

We are bombarded with sick literature

Recently a large daily newspaper ran a feature article which was frightening. It showed the extent to which young children are bombarded through their senses by pop songs, pop singers and TV movies into juvenile delinquency.

The pop songs featured sex and drugs in lurid and lustful detail urging participation. The article included interviews with police officers and others who had to deal with increasing juvenile delinquency.

The advertising fraternity has been exploiting sex for 25 years to sell consumer products. In more recent years, however, sex and violence have become the main

themes of movies, TV films and plays to the almost complete exclusion of all other aspects of human experience.

Pornographic literature increases and is readily available to all ages. We are bombarded with the lurid, the sick, the depraved, the degenerate case history or tale. And, as the columnist said, somebody is making a pile of money in this bombardment.

For those of us in society who are adults with a sense of responsibility, it is surely time we sought action from government to establish standards and set laws covering literature, music, films and other forms of entertainment

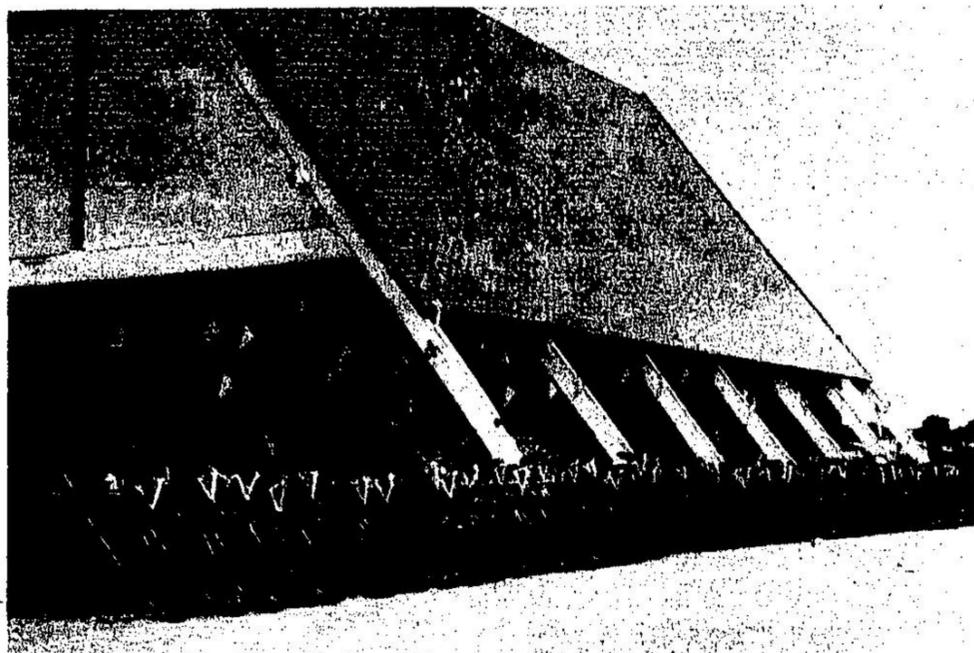
to which juveniles have easy access.

We should urge governments, individually and collectively, to consider asking representatives from social agencies, churches, the medical profession, philosophical and other groups, to draw up a set of standards on which a few tough laws could be legislated.

This would phase out the rip-off artists and their garbage now flooding the markets and demoralizing children.

Future generations would thank us for our concern in taking positive action on censorship which makes sense.

—Unchurched Editorials



DE CYCLES' CYCLES were lined beside the Christian Reformed Church Friday afternoon when the group of 51 stopped for lunch. En route from Quebec City to Michigan the Christian Youth Group had been travelling from Oshawa that morning and had hopes of making Elmira Friday night. (D. Pink photo)

There's no place like home, as some wise man or woman once said, I think most likely it was a man.

For a woman, home means washing clothes and dishes eternally, scrubbing dirt, making beds, and all those other rotten jobs that make "home-making" a dirty word.

For a man, it means a good, hot cup of tea, a good, hot coffee, a meal that tastes like food instead of wet Kleenex, clean sheets smelling of sun, and going around in his underwear and bare feet if he only will feed like a pig.

That's exactly what I'm enjoying today: after four days in The City, I've just had a decent cup of tea, and tomato sandwich, and I'm in my shorts and bare feet.

We've just had our annual plunge in The City, and even my wife gave a groan of pure pleasure as we pulled into our driveway last night and the cat came running to greet us, flinging herself on her back and rolling her belly ecstatically. That's the cat, not my wife.

I haven't the slightest idea why, but every summer, when sensible people are fleeing like lemmings from The City, the old girl and I take off from our suburban retreat in the heart of touristland and head for the concrete canyons of that same City.

There's no intelligence, let alone common sense, in it. We can't afford it. We don't even like it. But we go.

Don't ask me for a logical explanation. It would be like asking a caribou why he runs back and forth, with wolves snapping at his heels.

And the wolves are there. In The City. Just waiting for us caribou. Unfortunately,



Bill Smiley

they don't look like wolves, so you don't know what's happening to you until you're hamstrung. They look like cab-drivers and waiters and bartenders.

But one can't blame the wolves, can one? That's what they are for: to weed out the cripples.

Well, I can tell you that if you are not crippled, at least financially, after a few days in The City, you've been staying with your relatives.

For some reason, we always stay in the best hotel. After all, it costs only about three days pay for each night in the swank joint. This is part of the whole midsummer madness.

And what the heck, it's only three dollars each to see a movie. And what the shoot, room service charges only \$1.50 for a pot of coffee, and a meagre \$1.50 for a sandwich. And, of course, you can't take it with you, so spread it around a little.

And then there's the swimming. The big hotels have a swimming pool. Of course, only the common people swim in the pool. That's what we tell ourselves every time we

remember we've forgotten our swim suits.

This is about the point where I start to pound my head, thinking of the mile-long stretch of clean white sand and clean blue water back home.

But there's one thing I'll say about The City in summer. It's cool.

Oh, not out with the rabble on the streets. They, I understand, sweat just like the rest of us.

But on the big hotels and the bars and the restaurants, air-conditioning has worked a miracle. Or something.

You can almost go into some of them without an overcoat. Some of the bars are so un-cool the waiters don't even have blue lips. But in most of them, the customers are sitting around racked with pneumonia and arthritis.

I don't know why I'm complaining. Nobody forced me to go to The City. And if anyone tried, it would be like attempting to force a mule to walk backward. I wouldn't go there if you paid me. Especially in the summer.

But I went. I guess it was for my wife's sake. She loves a few days in a big hotel. No laundry. No meals to cook. No brains.

However, the annual stupidity is over again, and, as I said, it's great to be home. No more of that ridiculous wasting of money on things priced seven times too high.

No problems like that at home. Nothing here but the old cat and the new wood-piles. Let's open the mail. Might be a nice fan letter. Yikes! Town taxes, \$484. Fuel bill from last winter \$130. Bank manager wants to see me. I guess it's back to The City.

Every life is sacred here

Mitchell Sharp, the Minister of External Affairs used very strong language in condemning the Viet Cong for their treatment of two Canadian members of the peace keeping team in Viet Nam, who fell into their hands.

Mr. Sharp described the Viet Cong, as uncivilized, suggesting they were the next thing to savages who had just emerged from the jungles.

Mr. Sharp was right. The treatment of the two Canadian members of the peace team left much to be desired. Even the fact they were kept in captivity was to be deplored.

We would like to know why Mr. Sharp did not lodge a similar protest with the Zambian Government when soldiers of that country murdered two lovely young Canadian girls who came to Africa, unarmed, and with only the best of intentions?

Surely, the fact that the two

soldiers were manhandled but the two girls were murdered should make a difference in the gravity of the offence.

We feel close to this case not only because the two girls were from this area but because we feel Marjan's father, Oscar Drijber is correct in pursuing his goal of bringing the murderers to justice. If they are allowed to go scot-free where will Canadians be safe when they travel?

Surely the lives of Marjan Drijber and Christine Sinclair are just as important as the rough treatment of two soldiers who signed on knowing the risks a uniform can sometimes carry?

Perhaps in the sophisticated world of diplomacy the lives of two young girls are not very important as they are to us and to every Canadian who values life as something to be protected.

We are afraid the case has also been partly obscured by political

considerations which should have no part in a matter of this gravity. The opposition will sometimes use any device to embarrass the Government and the Government in turn considers it as such. Shame on any who would stoop to such considerations.

Then there are those who feel it is a matter between Rhodesia and Zambia, each of whom is juggling for better global relations.

Others contend Canada does not want to jeopardize relations between Zambia and Canada. For those we would like to say that relations are already strained between the two countries and the only way they can be improved is by bringing those who killed in cold blood in front of a court of justice, if for no other reason than to show every life is sacred to the people here, whether they wear a uniform or not.

Mini-Comment . . .

American observers have pointed out with some envy, that under the British and Canadian forms of responsible parliamentary democracy, the head of a government has to submit to daily questioning in the House of Commons. President Nixon, for instance, would have to submit to critical questioning if he were Prime Minister of Canada, but as President of the U.S. he has been able to refuse to appear before the U.S. Senate inquiry with perfect constitutional propriety. Another point in favor of the British and Canadian systems—the head of government can be removed with or without an election. He need not fill out the rest of the term as in the U.S.

Fairy Lake has been given new dignity since graceful swans were introduced into the waters. They glide up and down the lake now with graceful strokes sometimes towing a raft of fledgling cygnets behind them. Proof that the lake is suitable for swans is this picture taken at the Breezes where the Woods and others including Wes Brown feed the adults and little ones at different intervals. The cygnets have grown since this picture was taken by Mr. Wood and will soon be hatching honeymoon plans of their own.

Canada will be explored at Black Creek Pioneer Village during August. The pioneer printer was the principal news communicator of his day, operating a press that turned out broadsides and weekly papers. The Village printer, Jack McBride, will be on hand to demonstrate the old presses and tell stories. One of 29 restored buildings in the village at Jane St. and Steeles Ave. in Metro, the print shop was originally built about 1855 and moved to the Pioneer Village in 1967.

Our Silverwood correspondent, Mrs. Alicia Scott notes that more rain fell on the night of August 1—1.40 inches—than we received during the entire month of July—1.09 inches. And it came mainly in small showers. To which we reply:

My, my, July was dry
Our plants all shrivelled up.
Grass turned brown.
And weeds did abound.
While laws we forgot to water;
What seed could explain,
How the weather changed—
To welcome August rain.
Unless it be, a visit from She,
Who resides in old Buck palace,
And folks who shout,
From every mount—
"Long may she reign."

It is interesting to note that a meeting in the vicinity of Kiltbride (Burlington) endorsed a brief presented by a citizens' committee favoring the use of the 401 highway for the 500 KV hydro corridor from Middleport to Pickering. The alternative route which has been labelled a "modified

Q" has been getting enthusiastic support from most rural groups and towns and villages because it skirts productive farm land and makes use of existing corridors.

A member of our staff who gets very annoyed every time Governor John Graves Simcoe is referred to as Lord Simcoe notes that Milton has named a street after "Lord Simcoe." After the Toronto hotel, she declares, "no doubt." She refuses to enter the hotel without taking note of the misnomer. She is right, of course. Governor Simcoe, who founded Toronto was never a Lord. The Americans made him one after the Toronto hotel.

You perhaps noticed a small item in last week's Free Press about Mr. and Mrs. Fred Salt celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary quietly last week at their home in Acton. They preferred not to attach too much publicity to the event, which is a milestone, nevertheless. The Free Press joins in wishing many more happy years to this well known, highly respected couple.

Mayor Les Duby didn't like the word "cavities" to describe the road improvements which are presently going on in Acton at present but for a reporter who had just returned from the dentist "cavity" seemed an apt description where a road is drilled for decay and then filled in with better material. Isn't that what is happening around Acton, with no offence intended?

What lady councillor from the area was so worked up about a decision of council she planted a friendly kiss on the cheek of the reeve. It is for you to find out.

Back Issues of The Free Press

20 years ago

Current shoe company was founded 19 months ago and when the first slippers came off the production line hopes were high. Now the firm's 14 employees are turning out about 150 pairs of slippers a day with orders ahead for 10,000 to 12,000 pair. Eugene Brauda and family have placed their confidence in the skill of William Wursnik and his wife who came here from Czechoslovakia when the Communist regime utilized the pair of a shoe factory with 150 employees. Men's casual shoes will be turned out in the spring. Most of the leather is purchased from Beardmore's.

Under the auspices of Rockwood Community club a well-attended street dance was held at Rockwood Wednesday evening.

At a Y camp are George Oakes, Bob Carr, Peter Lawson, Paul McGeachie and John MacArthur.

Brasserie Island is the site of the scout camp. Under the leadership of Dave Dills and George Elliott the campers are Wayne Currie, Emmerson Baxter, Bob Marshall, Barry Stewart and Ron Davidson. Attending on the weekend were Jim Dills, Bob Coon and John Creases. Ted Tyler Jr. drove the troop equipment up.

About 800 Acton adults and children gazed at a 31-foot long python in the Zoo Train sponsored by the Y's Men, but Mike Cox had the worst job of his plumbing career when he and Matt Johnson worked at a drain in the none-too-large cage of two pythons. The zoo operator stood by with a club while the job was being done. He thinks the giant python is 300 years old. The smaller snake, just 24 feet long, watched the plumbers with more interest than the three century old one.

Acton's order office has opened in Acton. Miss Doris McLaren is in charge.

75 years ago

Several esteemed citizens in the east end who are successful poultry raisers have lately suffered considerable losses through the depredations of hungry polecats. The fourth of these odoriferous visitors was shot last week.

The triple tenement being constructed from a part of the old Knox church is in the hands of the plasterers.

"No more plank sidewalks" is the almost universal cry of ratepayers. Give us permanent pavements.

There were four runaways in town last week.

Engineer Ivens of Toronto has completed a neat and commodious barn on his property on the fourth line.

Wheelmen do not boast much about the ease of propulsion around Limehouse. The scenery is admitted to be beautiful but oh, the hills and rocks to be ridden over!

Spain has accepted the United States terms for peace and the war is over.

bicycle Charles Fell, W. Little, clown Tom Morton, L. Worden, best hobo J. Van Wyck, best negro V. Alger, J.R. Waldie, original costume Vera Grindell, spark plug and Barney Google, G. Lanz, Norman DeForest, J.R. Anderson drove a yoke of oxen. The band was divided in two sections and took that part of jazz bands.

No single incident created more interest than the baby show. Prizes went to Donald Hynds, Lila Harwood, Jean Evans and Irene Fryer. There were 19 entries.

The band tattoo by Milton, Georgetown and Acton bands was a grand finale. H. P. Moore was chairman.

The union service in the park of all churches will never be forgotten. Attendance is estimated between 3,000 and 4,000. Acton Citizens' Band led the massed choir of 75 members of Knox church and at the park they were joined by the Methodist Sunday School orchestra. Rev. Hackett of the Methodist church and Rev. Father McReavy of St. Joseph's delivered spiritual addresses.

Prizes for the most attractively decorated homes went to Miss Florence Holmes and Mrs. H.S. Holmes.

"My how the old town has grown," was a very current comment. Only criticism came from visitors who went to the end of the park known as Lovers' Point where many names are carved on the trees, to be confronted with refuse of all kinds. Surely it is up to Council to find a less annoying dumping place forthwith.



Sing—As You Drive—At 45 m.p.h. sing: Highway are happy ways. At 55 m.p.h. sing: I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home. At 65 m.p.h. sing: Nearer my God to Thee. At 75 m.p.h. When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. At 85 m.p.h. sing: Lord I'm coming home.

Hill (Wicked Willie) Johnson of R.R. 2, Luckwood, an advocate of Indian names for the new towns of Halton Region, facetiously suggests North Halton could be called "Land of the Tall Pylons" if Hydro's 500 KV corridor should wind up in Esqueness. Or if it's a case of having to accept Metro Toronto garbage—"Garbage Esqueness." Tut, tut!

The role played by printing and the weekly newspaper in the development of

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OUR READERS WRITE:

Christ is the answer - not drugs

Dear Editor:

I read your poem, "Take Me in Your Arms" and I would like to comment.

The terrible desire that drives one on who is on drugs is horrifying. If we would stop for a moment and think, each one of us, what is behind it, basically it is all the same—an empty feeling, a feeling something is missing and so we launch out to find this missing link.

Some go to drugs, some to drink, some to sex, some to crime, but none of it brings the satisfaction one is truly looking for.

God created man a vessel in whom He intended his spirit to dwell. Without it man is desperately confused and anything else cannot meet the need.

We need to admit our need of God. We need to admit our need of Jesus as our only

way to heaven where God desires we would all be some day.

Some people in this search even try religion but it doesn't meet the need. Why? Because of failure to meet Jesus Christ personally.

When you have truly met Jesus Christ you will really know it and that missing thing you're looking for will find the peace and joy only Jesus can give. He will open up a wonderful new dimension of hope through the power of the Holy Spirit.

Then life for you will have really only begun.

Mrs. Charlotte Marchmont,
65 Roseford Terrace,
Acton

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 3, 1923.

Jubilee Celebrations: continued from last week.

Calithonian parades have been in vogue here for 50 years but never has there been such a showing. Prizes awarded: best decorated car King and Fisher, John Hill; character Mrs. F. McPherson and Mrs. W. Snyder, W.M. Cooper and Mrs. Bishop.