

Free Press Editorial Page

Mini-Comment

While the Eramosa River is being dissected at the current set of O.M.B. hearings in Rockwood, the Ministry of the Environment reports water quality in the Speed-Eramosa river system has improved noticeably in the Guelph area as a result of better sewage and industrial waste treatment developed by the Ontario Water Resources Commission. The report predicts that new waste treatment facilities and improvements will do even more to clean up the river. Rockwood residents will also be surprised to note the report says new installations at Rockwood and Hespeler are also expected to be complete this year. We thought the decision was still up in the air.

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If Rockwood does get a sewage system we think the conservation people should be paying a good share of that shot if the outlet pipe by-passes the conservation park. M.P.P. John Root has similar thoughts along these lines. It isn't fair to ask a village of less than 1,000 to pay heavily for the advantage of a facility that arrived a century after they settled in the area, especially since figures indicate 25 per cent of the people in Rockwood are retired and likely living on fixed incomes.

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The rash of grass fires over the past week shows that despite all the air pollution regulations many still burn off the previous year's growth. What better way to get rid of it? However, in too many instances the fires get out of hand and require the aid of the fire brigade to extinguish them. When this happens the fire starter is not observing proper precautions and invites disaster.

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We are plumping for an annual Spring Clean-up Week to keep the town and country sparkling and fresh as the warmer months approach. There is too much debris and litter around town streets that never gets picked up, bottles and garbage litter the countryside, sometimes in the most scenic spots.

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For those not yet adjusted to Daylight Saving Time, we would suggest an hour's extra sleep each night. If Will Shakespeare's right it will unravel the day's care and we'll soon adjust to "fast" time.

Our readers write

April 23, 1972,
Acton, Ont.

The Editor:

Dear Sir:

Could you please answer a few questions for me about the centennial project. I would greatly appreciate it.

1. Has there been any suggestion made for another meeting to be held regarding this project? I really don't feel that 40 people showing up is enough basis on which to start a project. Could there not be another meeting with more publicity other than the paper? Signs in store windows and notes sent home from school?

2. No offence to Mr. Carpenter but what competition did he have regarding the centennial symbol?

3. Don't you think there should be a school competition for a drawing of a centennial emblem? This would get the children interested and probably more parents would become involved. Isn't this what it's all about, involvement by the townspeople.

Thank you very much for reading my letter.

-An interested citizen.



Stamp collectors

WHEN TWO SIAMESE CATS take up stamp collecting count on plenty of kitty litter. Jo Jo and Owly, Siamese snippets at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Carpenter, Elizabeth Drive, took up their new hobby while the Carpenters were out. They used Joyce Carpenter's collection as a base for their cat mail system while Jack's camera recorded the damage.

Coles' Slaw



Do you feel tired?
Don't know why?
I've got the answer.

The population of Canada is 22 million, but there are 7 million over 65 years of age, leaving 15 million to do the work.

People under 21 total 10 million, leaving 5 million to do the work.

Two million are government employees, leaving 3 million to do the work.

There are 500,000 in the armed forces, leaving two million five hundred thousand to do the work.

Deduct one million, two hundred and fifty thousand provincial, municipal or city workers, leaving 1,000,000 to do the work.

But there are 700,000 unemployed and 200,000 on welfare. So, that leaves 100,000 to do the work.

Now it may interest you to know that there are 80,000 people out of the country at any one time and 19,596 people in jail, so that leaves just two people to do all the work, and that's You and Me, brother, and I'm getting tired of doing everything myself.

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The foregoing was culled from the Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association bulletin which among other things rated the sports pages of the Acton Free Press as among the best in Ontario.

It has never been mentioned but in the recent newspaper awards the Free Press won an honorable mention from the American judges for its sports pages.

"We were amazed and pleased at the quality of the entrants," the New York judge said, "and also as regards the obvious talent of those producing them."

This, of course, refers to Free Press sports editor Denis Gibbons, who grinds out the copy and lays the sports pages out each week.

That's the reason the "Gibber" can't get his hat on these days.

Seriously, though, I always knew Denis turned out excellent pages and the honorable mention in a very competitive field is well deserved.

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Xvxn though my typewriter is an old model, it works quite well, except for onx of its keys. I havx wishd many times that it worked perfectly.

Thxrx arx 41 kxys that function wxll enough, but just onx not working makex thx differxncx. Somxtimes it seemx to mx that a community is somxwhat lixk my old typewriter, not all thx ppxlx arx working properly.

You may say to yourself, "I am only onx person, I don't makx or brxak a program," but it doxs makx a differxncx bcausx a community to bx affixtivx nrxds thx participation of xvxy pxrson relatxd to it.

So thx nxxt timx you think that you arx only onx pxrson, and that your efforts arx not nrxdd, rxmmbxr and say to yourself, "I'm a kxy pxrson in my town, and I am xvry much nrxdd.

If I fail in my rxspnsiblxty to thx community xvxyonx suffrs.

Let's protect the young

The spotlight this week is on Child Safety week.

Few tragedies can be as heart-breaking as the death of an innocent child.

We learn of a child struck down by a car, cremated in a burning home, drowned in the midst of a swim or perishing by inadvertently-swallowed poison.

Our hearts bleed. In Canada each year, some 2,000 children under the age of 15 die from accidents and over half a million are injured. Most of these accidents could have been prevented. They should never have happened.

The population of Canada is younger than most people believe. One out of every three people, or more than seven million Canadians are under the age of fifteen. The importance of protecting this age-group cannot be over-emphasized as they are the future of this nation.

Today's children live in an increasingly complex world. An important part of their education is learning how to live safely in our

modern, fast-moving society. It is the responsibility of all adults to guide and protect children from the hazards that surround them.

In 1970, the latest year for which figures are available, 1,836 children died in accidents.

Of the 5,197 traffic deaths, 770 were children under the age of fifteen. Of 1,287 pedestrian fatalities, 493 or 38.3 per cent were children under fifteen years of age.

Of 1,173 drownings, 360 or 30.7 per cent were children under the age of fifteen. Of 1,287 pedestrian fatalities, 493 or 38.3 per cent were children under fifteen years of age. Suffocation fatalities took the lives of 549 persons of which 253 or 46 per cent were among infants, generally due to regurgitation of food or smothering in beds or cradles.

Of 1,173 drownings, 360 or 30.7 per cent were children under the age of fifteen. Males outnumbered females about 6 to 1.

There were 634 fire fatalities and 208 or 32.8 per cent were children under the age of fifteen.

Accidental poisonings took the lives

of 31 children under 15 years of age. 17 of these happened to children under five.

Every 15 minutes in this nation, a child is accidentally poisoned. Every five minutes a child is needlessly injured.

More children die from accidents than from the next three causes of death put together — congenital malformation, pneumonia, and cancer.

The most dangerous ages of child accidents are two and three and these happen more frequently during the late afternoon and evening hours.

Accidents do not just happen. A set of circumstances which frequently with a little foresight, could have been prevented, all too often costs a child's life or results in injury.

Teach children what they want to do safely.

The moulding of safe attitudes also depends on teaching by example. A positive attitude towards safety instilled in children starting with the very young will equip them to cope with hazards all their lives.

Let us try hard to cut the enormous toll of life.

Boredom disease of times

At long last, industry, especially the auto sector, is realizing what housewives figured out eons ago—that repetitive boring jobs must be given some variation and meaning.

People laughed patronizingly when housewives headed out from the home-stead in droves to take night courses — paint, sculpt, volunteer, drink coffee, garden—anything but dishes and dusting.

Now industry even has a fancy name for the boredom disease—"Lordstown syndrome." The Lordstown (Ohio) General Motors plant went

on strike recently out of sheer boredom—spotlighting the combination of fatigue, stress and depression—that shows up in workers exposed to unbroken monotony and strain on the assembly line.

Lordstown called sharp attention to the fact that young workers these days are more restless, independent and rebellious than older employees. (Average age at this plant was under 25).

Various experiments are being tried, more time off, four-day work week, and a talked-of six-month year.

Some companies are studying "job enrichment" schemes which motivate workers with phases of recognition and job rewards.

In Germany, Lufthansa lets many employees work as much or as little as they please. Sweden's Saab-Scania has robots to do the monotonous assembly line operation, leaving workers free to produce an entire engine, instead of just one part.

It shows that these days wages aren't for boredom.

—Unchurched Editorials of the United Church of Canada.

Next time somebody in the club or other organization you belong to asks if you'd handle the publicity for some event that's coming up, take my advice and respond with a ringing "NO".

That's the way they always put it: "Handle the publicity." Casual. Nothing to it. You just "handle" it.

Well, I'm sitting here in my underwear trying to write a column, because I've just finished a two-week stint of "handling" the publicity and I'm soaking wet from the waist up.

Why? Because I'm just home from galloping up and down the main street begging merchants to put posters in their windows.

I should have known better. I got my baptism quite a few years ago when I took on the publicity chores for an election campaign. And I've been involved in three elections since, each time emerging in the same condition: wringing wet and swearing "never again."

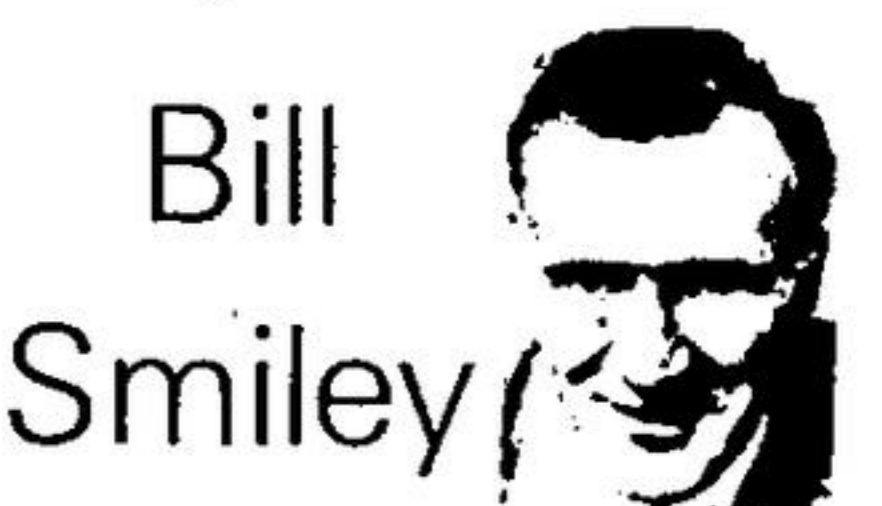
But the first one was the worst one. I was a lot younger or I'd probably not have come through it without cracking up.

My candidate was young, had never run before, and was up against a man who belonged to the large government majority. The latter should have been a shoo-in. But we licked him.

We formed a triumvirate; Ross Whicher, the candidate, Geordie Hough, campaign manager, and myself, publicity manager.

Ross beat the back roads and wore out three pairs of shoes. Geordie beat every bush in the county raising money. And I beat my brains to the bone writing speeches and news releases and advertisements.

Hardly anybody pays any attention to the platforms of the various parties, so you have to sell the man. And there are only so many ways of saying, "Our guy is better than their guy."



Bill Smiley

You say your guy has more children than their guy and that the former is active in church work. The opposition counters by pointing out their guy's experience and claiming he is vitally interested in crippled children. And so on.

You challenge your opponent, in an ad, to a public debate. He gets free publicity by refusing on the grounds that there is no evidence your guy has anything worth listening to in public. And so on.

Then there are the advertisements. We had ten weeklies and a daily paper involved, plus two radio stations. And we never had enough money. So, every ad had to be small but packed with power. Try this sometime. Try getting across a vital message in a thirty-second commercial.

Oh well, it was sort of fun at the time, and I learned that a man can work 18 hours a day and emerge, if not unscathed, at least alive. As I recall, the only material reward was a crock of Crown Royal. Not because the candidate was a cheapskate, but because he was up to his ears in bills, after the election.

As I said, I should have known better, at my age, than to "handle the publicity" again. But when I was asked, I responded like an old war horse who has been through the reek and blood of battle, but can't resist it.

It was such a little thing, really. Just the publicity for an Open House at our school, to

mark the completion of a new wing, built to the tune of three million. Nothing to it. A no-profit event. Just let the papers know ... etc.

Next thing I know, I'm writing ads, churning out thousands of words of copy, trying to con radio and television stations into believing that the "news item" I am phoning in is not paid advertising, composing a letter for 1,300 kids to take home to their parents, writing letters of invitation to various dignitaries, arranging printing of posters, and finally distributing these in person.

However, I've managed to totter through once again. The only thing that bothers me is that I enlisted one of my young assistants in the English department into writing radio commercials, and I'm afraid he's hooked. He's been battling out thirty-second commercials with not only clan but gusto. I wouldn't be surprised if he quit teaching English and went into advertising, a fate worse than death.

There's one other unfortunate side effect. My wife and daughter have a wedding coming up. The former is flying in ever-decreasing circles of panic and accuses me of having deserted her during the crisis, because I've spent so much time — you guessed it — "handling the publicity."

Fortunately, Kim is blithely unconcerned about the whole thing. She constantly remarks, "Stop worrying, Mom. There's nothing to it," which has the effect of turning the Old Battleaxe a deep shade of violet, while her head whirrs with thoughts of invitations and announcements to be printed, the house to get ready, the flowers to be organized, and the casual kid's wedding dress not even thought of, with ten days to go. Not to mention, "When is the yard going to be cleaned up?" and "I'll never get that chair back from the upholsterer's in time", and simply, "I can't face it."

Like Kim, I believe the wedding will take place, and it will scarcely rate in the history books with the crossing of the Red Sea.

Back issues of The Free Press

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 8, 1952.

Tennis got started this week when the club met to make plans for the official opening. The net has been erected on the asphalt court but the clay court is not yet dry enough for playing. Mrs. Doris Graham presided for the meeting.

Trophies were presented to the team captains and best all-round player of the Acton Minor Sports Club's town league at a banquet in the Y.M.C.A. last Thursday evening when more than 100 of the town's players were treated to hot dogs and ice cream. Bob Heatley, captain of the winning team in the junior section of the league, won the George Molozzi trophy. Team Manager was Gordon Cunningham. Paul Lawson was awarded the John Kentner memorial trophy for the best all-round player. Kerwin McPhail, manager and Ed McHugh, captain, accepted the Canadian Legion trophy for the winning team in the senior section of the league.

Cliff Sutton, general secretary of the Y, has been released to join the office staff of Micro Plastics.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 4, 1922.

The Great War Veterans Association Community House has been purchased by Daniel Ritchie, who has so successfully managed this hostelry for the past year or two. The place will hereafter be known as Acton Community House. He has permanent boarders and commercial travellers are loud in the praises of the menu and accommodation. There are still club privileges for the G.W.V.A.

The local baseball season opened Saturday with a fast Milton junior team as visitors. The game was never in doubt and Acton was always in the lead. Acton battery McIntyre and Kaley, Umpires Leshman and J. Kennedy.

From the Detroit Free Press comes the news that photographer Charles M. Hill is retiring. He commenced his photography business in Acton in 1877.

Milk is now 11 cents a quart. In April there were 27 mothers on Mothers Allowance in Halton, paid a total of \$872.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 13, 1897.

The new electric fire alarm put out last week works to perfection in awakening the caretaker and driver of the fire team. The fire going for the east end was however a dismal failure and has been returned to the electricians. It could not be heard in councillor Denny's store a single block away.

Mr. James Warren of Walkerton, a native of Acton, called upon the Free Press and during the visit Asa Hall, Esq., our oldest resident, dropped in. Mr. Warren was recalling verses he had learned at school when Mr. Hall was a trustee, in 1849. The school building was on Main St. near where the old Presbyterian church stands. The teacher was Mr. Alex McKinnon.

Mr. William Armour of Nassagaweya lost a heavy draught horse from paralysis last week, valued at \$150.

Arbor Day was observed at the Public School by cleaning up the school yard. No flowers or trees were planted this year. Acton seems to be the favorite objective point for Georgetown cyclists. Scores of them have been here the past week.

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Business and Editorial Office

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