

Free Press Editorial Page

You can be a part

Back to Acton Days are for the whole community, and the organizers hope as many as possible will join in.

At one point your participation is going to be specially requested... in the zany Calithumpian parade, a modern version of those the town always had years ago.

Put on a crazy hat, bring a musical instrument, ride your bike, get out your Halloween outfit... whatever! The parade needs lots of people.

The other special events of the weekend will be drawing many people too.

Think about how you can participate, not just watch!

Get those critters

It's unlikely that there is any danger of catching encephalitis this summer from mosquitoes, but there are ways to control mosquitoes which are useful anyway.

If your yard is inundated by hordes of mosquitoes each year, there must be a nearby breeding site.

Mosquitoes usually multiply in still water. Homeowners should make sure low-lying areas are leveled to prevent water from gathering.

Drainage ditches, gutters and drainpipes should be unclogged to allow water to move freely. Disposing of empty cans and old tires gives mosquitoes less chance to breed.

Water in wading pools, ponds and bird baths should be changed every few days. Keep swimming pools properly chlorinated and filtered.

Apparently backyard zappers and sonic repellants aren't that great, but insect repellants do prevent bites.

Scratch, scratch...

The duty of being happy

The following 12 rules on how to be happy, are attributed to Robert Louis Stevenson who believed "there is no duty we underrate more than the duty of being happy."

1. Make up your mind to be happy. Learn to find pleasure in simple things.

2. Make the best of your circumstances. No one has everything and everyone has something of sorrow intermingled with the gladness of life. The trick is to make laughter outweigh the tears.

3. Don't take yourself too seriously. Don't think that somehow you should be protected from misfortunes that befall other people.

4. You can't please everybody. Don't let criticism worry you.

5. Don't let your neighbor set your standards. Be yourself.

6. Do the things you enjoy doing, but stay out of debt.

7. Don't borrow trouble. Imaginary things are harder to bear than actual ones.

8. Since hate poisons the soul, do not cherish enmities and grudges.

9. Have many interests. If you can't travel, read about new places.

10. Don't hold post-mortems. Don't spend your life brooding over sorrow or mistakes. Don't be one who never gets over things.

11. Do what you can for those less fortunate than yourself.

12. Keep busy at something. A very busy person never has time to be unhappy.

Summer hints

With the holiday season approaching, St. John Ambulance offers a few First Aid tips for families taking off for the cottage, planning a trip or some other summer recreational activity.

Small cuts should be attended to immediately to prevent them from becoming more serious. Wash well and cover with a clean dressing. To stop bleeding, apply direct pressure on the wound with your hand or a clean dressing. This will stop ever profuse bleeding.

Be sure to take along some strong laundry soap for use if you come in contact with poison ivy. As soon as possible, wash the contact area thoroughly with soap and water to remove the plant oil which causes the rash.

Don't go swimming alone and don't dive into water without knowing the depth.

Mouth to mouth resuscitation is the most effective way to revive a casualty who has stopped breathing from drowning, electrocution, suffocation or heart attack. Put

your hand under the neck and lift to tilt the head and open the airway. Make a tight seal with your mouth over the victim's mouth and blow. Watch for the chest to rise. Repeat every 3 to 5 seconds.

Don't try to get a tan all in one day. Take it gradually. Sunburn is treated like other burns. Don't break blisters. Gently apply a cloth soaked in cool water to relieve pain, then cover with a clean dry dressing.

Stuff

The attractive new fronts at First Line T.V., Sports Corner and A.B. Supermarket spruce up the whole of that block. There have been many favorable comments.

The downtown planters are more beautiful than ever this year. Thanks to Ted Tyler and assistants.



WARM WEATHER WAS tempered by good breezes when Knox Church held their outdoor service last Sunday. The congregation enjoyed the service under the sun.



Sugar and spice by Bill Smiley

Despite my fairly often encounters with snarly misanthropes who seem bent on convincing me that the human race is a nasty lot, I keep coming back to the good, warm feeling that, on the whole, people are a pretty good lot, as far as they go.

They are kind and concerned, despite the evidence to the contrary. When I wrote something about my wife's insomnia and how she dreads our up-coming trip to Europe—trying to sleep on boats, buses and a strange bed every night—a lady reader sent me a long letter filled with ideas on how to cope with the situation.

One time, in a real cri de coeur, I mentioned that our daughter was very ill, and asked readers to say a prayer. We received dozens of letters and phone calls, from friends and strangers, assuring us that they would do just that.

An elderly lady from Alberta wrote me a long and involved letter offering a solution, when I once complained of arthritic agony in this space. I'm going to take her up on it one of these days. I've tried wearing a phony bracelet and carrying a potato around in my hip pocket, and they were slightly less than successful.

Turned to write something on the blackboard a few weeks ago, my old friend Arthur nailed me in the hip, and I almost fell down in front of the class. Headline: English Department Head Drunk On Duty: Angry Parents Demand Dismissal.

Wrote a column recently asking for someone, somewhere, to give my daughter a job. It was written in jest. But any day now, I expect an old friend, or a complete stranger, to give me a call and offer her a job as a chicken plucker or a go-go dancer

or a cosmetician in a mortuary, or something equally exotic.

Years ago, I had to go off to the San, with a shadow on my lung. I left behind a young, pregnant, bewildered, and scared wife. My friends, young and supposedly callous, spent their scanty money on visits to me, and supported and solaced my bride, without ever trying to take a pass at her, to my astonishment and enlightenment, for they were a pretty unscrupulous crowd, and she was a raving beauty, and human nature being what it is...

Just recently, a colleague died of leukemia, after a comparatively short illness. He was in his prime, a nice guy, generally liked, full of life. And he died bravely, without any whimpering, still making plans for next year.

A couple of days later, one of his mates was around with a piece of paper, looking for signatures for work parties at Paul's place. He and his wife owned a summer resort, into which they'd poured a lot of money and energy, planning for his retirement. They had neglected the place, naturally, during his last illness. The weeds and grass had grown, and they had to open soon for the summer season. There was no lack of signatures, and we all piled in, even the old decrepits like me, who usually leave the menial labor for the kid next door, to clean up the place.

During the war, I found the same kindness and concern among the enemy. A young German paratrooper who had watched coldly while some older German chaps kicked me about rather badly for something naughtily I'd done, came into the boxcar in which I was tied up that evening, bloody and well-bowed, threw his

camouflage cape over me—it was October—and talked to me in halting French. I sorely needed both the cape and the company.

A few weeks later, with other prisoners, I was sitting out an air raid (ours) in the basement of a German railway station. We were half-frozen and hungry as hell. Some middle-aged German ladies came down with a huge basin of hot coffee (ersatz) and motherly looks (real) in the middle of that air raid. I blessed their good hearts, and hoped my mother would do the same, in the same situation.

Arrived at my first prison camp, I couldn't believe it when the inhabitants, Australians and New Zealanders, captured at Crete three years earlier, gave us a hot meal from their own meagre rations. We were cold, exhausted and half-starved. If anything gave me a faith in the innate decency of the human race, it was that.

Those are clear-cut examples, but there are hundreds of others, less easy to describe.

The neighbor who slips over with a jar of hot, homemade soup when your wife is away. The other neighbor who feeds your cat when you're off on a trip, or who fixes your shutters or your plumbing and forgets to send a bill. The doctor who calls, after an ungodly long day, to check on the state of your sick child. The quiet concern in the eyes of your students when they know you are really too ill to be up there teaching.

It's a cynical age, and it's an easy age to be a cynic, but don't let it get to you.

When the chips are down, when there's fire or flood or famine, blizzard or blast or bats in the attic, people will respond with a kindness that will blind you with tears.

Halton's answer to the gong show!

by Bob Burt at Halton Region Council After watching proceedings in the Canadian House of Commons for 20 minutes, entertainer Harry Belafonte concluded that the CBC had finally come up with a first class comedy.

I wouldn't want to quibble with Belafonte's assessment of the performance put on by the Honorable Members, but anyone who spends any time around Halton Regional Headquarters would readily concede that the show there has to be a close contender to that in the Commons.

Take last week for example. A gal

working as a camerawoman for Burlington Cable TV showed up to capture the workings of regional council on film.

Viewers could be excused if they mistook the program for Halton's answer to The Gong Show.

Now that's not to say the working and manoeuvrings of regional council isn't serious business. Goodness, no.

On Wednesday alone the council delved into two matters that have earth shattering ramifications to the folks back home on the farm.

The first issue of paramount significance was whether or not they should send members of the public works committee to

a junket to Boston.

That issue was thoroughly debated. The only other issue that commanded as much attention centred around how many people would be on each committee and how many committees there would be.

In case you missed it earlier, council actually decided to pass on the annual works show junket. The word is, works chairman Jack Rattis will be back again before the month is out in an effort to convince council of the peril that will exist if Halton isn't represented at the American Public Works Equipment Show and Convention.

In all seriousness, I must say that's not all that is actually discussed. Viewers of the Burlington Cable TV presentation (if it is ever shown) will be treated to the likes of Jim Watson jibbering about the evils of the Halton Board of Education, or inviting other councillors to return part or all of their salaries to the region if they feel they are overpaid. (Watson resigned from a teaching post with the Halton Board of Education several years ago, but never overcame the bitterness he developed for the system.)

If that doesn't tickle your fancy you could concentrate on Oakville's master of the one-liners, Archie Donaghey.

The following are brief excerpts from the proceedings.

Watson: "When the Lord made time he made lots of it."

Donaghey: "Yea, He made lots of idiots too."

Oakville Councillor Ron Planche: "Mr. Chairman, this matter is of real concern to me and my colleagues..."

Donaghey: "You shouldn't be concerned, you aren't even going to be here next year."

Oakville Councillor Laurie Mannell is probably the most flamboyant of the bunch. One councillor asked "My goodness Laurie, where did you get your shirt?"

Reply from the peanut gallery: "That's not a shirt, he sewed all of his ties together."

Councillors rejected a move to sit on two committees as proposed by Chairman Ric Morrow Wednesday. For 9,300 bucks a year, councillors figure two committees is one too many.

Maybe they are right. After all, it takes a lot of time to rehearse some of those lines.

Our readers write

Old Nell

She would listen to us sing and pray, While standing in the shed, And visit with the neighbour's horse At the church where we were wed.

As each Sunday we in reverence went, To thank our God for all, Old "Nell" was there to do her share, Tied safely in the stall.

She would often raise her fancy tail, And wind it round the dash, With her soaking mane, off in the rain, While her muddy front feet splash.

As the years rolled by, she slowed right down, But she gamely plodded on, When we had to ride, I knew inside, Some day she'd be gone.

And then one awful morning, Quite early in the fall, For my dearest friend, there came the end, As she lay still in the stall.

I was shaken with emotion, I could not even speak, As I stroked her nose, her eyes did close, And the tears ran down my cheek.

Though years have passed, and times have

changed, There are times when my thoughts dwell, From the traffic daze, to the bygone days, With my buggy and "Old Nell."

Victor Smith R.R.2, Rockwood.



"HE ATTACKS ONLY ON THE COMMAND, 'ADIDAS!'"

The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of June 12, 1968. Unprecedented awards for an Acton high school graduate have been won by Trudy Morris, 17, who will have completed her year with marks expected to reach about 90 per cent. She has been awarded a General Motors Scholarship of \$4000-\$1000 for each university year. She will also be Acton's first Ontario Scholar with over 80 per cent in grade 13 to receive \$150.

Liberal workers in both Halton and Halton-Wenworth ridings and the district are busy making arrangements for a mammoth welcome for their leader Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau Friday.

A Sunday outing at Smallwood Acres beach nearly ended in tragedy for the Emmerson family, when six-year-old Shane Emmerson wandered out into deep water and narrowly escaped drowning.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of June 26, 1968. Micro Plastics Division of Frybrook Ltd. will construct a new 40,000 square foot building on a 14 acre site purchased several years ago on Main St. North, vice president J.H. Reid announced this week.

The Amalgamated Home and School Association were hosts to 78 grade eight graduates from the M.Z. Bennett and Robert Little public schools on Wednesday evening in the Robert Little school auditorium.

Bruce Andrews, 17-year-old Acton runner, made a mile in 4.19.2 at the British Empire Trials in Saskatoon on the weekend to win his class. He placed seventh in the trials, as the race he won was a slow class he was forced to enter because of his age. His quarterly speeds were 61 (a very fast quarter), 65, 66 and 68.2. Bruce won it in a breeze—the second place man was 50 yards behind at the finish line.

Waterfalls Playground on the Sixth Line was the scene of three Acton church Sunday school picnics last Saturday when Acton Pentecostal, Knox Presbyterian and St. Alban's Anglican held their annual outings on June 21.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press June 21, 1923. On Tuesday afternoon, Miss Margaret Macdonald, B.A., principal of Acton Continuation School and Mrs. C.H.W. Harrison left on an European tour. They sailed on Wednesday morning on the "Metagama" from Montreal. Their itinerary will include a tour of the British Isles, France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland and a cruise on the Mediterranean. They expect to be away about ten weeks.

The first year Toronto University results were announced last week. Among the successful candidates was Miss Helen Cox of Acton. Miss Cox was third in the second class honor group in her Home Economics course.

On Wednesday evening the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon T. Beardmore was the scene of a happy gathering when about 100 guests assembled. A dance was held in honor of Acton's Ladies' Baseball club and Acton Hockey club. At intermission, a dainty lunch was served. Miss Ruth Gibson sang several solos, which were appreciated by all. Guests from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. S.S. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S.A. Clarke, Miss Johnston and Mr. Thring of Toronto and Mr. Connolly of New York.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of June 20, 1878. A quill match will be held in Georgetown July 26 between Mr. Geo. Gibbs of Georgetown and Mr. H. Cameron of Acton, for \$25 and the championship of the County of Halton.

Donald McLarty of Puslinch is fourteen years of age and is over six feet in height. Quebec was in a state of uproar on the 12th inst. the strikers having risen in a mass, and rioting and plundering prevailed throughout the day. Several were severely wounded.

On Friday morning about 50 unemployed labourers waited on Mayor Bangs at the City Hall, Ottawa, and made a demand for work.

Mrs. Skelton of Toronto lectured in the Temperance hall on "Our girls and boys" under the auspices of Acton Division, Sons of Temperance.

The picnic and entertainment at Crewsons Corners was quite a success. About \$85 was raised.

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