



New cell examination device may aid fight against cancer

The critical time gap between discovery of cancerous cells in the human body and beginning of treatment may soon be drastically reduced through the use of a brand new device, which allows doctors to examine cells individually. Dr. Richard Graham Miller, senior scientist at the Ontario Cancer Institute explained Thursday night.

Dr. Miller, guest speaker at the first dinner meeting of the Halton Hills Unit of the Cancer Society, diagrammed the machine for 142 persons in attendance at North Halton Golf and Country Club.

"There is effective drug treatment in fighting cancer," Dr. Miller said. "The problem is that drug reactions against different kinds of tumors varies. We have to find out at the beginning

which drug will work." Dr. Miller explained that medical researchers got the idea for the new device from Los Angeles mechanical engineer, Ben Sweet, who was searching for a high speed process in the printing industry.

Using cells taken from cancerous tumors, instead of printer's ink, medical researchers found they were able to examine the cells individually in a short period of time and deflect out of the stream cells of interest. Since cells will not live in test tubes for very long, use of the new machine will mean that a population of cells can be taken from a patient, examined through the machine, treatment prescribed and even begun all on the same day. At present there is often a period of two

weeks between diagnosis and the beginning of treatment. The machine is just about ready for final testing, Dr. Miller said. He expressed confidence that it will work and that it can also aid in the fight against leukemia.

Representing Ontario division of the Cancer Society, Bill O'Connor presented the society's highest award for volunteers, the Certificate of Service to Joy Noble, who has driven patients to Princess Margaret Hospital in Toronto for treatment for the past 12 years. He also presented a certificate of appreciation to Edwarda Jewiss of Shopper's Drug Mart. Both ladies also received silver kaduella pins, trademark of the Cancer Society.

O'Connor reported that the Ontario Cancer Society's

campaign this year had an overwhelming response of \$5,800.00. The Society received a further million in bequests and had another million added to its In Memoriam fund, he said.

Congratulating the Halton Hills Unit, he reported 19 volunteer drivers from the town had made a total of 325 trips taking patients to Princess Margaret Hospital for treatment in the past year.

Seated at the head table for the dinner were Barbara Skinner, president of the Halton Hills Unit, Dr. Miller and wife Beverly, Dr. Alistair Macintosh and wife Christine, George Henderson, past president of the Halton Hills Unit, Wes Beatty, past president of the Acton branch of the Cancer society and wife Nellie.



by Wendy Thomson

the painted box

October 21 and the first chance I've had to sit down to my typewriter and peck off a few lines. And wouldn't you know that the postal strike has just been announced so I don't know when this will reach Acton anyhow!

Our copy of last week's Free Press arrived last Friday, two days after it was mailed. Considering that it was forwarded twice by different post offices, I figured that was pretty good. We were delighted to see the "spread" about our impending adventures.

The picture of our scruffy group about to depart was "right on". By the time we got everything crammed into the two trucks we were in a pretty grubby state. In the Ford, we had our three beds (figuring no matter what, we'd have a good sleep once we settled); piles of garbage bags full of clothes, a box full of all the paintings I've been collecting over the past few years, and a spare tire.

Everything that was left in the house was piled at the front of the camper/doghouse on the old truck and gradually boarded up as the pile got higher. Then the dogs were shoved into the remaining space with a bedding of shavings, the back fastened on, and Minnie-the-ferret in her cage tucked in the remaining space.

Tansy-cat was stuffed (protesting all the way) into a cat-carrying-case, and peered out forlornly through the plastic top.

It was Tansy who created the first crisis. Because she was so upset, I took her in the front seat beside me. In spite of all my soothing comments (which she must have thought were ridiculous), she became more and more frantic. After an hour, she was trying to tear the box apart and it dawned on me that maybe she had to go. We pulled over to the side of the 401, I opened the case, then tore back to the GMC to get her pan of killy litter.

As I trotted back with it, I could see water trickling from the Ford and found Tansy sitting on the seat with a look of blissful relief on her face.

From then on, her litter pan travelled in the case with her, and as soon as I heard her digging, Gord took it easy going over the bumps for a few miles.

We drove down through the States and back up through Manitoba. All the way the weather was good and the fall scenery beautiful. It was very pleasant driving all the way with only a small bit of rain one morning.

Main problem
The main problem was the animals, of course. We had no trouble finding accommodation, it being the off season, but the first night at Pinconning in Michigan the hounds complained a bit and woke one of the other guests up. Luckily he was a "hound man" himself and didn't seem to mind.

I told him "Yes, three hounds, one cat in the front seat, and a ferret in the cage."

He seemed quite unbelieving. "Let's have a look" and of course Minnie was fast asleep in her sock and wouldn't come out.

So he got back to business again and asked for the dogs' vaccination certificates, studied them carefully and seemed about to insist on unloading the GM.

That was something we'd been afraid of, feeling there was no way we could get everything jammed back in again once we let it loose.

Just then, however, a little pointed ferret face appeared in the door of the box, a curl of

shavings draped artlessly over one ear.

"By gosh! It IS a ferret!" the official exclaimed. Minnie rolled over on her back and yawned delicately.

"You know, when we were overseas, we used to get ferrets for the girls to keep the rats in the barracks down." Then officiousness took over again. "All right — move along" and we were back in Canada intact.

We had left Acton after lunch on Friday, and reached Craik in Saskatchewan Sunday night where we collapsed for a day.

Tuesday we were back on the road, on the last leg of the trip to Buck Creek, Alberta.

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Cut birthday cake for Lakeside chapter

The December meeting of the Lakeside Chapter I.O.D.E. was held in the Legion hall with 27 members present. The tables were decorated with a Christmas theme with a novelty at each place setting. Following a pot luck supper the regular business meeting was held with the Regent Mrs. J. Jocque in the Chair. The Regent thanked all for their work that had been put into making the bazaar the most successful one ever held by the chapter.

Services secretary Mrs. A. Walde reported on the Christmas hampers. Citizenship Secretary spoke about the meeting she had attended for the Community Service Centre.

Following a discussion regarding a nominating committee most of the offices were filled before the close of the meeting.

A gift exchange took place with each member displaying her gift.

Mrs. D. Taylor cut the birthday cake to celebrate the birthday of the I.O.D.E. founded by Mrs. Clark Murray in Montreal on February 15, 1900.

The Lakeside Chapter I.O.D.E. celebrated its 57th birthday in 1975.

Plays in symposium

Joe Petric took part in the first International Accordion Symposium in Toronto recently. He played several numbers which were favorably reviewed in the Toronto papers.



I.O.D.E. ANNIVERSARY roses decorated a marvellous cake which was the highlight of the Lakeside chapter Christmas supper. Charter members Mrs. Marguerite Taylor and Mrs. Isobel Watson admire the cake, made by Mrs. Neil Bowles.

Colorful Christmas Seals are appearing on mail.

There are just 12 more shopping days until Christmas.

Milton columnist publishes book

What does a 40-year-old woman do with the rest of her life when she finds herself with her youngest child in school and a second lifetime ahead of her?

Women will laugh a little, cry a little and most definitely identify with Joyce Beaton in her new book, *Now It's My Turn*.

Men will find her book full of clues to the restlessness of today's wife and mother. She touches shrewdly on the unmentioned and little discussed subject of the middle-aged man's dissatisfaction with life also.

Virtually overnight at age 40 Joyce Beaton woke up and took stock of her life.

Marriage, motherhood — What did she have to bargain with when she gave up a career at 20 for marriage and her at-home experience only prepared her as a waitress or at best a file clerk?

Far from privileged, Joyce Beaton left school an honors student and started into the business world. She soon did the normal thing millions of girls from so-called normal backgrounds do — she married and embarked on motherhood.

There were six children and little money, and unlike most families, she and her husband suffered through the deaths of two of their children.

However, far from moaning about her lot in life, Joyce didn't slip into her menopausal years with a drink in her hand, a pill bottle and a re-

signed attitude.

Her turn
She said "Now it's my turn" and got involved immediately in the things that interested her . . . writing . . . the environment . . . minority and women's rights.

A move to Milton got her a job on the local paper The Canadian Champion, an award-winning weekly. There she writes a hard-hitting column questioning sacred cows. These columns have been reprinted as a book, *Now It's My Turn*.

She is making public appearances with her book at Sheridan College, Mohawk Inn, Campbellville Opera Emporium and Halton museum, during the next few weeks.

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