

Free Press Editorial Page

Fluoridated water

While there is likely little doubt now that fluoride in water can aid in strengthening teeth, it does not follow that placing fluoride in water supplies is automatically the right thing to do.

It has been proposed by region Health and Services committee that a fluoridation bylaw be enacted, to fluoridate water in Acton and Milton. These are the only two towns in the region without additional fluoridation.

But Actonians have long assumed that the fluoride content in our natural water supply was good. So we were told years ago.

However, chemical analysis done last spring indicates this isn't so. Our level of fluoride is well below that recommended. Perhaps

the recommended dose has changed over the years. It's something voters would want to know more about.

Miltonians held a vote in 1971 on the question and turned thumbs down on fluoride three to one.

It seems ridiculous that to give the people of Acton and Milton the right to decide on their own water content, the vote must be taken over the entire region of Halton. A negative vote, it is suggested, would force the region to discontinue fluoridation in Georgetown, Burlington and Oakville. A positive vote would force Acton and Milton to have their supplies fluoridated.

If that's the law, them as some early wit suggested, the law is an ass. It should be changed.

Buses, trains needed

At a time when the population of southwestern Ontario is growing steadily, it seems unreasonable that public transportation should be diminished.

The bus service from Acton to Toronto is due to be cut, and passengers are rightly concerned.

Surely the time is ripe for improved transportation, not decreased service.

The use of private cars is growing at a downright hazardous rate. Traffic in Toronto is horrendous.

Public transportation must be provided and promoted. It must be good. It must be frequent.

Of course what we would like to see here is the GO train running regularly - say every hour - from Toronto to Guelph. Any people who travel to Britain see the great advantage of the regular train service

there. Since the railways abandoned passengers, the Gray Coach service through town has been good. Now it is called GO bus service.

Officials say GO buses here are in some cases duplications. They also point out ridership is not that high west of Brampton. They will of course continue to provide GO bus service to connect with the early morning and dinnertime commuter GO trains at Georgetown. Just which later buses will be cut from the Acton schedule is not yet known.

There are many people available to ride public transportation, and the reasons many don't are varied.

But more and more people are becoming fed up with city traffic, and the expense of cars, and will turn to good, dependable public service.

Bad language deplored

Sometimes the language at the ball park sickens me, an umpire of the industrial softball league said recently.

There's no need for it, he said, suggesting it was time the league acted to clean language up. He said he wasn't upset by the abuse directed at him but the bad language of some players left him cold.

The umpire was right. There is no need for bad language at ball games any more

than there is anywhere. Policing it, however, is another matter. It is difficult to control what people say, especially in the heat of an athletic contest.

If players and rabid fans only knew the effect they have on other spectators with their use of four letter words and appeals to the Deity they might consider before they open their mouths.

It is disgusting, does nothing for the game and the person who uses it.

Something to sneeze about

Some Canadians have something to sing about, others something to shout about. And, at this time of year, a lot of Canadians have something to sneeze about.

That something is ragweed pollen, the number one enemy of hay fever sufferers. Agriculture Canada weed specialists say there are three kinds of ragweed found in Canada and the commonest variety

grows in every province. However, the highest pollen counts are found in Ontario and Quebec, especially in this area near Toronto and near Montreal.

Ragweed is much less concentrated in the Atlantic Provinces and in Saskatchewan, British Columbia and all but the southeastern corner of Alberta.

Is there any place you'd rather be?

Open the windows

Air-conditioned cars make summer driving more bearable. But pollution can pose a special problem.

Take an experiment done in traffic. Ten passenger cars were driven four miles through the downtown of a city. The windows of the cars were shut tight, and the air conditioners on. The driver of a control car made the same trip with the windows wide open and no air conditioning.

The results were a surprise. Carbon monoxide levels inside the air-conditioned cars climbed up and up during the 30-minute drive. As more of the gas entered the confined space, it was not passed out fast enough. By the end of the trip, levels were four to eight times higher than at the beginning. Way above acceptable standards for permissible levels in the ambient air.

And the control car? With the windows wide open, high levels of carbon monoxide inside the car

were noted at two stop lights. Otherwise, levels were markedly lower than those in the air-conditioned cars.

According to the Lung Association, carbon monoxide is a colorless, odorless gas that literally bumps oxygen out of your red blood cells. The effects of this oxygen loss can cause dizziness and headaches and—with extremely high levels—even death. Lower levels can interfere with driving performance, disrupt the ability to judge time intervals, and slow down reactions to brightness, including taillights.

Drivers who feel tired or listless may want to open windows and shut off the air-conditioning for awhile. There's a good chance there'll be less carbon monoxide in the outside air.

This interesting information comes from the local Lung Association - the Halton Lung Association - the Christmas Seal people.



ANYONE FOR OUTER SPACE? Fantail pigeons in a flying saucer? These pet fantails regularly have their bath in a saucer-type snow sled and thoroughly enjoy it.



Sugar and spice by Bill Smiley

By ROGER BELL (Writing for Bill Smiley, who is touring cities older than him.)

For the past three years, I've been fighting (and losing) a war which I call the Great Battle of Necktie. I believe in a neck unfettered by the choking confinement of a chunk of silk or polyester. These useless cloth appendages cramp my style, do not mention my fragile esophagus. They drag in my goulash at dinner, flap in my face while I'm humming along on my ten-speed, and offer an open invitation to whichever one of my 65 students wants to garrote me for the E-term test I've just returned to him.

Unfortunately, my employer and his superiors don't agree with my views on the liberated neck. I walked naively into work on the first day, collar open, spirits high, and was promptly informed of the Eleventh Commandment: Thou shalt not offend mine eyes by allowing thy throat to appear ungarmented in my presence; nor shalt thou sport turtle-necks, which vex me sorely; and lest thou wish to feel the fiery lash of Unemployment, thou shalt not allow the blasphemous blue denim to adorn thy person.

This accompanied by the roar of thunder, the slash of lightning, and a horrifying vision of my lovely contract in flames. The score after the first skirmish: Haber-dashers - 1, Roger (bloodied champion of human rights) - 0.

Of this 'n that

- The six most important words — "I admit I made a mistake"
- The five most important — "The five most important — 'You've done a good job.'"
- The four most important — "The four most important — 'What is your opinion?'"
- The three most important — "I'll try again"
- The two most important — "Thank you."
- The one most important — "Please"

We read in the Ridgetown weekly paper that Ontario farmers plowed under acres of strawberries because Canadian Manufacturers wouldn't use them for canning or jam. The Canadian processors imported prewashed, hulled, Mexican and U.S. berries while the Canadian berries rotted. The foreign berries were cheaper, ready for processing and always in abundance. Labor costs to clean and hull Ontario berries made the product too expensive, they say.

After waiting eight hours in Vancouver airport last Sunday due to the illegal ground crew's strike, we found it interesting to read that federal troops will be called to handle the mail if there is a postal strike in the United States. The U.S. postmaster general, taking a hard line stand, says he could fire striking workers and move to bar them from ever holding a government job again.

This whole thing smacks of the re-appearance of the great god and teller of falsehoods, Outwardshow. I thought that the bluejeaned, long-haired troops of the Youthandtruth Army had laid his hideous corpse to rest after the hard-fought Battle of Flippie Junction, in the late 1960's. But it appears that he has risen, phoenix-like, and is slinking about the land, appealing to the conservative and the normal in all men.

His insidious message is simply this: Clothes make the man. He of the neatly-coiffed head and the smartly-tailored-for-today's-man-on-the-go-three-piece vested suit is superior and preferable to be of the unkempt mane and tieless torso. The multitudes will respect the former, and he shall rise to dizzying heights; the latter will be as loved as a pint of prune juice in a dysentery ward and he will go nowhere fast in the world of Big Business.

Pardon me, but—bunk!

Let's follow that line of reasoning for awhile. Imagine the following scene: Adolph Hitler and Jesus Christ show up one night at your house, uninvited, for dinner. Adolph is handsomely attired in a new \$300 pinstripe wool-worsted suit, a pair of neat suede shoes, and an expensive tie with a tidy Windsor knot. Jesus, in contrast, sports only a simple cotton caftan, has dusty feet and open-toed sandals, and has (gasp—call the cops!) long hair and a beard.

With me so far? If you adhere to Outwardshow's dictum-ornament is everything, character nothing—Jesus will end up eating burgers at McDonald's and you'll have a dinner guest who admires your lampshades and seems ungrateful when you tell him you don't like pork.

Can you conceive the idiotic situation the Appearance Is Really belief might spawn? To be considered a worthy cleaning lady, Mrs. Magoo would have to do your hardwood floors in an evening gown. Local sanitary engineers would sling (fester)ing piles of refuse into the back of their Rolls Royce, being very careful not to get any on their tropical-weight leisure suits.

The mechanic at your favorite garage might be adverse to fixing the transmission in your jaunty jalopy for fear he might sully his velvet tuxedo. (A positive offshoot: schools which were troubled by vandalism would have only to hang a tie in every window and not only would vandals not destroy the place, they'd rake the lawns and trim the hedges.)

Yes, folks, as much as I hate to admit it—it brings a lump to my throat to say it—old Outty is alive and well. I do however have a new battle plan for the upcoming round of hostilities: my friend Cherner, the artist, is going to silkscreen a tie on my hairy chest.

No problem really, I'll pretend it's mohair.

Morrow's a scrapper no doubt about it

by Bob Burt at Halton Region

Ric Morrow established a reputation as a scrapper shortly after his debut in municipal politics some 10 years ago. During his term in the chairman's office he earned the reputation of a tough, stubborn, hard-nosed politician.

Many of the councillors who chose Morrow for the chairman's job saw in him someone who would read council's wish and pursue it through the appropriate channels. They were soon shocked, disappointed and angry with Morrow's behavior on the throne. They had criticized his predecessor for a lack of leadership and control over council. But for those who disapproved of Morrow's performance, it wasn't because of a lack of leadership. Once Morrow established which way he was going on any issue, he poured every ounce of energy into the fight, pushing, pulling, duping colleagues along the way.

If you were reviewing his performance at the head of the 48-foot monster you'd have to give him full marks for guts. Morrow has taken leadership and shouldered the full brunt of criticism for stands he has taken on controversial issues.

Morrow pushed for new headquarters, he took the landfill issue by the horns and it is largely due to his pushing the issue that the thing will finally come to an Ontario Municipal Board Hearing. The route he has taken on landfill is one I find difficult to condone or tolerate, but the fact is—he had the guts to take a stand when a lot of councillors were content to let things ride with no obvious answer at hand. His stand on uniform water rates has

caused opponents to heap abuse and personal criticisms on him.

Morrow, like Allan Masson before him, continuously battled against a solid wall of resistance when he tried to explain the virtues of regionalism and specifically sharing costs for water and sewers.

The most recent clash on that count came when council once again turned down a bid for equalized water rates.

Morrow is bound and determined that uniform rates is the way to go. He may have lost the battle on that one, but the war will wage on and you can be certain Morrow will have another stab at that one before concluding his term this fall.

Morrow avoided being tagged as a parochial chairman during his term. It wouldn't be fair or accurate to say that he did any sort of special favors for the north. But he did carry with him a perception of the north that probably won't be equalled by whoever his successor is. The sheer voting power that the south has, makes it impossible for a chairman to short shift the south, but the converse isn't necessarily true.

Morrow is viewed by his cohorts on council as a political animal who needs politics to keep the adrenalin flowing. They almost unanimously agree that what Morrow is looking for is a rest, not retirement. They claim that he'll live to fight another day.

There's little doubt that Morrow will enjoy the sanctity of his home and the sanity of coping with only one job.

How long? is the question, and just where he'll pop up is another question. His name is already being connected with the Halton Hills mayor's office, the region and the legislature.

The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, August 20, 1968. Fires, flooding and washouts lay in the aftermath of a fierce summer storm that lashed the area last Thursday evening. Despite the darkness and downpour, flames from the barn of Lorne Maslles lit the sky for hours and the smell of smoke alarmed many in town. Stock and his entire harvest were lost in the lightning-caused fire. In Nassagaweya, the barn of Lou Pocius was razed during the height of the storm. Lightning was the cause.

Shock and dismay followed the surprise reading at council Tuesday of a letter of resignation from long-time clerk-administrator Jack McGenchie. He becomes clerk of the town of Milton, Monday, September 27.

With M. Z. Bennett and Pineview school additions not yet ready and one portable classroom added in Nassagaweya, no students in the area are going back to school Tuesday to fine new classrooms. But the physical aspect of education aside, all students feel the important impact of the much-discussed changes in the system. Some of the courses and methods are as shiny new as the floors of the schools will be on Tuesday just before 9 o'clock.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of September 4, 1958

The Acton Free Press this year claimed three prizes in the Canada-wide Weekly Newspaper contest winning second place in the competition for the best all round paper, second in the competition for the best editorial page and third in the best front page competition.

Editor-in-chief G.A. Dills was honored by Canada's Weekly Newspaper Association during their convention in Toronto's King Edward Hotel this week when he was made an Honorary Life Member.

John Chisholm, 244 Mason Boulevard landed a 31 inch pickerel weighing ten pounds, nine ounces while on a fishing trip on Saturday August 30.

A load of oats awaiting unloading near the exhaust of a tractor Friday August 29 at 5:15 p.m. on the farm of Archie Kerr of Acton, caused Acton firemen to make a fast run to the scene when the load ignited from the tractor's exhaust.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 30, 1928

The results of the Guelph Collegiate Institute Upper School examinations were published last week and the following Acton pupils were successful in passing—Mary Chalmers, Irene Dunn, Elain Gamble, Margaret Grindell, Neville Harrop, George Poole.

The twelfth annual exhibition of the Rockwood Horticultural Society was held in the Town Hall Saturday.

The big buses are filled to overflowing with exhibition visitors these days.

Both Fairy Lake and Corporation Pond are thronged with swimmers these days.

Barnockburn and Lorne schools have been repainted and are bright and attractive for the re-opening next week.

The fall fair prize lists were never finer.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 29, 1878

The picnic given for the children of St. Alban's Sunday School at Smith's grove was a success.

A friendly quoit match between ten belonging to the Acton club and ten of the Milton club was played in Acton Monday afternoon. The score was Acton 576, Milton 513. Considerable excitement was manifested throughout the match but very little money, if any, exchanged hands.

Over 300 attended the Methodist picnic in Smith's Grove on Tuesday.

A short time ago the people of Crewsons Corners petitioned Grand Trunk authorities for a flag stop. This would be a great convenience as the people have to walk to Acton or Rockwood to board the cars and now, since notices have been posted warning people from walking on the track, the inconvenience is doubly felt. The petition was signed by over 90 ratepayers.

Our drug stores are looking much better now than was the custom before. A village drug store was generally considered a dingy looking place with dirty bottles. Now, our drug stores present a lively appearance.

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