

## Losers can be winners

Acton is full of people with Wintario tickets, but so far no Wintario money has come here to assist with any of our "cultural, recreational and sports" activities. There's plenty of money in the pot now since the plan has turned out to be a far greater success than anyone could have foreseen.

By this time next year the Wintario profits will be about \$100 million. But more than half of it, about \$56 million, will still be unspent. And communities like ours are waiting for some benefit.

If we can get something personally for our dollar, at least the town should have something we can all benefit from.

A local problem is the fact the town must often contribute a share for recreation or cultural projects, and the budget is later in being finalized than many communities.

The recreation department has some ideas up its collective sleeve, according to Glen Gray.

Let's get some of those millions up our way, so all the Wintario lottery losers can be winners!

## Free Press Editorial Page

## Off in the sand trap

Map makers are still having trouble getting Acton in the right place. A map in the Sunday Sun indicating golf courses in a large section of Ontario could leave some puzzled golfers far from the greens. This map has Georgetown where Acton should be, the same error made in the recent Festival

Country map. Acton Meadows is listed... it's just located at Georgetown, according to the map, well east of Georgetown's courses.

Probably the confusion begins with the institution of Halton Hills but this regional moniker isn't even mentioned.

## Words for bike riders

Bicycle riders of all ages are bringing bikes up from the cellar or out of the garage and are taking to the roads for exercise and enjoyment. All bike riders should be aware of the bicycle rules, signs and signals that make for safe, smooth cycling. St. John Ambulance tells Acton and district people.

The size of the bicycle affects the ability to reach and use the steering, pedalling and brake controls. The rider should be able to reach the ground comfortably with the ball of his foot when sitting upright.

Bicycles must be kept in a safe operating condition. Check and repair cut or bruised tires, loose handlebars, bent or missing

spokes, dirty or weak chain links and malfunctioning brakes. The law states that all bicycles must have a white or amber light on the front and a red light or reflector on the rear for riding after dark or when visibility is poor.

Bicycle riders must obey all traffic lights, road signs and safety rules:

- ride in the same direction as traffic
  - signal all turns and stops
  - never carry passengers on a bike
  - keep hands free by using a carrier
  - always ride in a single file
- This district is crisscrossed with many highways and busy roads. Bike riders have a lot to contend with.

## Views on barbarism

Unwanted children are a subject that is the cause of endless debate lately. One good thing about it, many people feel the subjects of birth control and abortion are not too embarrassing to talk about any more. The matter is out in the open, after years of whispering behind closed doors.

In Italy there is even the possibility the government might fall, over the subject of abortion. More than 50,000 women took part in a demonstration against a government proposal to restrict abortions to victims of rape and therapeutic cases.

The Vatican, siding with the government, recently called abortions "a regression to barbarity."

Yes, these barbarians were well aware of unwanted children, too. But we don't want to resort to their solutions, surely.

In the ancient world there was a standard procedure for unwanted infants. They were simply placed outside until they died.

In the days of early Rome, writers tell us the birth rate was low. There were drugs for producing sterility, contraceptives, douches and skilled abortionists. In spite of it all a few managed to produce babies. The custom was to lay the child on the ground the moment he or she was born for the husband to acknowledge or disown; if it were disowned then the child was left exposed to die, unless someone else took it in and cared for it.

In early time matrimony didn't mean faithfulness.

Children were not held in high regard in ancient Britain. In fact they were treated very poorly. Wealthier families often sent their children away until they had grown.

Both these pre-Christian cultures abounded in cruelty in many forms.

The practice of abandoning newborn babies is common to other cultures, too. China was one of

them. Children have been sold for as much as they can fetch over centuries by families who could not afford another mouth to feed.

Horrid methods of preventing birth abound in female folklore. Some of these methods must go back to the early beginning of the human race, they are so simple. Others have been tried steadily since then, but the ingredients and addresses have always been highly hush-hush. It was hush-hush when the young women died, too.

Now medical expertise has made it possible for women who do not want a child to have a quite safe procedure done in the early weeks of pregnancy, in clean surroundings.

This is barbaric?

## Of this and that

The person who makes good use of his time is the one who has the most to spare.

Kit flying is fun, but Hydro is sending out warnings to all the newspapers this week. Don't let your kids fly kites near power lines.

Daylight Saving Time brought with it an hour less sleep, rain, snow, slush, and sleet Sunday morning. Getting to church was a struggle, all right.

April in Ontario is nothing to get smug about, after a few beautiful warm days on Easter weekend.

It's good to see a flag flying atop the flagpole at the post office again. It had been missing for many moons. But how did the pole come to be so crooked? The Leaning Pole of Post Office seems unlikely to have any value as a tourist attraction.

They're still searching for a bus depot for Acton. Our community needs one.



Leaves and flowers shuddered Sunday



## Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

When you manage to totter through to what is euphemistically called these days "middle age", you are supposed to be able to relax a little, slow down, take it easy, enjoy all those things you never had time for before.

After all, your kids are grown up now, and on their own. The mortgage is paid off, or nearly. Passion is not exactly spent, but let's say that you don't exactly turn to jelly at the sight of a big buzzon.

If your health is reasonable, you should have a quarter-century of mellow living ahead, time to travel, to contemplate your navel, to read all those books, to cultivate your own garden, before you are quietly shuffled off to one of those institutions with the ghastly names, like Sunset Haven or Trail's End Paradise.

I am here to state, quietly but with grim ferocity, that this is one of the Big Lies perpetrated by our society on young people when they are raising their children.

It's a lot of poppycock, chaps. Take my advice and have all the fun you can while you're young. Go to Europe, buy a farm, take a year off. Do what you want to now, because you won't have time when you're middle-aged.

I just sat down here for a minute, to stop my head spinning, and it struck me that it's the first chance I've had to sit down and take my usual cool perspective of life for weeks.

Life is not exactly a gay, mad whirl when you're middle-aged. It's more like a case of the blind staggers.

Just for example. If we're not running in one direction to see our two grandsons, we're running in another to see their 83-year-old great-grandfather.

Recently, in a wave of good feeling, we decided to treat my daughter and her husband to a night out. They are students, broke, and never get out. So I hawked up the price of dinner and a show, and my old lady told them we'd be delighted to babysit.

Fine, any grandparents would do it. But it was akin to a disaster. First-born Granddaddy, Pokey, was so wild with excitement at seeing his favorite toys, servants and sycophants, that he ran around the apartment like a demented chipmunk, up and down over the furniture, leaping into arms, jabbering and laughing and roaring with defiance at any effort to cool him down.

And the other guy, the little, fat new one, is a bawler. He doesn't even bawl at the drop of a hat. He bawls at will. And at Susie. That's my wife. I'm Will.

The young couple left at 6:30, baby asleep. Pokey fed. Two minutes later, the bawler was at it. Two hours later, he was still at it. Somewhere in there I'd managed to stick out dinner (a frozen chicken pie) in the oven. At 8:30, my wife was sitting with him on her knee, trying to give him a bottle with one hand and spear a bit of chicken pie with the other. Across from her, I sat with Pokey on my knee, feeding him every second bite of my meagre portion.

At 9:20 we had them both asleep. We collapsed. At 9:45, little fatso woke up and bleated for titty. He scorns the bottle. Suffice it to say it was a long evening.

But that was unusual, you say. Most of your life is pretty tranquil and even in tone. Well, that's what you think, Buster. I didn't even curl this past winter, and scarcely had time to blow my nose.

Right now, aside from a full day's teaching, I am doing the advertising and

publicity for the school Open House, preparing to be a guest on a panel discussion and modelling for an art class. In spare time, I mark papers and prepare lessons.

Modelling, did I say? Yep. I'm a model. The art department at the school wanted a live model. They conned me into it by pretending they wanted somebody with character in his face. Well, I have lots of that: wrinkles, broken nose, bloodshot eyes, the lot.

Later, I discovered the reason I was chosen was because I was the only teacher who had a spare that period, except for one woman teacher, and she refused to model in the nude.

I didn't. I was all for it. So were the student painters. But the puritanical old administration wouldn't allow it. They were afraid they'd have girl art students fainting all over the place. Not in awe. In horror. So I have to do it in a loincloth, with a mask over my eyes so they won't know who I am.

You think I'm busy? You ought to see my wife. Aside from her regular housework, she teaches piano, knits and sews (simultaneously, it seems to me), prepares the income tax return, chooses and uses new paint and wallpaper, runs around trying to find clothes for two grandsons, and gallops down to Simpson's order office to return things three times a week (it was she who put Eaton's catalogue out of business.) And we haven't even started on the garden yet.

So. Just a word of wisdom to you young people. Don't swallow that bromide about a serene middle age. It's about as serene as Saturday night in the corner saloon. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, Ye won't have time when ye're old and gray.



OLD PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS the group attending St. Alban's Sunday School picnic in Berlin (now Kitchener) in 1913 or so. Katie (Caswell) Sutherland lent the picture and identifies some of the people. Bottom row far left Mrs. B. Green and grandson; third row sixth girl Helen Caswell, further along Gladys Holmes, Emily Caswell, Anne Caswell, Florence Redman; fourth row, fourth person Katie

Caswell, Mrs. K. Sutherland, Daisy Holmes (Mrs. D. Kingshott); fifth row possibly Pearl Nutley; sixth row fifth boy George Caswell; seventh row, second, Mrs. C. Green; far left Mrs. B. Green Jr. with infant daughter; top row rear left Mrs. A. Rudman. Others possibly in the picture are Ivy Littley, Lottie Green, George Green, Leslie Green, Charlie Green, Zenie Green, Edna Green.

## The Free Press Back Issues

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press April 26, 1956

Leno Braida, 23, son of Mr. and Mrs. Abele Braida, 173 Main Street South, has recently been awarded a Shell Oil Company Research Fellowship valued at \$2300 and an Ontario Research Foundation scholarship valued at \$1000. In 1955 he graduated in chemical engineering at the University of Toronto and attained his B.Sc. degree. He is now working towards his Masters of Applied Science and Engineering degree and will continue his studies towards a doctorate degree. Born in Acton, he attended public and high school here.

One of the few district couples now living to celebrate their diamond wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Freeman, 5th line of Esquesing, look back on 60 years of married life, 42 of them spent in this county. Sunday, the celebrants will look forward to meeting friends and well-wishers when family and neighbors gather at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman's son Frank, who lives on the farm north of his parents on the 5th line.

Two grass fires in Acton's rural fire area following two similar blazes last week, again brought local firemen out this week to control flames spreading over quickly drying grass.

A minor accident occurred at the corner of Mill and Main Sts. Sunday evening involving two cars. Constable M. Harness investigated a collision of cars driven by M. Englert, Guelph, and C. Blackford, St. Catharines. About \$100 damage was caused the Blackford car.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 29, 1926

At a meeting of Acton W.C.T.U. the following officers were elected for the year: President Mrs. James Symon; 1st Vice-President Mrs. Thomas Rumley; 2nd Vice-President Mrs. (Rev.) A. C. Stewart; 3rd Vice-President Mrs. R. E. Zimmer; Secretary Mrs. A. T. Brown; Treasurer Mrs. E. T. Theford; Press reporter Mrs. H. P. Moore.

Guelph Celebrated its 99th birthday Friday. Acton is just one year ahead of the Royal City.

The drinking fountain at the Government Building may safely be put in commission now. The danger of frost is just about over.

The best safety appliance on an automobile is a careful man at the wheel.

Mr. George Soper is building a commodious poultry pen and shed at the rear of his property at Wallace and Bower Aves.

Mr. A. T. Brown who for 25 years has been the secretary of the Upper Canada Bible Society for Acton, has been placed on the Honor Roll of the Society.

Mr. G. W. Masales, Dairyman, is having his residence on Mill St. remodelled and improved.

Oakville Fall Fair will not be held this year and arrangements are being made to dispose of the grounds and buildings.

### 100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 20, 1876.

The continued crush upon our advertising columns suggests the necessity of having to enlarge our paper soon. (There were four pages.) Its enlargement, however, would involve an outlay of \$400 to \$500 for press and material, besides considerably increased weekly expenses and we hardly feel warranted in doing it just now. The first year will be completed at the end of June and then if the results of the year's operation prove sufficiently encouraging we will endeavour to make the improvement.

Perhaps the handsomest commercial wagon that was ever turned out in this section of the country has been just put on the road by Messrs. W. H. Storey and Co. of the Acton Glove Works. The wagon was built at the Carriage Factory of Mrs. James Ryder, Acton, at a cost of \$200, and certainly reflects credit upon his establishment.

The subject which has incited more interest than probably anything else lately is a discussion concerning religion. Mr. Hertzog, a missionary of the Disciples, has been holding meetings every evening and twice on Sundays and has succeeded in making quite a number of converts. A leading feature of his doctrine is that immersion is necessary. This having reached the ears of Rev. Mr. Calvert, pastor of the Methodist church, he determined to combat the ideas forthwith. He preached in the Presbyterian church, the Methodist church being too small, and it was filled to excess. His discourse continued nearly an hour and a half. Mr. Hertzog, who was present taking notes, did not reply.

## THE ACTON FREE PRESS

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Business and Editorial Office



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