

Free Press Editorial Page

One fire chief now

The original intention, when regional government was formed, was to have one fire chief for all of Halton Hills. The intention was good, but it didn't work out well and council settled for two chiefs, Chief Buikema in Georgetown and Chief Mick Holmes in Acton. Now, since Ken Buikema has left to take another job, Chief Holmes assumes control over all of fire protection

and fire fighting.

It isn't decided yet if there will be two deputy fire chiefs or not. Chief Holmes expects to spend about a third of his time in Acton still, with the rest of his time in the Georgetown fire department office.

Congratulations to Mick, a well-known Actonian and highly capable person for the job.

Another voice for Acton

Support was complete when the Acton Business Association was formed last week. About 30 people attending the meeting all agreed on the formation of the new group, designed to benefit merchants.

The organizers suggest that the Association would become a member of the Chamber of Commerce by sending delegates, and that individuals would also still belong to the Chamber.

They plan to help each other and newcomers in the running of business. They will have joint program such as promotion and advertising, and they will encourage modernization and beautification of the store fronts and street.

They expect to form a united voice in referring to specific issues such as parking, traffic and downtown changes.

Although there has been concern that the new Association would detract from the Chamber of Commerce, the business people at the organizational meeting were completely in favor of the new group.

Likely two groups working for the best interests of Acton business and Acton people will be all to the good.

Townpeople will look forward with interest and expectation to the results.

Help solve cancer puzzle

The month-long cancer society campaign kicked off Friday when the members of the Acton branch of Beta Sigma Phi sold daffodils. Now the faithful canvassers take over, going door to door. Acton has a terrific reputation for responding to this campaign.

The Canadian Cancer Society's annual expenditures on research have now risen to \$10 million. What is being done with this money - our money?

Right now in Canada, the search for causes of cancer in the environment is being undertaken by cancer epidemiologists. These scientists hunt for possible connections between cancer incidence and sex, age, diet, social habits, race and geography.

Epidemiological studies have already singled out cigarette smoking as a cause of most lung cancer and some cancers of the bladder. It's expected in the next few years, studies of diet, social customs and habits, previous illnesses and medical care, occupation and even the ethnic origins of Canadians will lead to the identification of more causes of cancer in our environment. This, in turn, will make it possible for greater prevention of the disease.

While research will probably

make important contributions to the control of cancer in the future, there is research being carried out which has a more immediate contribution to the welfare of cancer patients. This involves the testing of new surgical and radiotherapy techniques and new drugs and drug combinations.

What have we got to show for the \$60 million which the Canadian Cancer Society has already spent in the past? The five-year survival rate for all cancer sites now averages 52% compared with 40% twenty years ago.

The problem of cancer can be compared to a giant jig-saw puzzle and the pieces are hard to find—very often it is even difficult for trained investigators to know what they are looking for. When a piece of the puzzle is found it may not make headlines but progress is being made.

The cost of research is high. The Canadian Cancer Society, acting through the National Cancer Institute of Canada, is the main source of funds for cancer research. The Canadian contribution to this world-wide progress towards the control of cancer has been of major importance. When a canvasser knocks on your door remember that your donation is vital to the solution of the cancer puzzle.



Spring . . . and the doors open



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

There's no question about it. Somebody-up-There does look after us poor, tormented creatures here below. I have proof.

When I left you last week, I was in the throes of ferocious agony in the back. Neither the doctor nor I knew whether it was a slithering disc, a boulder in my kidneys trying to escape, or leprosy of the liver.

A week later, we still don't know. X-rays were taken, but the doc hasn't received them yet. Of course, it's a whole mile from the hospital, where they were taken, to his office, so that's explainable. They probably sent them by mail.

But the pain has eased off to a dull grind, and that's the reason for my opening statement. There does seem to be a Great Plan, and maybe Somebody does see us little sparrows fall.

Because just as my back was emerging from the acute stage, I succumbed to that gross, disgusting, shuddering, juddering, sweating, gripping, embarrassing, exhausting ailment known euphemistically, even when it occurs in March, as the "summer flu". Or, in less lady-like circles, "the dire rear."

Now, I know perfectly well that had the two concurred, the bad back that made me scream when I lifted a sheet of paper, and the exigencies of my other ailment, this would be an obituary column. Doesn't that prove that the meek shall inherit the earth? Or something.

You may think that is a bit simple-minded, or a coincidence. But the process, once begun, went right on.

My wife had decided to redecorate the living room. She bought the paint, made a contract with the painter, and the work began, while I lay around shivering and wondering which end of my candle was going to burn next.

Horror. The paint was all wrong. Instead of a delicate, cool green, it went on the wall

as a cold whitey-blue, about the shade you'd find on the walls of a penitentiary cell.

After one day's painting, she was near tears. Didn't sleep a wink. But, and here's where good old Abounding Grace comes in, came a solution. The special dye that looks after poor, downcast, middle-aged people who are either plunging into the Depths of Despair, or sea sickly navigating Dire Straits, came to the rescue.

Since I was too weak, she had to put out the garbage. While she was doing so, she came across an old color chart for paint that had exactly the shade she wanted on the walls.

Shrieks of joy. Off to the hardware, hammering on the door before they were open. Back home, before the painter arrived, with another \$50 worth of paint. Perfect! Joy reigns supreme in the Smiley psychiatric ward.

Perhaps you're still skeptical. Maybe you don't believe that a Higher Power is looking after you-know-who.

Consider these facts. My wife informed me, and I had to agree, because I was too shaky to argue, that she had actually saved money on the deal. This may seem silly, as we had doubled the paint requirements for a room thirty feet long, eighteen feet wide, and eleven feet high. Not so, if we'd stuck with the first paint, we'd have to throw out the old drapes, and spend about \$250 on new ones, because the old ones didn't go with the new paint, if you're still with me. We save vast sums like this all the time.

Maybe you begin to see the pattern now. But that's not all. Because I was too sick and weak and shaky to write a column or mark exam papers, I cleaned out my drawers. Please. This had nothing to do with the dire rear previously mentioned. I'm referring to the drawers in my desk. It's all I was fit for, physically, mentally, or emotionally.

And I found some tremendous stuff in there. Hundreds of letters, unanswered. Two requests from publishers to put my column into book form. Five requests to be guest speaker at something or other. A padlock for a school locker. Ancient, paid-off mortgages. Eighteen paper clips and twelve rubber bands and seven pencils. A

copy of my will, unsigned. Two insurance policies I didn't know I had. Two hundred old columns. Fifteen addresses I'd been looking for years. A copy of a great editorial I once wrote, entitled, "Sex and the Editor."

A letter from my daughter, aged ten at camp, wanting to come home at once. A letter from same daughter, aged eighteen, saying insouciantly, from Montreal, "If you ever want to see me again, send some bread, as I have one cent." We sent.

Old stock certificates, impressively printed, total value three dollars as wallpaper. Letters from my son from Alaska, Halifax, Mexico City, Jerusalem, Paraguay, New Orleans.

Letters from nice old ladies who scold me gently for my vulgarity. Letters from vulgar old men who scold me roundly for not "letting 'er rip."

Letters from former students (mostly girls), who perhaps used me as a surrogate father or older brother or uncle, who tell me all their troubles, and who have now quite forgotten me, alas.

I won't go on. It was a combination of Aladdin's cave and Pandora's Box.

But I do want you to get the theme. If I hadn't had a sore back, I'd never have had it get better so that I could survive the dire rear.

If I hadn't the dire rear, we'd have the wrong paint on the living room, and I'd never have cleaned out my drawers.

And if those two hadn't occurred, we wouldn't be having a sale of whitey-blue paint, and a large bonfire, simultaneously, on the first day the backyard dries up.

Don't talk to me about evolution, Darwin, survival of the fittest. It's perfectly obvious, as I have shown, that there is a Grand Plan for the universe, and that there is Someone, or Something, in charge of it.

Now, I don't want to squabble, or a fight with women's lib. We won't call that Someone either God or Buddha or the Geist or the Supreme Being, or The Master.

Since He-She looks after all us turkeys without reference to sex, color or creed, let's just call it the Turkey-Person. OK?

OUR READERS WRITE:

Table of Metric convolutions

We think that the government is, as usual, rushing into this Metric business a little too quickly. There are many problems yet to be worked out in the program, problems which so far have never even been looked at.

The first is the question of the pronunciation of some of the units used. For instance, is it a kil-AM-meter or is it a KILL-o-meter? Or are they, in fact two separate things, a fact which the government is carefully hiding to protect its overlaid assertions that the metric system is simpler than the old foot and inch method?

There are some good words for you: foot and inch. Good Anglo-Saxon type words; no hint of foreignness and maybe communism besmudges their proud brevity. Everyone knows how to say "inch".

Another problem connected with this program is that budding humorists will be bereft of many of the standard chestnuts which litter the comic fireplace of our literary life.

Can you seriously imagine someone standing up in front of an audience and saying: "What is the longest word in the English language? Smiles, because there are one point six kil-AM-meters between the first letter and the last." The joke doesn't improve even if you replace kil-AM-meters

with KILL-o-meters, even though the second version has some appeal to the violent instincts in us.

A number of colourful and important pithy sayings will be lost forever too. "Better to die on one's meters than live on one's knees" just doesn't make it.

These are only a very few of the problems which we could name. Others, such as what happens to thermometers (do they become thermofeet?) need not be pointed out, as they are patently obvious.

We therefore urge everyone to refuse to buy anything with a metric label unless they feel like it. More than this we cannot say.

—John Bottomley

Of this and that

Words change their meaning. When King James (1566-1625) called St. Paul's Cathedral "amusing, awful, and artificial," the architect was pleased. In those days, amusing meant amazing; awful meant awe-inspiring; and artificial meant artistic.

The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 12, 1967. Mr. and Mrs. Alf Duby are the lucky winners of a dinner for two at the Captains Table, Lord Simcoe Hotel in Toronto. The prize was a door prize at the annual Halton Mutual Aid banquet in Milton. Several couples from Acton attended.

George Kerr was the unanimous choice of delegates to carry the Progressive Conservative stand in the new riding of Halton West at Friday's nomination meeting in Burlington Central high school.

Kent Kentner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kentner, Jr., Victoria Ave., won the coveted prize of a week at hockey school and \$25 spending money at Saturday's minor hockey banquet.

Ron Henry, 42 John Street, is in Guelph General Hospital for a minor operation. Friends wish him a speedy recovery.

Firefighters were called Tuesday about 5 p.m. when the motor in the furnace at the home of Harold McIntyre, just north of town, took fire.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 11, 1957. Mayor Tyler reported to council on the field tests taken on the new town water site on the R.L. Davidson farm.

The members of four Nassagaweya township Institutes celebrated their 60th anniversary. Campbellville president is Mrs. James Wallace, Nassagaweya president Mrs. Andrew Frank, Dublin president Mrs. William McIntyre and Busy Bees present Mrs. Oscar Locker.

A huge tarpaulin shrouds activity at the site of the new Bank of Montreal. There are now 11 volunteers and a St. John Ambulance Brigade may be formed here.

Jim Ledger has installed a modern self-service meat counter in the IGA store. Cuts are pre-cut and wrapped. The store was closed for three days for alterations.

The tender of J.B. Mackenzie and Son of \$25,863 for the building of the new fire hall was accepted.

Acton Rotary Fun Fair was held at the Legion Friday George Musselle was in charge of the bingo and there were other games.

Radar equipment is now being used by Corp. Ray Mason and the men of the O.P.P. detachment. Saturday they apprehended 36 drivers.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 12, 1877.

A worthy citizen of this village injured his hand severely last week when lighting the morning fire. This is a terrible warning to men to let their wives light the fire.

A lodge of Odd-Fellows is to be instituted here. The hall over J.H. Smith's furniture store has been engaged and fitted up for a lodge room.

The Centennial Medal awarded to the Acton Plow Company in Philadelphia has arrived here. It is very handsome.

The man who knows of a good trout stream is now actively engaged in keeping his mouth shut.

An Acton lady has got rid of tramps by a wise system of treatment. When they call at the house requesting something to eat she sets them to cutting enough wood to pay for the meal.

A new Division Grange has been formed at Rockwood. The meeting in the town hall was well attended. Bro. J. Ramsay of Eden Mills is the Wor. Master. Other officers are H. Smith, H. Black, S. B. Campbell, G. Campbell, D. Anderson, T. Waters, R. Dredge, G. Ellington, Mrs. H. S. Smith Mrs. Jos. Ramsay.

Five dollars a cord for tanbark at Beardmore's lannery.

Of this and that

Did you hear about the con-tortionist that applied for unemployment insurance because he couldn't make ends meet?

The gift of gab is okay provided you know when to wrap it up.



SENIOR FOURTH CLASS with teacher and principal Miss M. Z. Bennett are pictured in this photograph lent by Bert Hinton. It is not dated, but it must be about 1926 or 1927. First row on the left Isobel Lantz, Violet Currie, unknown, V. Tubman, Ann Smith, Blanche Smith; second row Helen Ostrander, Bert Gibbons, Doris MacDonald, Marjorie Garden, Allan

Marshall, Reta McNabb, - Atkinson; third row Lillian Perry, Arthur Gamble, John McGeachie, Carney Burns, Jack Reid, Bill Wilson, Lora McComb; fourth row Bert Hinton, - Lambert, Aubrey Gervais, Jessie Mann, - Cripps, Gordon Cooper; fifth row Isobel Smith, Mel Locker, Newton Hurst, Leonard Watson; sixth row Abbie Price, Sandy Malcolm, Jack Symon.

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