

Summer will be pleasant

Summer will be a rewarding time for more people in Acton thanks to the two Opportunities for Youth grants that have been assigned here.

Again this year about 35 or 40 children will be taught music with instruments donated by Acton band.

The other project is the Senior Citizens Assistance Program which will provide companionship and help for older people.

Both these projects have been undertaken here before and it's fortunate they have been approved again.

The young people who form the band will be giving concerts over the summer and will go to senior

citizens' homes and parks.

The people who assist the senior citizens will have to depend on contacts, and for this they will need the understanding co-operation of the older people themselves, or their friends and neighbors. It's not easy, perhaps, to ask for help. Yet the young people are only too happy to provide it. In fact, they are being paid to do it! They help with painting, weeding, gardening, moving, sewing and reading. They'll run errands and walk dogs.

The Students Citizens' Assistance Program is receiving \$4,325 and the band project \$3,850.

Both grants should make summer pleasanter for quite a few people.



There were 35,000 trees planted Saturday by district Cubs and Scouts. Yet the loss of every single mature tree in town brings regrets. Five or six trees were toppled on Church St. to make way for the paving project (above). At the right, a limb crashed down Monday morning onto the porch roof at the home of Rev. and Mrs. A. H. McKenzie. The tree had shown signs of advanced old age for some time.

The Free Press Back Issues 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, May 5, 1853
Tuesday evening the postal staff and friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Terry to honor Mrs. Sonny Jocke, who has left the staff. Gordon McKenzie, on behalf of everyone, presented her with an initiated silver entree dish.
Firemen were called to the Beardmore Co. plant Sunday evening shortly after 8 p.m., when a blaze started in a dangerously inflammable lacquer storage area. Before a more serious blaze could erupt, however, the fire was traced through a large conduit pipe in the finishing room of the tannery. Water was poured through an opened vent in the conduit.
A meeting of the Acton Lawn Bowling Club was held last week when W. H. Rogers was elected president and J. Wood secretary treasurer.
Acton, along with 46 other like-sized Ontario municipalities, was handed a reprieve this week from the Attorney General's office. For an undefined period, Provincial Police officers will continue to provide law enforcement in towns over 2,000 population. A letter at Monday night's regular meeting of council informed the municipality the March decision to withdraw all OPP officers from larger Ontario towns the end of this year has been reversed. The notice of contract termination is therefore cancelled, the letter advised.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, May 7, 1923
At the morning service in Knox Church last Sunday, Rev. Mr. Stewart, the minister announced that he and Mrs. Stewart had decided to remain as pastor if the congregation so desired, when the union came into effect on the 10th of June.
The Acton Rangers played a return match with Georgetown at that town last Saturday. The Georgetown team had made some alterations in their line up since their visit to Acton and better football was the result.
Mrs. (Rev.) H. G. L. Baugh was taken ill last week with appendicitis and an operation was successfully performed on Saturday at Guelph General Hospital. Good progress is now being made toward recovery.
The annual meeting of the Acton Women's Institute was held in Hill's Hall last Friday. Mrs. W. A. Lasby, President, occupied the chair.
Dr. and Mrs. Farmer arrived home from St. Petersburg, Fla. where they spent the winter, on Monday. Both are in excellent health. The Dr. says he might have stayed longer, but he could not let the first in May go past without a trout-fishing excursion.
Dr. and Mrs. Oliver, of Hamilton, were guests of Rev. and Mrs. Culp at the Parsonage last week. Dr. Oliver's father, the Hon. John Oliver, Premier of British Columbia, expected to join them here, but was detained in Ottawa.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, May 3, 1900
A farewell service was held in the Methodist Church last Sunday evening when Rev. T. H. Forbes and Rev. William Bryers bade adieu to the congregation. After a few kindly words of Christian fellowship by the pastor, Rev. J. A. McLaughlin, an able sermon was preached by Rev. T. H. Forbes.
Shortly after noon last Friday a very destructive fire occurred at Brookville, the seat of the Township Council of Nassagaweya. It originated from sparks from the chimney of the harness shop of Mr. Neil McMillan. A heavy gale was blowing and in a few minutes the building was enveloped in flames. The fire spread rapidly to the houses on both sides of the shop and in a remarkably short time Mr. James Darrow's houses which stands next to the shop was burning fiercely. Mr. Neil McMillan's residence next caught fire.
A large number of willing men summoned to the scene by the continued blowing of the steam whistle on Leachman's sawmill, worked arduously carrying furniture and other effects out of reach of the rapidly growing fire.
Fairview Cemetery was enriched last week by the erection of another very handsome monument. It was placed by Mr. J. H. Hamilton, granite dealer, Guelph for Mr. Neil Keith, contractor, Winnipeg, over the graves of his parents. It is a large square obelisk of Swedish granite, with granite bases and markers, and the whole has been executed with the well known skill of Mr. Hamilton.

Free Press Editorial Page

Trees to treasure

Scouts and cubs were out planting trees Saturday, while town workmen were in town last week cutting mature trees down. Church St. is miserably bereft as fine old trees are topped because of impending road widening.

The ugly view left when trees are gone impresses on just how important nature's beauty can be.

There's always been a special relationship between people and trees.

Early men and women read meanings into the life and death of trees—the way we read the horoscopes today, maybe.

Aristotle thought trees had perception and reason, and could respond to people.

Early Greeks thought of trees as our ancestors; natives of Burma pray to a tree before cutting it down.

No societies have missed the practical value of trees as sources of shade, shelter, wood and food as well as protectors of the soil and wildlife. And that doesn't include the realization of the splendid beauty of trees.

This part of the country is well blessed with trees, and we treasure them, rightly.

So it's Mother's Day

Mother's Day — how about that?

Motherhood seems an unlikely thing to make much of a fuss about when half the people of the world have the capability for it, and so many of us combine it with another full-time job.

There have been white mothers in this territory for 150 years, and Indian mothers as well before that, and all those kids seem to have grown up and done very well indeed. After all, they were our parents and grandparents, probably.

Of course we know we could do a better job of mothering and fathering. It's taken all those years before the first course in Parent Effectiveness Training was organized and held in Acton. There was always advice of others, and help from doctors and nurses, though.

Our thanks comes in the daily contact with endearing children themselves. In seeing them blossom, and join the world.

But if somebody wants to give a card, or a flowers, or a little gift, well now, who could refuse?

News from Speyside

Speyside is a growing area, and the Free Press is glad to welcome a correspondent who'll be reporting on the news of that district, Pam Sheldon. She lives on 15 Sideroad and is also a member of the local recreation advisory committee. The paper had had a corres-

pondent in that district years ago, but lately only major happenings and had been covered in the paper—ratepayers' meetings or special things at the school. Now we'll have more of the everyday news, the kind that makes a community "home".



Local girl views changes, in Japan

First of a series

Susan Nelson spent the past two years travelling throughout various countries of the world. Some places she stayed for several months, working and living with the people. Other countries she visited as a tourist, on her way through. She is the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Eric Nelson, Acton, and through this newspaper, hopes to relate some of her experiences and observations. This is the first of a series.

by Susan Nelson
For the "gaijin" (meaning foreigner in Japanese) Japan is an astounding blend of new and old, the latter disappearing underneath the surge of modernization and newly acquired affluence due

to the country's economic success since World War II. I found it hard to fathom that the Tokyo, Kawasaki, Yokohama combined population is equal to that of the whole of Australia. When I arrived in Yokohama port I was faced with neon glitter, smog, traffic bumper-to-bumper and noise at a unheard of decibel level.
Employees treated well
Large companies monopolize Japanese life. Most students, when finished school, enter the large corporations such as Sony, Matsushita and Mitsubishi. That is where employment is found the easiest. From then on they are company property both in and out of work.
In order to keep workers content, these companies provide amenities and fringe benefits. Some of these are after-work classes in various

subjects ranging from judo to violin; well equipped recreation halls; match-making service and wedding facilities; day-care and houses sold to employees at bargain rates. Without aid from the company many Japanese could not afford their own homes.
I found that the Ginza in Tokyo, fashionable centre for Japanese and foreigners alike, is no different from any Western city centre. There is even a MacDonald's, plagued with American soldiers on leave and high prices (350 Yen - \$120 for the cheapest hamburger). Prices on all imports are exorbitant—the more foreign the name the better it sells.
This Japan was the one I wanted to avoid. The nearest retreat is the Izu peninsula about 120 km. south-west of Tokyo. Here the rolling hills planted with tea, the fresh ocean air, the mikan (tangerine) groves, and the curious but helpful people make the atmosphere relaxed for any city dweller. I was fortunate enough to stay in a Japanese home and it was here that I began to take a closer look at rural life and

the Japanese way of thinking. People hard workers
The Japanese are diligent workers, especially the women, who not only manage the home and children, but will also help their husbands regardless of the tasks involved which were mostly heavy labour. Life is much harder for those who wish to be independent in business and life-style. At my "home", the father had given up his secure Tokyo office job and come to Izu to open a small fishery. Hence every morning for breakfast I would sit down to a meal of freshly cut raw fish, usually bream or trout, accompanied by a bowl of rice and a plate of pickled tako (octopus) and daikon (similar to radish). A taste for such delicacies is acquired by eating first and asking questions later.
Fishing, carpentry, fruit and vegetable growing and pottery are the main sources of income in the rural area. The smaller the community, the more closely the families work together, supporting one another and protecting one another from outside threats to life and property. On several occasions upon

passing through some of the more remote spots I encountered folk who had never seen a foreigner before. They were not openly hostile but I sensed that any departure from their social codes would have caused trouble.
The young migrate
These villages are numbering less and less as the young people head for the cities, better wages and a more sophisticated living style. Each time they return, more urbanity and westernization come with them. It is the older villagers who remain with the following generations becoming smaller and less inclined towards the home and family loyalty.
Traditional Japan is not gone—merely hidden under a glittering layer of westernism which emerged as Japan gained status on an international level. The Japanese sociologist Chie Nakane says (Newsweek Oct. 1973) "the Japanese are basically a very conservative people. Once you have such conservative roots you can do very radical things and still be secure that it won't affect the basic foundation."

SUSAN NELSON, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Eric Nelson, has spent the past two years working her way through several countries of the world. She hopes to share some of her experiences and views with readers of this paper in a series.



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

One of the things about modern society that bothers me is mouthy minorities attempting to impose their wishes on silent majorities.

Another is the attempt by those who profess a profound belief in a vague concept called "progress" to find the common denominator in everything, and try to shove the rest of us in that direction.

Sometimes I have a nightmare about the future. In it, I see the entire earth populated by beings, no longer humans, who look alike, talk alike, think alike, and even smell alike.

Everyone will be a sort of creamy yellow brown in complexion. We'll all be the same height and weight. All individual anomalies such as hooked noses, buck teeth and jutting ears will have been eliminated.

I wake up from this dream screaming, at the point where I am just about to be told that we are all of the same sex.

In the dream, everyone will speak the same language, some type of bastard speech like Esperanto. Literature will be extinct, except for a few scholars studying its fossilized remnants. Shades of meaning will be lost. "I love you," "Je t'adore," and "Eu to amo," will all come out as "Yochamo" or something of the sort.

In the dream, there are no decisions to be made, because there will no longer be any difference between right and wrong, black and white, good and evil. Television will tell us what to think, painlessly, and why.

We will all smell alike—a subtle essence with traces of Chinese elm, Russian borscht, Congo musk and American b.s.

We will all arise when the universal siren sounds. In unison, at the appointed moment, we will take our breakfast pill, our pep pill to get us going, our tranquilizer to slow us down for our lunch pill,

another pep pill, a dinner pill, and at 2245 hours, we will simultaneously swallow our sleeping pills and become unconscious for six hours and forty-eight seconds.

But each evening, before retiring, we will have our universal culture and recreation period. Something like counting our toes.

It's only a nightmare, but each year that I live, the picture seems closer and clearer. One of these days I'm afraid I won't wake up.

Two of the most recent steps by mouthy minorities and the people who cherish common denominators are the attempts at the forced application of Celsius temperatures and the metric system.

Did anyone ask you if you wanted to switch from Fahrenheit to Celsius? No. Did anyone ask me? No. Did anyone ask either of us if we wanted to "think metric"? Same answer.

I am used to attempts to brainwash me by politicians, newspapers, experts, and my wife. That is what they are for, and at least I can fight back.

But I deeply resent simply being told by some Ottawa ostriches and their stooges in the media that I must, willy-nilly, switch to Celsius thermometer and metric weights and measures.

I am a reasonable man, I hope. If someone convinces me that something is for the common good, even though it inconveniences me, I'll go along with it.

Example: at this very moment, the government is removing money from me, who has never been unemployed, and giving it to some lazy bum who wants not to work. This is known as unemployment insurance. In the same way I am helping subsidize other people's food, medical care, housing. Not a word of complaint.

But what gets me is the arrogant attitude that typifies those who espouse Celsius and metric. They do not present one valid (to me) reason for the changes. They say vaguely that everyone else is doing it.

So what? If the latest fad is joining the Flat Earth Society, must I become a member? If everyone else is picking his nose in public, does that mean that I should, too?

Metric maniacs insist that metric is more accurate. More accurate than what? Is a thousandth of a centimeter more accurate than a thousandth of an inch? Of course not. It is merely shorter. Or longer. I'm not sure which, and I don't give a diddle.

Canadians, with their wild extremes of climate and vast expanse of geography, should battle this so-called "progress" with every ounce of their strength. Yes, the word was "ounce". Do you realize that, will soon be a dirty word, if the metric marauders have their way?

Canada would lose its very flavor as a nation should we allow this metric-Celsius pap to flow over us and flatten us into a dull facsimile of all those other dull nations.

For one thing, it would cripple our conversation, 60 per cent of which begins with a pseudo-complaint about the heat or the cold.

It would destroy our idioms. Can you imagine our hero "centimetering" his way along the narrow ledge, rather than "inching"?

"He's all wool and a meter wide" doesn't exactly stir me. Nor does, "Third down and a meter, 40 centimeters to go for Winnipeg."

Well, the varmints haven't heard the last of me. This is only a skirmish. But I need reinforcements. Come on, all you thousands who deplore the change. Let's hear from you. Fire off a letter to your editor, for a start. Then we'll roll up the big guns.

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