

Please sign those letters

A letter to the editor received this week makes an excellent point about the paper and bottle collection.

However, the writer has not signed the letter and so it cannot be published. Will the writer please drop in to the office, or mail in a signature? It is a strict policy that we must know who has been the author of opinions expressed in the Letters to the Editor column.

The name of the writer need not appear in the paper. This writer of this particular letter has signed it "A concerned citizen with boxes full of bottles and papers."

This is the signature that will appear next week, when the actual name of the writer is known.

Letters to the Editor are most welcome. Our columns are always open to people with opinions.

Free Press Editorial Page

A problem for weeklies

Should The Free Press run court news?

Have all the readers of the weekly paper a right to know who has been charged by the police with an offense?

Should we record the charges laid weekly by our detachment,

and then have a reporter at each court session to list the outcome?

Bill Smiley writes on this problem of weekly papers in his column on this same page today.

He suggests anyone with opinions should write. (Don't forget to sign your own name, even if a pseudonym is used in the paper!)

Post office problems

"All except a tiny minority of post office employees want to make the service work the way it's supposed to work," says The Canadian Federation of Independent Business. "The mail is vital. Moreover, the mailman is a friend."

"The Post Office has been dogged by poor management, high turnover, technological change, union rivalry and, in many instances, irresponsible union leadership. Worse, the key post of postmaster general has been used as a stepping stone for ambitious politicians, so that until recently it has been deprived, at the top, of concerned, consistent political leadership."

"Now Postmaster General Bryce Mackasey is doing his best to remedy those past failures. His strongest ally is the public to which he owes his duty. He deserves our support."

Meanwhile, with growing concern, we continue to make plans for coping with a possible strike. Subscribers' Free Presses will be kept here at the plant, and any who wish may come here and pick them up.

News, advertisements, cheques and job printing that arrive by mail will, hopefully, be brought some other way. A strike creates far-reaching tentacles of problems to small businesses.

Where do you live?

The need for firefighters to have absolutely correct directions was brought to the fore again this week, when the truck was sent to the right line, but the wrong township.

It's important for out-of-town people with emergencies to tell the lot, line or sideroad, and township, firefighters agree. Names change, but these facts remain constant.

Of course people phoning in about fires are frantic. (One caller didn't impart any knowledge except the fact there was a fire... no name, no place... before he hung up in a panic!)

It's when there's no emergency that country residents should determine what to tell the fire dispatcher if the need should arise.

Smile — there's good news

There's good news for all the people who cringe at the thought of a spell in the dentist's chair!

An important step in the fight against tooth decay has been made by a research centre in Britain.

The research workers, from the dental research division of the Royal College of Surgeons, reported to an international conference in London that a weekly or fortnightly mouth spray with a mixture of three antibiotic drugs greatly reduced decay. This was so even though monkeys used in the test were fed on a sugary diet—monkeys get tooth decay just like people!—and were deliberately exposed to the organism which is the chief cause of decay.

The same research centre has now reported its experiments on the other means of direct attack on the decay germs—vaccination. Again, the tests were on monkeys. As reported in the British Medical

Journal, one course of injections gives protection against decay for at least four years. The protection is complete. Both mature teeth and 'milk teeth' are protected.

Does this successful research show that a human tooth-decay vaccine is just around the corner? Not quite. For one thing, monkeys, where similar to people, are not people. For another, only a small number of animals were treated. More important still, perhaps, is the fact that the same strain of decay bacteria was used throughout the tests. Further work will be needed to establish whether a single vaccine can protect against different strains of bacteria.

All the same, this research marks a major advance in the struggle against tooth decay.

And for many, the worst struggle is to make that appointment!

Of this and that

During his first year as Member of Parliament for Halton, Dr. Frank Philbrook made various statements in the House on behalf of his constituents. He has had these remarks from Hansard and related letters compiled in booklet form as reference material. Friday he brought a copy of this booklet to the Free Press office, in the possibility local people might find it useful.

The Free Press will be happy to show this copy to anyone interested.

The new United church carillon

peals out a tune that sounds surprisingly like America The Beautiful. Surely the old Kate Smith special isn't on the repertoire?

Take a listen and see if you can catch it. Times: weekdays noon and 7 p.m.; Saturdays and Sundays 9.45 a.m., 2 p.m. and 6.45 p.m.

Reports are that the Guelph Chamber of Commerce is considering petitioning to have the GO train extended to Guelph, instead of having the new bus service from Guelph to Georgetown. How about it, Acton Chamber?



FIRST PRIZE winner in the Free Press photography competition at the fall fair is this study of a cat by Shirley Moore. The judge praised the technical aspects of the shot, the neat cropping of the ears, and the angle of its head, which all added up to a completely satisfying photograph. The original picture submitted for the contest was in color.



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

SOMETHING came up on my Saskatchewan holiday this summer past that rather intrigued me, and I thought it might strike a chord, responsive or otherwise, in the breast, or breasts, of my best friends, the readers of this column.

I had thrown a small and unselect party on the last night of the convention. At least it began small. It grew steadily larger because it was unselect: everybody who passed the open door of my room was holered at to common in.

Fortunately, most of the people who were passing were weekly newspaper people with their wives, girl friends, or grandmothers. With regard to the ladies, I must confess, said he gallantly, that you couldn't tell the girls from the grandmothers.

Perhaps that is because it's Women's International Year, but I doubt it. I have noticed in the last few years that girls are becoming more like grandmothers: the glasses, the long skirts, the humped shoulders; and, for good or worse, grannies are becoming more like girls: smoking cigarettes, drinking rye whiskey, and elevating their bosoms, with the aid of goodness-only-knows-what miracles of elastic, to positively perilous positions.

Well, back to the party. Federal and provincial politics, women's lib, starving editors, rotten kids, and overpaid workers, were dealt with fairly smartly and expeditiously. They were all bad, we agreed, except for the starving editors, the last bulwark in the fight for freedom, law and order, the old virtues, and a return to the "good years" of the Depression.

This was standard for a party, and I was pleased that everything was so cool. But, as every host or hostess of every party, everywhere, and every time, knows, most people sensibly go home to bed, and mine host is stuck with the Rag-Tag and Bob-Tail of the party, who still have a few bones stuck in their craws and want to wash them away with some fairly strong solvent.

It happened. I won't mention names, because they are two fine western editors, good to their children, kind to their wives, pillars of their communities, and I don't want them run out of town on some turn-up rails of a defunct line of the C.P.R., not tarred and feathered, but smeared from head to foot with printers' ink and copies of their old editorials.

I'll just call them Rag-Tag and Bob-Tail. Rag-Tag finally ran out of arguments and steam about 4 a.m., but Bob-Tail kept me up until 6.47 a.m., the bus leaving at 8.30 for the fishing trip, me going, him not, and I hope, if he reads this, he is dying slowly and painfully from an incurable disease.

This is what they got hacking about, with me as the judge; should or should not a weekly editor run in his columns court news?

And that is why I thought your readers might have an opinion. Rag-Tag said: "Absolutely. It is our duty. No one can be spared. We owe it to our readers. If I myself were convicted of impaired driving, I would run it in the paper."

Bob-Tail spoke thus: "Blank-beep! Who do you think you are — God? The guy or the gal has already been judged and sentenced by the law. He or she has been punished. All you are doing by printing it in the paper is doubling the sentence, exposing him or her to the scorn and contempt of friends and neighbors and salivating sensation-seekers who swoop like vultures on the garbage that is other peoples' troubles."

As you can see, Bob-Tail was a little more poetic. But Rag-Tag was not to be downed so easily. He fought back.

"O.K., smart-ass. What would you do if there was a murder in your town?" You'll note that he had by now dropped the subjunctive.

Bob-Tail: "I'd ignore it. I'd say in the paper that So-and-So had passed away on Such-and-Such. If the Calgary papers wanted to come in and make a big murder thing of it, let 'em. You know what I'd do? I'd go and see the widow (or widower) and talk to her (or him) as a friend."

I won't bore you with any more. The argument went on for two hours, with the judge (me), looking at a non-existent watch, brightly mentioning that the fishing trip was starting in two hours, and even calling room service to see what time it was.

So what would you do, gentle reader, if you were a weekly editor? Would you run the court news, and break some poor mother's heart? Or do you think that the public has a right to know that the mayor got drunk and beat up his wife?

When I was a weekly editor, I had to cope with this. I decided, with the full concurrence of my partner, that there was no particular point in running court news. Too many people were being doubly punished, and why? Merely for the delectation of the righteous.

Strangely enough, or not, the people who howl and plead the most, when it is their family about to be exposed in public print, are the most righteous. The less righteous are almost proud that nephew Elmer "got his name in the paper."

Three days later, on our fishing trip, I reintroduced the subject, and saw two weekly newspapermen, this time from Ontario, practically come to blows over the issue.

Daily papers treat the subject with the utmost cynicism. They have a court reporter. He or she reports only those cases before the judge which will make a "good story": the salacious, the sensational, the bizarre — only those that will make the reader chuckle or slaver.

What do you think? Perhaps your editor would be interested in your opinion. Does he or she run court news? Does it serve any purpose? You judge.

Write him, or her. Write me, care of him or her. I would really like to know how ordinary, decent human beings feel about this.

Hallowe'en

Most of the Druid demons have long since vanished and we can rest assured that the ghosts and witches we encounter this halloween will be completely harmless. But perhaps there is still one ominous spirit lurking to spoil your halloween—the accident demon. There is no magic potion that will ward him off. But with a little time to review the basic safety rules and a lot of common sense, a definite immunity can be mustered to combat his spell.

Remember: Choose a light coloured costume; design and paint your own face instead of wearing masks; make sure your costume is not long enough to trip you; very young children should always be accompanied by an adult; give your children both a curfew and boundaries; haunt a familiar neighbourhood in small groups of four or five; take a flashlight along; don't run between parked cars; use sidewalks and cross only at intersections.

The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press October 20, 1955

Jane Elliott won the draw for \$50 at the Tennis Club euchre held Friday evening in St. Alban's Parish Hall. Winners of additional \$10 prizes were Mrs. W. Footitt, J. A. Van Fleet, and R. J. Papillon of Acton; Miss Margaret Langtry, who was in Acton last year and is now at Carleton Place, and Mr. Wesulsky of Galt. Fred Kentner made the draws for the club.

A white elephant auction sale was the highlight of the supper meeting held by the Y's Men's club in the Y.M.C.A. on Thursday evening of last week. Charles Kirkness acted as auctioneer for the articles that were wrapped up to conceal any identity. Proceeds of the fun-provoking sale go to the Bishop's Fund, which finances overseas delegates to world conventions.

One of Acton's major industries Micro Plastics Limited, has been sold to Jack Kent Cooke, well known Toronto financier, publisher and industrialist, it was announced this week. As of September 30 all shares of the company were transferred to the new owner. Mr. Cooke is now a director of the Company with J. H. Reid, A. R. Long and N. L. Bowles.

Acton's male chorus has resumed rehearsals under the direction and leadership of George Musselle. Faced with a busy season of entertainment dates, this home town group of melody men opened activities with an election of officers. President is Hamilton Deal, vice president, George A. Hall (chorus accompanist); secretary-treasurer and music librarian, Vic Bristow.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 22, 1925.

Last Saturday the transfer of the confectionary and restaurant business and building of Mr. Victor Humley to Mr. Tony Seynuck was completed. Mr. Seynuck, who paid cash for the business, good-will and real estate took immediate possession.

To raise funds for their charity enterprise the Duke of Devonshire chapter of the I.O.G.E. is putting on a concert in the town hall this evening. The program appears in another column.

While Mr. Guthrie was bewailing the decline of the woolen industry the other evening, the Mason knitting mill, 200 yards away, was going at top speed, so much so that the sparse audience could hardly hear the wails of the depressed speaker for the racket of the millwheels.

The county high school field day was held at Milton. Frank Cook of Acton won first in the 440 yard race, second in broad jump and third in 100 yard dash. M. Chalmers of Acton took first for broad jump, second for high jump and third for senior broad jump. M. Grindell won second in the 75 yards and second in high jump. The events of the afternoon were followed by a supper in the high school.

Boston, Omagh and Hornby Presbyterian churches have decided to form a union. No less than seven new or revised text books are to be put in use in the public and high schools within the next 12 months.

Miss Emily Caldwell, Georgetown, left for the mission field of west China. There was a small turnout of women electors at a special meeting in Rockwood.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 18, 1900

A number from here intend taking in the world's fair at Erin on Saturday.

Electric light continues to grow in favor. Messrs. Johnston and Co. have installed a number of lights in their furniture warehouses; several additional lights have been put in the Presbyterian church; and the new Warren block has been "roughed in" and the installation will be completed when the plastering is done about 850 lamps are now being supplied with current.

One of the big tannery teams ran away from the G.T.R. station on Monday forenoon with a load of 300 dry hides. They ran at break neck pace down Church as far as Victoria Ave., distributing hides all the way. The driver, Mr. D. McGregor, came up with them in a minute or two and found that no damage had been sustained.

The western excursionists have all arrived home again.

The first heavy frost of the season came of Tuesday night, nearly five weeks later than last year.

Electrician Melitz's busy time has come. The morning service commenced on Monday and will continue during the fall and winter months.

Thanksgiving social and entertainment in Knox church this evening.

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