

## Confusing to voters ...

Redistribution of ridings for the next federal election, a much needed reform, is causing some confusion among some sections of the electorate.

Voters used to the traditional county lines as political boundaries suddenly find themselves thrust into another riding, adjacent perhaps, but foreign to them. Unless they are very active politically it is likely candidates in the riding will be relatively unknown in their neck of the woods.

The Liberal party, for instance, is aware residents of Erin township and Erin village, added to Halton in the redistribution shuffle, are bewildered by the candidates stumping the neighborhood.

"Where's Alf Hales?" they're asking Rud Whiting as he tours village and country, embarrassing perhaps to Mr.

Whiting since Mr. Hales sails under another party banner.

The average voter very likely does not pay much heed to political issues until it comes time for him to mark his X on a ballot. Then he wants to know where he's to vote. He'll ask who the candidates represent.

Since all three Halton candidates come from the riding's southern end they must be relative unknowns in the Erin area. Even people in the north end of the county are unfamiliar with them.

Voters will have to cast their ballot on straight political lines, knowing little about the candidates' virtues or weaknesses.

Perhaps there will be more information available for those new to the riding before election day rolls around but meanwhile many people are confused.

## Free Press Editorial Page

### How we going to keep 'em ...?

This is the time of the year when male graduates pour out of universities and colleges on a course set for the stars.

Job opportunities are good if you have the qualifications, the future looks rosy, the girls look yummy and the whole world is waiting to be conquered.

For some there is the little matter of loans to pay back. Most won't amount to any more than a few hundred dollars. Perhaps some are in hock for a few thousand.

Compared to the number of productive years ahead of them the amount is insignificant. Few will fail to return the money whether they borrowed it from a relative, sponged from dear old dad or maybe borrowed from the student loan fund.

The student loan fund has enabled many intelligent students to go on to university when funds were unavailable from the family treasury.

Some tall tales about uses some of the student loans are put to makes one wonder about the system's success, however.

One tale concerned gambling in the dormitories, said to have been flourishing on student loans. The other is based on a story about a student who is reputed to have got a student loan and then re-invested the money at a high rate of interest, a tribute, some said, ingeniously.

Both stories could be complete fabrications for the tales emanating from dormitories are often fanciful. On the other hand, they are being circulated and receiving wide credence.

The most constructive knock against the system of student loans, we think, is a patriotic one. It is difficult to see why Canadians should pay for a student to attend university — then allow him to head for the United States with his knowledge.

There should be a stipulation with the loan that the student must remain in Canada for several years following graduation.

Plug up the brain drain, in other words, by keeping graduates at home. Canadians cannot afford to subsidize their richer American cousins.

We need all the brains we can muster right here.



SEVEN NEWLY ORDAINED priests celebrated mass with Bishop J. F. Ryan at ordination ceremonies where Father Michael Bennett of Acton took holy orders at the Cathedral of Christ the King, Hamilton, Saturday morning. The large Gothic cathedral provided a beautiful setting for the age old ceremonies. (Staff Photo)

## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Did you ever sit down and make a list of the things you like and dislike, love and hate? It's good therapy, and if you try it, you'll learn something about yourself.

I like sleeping and can sleep 14 hours without a twinge of guilt. But I don't like going to bed. Seems such a waste of time.

And I hate getting up, but I like being alive and part of the human race, once I've groped through that first foreshadowing fog of reality.

I like sports, but not the spectator variety. I love to fish for speckles, all alone in a vast swamp; to deliver a curling stone right on the nose; to sink the black ball in the corner pocket; to make one crisp golf shot out of three. But I wouldn't give 20 cents for a ticket to the World Series or the Grey Cup final.

I like parades, any kind; trees, any kind; grass, green; water, rough or calm, green or blue; babies, either sex.

I dislike Italian food, Chinese food and most other "foreign" foods. Yet, when we go out to eat, I'm always the guy who orders something exotic like jugged hare or bouef sauvage or chicken moulin rouge, only to find that I'm eating baked bunny, raw hamburger or fried chicken with paprika sprinkled on it.

And yet I love swill. That's what you get when you decide to have something different. Like the other night. Things were not marching in the cuisine. In fact, the stove hadn't even been turned on. So I pitched in. Literally, I pitched in a can of salmon, one of mushroom soup, one of vegetable soup, one of wieners and beans. Then I pitched in all the leftovers in the refrigerator: a chunk of corned beef, a glob of cheese, half a tomato, some olives, two hard-boiled eggs and four limpish sardines.

It was delicious. In fact, it was so good that the rest of the family couldn't bear to desecrate my masterpiece by eating it, and I had it three times a day, for three days. On toast. I even gave it a name — Then Burning Belch.

I like women and men, in that order. Women because they're not like men, and men because they're not like women.

I like fires, everything from bonfire to barn-fire. Though I'm bone-lazy, I actually like work. I love loafing in the backyard, with a cold beer, and the black squirrels and the cocky robins.

I like shaving, but despite electric razors. I like peace and order, but my study is a model of confusion, and my life is a masterpiece of strife, internal and external.

I like to be alone, but I hate loneliness. I like money, but it apparently doesn't like me.

I like people, especially those with courage and humor, but I dislike mobs. I de-

test violence, but I love western movies in which 10 people bite the dust.

I could write a book about the things I like, a few paragraphs about those I don't. But, as you have craftily surmised, all this is leading up to something.

I HATE PAINTING AND DECORATING. Sorry to shout like that, but it's true.

I mildly dislike dogs and cats, bores and hypochondriacs. But I can put up with them. However, when my wife starts saying, "Which do you like, the turquoise or the aqua?" that is a house of a different color, and I begin to see red.

She's in one of her annual Spring frenzies and the house is littered with wallpaper books, color charts and carpet swatches.

Normally I snort, "Why the hell didn't you marry a painter?" and the battle is on. But she's been low, physically and I let my principles droop. I painted. And painted. And swore. And grouched.

I stood up to ease my aching back and caught a cupboard door corner right in the ear. And the blood spurted and I vented a most mighty oath which I haven't heard since World War II. She didn't even squeak for 20 minutes, knowing that one word would have sent her, paint brush and can out the door.

Oh, well, I guess one can't be perfect. Now, make your list.

## Free Press back issues

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 3, 1948.

The Community Variety Concert presented by all local artists was able to turn over \$150 to the Save the Children Fund as a result of their effort. Two concerts were presented in the Town Hall and greatly enjoyed. The effort of this group of artists is purely on a volunteer basis and is indeed appreciated for such a worthy cause. Those in charge are to be commended for their splendid work.

Acton Fire Brigade answered two calls on the weekend. On Saturday evening a fire in the shed at the corner of Math Street and Bower Avenue was extinguished by a bucket brigade.

On Sunday afternoon a tank car of tar developed a "hot box". The car was left on the siding by a passing freight. The oily waste later broke out in flame and the brigade was called to extinguish the blaze.

Because a London, Ontario man's method of annoying his in-laws was putting post-killer in their butter, the law annoyed him with a nine-month jail sentence.

Miss Joan Somerville was the "Golden Girl of the 1948 Penguin Prom" and received a gold compact.

Miss Clair Hillock of Toronto visited over the weekend with Mrs. Sayers and Miss Gibbons.

Rev. and Mrs. O.R. Flindall of Ballinacatt attended the graduation exercises of Toronto General Hospital last Thursday night, at which Miss Wanda Rutledge was one of the graduating nurses.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 13, 1918.

The Germans renewed their assaults on the West front during the week. The plan since the beginning of the campaign in March has been to drive wedges or salients into the allied lines and then to exert force as in the closing of the blades of scissors to force a withdrawal of their opponents. The scissors operation is now being tried.

Don't let any strangers into your house to inspect your stock of flour and sugar unless he shows his authority as a government official. It is said that bogus inspectors are going all through the county confiscating and carrying off alleged excess stocks. Hand such gentry over to the police.

Another evidence of local honesty was manifested last week. Mr. Henry Goldham found a lady's purse containing \$10 on the street and turned it over to the custody of the Free Press.

The Bannockburn W.I. will hold their first public function in the form of a garden party at the home of Mr. A.G. Clarridge next Tuesday evening, 18th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Masales and Mr. Earl Garvin of Toronto visited Acton relatives this week.

Twenty years ago today -- Advertisers did not tell the truth. Nobody swatted the fly; No one heard of "Tin Lizzy"; Butchers "threw in" a chunk of liver; Nobody "listened in" on the telephone; Cream was 5¢ a pint.

### 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 8, 1893.

While Mr. Adam Brown, ex-M.P., was in town last week, he, in company with Mr. Cooke, visited our chief manufacturing industries and expressed himself as being highly pleased with the enterprises that are being carried on in Acton. On visiting Mr. Storey's glove factory, he was made the recipient of a handsome pair of micro gloves.

A counterfeit half dollar is said to be circulating quite freely in Ontario, and the public should be on their guard against it. The date it bears is 1871 and it is very light in weight. In size, ring and finish, it is an excellent imitation, and will easily escape detection.

The other evening while the fast express due here about 7:15 was passing through at a high rate of speed, a farmer, thinking the train was going to stop at the station, drove over the crossing, the engine grazing the end of the wagon rack. The farmer has no desire to repeat the act.

Carpenters have commenced work on Mr. Thos. Perryman's store, now in course of erection on the corner of John and Mill streets.

Canada has now 14,869 miles of railway.

### 100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, June 4, 1868.

The Acton robber is supposed to be nabbed at last. On Friday morning last, between one and two o'clock, an attempt was made to rob Clark's Hotel. The burglar was detected in the act of climbing through the window and was caught and sent to Milton to stand his trial here. He resides near Clark's and is called Clifford, an old Crimean veteran with his good conduct medal. He boasts of being one of the "noble six hundred."

Many of our residents will be astonished to learn that there are wolves in Esqueping but we are credibly informed such is the case. Many sheep have been destroyed by them, as can easily be seen by the peculiar manner in which they are bitten. Messrs. S. McNaughton, Turner, Fisher, Stewart and others are losers in this way. They ought to have been killed in the winter, when they could have been tracked.

Saturday the Halton Battalion had orders to be ready to move out, and in the evening the Acton Company was called out to get their haversacks, etc. ready. The members living in the country were all brought into the village fully accoutred and there lo in wait for the signal to start for the front. The greatest excitement has existed there since Saturday, and men poured forward to the Captain, beseeching him to enroll their names and give them arms. Several took the oath after the Company was filled preparatory to being handed over to any other Company that may have room for them. A subscription was set on foot by Mr. Sharpe to provide the Volunteers with suitable underclothing and \$50 was raised in a few moments.

## Photos from the past



TWO VIEWS of Acton station were taken by Mr. Ted Soliman of Toronto when he honeymooned here with his wife, the former Marie Frick of Acton. In one picture, Mrs. Soliman posed at the end of a train near the highway crossing. In the background is the water tower;

a ball rose on the pole to indicate the level of water. Alf Bauer ran the pump in those days. The other picture shows the travellers of a by-gone era, waiting for a passenger train. The pictures, developed from glass negatives, were taken in 1913.

## Free Press Church Notices

**THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR ANGLICAN**  
Corner Willow St. and St. Alban's Drive  
Rev. H. J. Dawson, B.A., B.Th.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9th, 1968  
Trinity I  
9:00 a.m.—The Holy Eucharist.  
10:30 a.m.—Church School.  
10:30 a.m.—Matins.

**BETH-EL CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH**  
Minister — Rev. P. Brouwer, B.A., B.D.  
Acton, Ontario.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9th, 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

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

SUNDAY, JUNE 9th, 1968  
10:00 a.m.—Sunday School.  
11:00 a.m.—Morning Worship.  
7:00 p.m.—Evangelistic Service.  
Evangelist Dale Hussey will speak at both services.  
Remember the area-wide Tent Crusade at Georgetown Plaza, beginning Friday, June 7, at 8 p.m., with Evangelist Franklin Walden.  
Romans 6:23: "For the wages of sin is death but the gift of God is eternal life thru Jesus Christ our Lord".

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

SUNDAY, JUNE 9th, 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

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

SUNDAY, JUNE 9th, 1968  
Trinity United  
10:00 a.m.—Morning Worship (Nursery provided).

Churchill United Church  
11:30 a.m.—Morning Worship  
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 Tildey Ave., Phone 853-1615.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9th, 1968  
9:45 a.m.—Church School and Adult Bible Class.  
11:00 a.m.—Morning Worship.  
No Evening Service.  
Wednesday, 7:30 — Prayer Meeting and Bible Study.  
Thursday, 8 p.m. — Choir practice.  
"He that hath the Son, hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." I John 5: 12.

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

SUNDAY, JUNE 9th, 1968  
9:45 a.m.—Church School for ages 3 to 15 years.  
11:00 a.m.—Divine Worship and Confirmation of Teen-agers. Sermon theme, "A Manifesto of Helpfulness."  
Everyone Most Welcome

This is an invitation to attend the Church of your choice on Sunday.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

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