at the expense of another area, nor will I serve on the board and accept the recommendations for North Halton as presented."

"These are facts and cannot be glossed over by passing the buck about where the blame for the situation lies. The thing to do now is improve the service and bury the past.



It's the goose step!

MAN, THAT ICE IS COLD, almost enough to make a fellow poke his beak back into his feathers and stand on one webbed foot. Canada Geese now making their home at the dam end of Fairy Lake are putting in a pretty good winter, thank you,

with thanks also to the Beardmore pressure system which keeps ice open and allows a fellow to take a wintry dip every now and then. —(Jim Jennings Photo)

Join this Key club . . .

Canadians, it is estimated, carry between 55 and 60 million keys in their pockets or purses. Another 50 million are likely forgotten or unidentified in drawers and cupboards.

As they become more security conscious Canadians are carrying more keys than ever before. As a result they are also losing more keys than ever before.

The key tag service operated by the War Amputees in this country has proved its worth. In 1971, for example, more than 16,000 lost keys were returned to their owners through identification by the War Amps Key Tag service.

For 25 years now the War Amps Key Tag Service has been mailing

miniature license plate key tags to motorists in Canada. Making these tags has given full time employment to 26 amputees and from January to June, when most of the work is done, another 25 part-time people, most of them near-relatives of war veterans are hired.

The employment situation for war amputees has never been good but it has reached a critical stage now so that public support of the organization's key tags is more important than ever.

There are three factors working against war amputees and contributing to their high rate of unemployment, according to A. J. Parsons, general manager of the key tag service.

First, Canada has not been involved

in a war for two decades and the public tends to forget those who were wounded fighting for their country. Second, age is catching up with the amputees. Finally, the high level of unemployment it is difficult to convince employers that amputees are good risks as workers.

Consequently when you accept the War Amps key tag and send them money in return, you are not only helping a war amputee to keep his self respect but insuring yourself against the time when you might lose your keys.

War amputees want to stand on their own two legs, even if they only have one—or none. The purchase of key tags helps veterans wounded in their country's service, attain some measure of independence.

Editorial response . . .

The Editor, The Acton Free Press

Dear Sir:

We read with interest your editorial "You can stop junk mail" from the Powell River (B.C.) news.

As the Association representing the direct mail industry we are concerned with editorials such as yours and so we are sending you material.

The material consists of our revised Code of Ethics printed last spring, a list of our current members and a folder explaining the aims and objectives of our Association. We'd like to draw your attention to item 12 which clearly states all prizes must be given away.

Of course, there are many direct mail companies in Canada who do not belong to our Association and we do not deny that direct mail does exist. But then so do bat

newspaper advertisements. And bad television and radio ads. What we are trying to do, amongst other activities, is upgrade the level and stop false and misleading direct mail.

Yours sincerely,

Jennifer Thompson (Miss) Chairman Membership Committee

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, February 21, 1952.

One of the best Booster Nights ever seen in Acton was unfolded last Thursday night at the arena as a near capacity house watched and thrilled to a unique program. Highlight of the evening was a game between the old-time hockey stars and the 1939 O.H.A. Intermediate champions. The Champions won 5-3 but were hard pressed as the old-timers put on a 12-man power play.

Old Timers—Jack Greer goal; Dude Landsay, Harold Mooney, Sonny Townsley, Gord Farlow, Fred Kentner, Bob Anderson, Joe Kentner, Joe Woods, Gord Huffman, Clarence Kentner, Fred Dawkins, Neil Gibbons, Bud McDonald, manager Bunk Holmes stick boy.

1939 Champs—Herb Woods goal, Twit Holmes, Ith Marzo, Minute Wallers, John Brush, Ben Bayliss, Dang Kentner, Norm Morton, Vic Rumbley, manager, John Robson stick boy.

Near 150 young players in the Minor Sports Club league played during the evening. The 10 minor hockey teams played with referees Vic Masters, Wilf Duval and George Hollinger. In the junior division Leno Marzo's team and Ernie Marks' teams battled to a scoreless draw, while Ray Mason's team edged out Gord Cunningham's team 1-0 on a neatly executed goal by Emmerson Baxter. In the senior section Kerwin McPhail's Buzzers and Bill Holloway's Slow Pokes belted each other around to a 1-1 draw. Bob Anderson's team was whitewashed 3-0 by Doug Dawkins team.

Joan Coles and Barry McKeon were married in St. Joseph's church, the bride wearing white brocaded satin. Miss Denise Coles was maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss June Watkins and Miss Patricia Coles.

At the carnival in Rockwood the W. I. presented Master Kenneth Petty with a Bashlight in connection with his recent rescue of his chum Bobby Lawrence.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, February 16, 1922

Mr. R. J. Ramshaw is harvesting ice on Fairy Lake by a new method. Instead of the usual ice plow he cuts the ice with a circular

saw mounted on a travelling frame. There is more ice being housed in Acton this winter than ever before.

Mr. Peter A. Smith of Bracebridge has resigned the office of mayor of Bracebridge and is coming to Acton to the tanneries here. He has been manager of the Beardmore tannery there for 30 years and already enjoys the esteem of this community.

One of Georgetown's oldest citizens, Henry Sherman, was laid to rest on Saturday in his 88th year. He settled in Georgetown 80 years ago when it was but a hamlet. At that time many stumps decorated its principal streets and numerous wild animals—wolves, bear and deer—roamed the hills and valleys nearby. No railway connected Georgetown with the outer world in the early days. All travelling had to be done on foot, horseback or stage, and Oakville was the nearest shipping point.

Do you know of any four cents you have spent this week you have derived more benefit or pleasure from, than the paper you hold in your hand?

The Angelus of St. Joseph's church ceased ringing a few days ago out of

consideration for the illness of Mrs. David Elliott next door.

The quality of water supplied by Acton waterworks from the "Big Spring" is excellent.

The ice was too soft for the big hockey match with Guelph Saturday night. The players were all assembled but playing was out of the question.

First thunderstorm of the season last Thursday. Thunder in February is said to indicate an early spring.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, February 25, 1897

At Homes, evening parties and receptions are of daily occurrence this last week or so before Lent.

La Grippe is holding sway most audaciously at present. Hardly a home in town but has one or more members under the care of a physician.

The 52 years since organization and the second anniversary of the opening of the new edifice were observed by the congregation of Knox church with very successful services last Sunday and Monday. On Monday the inevitable anniversary tea was a prelude to the recital. The ladies of the congregation are, however, beginning to long for the day when an anniversary may be successfully conducted without this adjunct to the program.

At last, that is the conclusion reached by the Free Press scribe as a result of sundry remarks dropped in his hearing at the tea tables.

Mr. J. J. Lawson, clerk of session, especially welcomed the minister's bride, Mrs. Macpherson and referred to the fact that practical tokens of their love had been left at the manse in the shape of a suite of beautiful parlor furniture and a handsome marbled clock with decorated dial. Rev. Macpherson said, "I know you will not expect unreasonable things from her. Remember she married me and not the congregation of Knox Church."

Bainford Methodists were treated to a magic lantern exhibition.

(Name given) was arrested at Limehouse on Saturday by a Georgetown constable for stealing an alarm clock from Mr. Crawford. He was sent down for trial.

Considerable damage, amounting to \$200,000 was done to the Parliament buildings in a fire. The hydrants on Parliament Hill were all frozen up.

Bill Smiley



I'm rather interested in the subject of marriage these days, for various reasons. Not for myself. Oh, no. Once bitten . . .

But I was asked to write a ceremony for a mock wedding to take place at a bridal shower recently. I used some stock gags. "Marriage is a solemn institution, and is only to be entered into if you wish to spend the rest of your life in an institution." And "Do you take this woman to be your awful wedded wife?" And the conclusion, from a "husband" who has his services confused, "And may God have mercy upon your souls." Stuff like that.

Thought that was the end of it. Then my daughter arrived home for a weekend, with her current fiancé. It seems the young man had asked her to marry him.

The weekend was pretty obviously a confrontation thing, where the parents and the boy friend are exposed to one another, with the potential bride sitting by, darting wildly nervous glances at both parties. Let's listen in for a moment as panicky thoughts scot through her mind.

"Oh, why did Dad have to say that? Mom! I think he's stubborn and stupid just because he didn't agree with her. Oh, no, he made another grammar error! Sure enough. Dad pounced on that. Oh, please Mom. Don't go into that three-hour story about how you and Dad lived on \$60 a month when you were married. Oh, lordy, why is Dad asking all those questions about how much a sculptor makes, how many sculptures he's sold, and how he's going to

pay back his student loans, as well as mine because by George he isn't going to support us? Oh, dear, I wish I'd never mentioned it.)

Actually, it wasn't like that at all. In fact, I took the whole thing very lightly, as who wouldn't whose daughter has been engaged three times within a year. The only thing that floored me was that Kim said this fellow wanted to ask my permission to marry her. This seemed so old-worldly in this day and age that I immediately became suspicious, as . . .

(Uh-huh. Wants my permission, eh? Let's see. Permission means approval. Approval means it's going to cost me a lot of money, one way or another. And so on.)

However, as I said, I took it all rather off-handedly until I went downstairs Sunday morning and found my wife and daughter arguing about the wedding: how many guests, who they were to be, what she'd wear, where the reception would be, and all that jazz.

"What wedding?" I roared into the maelstrom. At least it stopped them long enough so that they could re-group forces and attack me. I discovered that I was an old fud, a fust-pot, an obstacle in the course of true love, a cynic, a materialist, and a few other things such as a miser, a hypocrite ("You and Mom didn't have a nickel when you got married"), and a misanthrope. I cheerfully agreed to all charges, which took the steam out of their attack.

Sent the kids off with a flea in their ear,

and half our Sunday roast. The flea will buzz unheeded, and the roast will be scooped with gusto. That's life.

Would it were as simple for everybody as it is for the chap who ran the following advertisement in the "personal" column of the city paper recently:

PROFESSOR of surgery and head of surgical research of a North American university, widower, age 60, financially very comfortable, brilliant, good looking, in excellent health, active in sports, with broad interest in the humanities, arts and music, wishes to meet an elegant lady of Jewish faith, age 40 to 50, good looking, intelligent, and independently wealthy. Object — matrimony.

The rest of the ad dealt with the mechanics. The ladies were to send photograph and all details. If they shaped up, a meeting would be arranged selectively by telephone. If they didn't, they would get their junk back.

Well, I can't help but admire the man for laying it on the line, even though he is obviously an arrogant boor. He'll get so many letters he'll never have time to get married.

Nor could I help composing in my mind a similar advert extolling my own virtues for Leap Year ladies. It ran to only twelve words. As a party game, try making up your own marriage advertisement. You might be surprised at how much you have to offer to that vale of tears and laughter. Marriage is a solemn institution. If you are a solemn prig.

We took the hint—and tipped.

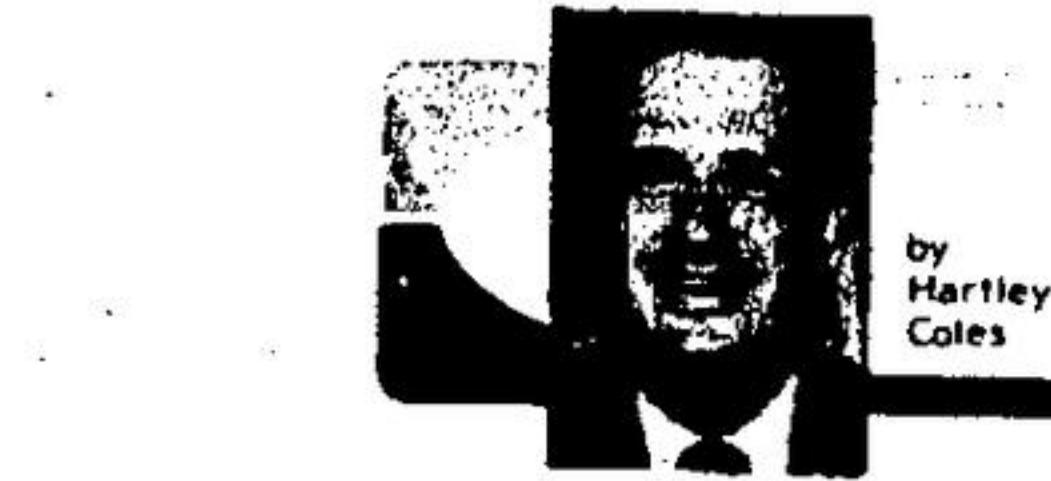
It is also a last right tradition that you spend the last night on the ship at an all-night party which prepares you mentally and physically for the arduous of disembarking chores. Probably the hardest bit is discovering means of circumventing customs officers with loot you can buy at the duty-free shop on board.

Cigarettes were available at \$2 a carton, booze sold for almost the same price for a 40-ouncer and there were numerous other things to empty your pocket book, if you had the means.

We had no trouble getting past the good humored customs man at Miami even though I had lost the list we prepared, was tripping over everyone in sight, and trying to watch the drama in the other queues, where fellow passengers were producing articles they had thought were immune to tax. Some paid. Others got through scot-free and Scotch-free.

Our guy told us he didn't care whether we had all the cigarettes on board in our pack, but anything else—watch out!

But as they say on Dragnet or some such other play—we were clean—and got through.



by Hartley Coles

COLES' SLAW

Our last glimpse of Naassau was on a bright Thursday afternoon while the Sunward steamed out of the harbor to the accompaniment of whistles and waves from boats and pedestrians.

Just prior to sailing we witnessed a little incident on dock which restored our faith in human nature. It resembled a mock-up Keystone Kops comedy, but the whole thing was conducted with much gravity.

It was a police raid.

Naassau Bobbies in their natty uniforms arrived on the docks in mid-afternoon, on bicycles and motorcycles, accompanied by the biggest paddy wagon I ever laid my eyes on.

While we watched they swooped onto the docks and started arresting everyone in sight, who were mostly good humored young men, treating the whole affair as a joke. The police pushed and pulled them into the paddy wagon with great delight, packing them into the back with the dexterity of pushers who load street cars in Tokyo.

We never did find out what their offense or offenses were, but obviously neither they nor the police thought it was worth getting very upset about. And it was a sight worth seeing as we pulled out of that Caribbean fairyland—glimping Paradise Island on our left and the city to our right.

It wasn't long before we were out in the open sea, watching the sun go down and preparing for our final dinner at the grooming ship's tables.

Earlier in the voyage—if you could call it that—we were treated to a free party at the captain's expense. This was a dodge so all the ladies could get to meet the captain, a handsome Norwegian with a slight accent, who knocked the women out with his suave, "Welcome aboard."

To make sure that no one would forget the occasion, the ship's photographer was on hand to record the event on color film. He sold the pictures at two bucks a print, and needless to say they went like beer at a German picnic.

My wife wanted to order 10 copies but fortunately there wasn't enough time to process them. She had to settle for one, which has since nearly been worn out from overexposure.

Almost one of the last things we had to do before the ship docked the next morning was to find out how we should tip all the people who looked after us on the ship. This included the waiter and the coffee boy, the cabin steward and anyone else we cared to acknowledge.

Nearly all these people had been almost unnoticeable throughout the trip. All of a sudden they were very much in evidence, saying hello to everyone in sight.