

Gone, but don't knock it ...

Rural school students are no longer the underprivileged of the academic world in this part of the country.

The official opening of the new addition to the Stewarttown senior public school last Friday and the tour through classrooms afterwards brought this fact home to the hundreds who attended.

Parents, whose education began in the one room rural school of previous decades must have envied their progeny the sparkling new rooms, up-to-date facilities and an atmosphere conducive to learning so apparent at Stewarttown. The old one room rural schools lacked most of the amenities students today take as a matter of course.

It isn't wise to downgrade the little red brick school house, however. Teachers with no other device than their own wits and a native desire to instruct the kids from the neighboring concessions, often produced prodigees from the eight grades they taught.

For one who never attended these unique hangovers from the pioneer era, it was easy to recognize a product of the rural system. With some exceptions they displayed self-discipline in high school, which made urban students seem immature.

Because the teacher had seven other grades to instruct you were often left on your own to complete lessons. For some it meant indolence, but for most it bred self reliance in varying degrees which stood them in good stead when they reached higher learning.

Defects in the system were becoming more apparent as education techniques changed and consolidation of the rural schools became a must if they were to survive. The introduction of school buses speeded up the process.

Now the rural resident has access to instruction and facilities comparable to his town or city cousin and in some cases better.

Generation gap? ...

Parents with teenage children often comment on the lack of rapport between the youth of today and themselves. "We just don't seem to have the same interests," complained one to the editor recently. "Why have things changed so drastically?"

Arnold Edinborough, editor of Saturday Night magazine disagrees with the notion that they have.

He told graduates of the University of Guelph recently the generation gap which exists in our society today is neither as deep nor as wide as most people frequently think. Is it not possible that you in your twenties and my generation in its forties have a common interest in reshaping our society?" he asked.

"From your side should come energy, completely new ideas, fundamental challenge. From our side should come the working knowledge of power struc-

tures, knowledge which can be used to change them effectively as well as just keep them running. From your side should come the determination to build something new; from our side the realization that tradition can be revitalized rather than broken.

"From both sides would come the final compromises which would make life new for us all," Dr. Edinborough said.

What the distinguished editor is telling graduates is perhaps the old man has got something under his cap, besides thinning hair, after all. He might be just the guy to direct youthful energy into areas he knows from experience will benefit most. Misdirection could spoil both the aim and the result.

Let's face it! It can only be a compromise between generations which will change society for the better.

Blind help the sighted ...

This is White Cane Week. The period from February 4 to 10 is set aside, not as a fund raising campaign, but an educational program to make the public more aware of the need for eye care. It's a case where the blind help the sighted.

Mrs. J. Y. Patterson, national president of the Canadian Council of the Blind, blind herself, says, "Everyone expects blind people to keep busy in our sheltered program of recreation and rehabilitation but it is especially encouraging when blind persons reach a point where they can take part in community service with the sighted."

She told of a blind girl who serves as a captain for a group of Girl Guides. She runs her troop and keeps the program moving on an active level. Several blind women across the country read to sighted senior citizens whose vision is growing dim.

In the musical world, blind entertainers have played an active role for a long time. Some conduct church choirs or teach music to sighted pupils. Others play the piano or guitar and hold pro-

fessional posts on the night club circuit. Two Canadian cities, Calgary and Edmonton, have orchestras made up of blind personnel.

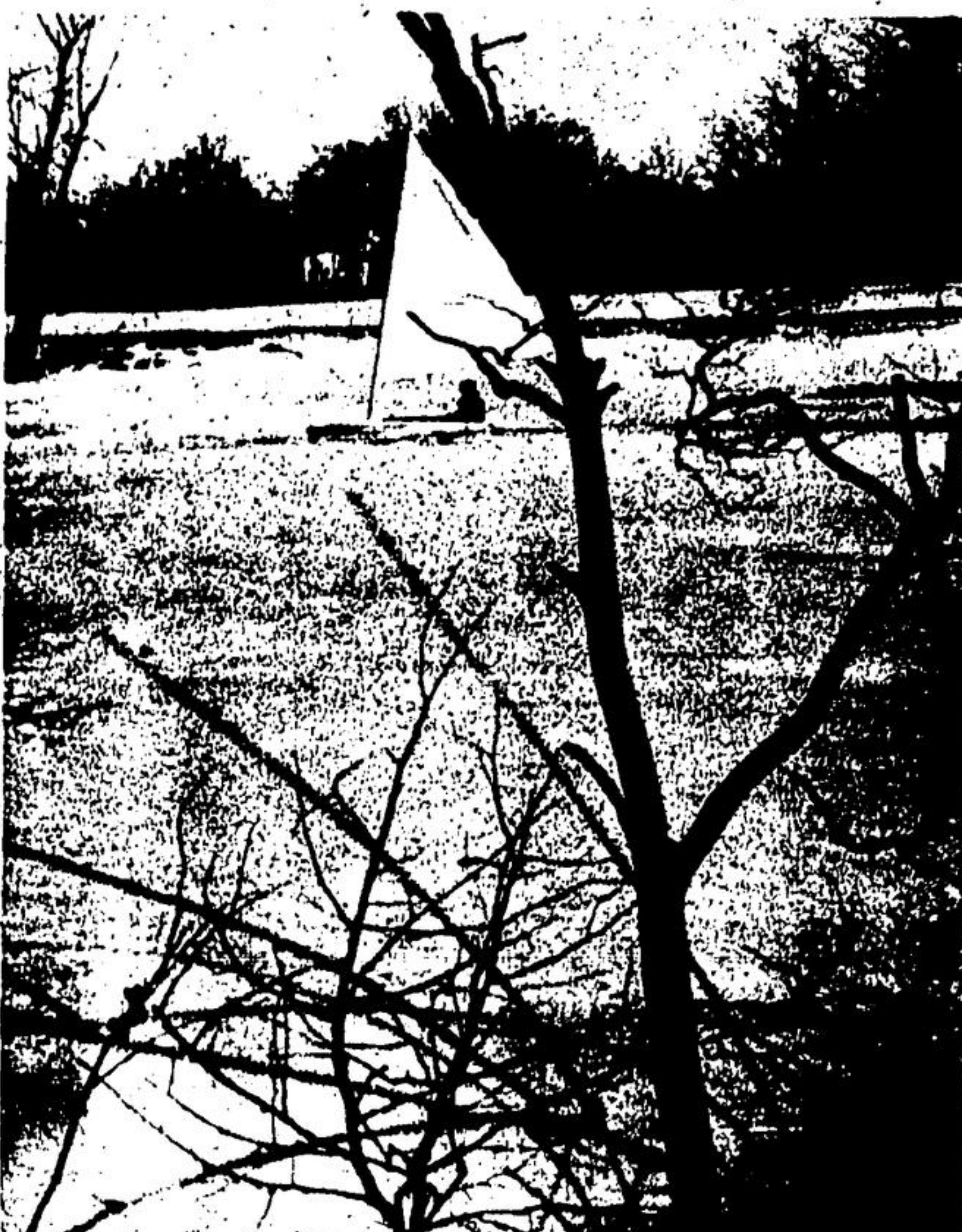
A few blind persons hold posts in public life. One blind lawyer is an alderman in his town. In one province a blind businessman is an elected member of Parliament.

It gives the blind person a new sense of belonging when he takes an active part in community life. This is the goal of the Canadian Council of the Blind and the Canadian National Institute for the Blind.

"Assisting the sighted adds a new dimension to the lives of blind Canadians," Mrs. Patterson said, "and the work is particularly noteworthy this year as CNIB celebrates 50 years of service."

An old timer says he remembers when folks rested on Sunday instead of Monday.

Just think — only two months till spring ... by the calendar, anyway!



SUNDAY'S beautiful winter weather brought a variety of activities to the frozen surface of Fairy Lake. Including this ice boat which lacked suitable wind for its sails. Skaters, ski-doo and ice fishermen completed the sports picture.

(Staff Photo)

Free Press Editorial Page

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

We had quite a discussion in class the other day about dreams. School kids have a natural reluctance to revealing their inner selves, especially to teachers and parents, but after we got warmed up, I was wishing I'd had a tape recorder. It was fascinating. It removed barriers.

The whole thing was sparked by a short passage of poet Dylan Thomas's recollections of childhood, in which life is as jumbled and unreal as a dream. It ends, "The memories of childhood have no order, and no end."

Thomas dreamed, later in life, that he could fly, as a child. I've had this dream many times, and awoken from it feeling wonderful, but then a terrible sadness comes over me as I realize it was just a dream.

Some of the kids have had the same dream. It takes different forms. Some flap their arms until they gain altitude, then just sort of glide. Mine is always the same. I take a long, running broad-jump and by sheer will power, keep by feet from touching down again. I never got more than 10 inches off the ground, but I'm flying, swiftly and easily and surely, swooping around obstacles and absolutely free of the surly earth.

One boy admitted a recurrent dream in which he is at bat in the World Series, bases loaded, a home-run needed to win the game. Seventy thousand people are screaming, "Come on, Dan! You can do it." Then comes the sick realization that the mob is his mother, shaking him and saying, "Come on, Dan! Come on, Dan! Time to get up for school."

Same chap confessed to a dream that would fascinate Sigmund Freud. He was buying a new pair of pants. Tried them on, took them off for the tailoring, came out and found his old pants gone. He walked all the way home with no pants, and wasn't the least bit embarrassed.

A girl confessed that she often dreams that she is the centre of things, a big Broadway star just about to launch into the greatest musical in history, with every eye on her. She is the girl least likely to be a great star, though a delightful person who will make an excellent nurse, a grand wife and mother.

Another girl has nightmares about big dogs who are always going to eat her. Still another dreams of cowboys and Indians, and she's always the cowboy. And by golly, she looks like a cowboy. She's long-legged and lanky, a Grade 12 Gary Cooper who needs only a hand-rolled Bull Durham smoke to complete the image.

Another boy dreams that he has had a sword run through him, but doesn't feel a thing. From there we get into the business of whether or not you can feel and smell and hear in dreams, whether they're in

color. Then we get into the theory that if you have a nightmare, and actually hit bottom at the end of that fall; or that the monster catches up with you, you'll die because your heart will stop.

This kid came up to me today and said, "Sir, last night I dreamt I fell six storeys and I hit bottom and I didn't die."

"Did you bounce?" I enquired, "or did you unconsciously spread your wings and land gently?"

"Nope, I landed hard, but I just lay there all sort of spread out, but not hurting and not dead. I was trying to jump into a puddle and I missed it."

"Glad you're still with us," I countered, "but you've ruined one of our theories." He was delighted. He was the one who has the sword run through him about once a week, and doesn't feel a thing. Another teacher's theory squelched.

Dreams are great; I'm all for them. Even nightmares are good for you. You can wake up with a pounding heart, in a cold sweat, scared out of your living-wits, but what can compare with that relief, that glorious comfort as The Thing gradually fades, and you realize that you are alive and it is warm and safe and snug in your own bed.

The only thing that is boring about dreams is when other people try to describe theirs.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 5, 1948.

A payroll of approximately \$900 stolen last Friday from the Blow Foundry at Peterborough was recovered the next morning when the thief attempted to make a getaway with the loot to Toronto. Mr. Kenneth Blow of Acton was in the plant that day.

At the regular meeting of the Victoria Mission: Band of Knox church, plans were discussed for the Organization of an Explorer group for the old members. Officers elected were: chief counsellor Miss M. MacDougall; counsellors Mrs. Speltz-vogel and Mrs. O'Hara; chief explorer Helen Somerville; Joe Jany; chief recorder Betty Wilde, keeper of the treasury Dorothy Massey, assistant explorers Doris Halliday, Grant Withers and Billy Speltz-vogel.

A surprise house warming was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Freuler by Knox choir.

New officers of the Duke of Devonshire L.O.D.E., honorary regent Mrs. J. C. Matthews, regent Mrs. Baird, 1st vice-regent Mrs. W. Wolfe, 2nd vice-regent Mrs. D. McLean, recording sec. Mrs. H. Mainprize, assistant Mrs. E. Barr, corresponding sec. Mrs. J. Graham, treasurer Mrs. L. Youngblut, assistant Mrs. A. Dilla, educational secretary Mrs. F. Blow, press Mrs. C. A. Stewart, standard bearer Mrs. J. Whitham, assistant Mrs. J. Agar, pianist Mrs. F. Salt, assistant Mrs. Grand Macdonald.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 7, 1918.

Messrs. Boardman and Co. and the Acton Tanning Company have given all their employees substantial increase of seven and one-half cents per hour in their wages. This increase brings the minimum wages up to \$3 per day. The men appreciate this recognition of the higher cost of living and will no doubt give faithful service. It is gratifying that such a fine spirit between employers and men exists.

The meetings of the Council and Board of Education were cancelled because of the fuel shortage. The public library was closed for a week.

The new rector of St. Alban's Church is Rev. E. F. Maunsell of Palermo.

Mr. R. J. Kerr is laying down the material for a new stable and garage at the corner of John and Bower.

Mr. Clarence Vorey, violinist at the "Wonderland" theatre, Acton, and the "Rex" theatre, Georgetown, has successfully passed his intermediate violin exam. Acton has had a flourless experience. There was a bread famine in town.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 9, 1893.

Last Friday James Martin, who carried the mail from Acton to Spayde and Knatchbull, was too ill to go on his rounds and his good wife decided to perform duties required by Her Majesty. Notwithstanding the terrible blizzard she succeeded in getting out to Knatchbull and was returning when the cutter upset in a drift. The horse walked away rapidly and she could not catch it. It came on to Acton, and she struggled through the snow until she reached the home of Mr. Thomas Arthur's, nearly perished from the effects of the storm and cold. Here she received kind treatment and Mr. Arthur brought her to town where her horse and rig were found.

The attendance at Dublin School has been exceedingly good considering the inclemency of the weather. Forty-four are enrolled and one day last week all were present. The Inspector reports the average as one of the highest during his inspectorship in this county. There may be a child in Dublin with a "heart pregnant with celestial fire."

A broken rail at the Dominion Lime Line switch below Acton derailed a freight train, four cars of which were derailed. Traffic was suspended for six or seven hours and the express was sent around by Hamilton.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, February 6, 1868.

A rather laughable scene occurred at one of the skating places the other evening. A well-known young lady who belongs to one of our first families was gaily sporting herself on the ice, the extreme brevity of her dress, and the swinging gliding motion of the exercise afforded her an excellent opportunity to display her elegant feet and finely formed ankles, and occasionally giving the spectators a momentary glance of a well-turned calf. She was surrounded by a crowd of eager admirers contending for the honor of her company, and, becoming too absorbed in receiving their compliments and attentions, forgot the treacherous nature of her footing and suddenly fell heavily on the ice. To raise her on her feet was the work of a second, and apparently nothing the worse for her accident, she was soon again speeding on her course. To the surprise of the bystanders, however, her track was marked with a sprinkling of bran on the ice, and one of her well developed limbs suddenly assumed a wild appearance, the stocking which enclosed it displaying a large aperture through which the materials used in filling out its original proportions had escaped. The chagrin of the damsel and the hilarity of the crowd on the discovery may be imagined.

Free Press Church Notices

THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR ANGLICAN
Corner Willow St. and St. Alban's Drive
Rev. Ritchie McMurray, M.A., S.T.B.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1968
Sexagesima
9.00 a.m.—The Holy Eucharist.
10.30 a.m.—Church School.
10.30 a.m.—Morning Prayer.

BETH-EL CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH
Minister — Rev. P. Brouwer
Acton, Ontario.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1968
10.00 a.m.—English Service.
11.10 a.m.—Sunday School.
2.30 p.m.—Alternating Dutch and English Service.
Saturday — Bible Classes 10 - 12 a.m.
Everyone Welcome

MAPLE AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH
81 Maple Ave., Georgetown
Pastor: Rev. Robert C. Lohnes

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1968
Here is our sincere invitation to the whole family to attend church.
9.45 a.m.—Sunday School. All ages.
11.00 a.m.—Morning Service.
7.00 p.m.—Evening Evangel.
7.45 p.m.—Wednesday, prayer meeting.
Acton 853-1956 Georgetown 877-6665

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA KNOX CHURCH, ACTON
Rev. Andrew H. McKenzie, B.A., B.D.
Minister
Organist and Choir Master

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1968
9.45 a.m.—Church School for ages 3 to 15 years.
9.45 a.m.—Minister's Church Membership Class for Teenagers.
11.00 a.m.—Divine Worship. Sermon theme, "The Perennial Struggle."
8.30 p.m.—Adult Bible Study at home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Mainprize, 6 John St. S.
Everyone Most Welcome

TRINITY CHURCH
(The United Church of Canada)
Minister: Rev. Gordon B. Turner, B.A., B.D.
Organist: Dr. George Elliott, M.A., Ph.D.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1968
10.00 a.m.—Morning Worship (Nursery provided).
"The Way It Is." Mr. Allan Lauder preaching.
8.00 p.m.—Annual Congregational meeting. (Rev. Turner presiding.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL
10.00 a.m.—Junior School (to Gr. 4).
11.15 a.m.—Senior School (Gr. 5 to Gr. 8).

ACTON BAPTIST CHURCH
Founded 1842
Pastor: Rev. Stanley Gammon
Res., 144 Tidey Ave., Phone 853-1615.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1968
10.00 a.m.—Sunday School Classes for all ages.
11.15 a.m.—Morning Worship. "The Presence of God."
7.00 p.m.—Evening Service. Question and Answer discussion. "Is Satan Real?"
Monday — Men's Brotherhood, Eastern Guelph, Acton Church, 8 p.m.—Panel discussion.
Wednesday, 7.00 p.m. — Prayer and Bible Study.
Thursday, 6.30 p.m. — Explorers.
Thursday, 8 p.m. — Choir practice.
Friday, 7 p.m. — B.H.F.
"Where shall I go from Thy Spirit? or where shall I flee from Thy Presence?" Psalm 139, 7.

EVANGEL PENTECOSTAL TABERNACLE
P.A.O.C. 33 Churchhill Road
Rev. S. M. Thomas, Pastor, 853-2715.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1968
10.00 a.m.—Sunday School.
11.00 a.m.—Morning Worship.
7.00 p.m.—Evangelistic Service.
Tuesday, 8 p.m. — Prayer service and Bible Study.
Thursday, 8 p.m.—Christ Ambassadors.
Friday, 7 p.m.—Crusaders.

Photos from the past



ACTON LADIES' BALL TEAM of 1929, jauntily posed in their uniforms, are back row, left to right, Nora Waterhouse, Enid McGill, Jean Smith, Margaret Price; front row left to right Margaret McDonald, Mary Chalmers, Lottie Mason, Phyllis Tyler, Ethel James.