

Free Press Editorial Page

A name to remember

The double tragedy which struck the Best family will touch the hearts of many people.

As well as friends in this district, there are thousands of people who owe their lives to the discovery of insulin.

Dr. Banting and Dr. Best were the two dedicated young men who made the remarkable discovery in Toronto.

A relative of ours had a particularly poignant memory of the two doctors at that time.

She was nursing in Collingwood and had a patient who was obviously dying. The young person was a victim of the then-fatal disease of diabetes.

All of the staff knew of the work being done to try to discover a cure. One of the staff drove down to Toronto to see the doctors who were striving experimentally on the new product. There was no insulin on the market and the trials were still underway.

However, some of the substance was obtained secretly, and injected into the horridly-ill patient. There was an immediate reaction and recovery that thrilled the doctors and nurses. Our aunt never forgot that miracle cure, obtained "under the table" somehow.

The names of Banting and Best are part of Canadian history.

Blood clinic time

The winter of '77 will be remembered. Not just for the snow. It will be remembered for the same thing as the winter of '76, the winter of '75. The Red Cross was short of blood.

Last year, 635 Canadian hospital patients needed blood each and every day, and they needed an average of 3.12 units of fresh blood each.

That adds up to more than 1,961 units of blood every single day of

the year. Including Saturdays, Sundays and holidays.

Even if the snow swirls, the sleet freezes and the north winds gust, hemophiliacs needed their cryoprecipitate. Leukemia victims needed their platelets. Surgery patients needed their red blood cells. Now spring is here, and thousands more will need the fresh, whole blood only you can give.

The next blood donor clinic is Thursday, April 13, at the Legion.

The love of a pet

Most pets have one sole purpose in life, and that is to love their masters. Most humans feel they reciprocate this love — but do they really?

One dull day last December, a car was driving down a local street, its driver watching the children on the sidewalk while also watching the other cars on the road. Suddenly, without any warning, a large dog appeared directly in front of the car. It had come out of nowhere. The driver swerved to miss the animal, heading straight into an oncoming car. Luckily, this vehicle had a chance to swerve also. However, the pavement was slippery, and both cars skidded.

There was no collision—this time. There were no injuries—this time. The animal was safe—this time.

Not long after, the same driver was driving down still another street when another dog came darting out from a driveway. Close on its heels was a small child trying to catch the loose pet. The driver slammed on the brakes and avoided an accident.

Just recently, the driver was going to work. For seemingly no

reason at all, the car ahead came to a dead stop. A cat could soon be seen leaping to the safety of the sidewalk. Several hundred yards up the same street, the body of a similar cat lay on the shoulder of the road. It was not so lucky. Along the same route between Acton and Georgetown drivers could see bodies of other animals, mainly cats, which also had met with death at the hands of a startled driver.

If a driver has a choice between hitting the animal and another car, he has to pick the animal. It is a tough decision, but human life comes first.

There is at least one small child today waiting for a cat or dog to come home. They will call it, they will leave food out for it in hopes it can be bribed to come home. In a last desperate hope, the parents will go driving the streets looking for the animal. Let's hope they didn't take the children with them when they went out on their search.

Your pet loves you. Why not return this love by tying it up? It may seem cruel at the time — but not as cruel as the death penalty of being allowed to run free.



SENIOR FINALE of the skating carnival included the introduction of all the club's own stars, to the proud applause of friends. The show was called I Wish You a Rainbow, and 1,200 enjoyed its charm on Saturday at the community centre.



Sugar and spice by Bill Smiley

Last fall, when it rained for 40 days and 40 nights and then began to snow for about a similar spell, I received a couple of pretty stern letters from readers.

One was from an elderly gentleman. Both exoriated me, in their different ways, for being blasphemous. Cause of their concern was a pair of columns in which I suggested to the Almighty, that we'd had enough precipitation, and He could stop dumping it on us any time.

The E. G. wrote a cross letter to his editor and sent me a copy. The preacher wrote me a long, personal letter, telling me I shouldn't be so "chummy" with God. He offered to pray for me, and sent along a modern version of the Bible, containing such words as "booby-traps," which rather alarmed me, accustomed as I am to the austere and dignified King James Version.

Well, I wrote some pretty bitter columns about the Canadian winter. But after six straight weeks of glorious, clear, sunny

weather, I'm beginning to wonder who is right, me or my critics.

Maybe the Lord does read my column, probably on one of His frequent lunch breaks. I didn't pray to Him for some decent weather. I told Him rather snappily, that we were fed up with what He was dishing up. He didn't strike me down with a thunderbolt, although I noticed my arthritides became pretty keen there for a few weeks.

Maybe the Lord mused, something like this: "By Jove, maybe Bill Smiley is right. Maube I did forget to turn off the taps there for a few months. It wouldn't be the first time. I remember a few years back that business with Noah and his family. I clean forgot about them until it was nearly too late.

"I get so darn sick of people praying for better health, better crops, more money, happiness, and their own worthless hides when they're in a jam that I sometimes turn off my hearing aid. I'm supposed to see the little sparrow fall, so maybe I

should pay attention when a smalltown columnist goes out of his way to remind me that there is a lot more than sparrows falling, and a lot too much of it.

"I'll let him sweat it out for another couple of weeks, just show him that you don't challenge My will with impunity. Then I'll turn on the sun for a solid six weeks, making the scoffers realize that the day of miracles is not past. Six weeks of sunshine in a Canadian winter! That beats walking on water any day.

"Just for the Heaven of it, I'll dump some snow and wind and ice and rain on those fat cats who go south every winter, and let those Canadians who stayed home, not exactly my chosen people, but at least my frozen people, write nasty letters south, telling their relatives of the blue skies, radiant sun, and crystal air back home.

"Smiley's going to have to pay for it, of course. He might as well find out, once and for all, that you don't get chummy or cocky with Me. That's a special sphere reserved for preachers and politicians.

"Let's see. No use increasing his arthritic pain or his backache. That only drives him to blasphemy, and We don't want to encourage that. I could wreck his golf shot. But that wouldn't work either. It's already so lousy he'd never even notice it.

"No, it has to be something more subtle. Maybe I could put a bug in his wife's ear, and have her drag him out of bed at seven every morning and share the agonies of that half-hour of exercise she does with that dame on the TV. That would ruffle him more than somewhat.

"But it's not enough. It wouldn't be clear to him that I am an almighty, omnipotent, fierce and vengeful God. He'd probably think it was merely his wife being obnoxious. And he'd claim he couldn't do the exercises with his bad back and his bad neck and his bad shoulder and his bad knee.

"I could always rot the rest of his teeth, which are pretty well ready for the bonnyard, anyway. At least he'd suffer the humiliation of going around drooling and gumming his food for a while. But with those blasted modern dentists, he'd soon be going around with a fistful of big, white, attractive molars, and thinking he could start smiling at women again.

"Nope, it's got to be something that would really get to him. I could easily have him fired from his job for vagrancy, bad shuffleboard, mopery, gawk and not preparing lesson plans. He's guilty of all and each of them. But it wouldn't do. He's so lazy I thi k he'd go straight on unemployment insurance.

"Got it! It will hit where it hurts. I'll turn his grandsons against him. I'll make them see that he's spoiling them rotten, warping their characters, that he swears, drinks, smokes, gambles, and is altogether a most probate and unfit grandfather.

"But... would it take? They don't really care if he drinks, smokes, etc. They need him for running across the room and jumping on. They need him for kisses when they hurt themselves. They couldn't care less if he were Old Nick himself, as far as morals go.

"Ah, well. I guess I'll just have to let him go to hell in his own inimitable way. That's punishment enough for anyone."

OUR READERS WRITE:

Insult to constituents

(201 Lakeview, Acton) April 6th, 1978

Editor Acton Free Press Acton, Ontario Dear Sir:

I must take exception to a letter which appeared in the Free Press on April 5th from Dr. Frank Philbrook (L-MP Halton) titled "Fire Lazy Workers".

I can perhaps agree with Dr. Philbrook's motion in the House to freeze hiring in the civil service and to implement a reduction in same through attrition where necessary. I cannot, however, sanction Dr. Philbrook's seconding a motion put forth by (another) Dr. Frank Main (L-MP Wellington): "That in the opinion of this House, the Government should consider the advisability of introducing legislation which would make merit or lack of it the determining factor in the civil service employment, by expediting the dismissal of incompetent employees giving bonuses to highly competent employees and ending all automatic raises."

This motion is not only an insult to the working men and women of the civil service, but smacks of the purge mentality of the McCarthy era. Should not these employees be entitled to a just recourse in the

event of dismissal instead of an expeditious process? Should not these same employees be entitled to keep pace with the cost of living, and indeed increase their standard of living by way of periodic raises?

I suggest that if your principle were applied to Members of Parliament and the Senate, we would certainly experience a great saving in tax dollars.

The Liberal government under the inept leadership of Pierre Trudeau (and his "yes men") have traditionally foisted the blame for its own economic follies and mismanagement upon others; more specifically upon those who suffer from these policies most—the working men and women of Canada.

The state of the economy today, and the constant scandals hovering near the governing party, indicate to me that the present government is not only economically illiterate, but morally bankrupt. Look to yourself in casting blame for the country's ills and not to those who are victims of your decisions.

Your letter to this newspaper on April 5th was not only a cheap electioneering ploy, but an insult to your constituents for which I believe an apology is in order.

Yours sincerely, Allan R. Foster.

Tickets did some good

April 10, 1978

To the Editor: The Halton Hills Public Libraries would like to thank all those people who stuffed their old Wintario tickets into our collection boxes. Each of these tickets is worth 50¢ to us toward the purchase of a Canadian book or magazine. We have already made one substantial purchase and subscribed to many additional magazines through the generosity of donors. Each book purchased through this program will carry a special label identifying it so that all those who are interested will be able to see the benefits of their gifts. Although the program ends on April 12th

we feel that it has been an enormous success. We are particularly impressed by the cheer with which losing tickets are given up—almost always with the comment that it is nice to know the ticket is doing some good.

If you think this is a good way of helping local cultural and recreational organizations let your MPP or the Minister of Culture and Recreation, Mr. Welch know. Perhaps we can do a lot more good with old Wintario tickets.

With many thanks (Mrs.) B. R. Cornwell Chief Librarian

The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, April 9, 1968
New rector of St. Alban's church will be the Rev. Harry J. Dawson, who is recently assistant curate at St. George's church, St. Catharines. Mr. Dawson, his wife and young daughter will be moving to the rectory when he begins his duties here May 1.

Acton high school board requires \$382,522 in its budget for 1968. Exact amount of grants is not yet known for certain, and the remaining cost is split between Acton, Esqueping, and Nassageweya.

Three Acton students who attend Sheridan College were first to finish a marathon 25 mile hike in aid of the Easter Seal campaign Saturday. Doug Ford, Phil Marzo, and Roy Shultz walked over the finish line in Brampton in front of the 22 students who started out from Toronto city hall. Each marcher had a sponsor who promised so much money for every mile walked.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 24, 1968

A lone bandit, brandishing a revolver and masked with a handkerchief covering his face held up the Custom Cleaners in Acton Saturday afternoon about 5.15 p.m. and made off on foot with \$105 in cash, in a daring daylight robbery.

Mrs. Bud Evans, 132 Elizabeth Drive, Acton, while displaying her paintings at the Regional show held at Cooksville, on Saturday, April 19, had her painting chosen to be shown at the area show in Kitchener in May.

Acton council accepted by by-law the mill rate of 62 mills for residential and 66 for commercial, at their regular meeting on Monday evening of this week, following a revision of committee budgets by the finance committee.

Evidence of the growing importance of Acton industrially is to be found in the word received this week that the Customs Port at Acton is to be raised to a Grade Two Port, effective as of April 1 this year. This is the second upgrading of Acton's Custom Port in the past few years.

During open house at the new Fire Hall in Acton last Saturday Acton Firemen were called to fight a grass fire at the home of R.H. Armstrong, lot 23, fourth line, Esqueping Township.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 12, 1923

The court room in the town hall was packed with an audience Saturday afternoon to hear the crown's case against an Acton man who was convicted of bootlegging. Provincial Constable Butler and other officers raided the man's place on March 31. The sentence was four months in jail at hard labor. Bail of \$1,500, was set pending the outcome of the man's appeal.

A head on collision between two steam driven trains sent three men to hospital, but no delay in rail service resulted.

What was described as "the worst train wreck that has occurred in Acton in years" took place at 6:10 a.m. Sunday just east of the station near what is today Ajax Engineers Ltd.

One train was shunting; one was passing through town. Both were seven-car freights.

The Community Glee Club of about 50 male members gave "one of the best-balanced, entertaining and all-round concerts of the season" in the Town Hall. The highlight of the evening was the finale of "Comrades Song of Hope".

Council paved the way to the debenturing of money to build a skating and curling rink. A petition with 240 names was presented to council. The signers indicated they wanted a rink.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 11, 1877

The Acton Branch of the Upper Canada Bible Society annual meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church on Monday April 8.

The meeting was originally scheduled for March 18, "but owing to the almost impassable conditions of the roads, the President deemed it advisable to defer the meeting".

During the year one of the collections undertaken by the Acton group amounted to \$40. for Bible distribution among French Canadians in Lower Canada.



"Heck of a thing, that by-pass"

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