

Will ye no come back...

Certainly when a community loses a doctor, there are bound to be recriminations. Doctors tend to attract interest because they become so involved in the intimate details of people's lives.

Acton will lose another revered medical practitioner when Dr. Buckner and his wife leave for Jamaica this month.

The fact that neighbors and friends, in an act of spontaneity, feted them last week is a good indication of the affection in which they were held here. The music centre wasn't large enough to hold those who would have liked to publicly show their affection.

Patients and former patients who have put their trust in a doctor, do not

want to change to another, read the citation at the testimonial dinner. They know the faithfulness, devotion and willingness Doctor Buckner displayed during his years here. They knew they could depend on him.

Although doctors are sometimes put on a pedestal, they are human. When they show qualities of mind and spirit like Dr. Buckner, not only individuals but entire communities take them to heart.

We are sorry to see Dr. Buckner, his wife and family go, but wish them well in their new home. Acton's loss will be Jamaica's gain.

Will ye no come back again?

Free Press Editorial Page

Onus for strike on government...

As this is being written on Monday and the news media are predicting an end to the postal strike soon, it may all be over, but for the formalities, by the time you read this.

The average person likely feels varying degrees of bitterness or support for striking postal workers, depending on the frequency with which he uses the mail.

However, if the truth were known, the average Joe would likely feel some compunction about the role of the government and their hired executive in the strike.

Pre-strike negotiations were allowed to drag on and on with no attempt to settle any of the postal workers' grievances. Obviously the posties got fed up with this type of negotiation and decided to use the weapon which the government gave them last year—the right to strike. Almost instantly the government side started to make concessions.

One can only hope that the apparent disregard for the public welfare has some good reason behind it. Suggestions have been advanced that the deliberate slowness in negotiating a contract with the postal workers was another step in stopping inflationary trends. This is a bit far fetched, since many of the grievances are based on recommendations made by Mr. Justice Andre Monpelt who was appointed by the government to look into working conditions in the Post Office following the wildcat strike in 1965.

According to the Globe and Mail, he issued a scathing report of working conditions with 282 recommendations. He laid a large number of the problems at the door of poor human relations. Too many postmasters and supervisors, he said, thought themselves infallible. Employee representatives were rebelling to the point that they were "alarmingly unwilling" to compromise.

One weekly editor nearby has observed: "If the Canadian government had been serving the country's best interests following the previous strike (1965) of postal workers, it would have passed legislation forcing compulsory arbitration and living up to the self-imposed obligation instead of adopting legislation legalizing civil servants to go out on strike."

It has also been suggested that demands might not have been so great if the government had shown an interest in negotiating with the postal union.

On the other hand, there are those who, fed up with the increasing number of strikes across the country, condemn the strike as irresponsible, and striking at the rights of the innocent Canadian public. The prime minister, however, does not agree. His stand is that the strike is legal, although incon- venient.

Aside from working conditions, the main bone of contention is wages. Working conditions across the country should be similar but there is a regional disparity of wages which makes a postal workers' salary look mighty attractive in the Maritimes and less than adequate in large cities like Toronto, Montreal or Vancouver. Subsisting in some of the larger centres on their salary, where it could take two weeks' money for rent, would be difficult indeed.

The strike is a complex problem not easily solved by hot heads on either side of the dispute. Let's hope it is over or soon over and face-saving for both sides.

The Post Office Department was commended by the Glassco Report on Government Operations for its efficiency, a fact which shows that when there is co-operation from both sides, the service is good.



HEAT WAVES are right for drifting down a lazy stream in a rowboat with a little effort as possible. A pity so few of us get the chance.

Sugar and Spice

by Bill Smiley



I think probably the most difficult relationship to maintain, at any reasonable level, is that between teen-age children and their parents.

Marriage is tough enough as you all know. But at least the partners, in most cases, are prepared to bend a little, to give an inch, or even two if necessary, to compromise when there's no other way out.

Married people do communicate, even though the form ranges from grunts and signs to language that would soar the earlobes of a saint. They're usually from the same generation and, at worst, can spend hours running down the government, the boss, the neighbors or each other's families.

I know couples including us, who have been amicably bickering for anything from two to six decades. It becomes almost a game, in which you know every play or gambit of the opponent. (A play is when she has you dead to rights. A gambit is when you just might get away with the story.)

But with teen-agers, you're fighting a losing battle. First of all, there is the language barrier. Theoretically you're both speaking the same tongue, but when it comes to interpretation, there's no relation whatever.

You say, "Now I want you home at midnight, right on the dot." This, to the teen, gyrating in that weird, trance-like state they call dancing, means "Well, I don't have to leave until midnight." A score ensues.

And at scenes, you haven't a look-in. You're all set to raise hell. Hackles are properly erect. And five minutes after the kid gets in you're on the defensive, trying to prove that you're not "an old grump," or completely irrational, or "the strictest parent in town," or an out-and-out liar who said 12 o'clock was the deadline for leaving the dance, not for being home.

Teen-agers are like women. You can't discuss anything with them, in a logical way. You are completely baffled by a

sort of irrelevance, non-sensitiveness and such things as, "You don't trust me. That's what's wrong with you. You don't trust me!" And they're right.

It's sad to see a family breaking up. I suppose it's inevitable and right. But it's sad. Ours is. We had a swim the other day, the four of us. As we were leaving the beach, I said to the old girl, "Do you realize that's probably the last swim together?" She agreed.

Kids don't want to go swimming with their parents. They want to lurch around with their own age group. They used to practically destroy me, when they were little, making me play with them when we went swimming. Duck dives, underwater endurance tests, races. And now it's transistor radios, squabbling and cheeky remarks for which there is no real answer except a swat on the ear. And you can't do that, or they'll run off and start smoking pot.

Enjoy them when they're little. You can blow on their bellies, kiss their soft little bums, rock them when they're sick, and tell bedtime stories till you're blue in the face. There's communication then.

But don't expect too much when they get past 13. For the next six years, it will be sun and showers, cold fronts moving in, a lot of low pressure area, with the occasional high and such suggestions as I've heard recently: "Dad's just not with it. He's out to lunch."

It's nothing new, of course. When I recall how utterly selfish I was as a youth, how little I cared about my parents' hopes and fears, I understand. It's been going on since Cain clobbered Abel and broke up that nice little family group.

It's a time of life when the whole earth revolves around ME, and parents are merely another awkward, sometimes obnoxious circumstance that is preventing ME from being what I want to be and becoming what-over I will be.

Oh well, there's an excellent invention called grandchildren. I can hardly wait to get at spotting mine rotten so that their parents will be totally unable to cope with them.

Free Press

back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 12, 1948.

An attractive, red-haired English woman, Mrs. Morrow-Tait, is at present attempting a record flight around the world. She is flying a single-engine Cessna Super-Ace. According to her own statement, Mrs. Morrow-Tait wants to "fly round the world in a single-engine plane because it is about the only thing that hasn't been done yet." According to present plans, she has reached Winnipeg from the Far East on August 9, where her aircraft was on a display for that day. After that she will fly to Montreal where her plane will be on display from August 11 to 14. She will then return to Britain via Reykjavik.

The biggest thirty-five cents worth of education, entertainment and recreation you can buy anywhere is at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. For more than sixty years the price of admission was a quarter of a dollar. Sharply rising costs forced the directors to charge an additional dime.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Brown, Mrs. P.A. Smith, Miss Pearl Smith and Mrs. Harry Malpas were guests of Miss Williamson in Toronto last Thursday, the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Miss Georgina Perryman, Miss Joan Holmes holidayed last week in the Timagami district at "Moon Beam Camp." Aggressive wife: "And don't just sit there making flats at me in your pockets, either."

and several hens of Mr. Joseph Lauby, Bower Ave., one night last week.

Mr. H. J. Kerr is erecting his garage and barn on his property at the corner of Bower Avenue and John Streets. Miss Mellon and Miss Ethel Benton have returned from their visit with friends in Saskatchewan.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 10, 1903.

A Kaidawan chieftain whom Professor Hagenback (the German Herbin) had brought to Herbin was introduced to some representatives of the Ethnological Society, who asked him how he enjoyed his trip, and which of all the wonders of the German metropolis had impressed him the most. "What surprised me most," said the Indian savage, "is how you can move the enormous freight trains on your railway tracks, and how you can manage to swallow the horrible drinks sold in your restaurant."

Answers from examination papers of a girls' school of some standing in the Eastern districts. Here are the extracts: The cotton famine was when the grass was so scarce the sheep had no place to go for food, and there was no wool for the people to make clothes with.

The Indian Mutiny was when all the people had to be confined, because the Indians were very cross if one was left out.

French translation - Schneekiss strange thing in the interior of a peasant.

J. Vaidvyck, butcher, received a car of tea from Gough on Friday, and took all night to unload it.

Twenty-five dog cases were up for hearing in Gough Police Court yesterday.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 6, 1918.

Remembrance Day was generally observed throughout Canada last Sunday - the fourth anniversary of the declaration of War. In the various churches,

Miss Jean Wilson, daughter of Rev. J.C. Wilson, B.A., was successful in obtaining her Entrance to Faculty, Part II. Misses Marguerite Stewart and Olive Mowat have put in three months' farm work and will receive Entrance to Normal School and Junior Matriculation certificates. Roy Brown who has also put in three months, will receive his Junior Matriculation certificate. Congratulations are being extended to this quartette of fortunate young people in town.

Last Monday afternoon as Mr. Alexander Sprowl was hauling in grain, his daughter Ethel was driving the team and they became frightened and ran away. Miss Sprowl was thrown out and one wheel passed over her chest. One rib was fractured and she was seriously bruised inwardly. Yesterday, however, decided signs of improvement were manifest and Dr. McEwen who has charge of the case, is very hopeful.

A mink or some other destructive animal killed the flock of twenty chickens

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, August 8, 1868.

A serious accident occurred in Brampton, on Tuesday afternoon last, while Mr. K... of the Town Line Engineering, in company with his mother and a Miss Brown from Owen Sound, was driving along the street in that place, his horse took fright and ran away, upsetting the buggy and throwing the entire party out. Mrs. K. was very seriously injured, and notwithstanding the promptness with which medical aid was secured, she expired in a few minutes. The rest of the party escaped but slightly injured. Deceased was well known and highly respected in Brampton, and is lamented by all who knew her.

The Town Council met at the usual hour. The Mayor is the Chair. Minutes of the last meeting were read and adjourned. Moved by John Dewar, seconded by E. F. Taylor, that out of respect to the memory of the late Gilbert Tice Hamedo, Esq., for several years a member of this council, we do now adjourn. Carried.

Free Press

Church Notices

TRINITY CHURCH
(THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA)
Minister:
Rev. Gordon B. Turner, B.A., B.D.
Director of Music:
Organist: Mr. George Elliott, M.A., Ph.D.

SIXTH SEASON — COMBINED SUMMER SERVICES
IN TRINITY UNITED CHURCH
Preacher, Rev. Gordon B. Turner
SUNDAY, AUGUST 11th, 1968

10:00 a.m. — Divine Worship.

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, AUGUST 11th, 1968
Trinity IX
10:00 a.m.—Matins.

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

SUNDAY, AUGUST 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

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

SUNDAY, AUGUST 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. — Prayer Ambassadors.
1 John 5: 4 — For whosoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

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, AUGUST 11th, 1968
9:45 a.m.—Church School and Adult Bible Class.
11:00 a.m.—Morning Worship.
Mr. Ronald Campbell, Dearborn, Michigan.
Topic, "A Call to the Colours."
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."
1 John 5: 12.

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

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

SUNDAY, AUGUST 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 Evange.
7:45 p.m.—Wednesday, prayer meeting.
Acton 853-1956 Georgetown 877-6665
This is an invitation to attend the Church of your choice on Sunday.



Photos from the past



A PRODUCTION IN the Methodist church Sunday School was followed by this group picture. The date must have been about 1910. Mrs. A. T. Brown, who was a popular elocut-

ionist, is pictured standing at the far right; Miss M. Z. Bennett is third from the left in the back row. Has anyone a full identification?

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