

Free Press Editorial Page

Central location best

Unfortunately for the people in the north of the country, Halton Regional Council has not yet been able to decide on the site for the future location of regional headquarters.

The former Willmott farm at Derry Road and Highway 25 seemed a splendid choice for the headquarters located almost right in the middle of the region on the main north-south artery and in the provincial belt system.

For North Halton people, that's far enough to travel to contact

regional departments, and a building in Burlington or Oakville would remove us even further from the source of government. Burlington and Oakville still aren't accessible to Acton callers by telephone without paying a long distance charge, despite the increased calling area. Of course a Zenith number could accommodate that problem.

Apparently the northern representatives couldn't gather enough support at last week's meeting. The question of a site seems back at square one.

Summer's for joy

The Royal Commission on Violence will begin hearings in the fall. The commission was established to "study the possible harm to the public interest of the increasing exploitation of violence in the communications industry."

It's a worthy study, particularly since young children are the ones who may be suffering its insidious effects the most.

And on the subject of the

media—how about all those radio news accounts, television news films, and daily paper headlines that make out there's no news but bad news? Summer weekends are full of happiness and fun for most of us. It's the best time of year. You'd never know it by the daily papers or short news spots on radio or TV.

We hope we can convey some summer joy through the humble pages of a weekly. There's plenty of it around.

Some centennial corrections

Letters from former Actonians have brought compliments on the Free Press centennial edition. Two people also sent along further information, which we very happy to receive.

One old photograph, which appeared on Page 3, showed four young men in front of the shop who could not be identified. Charles Matthews, who's one of them, wrote his congratulations and recollections from Toronto. He says the four are, left to right, Joe Lake, Charlie Matthews, Cliff Ramshaw and Billie Kenney (the

late Dr. W.G.C. Kenney).

Both Mr. Matthews and Bertha Brown of Toronto made a correction in a picture caption on Page 4. Included in this photograph are G.A. Dills, Vic Coleman and Ern Brown.

People who are saving the special edition might just like to make these corrections in their copies. We'll run the photographs again on some special occasion—like our 200th anniversary?—and get the names right, thanks to our correspondents.

Facts disheartening

People who think they've paid a bundle for a bottle of liquor aren't even considering all the cost. Ontario Minister of Health Frank Miller says "The Ontario taxpayer forked out \$89 million through general public hospitals in 1971 for illnesses related to alcohol...that, plus another \$17 million through the mental hospital system; another \$9 million through the Family Benefits Act and then \$11 million through the Children's Aid Societies for alcohol-related problems."

And that doesn't mention the terrible toll in traffic accidents that

can be blamed on drinking—even just one little drink. Or absenteeism due to hangovers—a shameful ailment that surprisingly enough brings more laughter than criticism. They tell us 14 million work hours are lost because of alcohol each year.

And they tell us that in Ontario 300,000 people drink enough alcohol to endanger their health. More than 145,000 have chronic illness.

What's the solution? "Mix a little thinking with your drinking" is the government slogan.

And just keep drumming away at the disheartening facts.

Of this and that

In every man's heart there is a secret nerve that answers to the vibrations of beauty.

Christopher Morley

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If nature had arranged that husbands and wives should have children alternatively, there would never be more than three in a family.

Laurence Housman

+++

Gratitude is one of the least ar-

ticulate of the emotions, especially when it is deep.

Felix Frankfurter

+++

Families with swimming pools are having a very satisfactory stay-at-home summer. Heat and humidity make driving uncomfortable and staying at home just dandy.

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The weeds at the station give a good indication of the way that whole mode of travel is regarded now.

Our readers write

Best paper between—where?

Georgetown, July 14, 1975.

The Editor, Acton Free Press, Acton, Ont.

Dear Mr. Dills:

Please accept my heartfelt congratulations on your Centenary Copy of the first issue of the Free Press 100 years ago. It is very well done, and there are so many names in it that bring back memories of my youth, not that I was a contemporary of theirs but I remember the names and in a great many cases I remember the people. That copy will be preserved with other bits and pieces which I have saved over the years.

In that connection there is a little bit from the Notes and Comments in the Herald for July 15th, 1908.

The Acton Free Press has just entered

upon its 34th volume. The Free Press has the largest circulation of any paper published on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway between Guelph and Georgetown. It is a first class local paper.

Again, congratulations, and best wishes for your continued success for many years to come.

Yours sincerely,

K. C. Lindsay.

Editor's note: We checked the next week's Free Press to see how editor H. P. Moore would reply to this dubious compliment from his neighbour and friendly rival in Georgetown. There was no mention of it. Mr. Moore, we know, would just bide his time until he had produced a suitably pointed remark about The Herald!



Beauty and the butterfly

GORGEOUSLY BLOSSOMING weeds dot the lush green banks of the school creek as it twitters along in the sunshine. A butterfly found the spot idyllic, and

Peter McCusker was crouched behind a wild orange lily with his camera, just at the right moment.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Well, that big heat wave through the end of June and into July puts the lie to all those pessimists who claim our summers are changing, getting cooler and damper. That was a real, old-fashioned scorcher.

Even our big, old, high-ceilinged house, surrounded by shade trees, warmed up to the almost-uncomfortable point after a week of high blue skies and hot yellow suns.

Farmers were worried, and a lot of people who had to work through the heat were suffering, and I had room for a lot of sympathy for both as I lay on the beach and wondered whether I should go in for another duck to cool off.

I have lots of sympathy, but no feeling of guilt, because I have paid my dues, slugging it out in the heat many a summer when other people were cooling off outside and inside.

There were several years of working as a serf on one of the big passenger boats that used to ply the Great Lakes.

We worked 12 hours a day, seven days a week. That was in the days when a long weekend was just a long weekend, with no holidays for the working stiff.

Most of the summer I enjoyed thoroughly, when we were "up the Lakes," sleeping under blankets at night, and revelling in the hot clear days and cool nights of The Lakehead, or Thunder Bay, as it's now known.

But down at the lower end of the seven-day run, at Windsor and Detroit, it was another story. That was then, and still is, the mullest, funkier, just plain hell-hottest place in North America.

Even the passengers perspired heavily. The crew didn't perspire, nor even sweat. They ran like waterfalls.

When you hit the Detroit River, you knew it. First by the filth of the water. Secondly, by the lack of any semblance of breeze. Third, by the stink from the breweries of Windsor.

There was no air conditioning in those days. If you had a fan kicking around torrid, tired air, you were lucky. The passenger cabins were airless. The crew's quarters, most of them without windows or ports, were virtually inbreathable. In and holes, where the black gang fired the coal into the furnaces, was an inferno. Why there wasn't mutiny down there, I'll never know.

But we were young and healthy and had no unions to tell us how we were being exploited (which we were). So after cleaning up the boat and standing under a tepid shower, it was on with some clean duds and out to sample the jobs of a night in Detroit: big-league ball games, burlesque shows and something the Yanks called beer.

It was pretty heady stuff (not the beer) for a 17 or 18 year old. Some of the boys had a little trouble making it up the gang-plank. Then it was up to the top deck, because there was no use trying to sleep in our quarters, and sit there, naked as the boat glided up the river, into Lake St. Clair, and the first signs of a breeze again. No sleep and a 12-hour day ahead, but who needed it?

Then there was a summer working in a factory in Toronto. Most of the factory was airconditioned (it had become practicable by then) as the plant turned out film and cameras. But guess who got to work in the machine shop, down in the bowels, with the lathe and the welding machines and the temperature about 96? In hot weather, and I swear it was hot all summer, the guys down there were in a foul mood throughout their shift.

I honestly believe that, in the various summer lobs I've had, I have sweated en-

ough to fill the tank of one of those new solar-heated homes they're talking about—something like 40,000 gallons.

And there's another type I feel sorry for. That's the weekly newspaper editor. Of course, they're so spoiled now that some of them even have, as I understand, air conditioning in their offices.

But in my day, the office took the full blast of the summer sun from about noon on. Outside on the street, long cool girls in shorts and tops, and little, cool brown kids in even less, sauntered along, oblivious to the heat.

Inside, the editor stewed and sizzled, trying to shake off pieces of paper that stuck to his damp hands, trying to explain to advertisers why the paper was late-

coming out, wondering if there would be any advertising next week, and trying to write an editorial out of a soggy brain. Maybe I'll check things out with some of my old weekly colleagues at the convention this summer in Saskatoon. I'll expect a cool answer.

Yes, sympathy, but no guilt feeling. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to take my grandbaby out to the beach, where we will sit in the cool sand with the waves washing over our legs, and look at the girls in bikinis, and dig holes in the wet sand, and splash each other, and jabber at each other in that special language that nobody else seems to understand, and give not a single thought to all the poor, steamy, smelly masses working today.

Never mind, chaps. I've got a rotten sunburn.

OUR READERS WRITE:

Word of God is weapon

July 15, 1975.

The Editor, Acton Free Press, Acton, Ontario.

We hear so many despairing cries from society in general—and from parents, in particular—that there is so little to give hope to the children.

The future is in their hands it is true, but we do NOT need to be drowned in seas of gloom and self-pity for them, IF we decide to act now to provide a weapon for the children to handle the unknown future!

The weapon I have in mind is an old one, but it is tried and has proven true. This weapon will give strength to their characters so that they can be independent of any of Mankind's tures, and they will have a background of integrity which is needed in all business and labour for true lasting success.

The weapon I speak of is the Word of God

with its Gospel of Love. Without it the world disintegrates into a greedy society; with it there is no limit to the contributions the youth can give.

There is one caution, however, some will see this weapon as one to be used for personal gain, as has been done in the past, during the Inquisition, but if the true Gospel is grasped and spread, there is no doubt that the world will benefit.

There are many Church schools which meet in the summer to give the children full information about God's Gospel; the question is will the parents send the children?

If you read this as a parent or friend of little children, please encourage them to attend!

In appreciation of your fine newspaper, I wish to thank you on behalf of your neighbourhood children.

Yours truly,

Mrs. S. Drijber, Rockwood, Ontario.

My beanery

Some folk like their barbeques, And dress in denim jeans, While I enjoy and love to toy, With my tender little beans.

With my little bag of beans, today, I still can stay on top, While taxes rise, it's no surprise, I'm grateful for this crop.

They seem to know I need 'em, To cut the cost of meat, We eat the beans, to get proteins, When we sit down to eat.

When we sit to our evening meal, And the blessing has been said, 'Cause it's our way to always say, "Thanks for our daily bread".

While I'm in love with little beans, Some folk gather gold, Then leave behind, their precious find, Because they are too old.

But when I'm stuck for taxes And all my world is sold, We old "has been's" will eat our beans, And let 'em eat the gold.

Victor Smith R.R. 2, Rockwood.



BIG BEANS grow in Vic Smith's garden.

The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press July, 1955

Miss Jean Howe of Fergus is the public health nurse who will be working in this district, following Miss Marg Langtree. She was in town this week. Her work is under the direction of the Halton County Health Unit.

Road resurfacing crews have moved through and east of town this week as spot repaving of No. 7 highway between Rockwood and Brampton was done.

J. Miller, 82 Mill St. Acton, won a 24-pound bag of flour in the Palermo Men's Ball Club draw held on July 8. Another local winner of flour was Richard Chester of Campbellville.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Duby, Lawrence and Lesley Anne, and Barbara Anne, George and Jimmy Ware are spending the week at the cottage on Three Mile Lake in Muskoka.

Mr. David Hutcheon, 129 Main St. N., will celebrate his 85th birthday Tuesday, July 26 and will be at home to his friends and neighbors in the afternoon and evening.

Vacationing at Sauble Beach are Mr. and Mrs. Ken Knox and their son Andrew. Spending the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Dills were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Browning of Toronto, and their son-in-law Mr. Clare Prosser of Kirkland Lake. Mr. Prosser is taking the principals' course in Toronto which Ted Hansen of Acton is attending too.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press July 30, 1925.

On Thursday evening a company of the friends of Miss Liphardt and Miss M. E. McPherson, superintendent and assistant superintendent of the G. & M. Hospital, Collingwood, who have resigned their respective positions, gathered to bid them good-bye.

John Benson, of Georgetown, was fined \$10.00 and costs on Monday for driving 42 miles an hour on the highway in Esquewauing on Monday by Police Magistrate Moore.

A welcome visitor to Acton on Monday was Mr. Archie Hemstreet, of Hagersville. Archie was a son of the late George Hemstreet, who was a meat dealer here back in the sixties, and a nephew of Miller Hemstreet, who opened the first grocery store here over eighty years ago, and called it "The Danville Grocery".

On complaint of Provincial Constable Atkins, F. T. Evens, of Toronto, was fined \$10 and costs for driving his motorcycle 40 miles per hour on the Dundas Street Highway.

Miss Minnie Z. Bennett, the experienced and successful principal of Acton Public School is receiving congratulations on all sides for the success of her pupils who wrote on the recent entrance examinations. She sent up a class of twenty-three. Everyone of them was successful and eighteen of them won honor standing.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press July 26, 1900

After some considerable delay, owing to alterations in plans, the new block corner Mill and Willow Sts., is now in course of construction. It will be occupied by the Merchants Bank, Mr. J. D. McKee, druggist and Mr. R. J. McNabb, conveyancer.

Messrs. Beardmore & Co., have handed Chief Harvey a cheque for \$10.00 in acknowledgement of the services of the fire brigade at their farm house fire on Sunday, 15th inst.—with the request that \$2.00 of the sum be paid Councillor Williams for hauling a tank of water to the burning building.

AD—My stock of Coal is coming in now. The price for July delivery will be \$5.75. To all customers ordering for delivery this month and paying cash I will allow a discount of three per cent. — J. C. Hill, Coal Dealer.

The remains of the old landmark, the big willow at the corner of Mill and Willow streets, was taken out on Saturday and on Monday afternoon a four-horse team, driven by Councillor Williams, hauled the stump to the Park and dumped it into Fairy Lake on the north side. Old residents tell that the tree was planted, then a mere shoot, by the late William Steel, Esq., in the spring of 1852. It grew to an enormous size, and its stump, which was perfectly sound from heart to bark, measured 16 ft. 7 in. in circumference and from 5 to 6 ft. in diameter. From this stump an interesting oration, touching his interest in it and the happy associations connected with its environment, was delivered by Thomas Kennedy, Esq., the Registrar of Parry Sound District, on the occasion of his visit to the old town—the place of his birth and schoolboy days—to attend the Old Pupils' Reunion on the 13th inst.

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Business and Editorial Office



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