

Free Press Editorial Page

Watch your language

It used to be that anyone addicted to cursing earned a reputation of "swearing like a trooper." That comparison wouldn't hold today for just about everyone swears, from preachers to politicians.

Perhaps the odd damn or hell doesn't do anyone harm but profanity which the Oxford Dictionary defines as "outside the temple"; "irreverent" and "blasphemous," is offensive to many.

Many people today sprinkle their conversations with "God" and "Jesus Christ!" but in contexts one would never hear in prayers or at religious services.

Last fall the Presbyterian Synod of Toronto and Kingston sent a statement to Prime Minister Trudeau protesting the use of profanity by public leaders.

"We feel a need to express our concern about the increasing lack of restraint on the part of public figures in regard to the use of the

name of God, often coupled with expressions that... infringe upon the exclusive prerogative of Almighty God to judge and condemn", the resolution said.

The churchmen entreated the prime minister "to refrain from the use of such expressions in order that you may set before this nation an example of good taste, respect for the Christian faith and reverence for what is sacred to millions of citizens of Canada."

It is to be hoped the prime minister and Canadians in general will take the Presbyterian appeal to heart.

A lot of the swearing and blasphemy engaged in by "nice people" is due to thoughtlessness and sloppy speech habits, but all would do well to remind ourselves that Christ was explicit on the subject and said it was far more important to watch what came out of the mouth than what went into it. (Matthew 15: 17-20).



The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday February 21, 1957

A new country and a new home have brought happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Sandor Patcai and their two sons Sandorka and Janoska, now known as Sandy and Johnny. They walked nine hours to cross the Hungarian border.

Dr. Paul Beer, vice-president and managing director of Beardmore, died suddenly in the plant.

Sandy Best has been chosen as the Halton Progressive-Conservative candidate.

Tony Seynuck claims he has located his biggest natural gas well yet.

About 150 donated blood at the Legion. The Barr building at the corner of Mill and Elgin is being demolished.

A near-capacity crowd attended Booster Night. Old-timers playing hockey were Kerwin McPhail, Mike Cox, John Goy, Sonny Townsley, the three Marzo brothers, Ben Bayliss, Duke Arbic, Porge Riddall, Herb Wood, Frank Gibbons, Bobby Anderson, Bill Quinell and Dude Lindsay.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, February 17, 1927.

The war veterans of Acton and vicinity held a thoroughly enjoyable organization dinner in the Town Hall here. The object of the function was to form an Acton branch of the Canadian Legion B.E.S.L. About 50 or 60 sat down to the well-laden tables and were served with the following menu: Soup Royal, Baked Fish a la Epicureenne, Roast Beef, Potatoes, Peas, deep apple pie, Victoria pudding, whipped cream, vanilla sauce, Welsh rarebit, biscuits, celery, fruit, cheese, salted almonds, coffee. Ten Boy Scouts, under the leadership of Scoutmaster George Mason waited upon the tables. The toast to The King and Our Fallen Comrades was responded to by Rev. Sawyer, The Legion by Col. McKay of Toronto, Acton branch by Mr. J. P. Scarrow, our town by Reeve Mason and The Press by Mr. G. A. Dills.

Miss Robena Clark, who has for a number of years been on the teaching staff of Toronto schools, is scheduled to go to teach overseas for a year.

Council decided to donate \$5 to the funds of the Acton branch of the Canadian Legion to help with their organization.

Mrs. V. B. Rumley was elected regent of the Lakeside chapter of the I.O.D.E.

Sleighing on the south side of the hills has become rather thin.

100 years ago

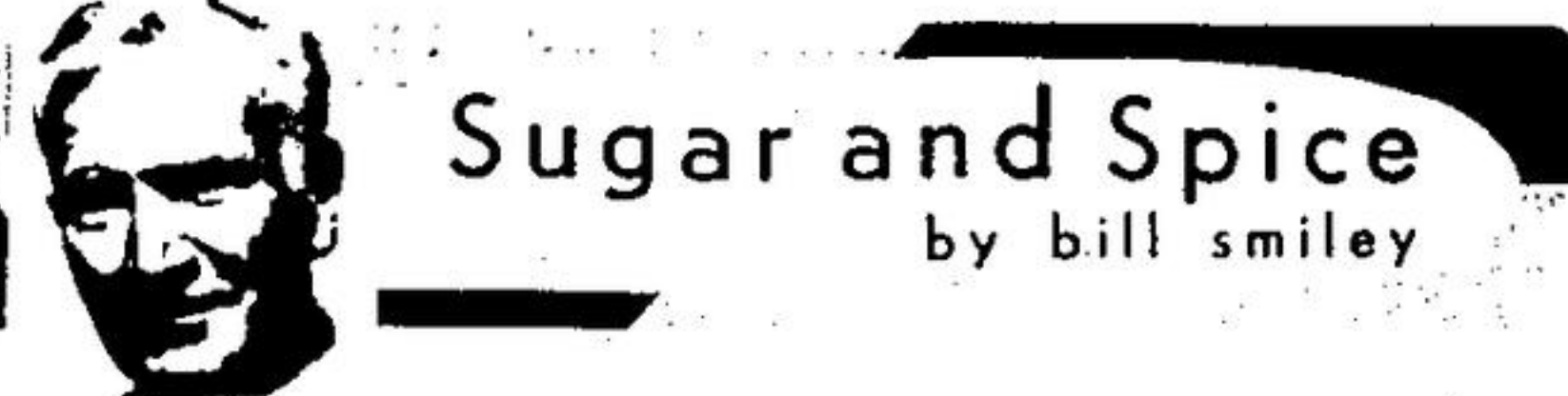
Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 8, 1877

So little has Acton's manufacturing business been paraded before the world, that few people have any idea of the extent and importance of the operation. The growth of Acton has not been of the mushroom variety but it has progressed steadily. The place was first settled something more than 45 years ago by the Adamses, and the small hamlet was for a long time known as Adamsville.

About the year 1845 a post office was established and the place was christened Acton, but it was not until the Grand Trunk Railway was being built that the village began to assume any commercial importance.

About four years ago people agitated and separated from the township, becoming incorporated as a distinct municipality. More and better buildings have been erected the past four years than during any previous period in its history and the volume of general business has been vastly increased. The municipality is entirely free from municipal debt.

The population is about 1,000 and Mr. W. H. Storey is reeve.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

AH, the little ironies of life. Had a letter from son Hugh the other day, complaining gently about the heat in Paraguay. Said it was between 90 and 100 in the shade every day and only decently livable at night.

Last night it was 30 below around this burg. And that's real temperature: Fahrenheit. Today it was about 20 below all day, and is heading for another 30-plus below as I write.

As of today, we've had 142 inches of snow. Migawd, that's just short of 12 feet, and winter just begun. Who says we aren't a hardy race? Or are we just stupid?

At the moment, I'm a little short of breath and temper. I've just come in from wrestling two cars to life, shovelling enough driveway to get them off the street, and hitting the side of the garage another belt when I slipped sideways.

My garage is one of those ancient wooden structures in which those realistic car owners of the '20's and '30's used to jack up their Fords and Essexes and McLaughlin-Buicks and leave them sensibly suspended for the winter.

A modern car, even an old battle-wagon like my 1967 Dodge, has about an inch and a half clearance on each side, if you want to put it in the garage. And I do. In the summer, the birds deposit over the windshield if I leave her out. In the winter, Winter poops all over the whole thing with ice and snow if I leave her out. So I put her in.

But that clearance is pretty skinny. The two-by-four that supports the roof of my garage is no longer a two-by-four. My wife and daughter have no idea whether the car is four feet wide or six. Accordingly, that two-by-four is now about the thickness of six toothpicks, and any day the whole structure will cave in.

I have, for the moment, two cars. They are located in one garage, and directly behind it, one driveway just as long as a garage. This morning, the car in the garage, the 10-year-old, started like a rocket heading for Mars. The new one, the five-year-old, groaned twice, grunted once, and died. There I am, with one perky car humming merrily in the garage, and one great lump of cold, dead metal sitting right behind it. It's enough to make a saint swear. And I ain't no saint.

But then I think of how lucky I am, compared to our ancestors. I have an oil furnace that is practically supporting the entire province of Alberta, but at least I don't have to cut wood all summer to stay warm all winter. I have a wife who wants to drive the car that is working, the one in the garage, when the one behind it won't start, but at least I don't have to hang her washing out in this weather and have it turn into instant white boards, as I used to have to do for my mother back around ought-34.

I'm a school teacher, in my spare time. But I don't have to trudge two miles to the school, with snow on my navel, light the fire in the old box-stove, and sit there shuddering with cold until the students arrive. I just get to school as best I can, and the students don't arrive at all. Half of them come by bus and the buses can't get through the storm. Half of the remaining half look out the window, say to hell with it, tell their mothers they have the flu, and roll over and go back to sleep.

Oh, she was rugged, in those old days, in a winter like this, with home-made insulation and red-hot stove-pipes. No wonder many of the oldtimers never got out of their long johns from October to May. That's why we moderns feel the cold so much. We don't have a half-inch of personal insulation, made up of sweat and skin and dirt, under the underwear.

\$4,000,000 and the campaign is underway in Acton now. Heart and blood vessel disease is North America's number one health enemy.

An Acton District man just back from working in Thunder Bay reports little snow up north. Could the birds still be up there?

by the same denominations. Sponsors estimate that a total of between eight and nine million dollars will be raised for the varied projects of each denomination.

Theme of the inter-church effort is "Let the hungry feed themselves" which, at first glance, seems cynical and callous. It's a reminder, however, that feeding the hungry of the world is a much more complex task than sending them some surplus food or a few contributions in cash.

Emphasis is also given to the need for teaching skills in agriculture and a wide range of vocations. Money given in response to the 1977 campaign will enable participating denominations to send trained personnel as well as money and materials.

Acton and district congregations are of course involved.

Churches launch campaign

"Given up anything for Lent?" That used to be a favourite question in the recent past. But churchgoers today are much more serious about self-discipline and sharing with the less fortunate.

Five Canadian religious denominations, for example, are embarking upon their seventh annual joint campaign for World Development and Relief. Two, the Anglican and Roman Catholic, are focusing on Lent but the other three, while observing the same starting date of February 23, expect some congregations will campaign at other times during the year. The other three are the Lutherans, Presbyterians and United Church members.

This financial campaign follows immediately after the educational program called "Ten Days for World Development," supported

Monarch to be proud of

Despite the changes in government, our country is fortunate to have a monarch who stands above politics, a steadfast model of all that is good in personal and public life.

The Queen this month marks the 25th anniversary of her reign, providing us an opportunity to appraise our land's fine history and her position as Queen of Canada and other countries.

She rules but does not govern. A constitutional monarchy is an asset to democracy, and we in Canada pay little for it. The only expenses are when she is in residence here—all too seldom.

The monarch holds power on behalf of all the people and she is a living symbol of authority.

The pomp and ceremony associated with the monarchy are a delight and boon.

In Toronto in 1973 Queen Elizabeth stated "It is as Queen of Canada that I am here, Queen of Canada and all Canadians, not just of one or two ancestral strains."

People of all ancestral strains benefit from living under our system of government, which includes a monarch to be proud of.

Of this and that

If oranges are going to be in short supply and expensive due to the frosts in Florida, how about that Vitamin C we're all supposed to have? Food specialists tell some other ways to get that good vitamin—apple juice, tomato juice, turnips, spinach, frozen or canned strawberries, canned tomatoes, liver and—believe it or not—potatoes.

Kelso conservation area is a perfect location for a winter carnival, and a huge crowd enjoyed the events at the region's first carnival there Sunday. But Acton park is beautiful, too, and wouldn't it be great to have an Acton carnival?

February is Heart Month in Canada. Ontario's objective is





Glimpse of the past... Baxter Laboratories annual picnic at Waterloo park in August, 1948

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