

# Non-smokers have rights

The Halton TB and HD Association predicts that non-smokers can expect more relief from tobacco smoke in 1975 than at any time in the past several years. This was the hopeful message of Mrs. C. W. McKim, president of the Halton TB and HD Association, at the National Education Week on Smoking, January 11 to 17. The theme for the nationwide observance of the week is "NON-SMOKERS HAVE RIGHTS TOO!" Mrs. McKim bases her optimism on recent actions taken by local bodies and citizens' groups to protect the rights of non-smokers.

In the past year alone, said Mrs. McKim, several communities introduced legislation to control smoking in public places and airlines granted larger seating areas for the non-smokers. A number of environmental action groups have become concerned with indoor air pollution by tobacco smoke.

She credits much of this activity to new scientific evidence which shows that cigarette smoke can be harmful to non-smokers. Studies in smoke filled rooms indicate that the level of carbon monoxide may be in excess of the legal limits for air pollution. Exposure to such concentrations of CO, she added, can be a hazard to people suffering from allergies, heart and respiratory conditions.

Many people with none of these conditions, said Mrs. McKim, are disconcerted by tobacco smoke. So it is encouraging to see that steps are being taken increasingly to protect non-smokers, especially in enclosed public places, public conveyances and in many work situations.

Smoking and Health Week could be considered Consideration Week—consideration of non-smokers who may be discomforted by tobacco smoke.



GIANT CUP CAKES leed in snow are these stacks of hay at Sam Hokansson's place on the Guelph Line. Peter McCusker took the picture.

## The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press January 6, 1955.

Since the prolonged hearing of Acton's application for annexation of adjacent land, before the Ontario Municipal Board, there has been much speculation and conjecture among many readers. Enquiry at the Municipal offices gives no enlightenment.

W. E. Matlock, of Acton, has been named registrar for the county of Halton. His appointment became effective with the New Year.

Over 100 attended a New Year party at the Legion Hall on Friday. Legion members, their wives and friends, enjoyed dancing to records during the evening. Winner of the door prize was Mrs. Marg Helman.

Town council's inaugural session at the first of the year, usually a short snappy session full of quick votes on formal motions, started out that way Monday evening when the 1955 Council, with two new faces convened for its first meeting. However, it didn't end up that way, about 9:30 with most of the routine business wound up, members got wound down, in a knotty subject that didn't untangle until well past midnight.

With white figures on a deep blue background, this year's license plates are gleaming on the mud splattered bumpers of district cars. Licenses issued in town begin at number 770 501 and R. J. Burgrave has 1500 on hand.

## 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, January 8, 1925.

The Acton True Blue Lodge, No. 790 held their annual meeting on Wednesday evening for the purpose of electing officers for the year 1925. D. D. G. M. McCarty, Past D. D. G. M. McCall, and Bro. Robinson, of Georgetown, were present and assisted with the installation of the officers. The following officers were elected for 1925: W. M. Mrs. W. H. Smith, D. D. G. M.; Mrs. E. Gamble, R. S. Mrs. Emily Skiff, C. of C.; Mrs. W. Babcock, F. S. Mrs. Thelma Gamble, Treasurer; Mrs. William Hall, Chaplain; Mrs. Theford D. G. Mrs. W. Blair, Auditors; Mrs. Myrtle Carnahan, Mrs. E. F. Collier, S. S. Committee; Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Smithurst, Mrs. Jas. Wild, Mrs. F. Gamble, Mrs. F. Kennedy, I. T. Mrs. Lappin, O. T. Miss Myrtle Carnahan.

Charles Mann came home the other day from Toronto with his left arm in a sling. He fell on a slippery place at his boarding house and sustained a fracture. While engaged in the hockey match at the rink on New Year's afternoon, Kenneth Currie received an accidental blow in the face which knocked out a tooth, loosened two others and cut his cheek so that it required several stitches. Charles Bell also had an accident at the rink. He was struck over the eye, and it was necessary to have a stitch or two put in to close up the wound.

Mr. C. F. Knapp, of Toronto, who was recently appointed accountant on the Bank of Montreal staff here to succeed Mr. C. F. Lucas, arrived in town last week.

## 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, January 1, 1900.

Following are the names, in order of merit, of those who passed the third class professional examination at Milton Model School. Certificates have been granted to all the students in attendance during the current term. Total marks, 750; necessary to pass, 450. E. U. Dickenson 623, Lottie E. Lusk 600, G. H. Holmes 584, Erna Norton 563, Ethel Chisholm 562, Edith M. Moulton 543, Gertrude Dayford 582, Nellie Springer 525, Margaret McQueen 515, Harriet I. Cook 498, Aggie Wording 484, Andrew Arthur 478, John W. Manson 469, Manassah Campbell 452.

Council met for its last session on Tuesday evening, 26th December. Members 11 present except Councillor James Clark. Reeve Pearson occupied the chair.

About two o'clock Friday morning the fire bell rang out its first alarm for the year. The new frame house in course of erection at the corner of Brock Street and Victoria Avenue on Mount Campbell by W. P. Campbell was found to be on fire. The fire had made considerable progress before discovery. The flames having penetrated the roof, and the framework fell in a few minutes afterwards. The fire brigade was promptly on the scene, but the building being isolated there was nothing for them to do. The exterior of the building was about completed and the interior was lathed ready for plastering. The cause of fire is unknown, but is supposed to have originated from the stove used by the builders. Fortunately Mr. Campbell carried a builder's risk for \$500 on the building. He was negotiating a loan of \$700 on the property.

## Free Press Editorial Page

The Acton Free Press, Wed., Jan. 8, 1975

## Parliamentary pay raises

A couple of weeks ago Halton M.P. Dr. Frank Philbrook told this newspaper he approved of raises for members of parliament. Now, touring the riding, he hasn't found too many who agree with him.

People were also anxious to hear what John Diefenbaker would have to say about the proposed pay raises.

Returning from a Caribbean expedition he delivered a thundering blast at the salary proposals. He called reporters in to his office and declared: "This is a body blow to Parliament, the like of which I have never seen."

He pointed out further that the M.P.s knew the salary structure

before they ran in the July 8 election and "any increases approved now should not be applicable until after the next election." He added that he would support a small increase, "but what they have proposed here is worthy of national criticism."

Another stinging criticism was given by the Toronto Star which said in part: "It is incredible that at a time when inflation is so badly wracking the country, its supposed leading citizens can do nothing more than look after themselves comfortably—and in doing so to set an example for other wage and salary negotiations that would tear the economy to pieces. That is leadership toward chaos."



## Bill Smiley

This is the time of the year for "out with the old, in with the new." I honestly did try to do this. But it was hopeless. I got bogged down, right up to the navel, in my first attempt to get rid of the old.

I decided, as my year-end project, to clean up my writing desk. This may sound simple, a mere 15 minutes of sorting and tidying. But you are not acquainted with my writing desk.

Perhaps you remember the myth about Hercules cleaning out the Augean stables. They were filled with cattle, hadn't been cleaned in decades and there was a formidable mountain of manure. A formidable task. He did it without even using a pitchfork. He diverted the flow of two rivers through the stables, and lo! they were cleaned.

That was child's play compared to cleaning off my desk, and also I am no Hercules.

On each side of my typewriter sits a teetering stack of papers that reaches approximately to my head, when I am sitting at my machine. Huddled between them, like a sparrow between two huge tomtoms, squats the typewriter.

Occasionally, one of the piles, like a glacier, slides majestically to the floor. My wife picks up the mess, and muttering under her breath, jams it back on the desk. She's forbidden to disturb anything there, or even to dust it. That's the main reason the piles are two feet high. I do allow her to dust the front of the desk, where the drawers are.

nags around that summer, I suspect he would have clipped their wings, too. Enthusiasm, thy name was Harold Townsley.

In the fall, I realized with a sharp pang, that it is wicked to interfere with a wild-fowl's natural instincts. I just happened to be close at hand when a flock of free-flying Canada geese veed magnificently over the lake, honking a bid to our pilined seven. They replied pitifully, every feather expressing frustration and heartbreak at being unable to soar with the migrating flock. Perhaps no bird can express heartbreak more poignantly than the Canada Goose.

It was Mr. Townsley who set the pattern for non-migration of our Fairy Lake wildfowl. It was he who sold the idea to Parks and Recreation Board, Parks and Wreckers of that year cannot be blamed for buying, they, like the rest of Actonites not being biologists.

I fault the Canadian Wildlife service Environment Canada experts for granting a license to keep wildfowl in Fairy Lake without checking on the operation. Recently, as a result of fevered messages from Mr. Townsley, they are making typical civil servant noises. Remarkable, that it has taken them all this time (so close to the fact we harbour a few hybrids).

Perhaps I should have contacted them last winter when our ducks, geese and swans were literally trapped behind the arena at deep freeze-up time in January. I ulcerated and lurked around the Community Centre, worried sick as the open water shrank and the frantic birds struggled to stay alive.

For once, I stepped out of character, trying to be diplomatic, for the sake of peace and wildfowl's welfare. There was, then, the hiatus created by regional government. No Parks and Recreation board to harass and petition as in other years.

I should have created, and have since kicked myself for failing to do so. The birds were herded over to the dam-side finally, but not before some ducks froze to death, and five swans, four young and a male vanished obviously in quest of open water.

Where then, was the zeal and concern that motivated Mr. Townsley when the project was still young? Long since dried up, I suspect.

If this letter begins to read as if Mr. Townsley and I are engaged in a personal feud, so be it. I am bitter, and wrathful and have been physically sick about recent developments that began to shape up before Christmas.

Mr. Townsley greeted me one morning with the joyful announced delivered in characteristic BIGSHOT style. "We have too many damn ducks. We're going to start searing them away."

Immediate and vigorous protest from yours truly unpaid and volunteer member

Trouble is, she's so annoyed she piles the stuff back in any old order. This causes a problem when I decide to clear the desk at year's end.

I pick up the first letter. It is from a farmer's wife, complimenting me on my stand for the beef farmer. It is dated 1962. That suggests that the last time I cleaned my desk was in 1961.

It also poses questions. What was my stand on the beef farmer in 1962? I'll bet it was a little sweeter than my attitude toward certain steak prices today. Was the letter ever answered? Who knows? So I put it in the sack labelled Who Knows. This turns out to be the biggest of the many piles I lay out on the floor.

The other piles bear such esoteric labels as: To Be Dealt With—Sometime; Needs Further Study; Look Into This; Silly Old Cranks; To Be Answered Definitely In The New Year; Complimentary; Over The Hill; and so on. The second largest stack is called Miscellaneous because I don't know where else to put these items.

Under the last item go such things as: a passport application form; a bill from the Strand Palace, London, England; a Christmas card from my insurance agent; a test for Grade 11; an offer to do the Smiley family tree for only \$3.00 (I must have been a small family); and a reminder that I am due at veteran's hospital for a chest X-ray (which I forgot all about).

I have a very definite way of handling these piles. Miscellaneous I put back on the desk. Over The Hill, which contains anything more than six years old, goes into the wastebasket, as does Silly Old Cranks, a very slim stack of letters from ridiculous people who don't agree with me.

Needs Further Study goes back on the desk, right on top of Miscellaneous. Look Into This goes back on the desk on top of Needs Further Study. Next on the growing pile on the desk goes To Be Dealt With—Sometime.

Then I lift the whole pile and slide underneath it, right at the bottom, if you'll

pardon the expression, To Be Answered Definitely In The New Year.

And then, carefully and delicately, I place on top of the pile the stack labelled Complimentary. This contains the letters I have received from those splendid, intelligent people who admire my wife or kids or column.

Yes, I know they should be thrown out. But surely you wouldn't deny a chap a little ointment for his ego, any more than you would begrudge an old lady a seat in the chimney corner, where the fire can warm her.

The piles beside the typewriter are now only a foot and a half high, and it has taken a day and a half to sort them. This may not seem like progress to you, but home wasn't built in a day, as some idiom once remarked.

One good thing came out of this year's sorting. I remembered that I had received a letter from Barry Broadfoot, author of Ten Last Years, a compelling book about the depression. I'd written a column about it.

No, I couldn't find his letter. It must have wandered into the Miscellaneous or somewhere. But the memory of his letter made me remember that I'd had at least ten letters from all over the country, and the States, asking where a copy might be obtained. No, I couldn't find these letters either.

But the memory of them reminded me of what Barry Broadfoot wrote in his letter. He's writing to another book called The Pioneer Years, and he wondered if I would ask in my column for the names of oldtimers who were spy and interesting, so that he could interview them.

So there you are, everybody. Send the names of spy, interesting oldtimers, of either sex, to Barry Broadfoot, care of Doubleday Publishers, 105 Bond St., Toronto, Ont. M5B1Y3. And the same people will be happy to provide you with a copy of Ten Last Years.

There. My first good deed of 1975. And that's going to cost you, Brother Broadfoot. Crown Royal will do.



of the arena staff. "You can't do that in the middle of winter. Some of those ducks eat out of my hand."

"That's the trouble. They gotta go."

"You'll panic the rest of the fowl. What about the white geese, the swan and the 'swan' geese?"

At this point in the sanctuary saga, Gandy, Peep, their goslings, Doug and Dorrie and our two swan geese, Oscar and Annie, delightful birds, were still in the open water behind the arena. All but one of the swans were more or less stranded on ice out at the Point, the arena staffers having failed to catch them.

In an unwanted flurry of activity, a day or so later, Mr. Townsley and his underlings walked Gandy, Peep and kids over to the dam, and also moved the lone swan, Oscar and Annie, the swan geese donated this summer by Fred Archibald, are still in the shrinking open water behind the arena. The seven stranded swans, perhaps cued in by visiting Canada geese, shortly after went on a walking jaunt down to the dam, where they are now, being fed twice daily, by GUESS WHO. Mr. Townsley and his staffers? You gotta be kidding.

The next word, same week, from Mr. Townsley: "We're gonna do in our hybrids!" Appropriate gestures, all lethal. A neighbour, poultryman, he reported, would make some traps.

One has to concede, when Mr. Townsley is cooking on gas, he's really cooking on gas. While the flame lasts, that is.

Our next exchange took place over Christmas day feeding, which naturally, I planned to undertake. "What about Christmas day?" I asked.

"What about Christmas day?"

"The arena will be locked. How will I get extra grain?" (in addition to my regular 20 pounds).

Blithe response from the bird-lover who started this whole deal. "Let them go hungry. It won't hurt them not to eat for one day."

Acton's number one Sucker retorted that the birds would be fed "if I have to beg from door to door."

Then Mr. Townsley, in tones of one bestowing a vast favor: "Ah, well, maybe we can put a bag out in the lock-up."

Big deal. After several reminders, and a final Dec. 24 phone call from the library where I work from time to time, I tracked over at dark to do my regular chores behind the arena and over at the dam. Was there a bag of corn in the lock-up? Har-de-har, although I had left the doors open as instructed.

Seething, I roared around to the arena, locked but still lighted. Heavy pounding brought a teen-age body who reported: "Don't know where the corn is kept."

Fulminating taxpayer: "You don't have to know. I know. Where in hell is the bag that was supposed to be outside for Christmas day?"

A furious plunge right to the back where the corn is stored, decanted two more bodies, one of whom allowed as "We were just going to take out the grain."

All proper hoo-haw, of course. If this beaten up old bag of 59 had not thrown a tantrum, there would have been no corn in the lock-up. And well I knew it.

In spite of my rage, I could see the beautiful irony of the situation. I literally had to stomp holes in the floor for the privilege of slugging for arena staffers, on a paid holiday!

Let me at this point, hasten to correct any wrong impressions. It gives me pleasure to feed our wildfowl regardless of the weather. To me, they are not just potential dinners. I regard them as my friends, even old Snarky Sam, the daddy swan, who spends half his time chasing Gandy and Cindy. Sad Sam the unmated male swan, and Cindy, one of this year's cygnets, who was rejected by her family after convalescing away with an injured leg.

I'm hooked on all our creatures—I begrudge not a minute, nor a dollar I have spent on their behalf. We all have our hang-ups. Mine just happens to be animals and birds. Fortunate isn't it, that I do not chase men with the same dedication!

What I want to clarify is the fact that I have been a willing dupe, goat, sucker—whatever tag you prefer. But I also wish to make it plain to Mr. Townsley and the

## OUR READERS WRITE:

### All birds "freeloaders"

Editor, Acton Free Press. It was never my ambition to monopolize the letters to the Editor slot of any newspaper, weekly or daily. Until last year, I had written one letter to the editor, and a short one at that, in reply to a book sounding off about sending two papers to Britain during the last war. Not a bad record for an old gal of 65.

Having been a reporter for 30 years until I was fired in 1952, I was long on a thrill when I first met Mr. Townsley. I was off half a century. I got used to being paid for my deathly "press."

However, some things need to be said in reply to the Free Press article of December 30, by Peter McCusker, headlined DEATH FOR HYBRIDS, JUST FREELOADERS.

According to Harold Townsley, community centre manager, who embraced the so-called sanctuary project with great enthusiasm after it was proposed and initiated by high school teachers, Earl Brears in 1971. The hybrid birds don't know enough to fly south. They're freeloaders.

A dramatic headline, which leaves a great deal unsaid. To an inexperienced writer, which includes the editor of the Free Press, and myself, although I have spent far more time with the wild fowl than the Community Centre manager, there are at least six Fairy Lake four or five hybrid birds, obviously the product of hybridization. In addition, there is little white Dunder, a cute and only blonde baby in a family of ten mallards born this summer. Her father and one did not need to be a biologist to establish paternity was the Dunder, a white domesticated drake, prepared to drink this spring with, according to second hand reports, the permission of Mr. Townsley.

The Community centre manager is totally to blame for the treatment of birds. For this perhaps, he can't be considered too severely, because knowing more about hockey than wild fowl, how could he foresee that two white domesticated drakes would do what apparently comes natural to drakes after they appeared in the pond a couple of years ago.

The owner planning an overseas trip, asked Mr. Townsley's permission to give her two fowl a home in Fairy Lake. Permission was granted and the newcomers joined the mallard demenzies. I named them Dunder and Thunder and named in their antics until they began acting as if they (dumb bunny) with undue belligerence. In my ignorance, I thought the duo were trying to drown some of the mallard ducks. So I nicknamed them Gampsters until the truth finally permeated Dunder and Thunder were only going through the mating ritual, unconcerned about predators and blood lines.

However, one must be realistic. Even the most ambitious drakes have their limits. With a maximum of effort and ambition, two drakes can only do what they can do in the mating season. Besides, Dunder and Thunder had still competition from the purebred mallard boys.

To give Dunder and Thunder credit, their springtime chasing was not a bad thing in vain. They did father a few blonde youngsters, who turned out to be our comeliest and smartest birds. In spite of what Mr. Townsley claims, our two hybrids are far from stupid. At this point, one might

ask: "How does he know? Did he, except for that first exuberant summer of the sanctuary opening, devote much time and study to the wildfowl of Fairy Lake?"

The answer is NO. And I, more fool me, am in a position to make this statement. For the past three years, I have been an unpaid member of the arena staff, voluntarily doing wildfowl jobs such as feeding, regularity, which I knew would not have been performed otherwise, except on a by-gone and by-gone basis.

True. No one asked me to step into the gap. It just developed that way, starting summer one, when I began trotting over to the lake with my camera. I was still reporting them—not yet fired.

I stated in my 1974 letter about the duck pond, that I was apprehensive when the sanctuary project was first suggested. I was worried aloud to Mr. Townsley about introducing wild birds into what was—and still is—a People Lake.

Mr. Townsley exhorted at my forbodings. Remember, at that point he was smitten with the idea. In addition to the seven high school mallards that launched the operation, he obtained from one source or other, seven Canada geese, and various other ducks, including wood ducks. All contributions were gratefully accepted. If they could swim, Mr. Townsley welcomed them. Three domesticated white geese arrived from Stratford, names of Gandy, Peep and Trudeau. Their owner reluctantly parted with them, because another of her drakes had been beating the stuffing out of Gandy, who was getting an inferiority complex.

Gandy and Peep, Lord love them are still with us, having survived all kinds of weather and punishment. Trudeau, poor guy was blown over the dam in a first winter blizzard. I spent hours looking for him the next day (and me a Tory) but there was no sign of poor Trudeau. Sadly, I accepted the possibility that some kindly citizen near the dam collected a free goose to eat for dinner.

Gandy and Peep are characters. Sometimes, one suspects they think they are people, which actually is not too bright of them, human nature being what it is.

This spring, for the first time, old Gandy and Peep became parents after three abortive springs, which yielded eggs, but no goslings. Two local goose fans and yours truly bought four eggs, and set them in Gandy's makeshift nest on the dam. Three hatched, and two goslings survived. Without exaggeration, I can report that Gandy and his mate were the proudest parents in Ontario. It was a heart-warmer to see them with their offspring. For the first time in my life, I felt like a grandmom.

Before Gandy and Peep began tugging at my heart strings (and the seat of my pants), I made a friend of Dumb Dora a Moscow duck, also a first summer arrival. My first attempts to photograph Dumb Dora were wash-outs because she insisted on squatting either on my feet or better still in my lap.

Dear old Dumb Dora. A very friendly duck, so homey she was beautiful. Perhaps, too friendly because she vanished without a trace. I missed Dumb Dora.

That first summer of operation Mish-Mash, Mr. Townsley had a ball, clipping wings. If he could catch it, the creature was pinioned. Anything, mark you to keep the fowl from migrating. Had there been flying

**THE ACTON FREE PRESS**

PHONE 853-2010

Business and Editorial Office

Founded in 1915 and published every Wednesday at 19 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. All advertising rates on application. Subscriptions payable in advance, \$6.00 in Canada, \$9.00 elsewhere. Advertising rates on application. Single copies 15 cents. Carver delivery in Acton 15 cents per week. Second class mail Registration Number 9215. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of a typographical error, the portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, appearing with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for, but the balance of the advertisement will be published 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.

Date Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.  
 David R. Davis, Publisher  
 Key Drive Editor  
 Dan Ryder Advertising Manager  
 Copyright 1975

Continued on page 5