

# Free Press Editorial Page

## The Next Century

Tangible but inanimate the Free Press has been appearing weekly now with only momentary gaps in its 100 years.

It does though, almost have a personality of its own, if not a spirit. It has its own nick names, it has its friends, it has its scoffers.

In its early years it was called a "dude" newspaper by other publishers because of the higher quality of paper on which it was printed.

Over the years it has reflected new styles in publishing as its type faces changed or as the technology by which it was printed, altered with the progress of the industry.

But almost significantly the Free Press has borne the stamp of many people in its 100 years and at the newspaper's centennial it is them we salute.

As stewards of the community publication they took their responsibility and their strongly-held principles seriously.

The publication bore the stamp of their personality in its editorial columns while "telling it as it was" in the news columns. Those were the editors and publishers who held as their objective the best things for Acton, as they saw them. But there were many more who were printers, advertisers, readers—there were people with business acumen who shared it to assure the continuity of publishing when times were difficult for all; there were people with confidence who were willing to lend funds to see the publication grow with the attendant changes and complexity of new equipment.

We've always held, as we're sure our predecessors have, that The Free Press is really a community trust and as its stewards we bear the responsibility for its continuity through good times and bad.

When the publication takes provincial or national honors, it's an honor to be shared by the community in which the Free Press makes its home, hopefully

always serving responsibly, as any good citizen must.

It's never been all easy but it has always seemed worthwhile that the community should continue to have such a public forum as The Free Press.

We haven't the perception to penetrate the years of the future to see the role for Acton, now merged as Halton Hills, with less sense of proximity to its council and municipal groups.

It seems though, for the immediate future, that the Free Press has a particularly important role in this transitional time. There are local frustrations and disappointments. As a forum The Free Press provides an opportunity for those public expressions through which their cause may be reduced or eliminated.

Possibly as we grow accustomed to the new structure we may all come to understand it better.

In its future The Free Press will have to continue to grow to serve a rapidly growing community, but such growth is difficult to achieve without corresponding commercial growth.

Acton itself will be changing and The Free Press will be paralleling that change as it has through the past century. Just as a community requires the appearance of those willing to assume positions of leadership, so there will also be the appearance, we're confident, of those who will continue in the traditions of publishing.

There is no magic formula for communities or newspapers that insure their continuity of growth. Each depends quite heavily on the people involved.

When Joseph Hacking launched the paper in 1875, he had no future-looking glasses either but he had the confidence to move ahead. It is with a similar confidence that we see The Free Press enter its second century, and salute those whose imprint was placed on the first century so indelibly.



Prize winning picture in a recent photo contest was this picture by Wendy Thomson of Acton. Acton High School student Jim Thomson is shown with five week old back and tan coonhound puppy, McTavish. The contest was sponsored by Harlequin magazine.

Selection of the winners was on the basis of human interest and general appeal. Mrs. Thomson writes the column The Painted Box for the Free Press and also produces the prints from the newsroom darkroom each week.

## Byrne family tells of life, work at Indonesian school

Former Acton Baptist pastor the Rev. Frank Byrne is in the northern end of the island of Sulawesi (Celebes), Indonesia, and with the Rev. Malcolm Card, is conducting educational theological program for the native pastors for five years. There are about 200 in the school. He was asked to teach by the indigenous Christians there.

The Byrnes went to Indonesia in 1972 with their three daughters, Susan, Paige and Christine and now the youngest girl, Christine, speaks better Indonesian than English. Mr. Byrne also speaks Indonesian.

Their latest letter arrived in good time—mailed March 25 and in Acton April 2. However, the Byrnes report very irregular receipt of mail from Canada.

Here is part of their latest letter back to friends in Acton.

Malcolm Card and I are teaching now, and this is really taking up a lot of time, not in the actual teaching but in preparation. School begins at 7:30 a.m. and I have the first two classes each day. I like this because the heat is not too bad at that time. Last week when I was teaching, we go one of those tropical storms and the rain on the tin roof; I finally gave up trying to teach. Malcolm teaches Church History and Counselling, and I teach Old Testament, Theology and the Church.

The Extension School is off to a good start, and now, including the resident school at Tondano, we have 210 students enrolled. There could have been more but there were not sufficient text books (which in the programmed extension program is essential) and also not enough teachers to carry the load. There has also been some communist activities just a few miles from here, and some of the former communists who have become

Christians and would make excellent leaders have been forbidden to hold any positions of leadership or study at the school, by the government. But the Church is very encouraged by those who are (they were going to slaughter some cows as part of the celebration). (If you want to get beef here you have to get it

(Java). I rode my bike over to the Muslim village here in the morning to get some beef odd time and he said, "Come with me and I will show you around." It was interesting to see some of the activities at the mosque, and listen to the chants. I finally ended up at a big feast that was about to take place at the family of the

most of the work herself. Paige continues to poke along getting out of all study she can. But they seem very happy and content with their friends. Jane has some frustrating times with Paige, when teaching Paige, and with the pigs in her flowers. The stamp collection is still coming along, but few new additions at the moment although we got a couple from Singapore today. A Swiss couple were supposed to come on Saturday to trade stamps with Susan, but they both have come down with malaria. Give our regards to all at the church and to the pastor, too.

Frank, Jane and the girls. (The letter also includes an account of the failure of seeds given by Herb Helwig; the family finally gave up trying to grow vegetables.)



THE REV Frank Byrne stands with his interpreter Henry Langtang as he lectures in the seminary. He is learning to speak Indonesian.

from the Muslim village.) On the way I met this Muslim whom I had met the attending.

**Birthdays** Paige celebrated her 7th birthday here on the 18th March. This is her second birthday in Indonesia, and by some miracle the mails opened up and her present from her grandmother arrived on time to the delight of a little girl.

Yesterday was the annual celebration of Mohammed's birthday here in Indonesia. Being in the largest Moslem country in the world (Indonesians are not allowed to visit Israel when they go outside the country) this is quite a day especially in Djawa

people who first brought Islam to Minhassa from Java in the 1800's. I managed to get away before the feast started, although I would have liked to have stayed, and would have, but my lectures for today were not complete yet.

In two days it is Good Friday and then Easter. I have to preach again on Easter and it will have to be in Indonesian. My Indonesian is still like a London fog. Pray for my students that they be given patience and special ears to understand their teacher.

**Good health** The girls are all in good health. Susan has really buckled down to her new Grade IV studies and does

have come to the conclusion, as I have, that I am not a curmudgeon at all.

I am not a mean guy. I haven't hit a little kid since mine grew up.

I am not cool under the toes. My feet heat something terrible in this weather.

I am not a loser. How can you know

you're a loser when you don't know what it is to be a winner?

I do not go around making silly and unnecessary noises, except when it is absolutely necessary.

And finally, I feel that I am definitely getting somewhere. Older?

I'd like to end with a little poem, dedi-

ated to those keen students of the vagaries of our vocabulary who have followed me down this pit-fallen trail.

That Smiley While he Is often in the dudgeon Is no curmudgeon, But wily.

## The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press June 30, 1955

The Dominion Hotel, operated for the past five years by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dedels, changes hands this week. New owner is A. MacKay, Hamilton. Mr. and Mrs. Debls have bought a cabin resort and restaurant at Wasaga Beach and leave Acton this week to begin operation of their new business.

Mrs. William Ballentine and Mrs. R.L. Davidson from Acton and several others from this district attended the 50th anniversary of Coningsby Women's Institute. District police reported a minor accident just west of here on No. 25 highway Tuesday afternoon involving two cars. A car driven by Sadle Moore, Moffatt, collided with a car driven by Gulseppi Deplori, Guelph, when the latter slowed down in front of the Moore car. Damage to the Moore car was about \$50 and to the Deplori car about \$300.

Over 600 children romped from the public school this week, looking forward to two months of summer vacation and for most of them, a promotion to a higher grade in the fall. An estimated 9,500 public school students have just concluded school throughout Halton county. About 100 left their classrooms at the high school for the summer.

Rev. and Mrs. E.A. Currey were bid farewell by members of the Ministerial Association and their wives at a tea in Knox Manse last Thursday. Present as well as Mr. and Mrs. Currey, Rev. and Mrs. R.H. Armstrong and family were Rev. and Mrs. Evan Jones, Pastor and Mrs. Costerus and family. Rev. and Mrs. Groenbeor and daughter were especially welcomed.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press July 9, 1925

A meeting of the ladies of the United church of Canada was held in the school room on Tuesday afternoon. The new unionist members were cordially welcomed by Mrs. John C. Nelson, the president and all present became members. At the election of officers there was a fine spirit, the new members being offered executive positions in preference to the former members. The officers for the year were elected as follows: president, Mrs. John C. Nelson, vice-president, Mrs. Duncain McTavish, secretary, Mrs. H.P. Moore, Treasurer, Mrs. F. Cleave, parsonage committee, Mrs. Malcolm McLean, Mrs. A.E. Nicklin, Mrs. E.F. Gamble, visiting committee, Mrs. Samuel Reid and Mrs. R.L. Johnston.

Pleading guilty to leaving the engine of his motor car running with no one in charge; W. J. Courtland, of Rockwood, assessed one dollar without costs by Magistrate Watt on Friday.

An exceptionally interesting programme was given by the Acton Citizen's Band last Saturday.

Mrs. (Dr.) B. Fosse and her son, and daughter, and Mr. Stuart Klinger, of Blou, Wisconsin; Mr. and Mrs. Conover and Miss Conover of Erindale; Mr. and Mrs. I. Vannatter, Mr. Roy and Miss Mary Vannatter, of Georgetown and Mr. T. E. Bennette, of Toronto, were Sunday visitors at the home of Mrs. R. Bennett, Lake Avenue.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press July 5, 1900

Last Wednesday evening, the congregation of the Methodist church met to spend a social hour with Rev. J. A. McLachlan, M. A. and his family, prior to their departure for Port Elgin.

Mr. Charles Wenham, who went to Hamilton during the recent tannery strike, spent a few days with friends here this week. Mr. Wenham, who works in the steel works, had the misfortune to lose his right eye a few weeks ago by a splinter of steel. This serious loss is much regretted by friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hamilton removed this week to Saginaw, Mich. Their friends here regret their removal but are glad to know there is a prospect of their return and permanent settlement here a year or so hence.

Golf is growing in favor here and the golf links are being visited every week by new devotees of the game. The golfers have been entertained by Mrs. Havell and Mrs. McGrail respectively on different evenings the past two weeks.

Mr. A. A. Worden, who was injured on the head and shoulders through the falling of a piece of timber when the shed in the rear of the Baptist church was being torn down a couple of weeks ago, is able to be about again.



## Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Recently, I listed some of the things I disliked in our society. When I'd finished, I thought to myself, "Boy, you are a nasty old piece of work. Do you realize you've barely scratched the surface?"

For a week or two, I went around thinking, in 10 or 20 second spurts, every three or four days, that I was a Curmudgeon.

Some of my younger readers will not know what a curmudgeon is. Well, it comes from the root word "mud".

We all know what mud is. It is dirty. It is cool under the toes, unless it is in the form of a mud pack, which is good for the wrinkles. If your name is Mudd, you are either in the doghouse, or you are a loser. I hope that is clear.

To the root word "mud" (unless we want to root around in the mud a bit longer), we attach the prefix "cur".

A cur, as everyone knows, is a cad with teeth, and sometimes a moustache, who plays the villain in old-fashioned melodrama.

In new-fashioned melodrama, he also has teeth, but in addition he has a big belly or a bald head, and he has become the hero, as in *Canso* or *Kojak*.

Still with me? We now have "cur-mud", signifying a mean guy who is cool under the toes, has wrinkles, or is a loser. Sometimes all three.

Now we come to the suffix, "geon", which is of more obscure vintage.

It is of Hungarian antecedent, and it seems to have meant, originally, something we might call colloquially "a dummy that makes a lot of silly and unnecessary noise without getting anywhere," which is rather a contradiction in terms, come to think of it.

There are many perversions of the original, of course. We find the suffix in such words as "Injun", "engine" and "john".

But the original meaning is in there

somewhere. An Injun, for example, is one of the original "In" people, who rides around in ever-diminishing circles, emitting war-whoops, until he is shot off his horse.

Think of your car. The engine makes a lot of silly and unnecessary noise, at least mine does, and gets nowhere. Occasionally, the car gets somewhere, but the engine remains exactly where it started, in the car.

And, of course, there is the colloquial word "john", meaning a toilet. Or water closer or backhouse, if toilet offends you. This item of hardware indulges in a great deal of unnecessary noise, whether receiving or transmitting, and is usually going nowhere, except on trains, buses or airplanes, when it is so active it has to put up a "busy" sign most of the time.

On ships, of course, with their innate sense of superiority, the "john" is called a "head".

This came about when one of the head men in the British Navy, Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, affectionately known to his jolly tars as "dud", once went looking for the "john" and discovered a lot of Common Seamen, and a very common lot they were, lined up with one of the symptoms of scurvy known as "dire rear". In the interests of clarity, this has nothing to do with the term "rear admiral".

Understandably, Sir Dud flew into a high rage, the only type allowed to senior officers, and uttered a good deal of silly and unnecessary noise, or "geon", when he had to wait his turn for the "john".

As naval tradition has it, this led to the wedding of "dud" and "geon", meaning a john that isn't working, or a senior officer with a red face, or a towering rage, whichever you choose. That's one of the beauties of the English language. You can take your pick. And you know what you can do with it.

If you have followed me carefully through this brief but enlightening exploration into semantics, I am sure you

**THE ACTON FREE PRESS**  
PHONE 853-2010  
Business and Editorial Office

**CCNA**  
CANADIAN COMMUNITY NEWS ASSOCIATION

Founded in 1973 and published every Wednesday at 216 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the CCNA and CNA. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance. \$4.00 in Canada, \$7.50 in all countries other than Canada; single copies 15 cents; carrier delivery in Acton 15 cents per week. Second class mail Registration Number 0013. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for but the balance of the advertisement will be paid 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.

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