

A mod in a gilded world ...

People who deplore Prime Minister Trudeau's informality may console themselves with the news that he is not setting a precedent.

According to The Printed Word, none other than British prime minister, The Rt. Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, was noted for his oddities of dress before he became top minister in Her Majesty's Cabinet. That's away back in the nineteenth century.

Hesketh Pearson wrote this about Disraeli: "Wherever he went his clothes aroused comment; at one dinner he appeared in a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles reaching the tips of his fingers, white gloves with jewelled rings outside of them, his well-oiled black ringlets touching his shoulders."

"His conversation, which ranged from the sarcastic to the eloquent, according to his mood, made him popular with hostesses who were not solely satisfied with the movement of their guests' jaws in mastication, and his table was covered with

invitations, many from people he did not know."

Things changed after "Dizzy" as he was affectionately known, assumed the Prime Minister's mantle in 1847. He never allowed his head to be affected by his worldly success or position but his speech as well as his costumes were affected by his new role.

Says Pearson, "His oddities of dress were abandoned; the rings and ruffles and colored waistcoats disappeared, giving way to suits of solemn black."

Have you noticed a parallel there between Disraeli and Mr. Trudeau? The Canadian prime minister seems to have discarded his mod clothes for an ordinary business suit. His speech, with its slight Gallic inflection, has indeed got tonier, perhaps a bit weightier.

As the weight of his office increases you are likely to notice more changes, too, for despite efforts to balance large problems with equal amounts of levity, the wrinkles still come.



THE GRASS IS as high as an elephant's eye. With the warm weather and frequent rains, ordinary field grass is enjoying an unusually healthy growing season. (Staff Photo)

Free Press Editorial Page

Rights of majorities ...

Nowadays we hear a great deal about the rights of minorities. These get major publicity in all news media — and consequently a degree of attention which is often wholly out of proportion to the importance of most of the issues involved, and also out of proportion to the number of persons such minorities represent.

No one who believes in democracy would deny such minority groups the right to a hearing, or would wish to countenance any injustice they might possibly be subjected to. But the very word minority implies an inequality in numbers as compared to the great mass of citizens who represent majority opinion. And in any democracy, majority rule is the basic principle.

Today, however, when issues are raised, minority opinion frequently fails to express itself. Not because of indifference, but because of a bland confidence in its ultimate power of decision.

And the result: minority groups, which are generally well-organized and very vocal (often deliberately so) give the impression that they speak for a great many more people than they actually represent.

Most such minority groups stage demonstrations, "sit-downs" or "sit-ins"; they exhort all their members to write letters to the editors; they welcome interviews by the press; they find outstanding spokesmen, who are well-known to the public.

The general public, which represent the majority, cannot afford to let itself be stampeded by vociferous minority opinion. Majority opinion needs to express itself more often and to flex its muscles — not just for exercise, but to show its true strength.

This it can do by finding courageous, clear-thinking, hard-headed spokesmen, by standing on principles and by not taking too much for granted that it can always protect its rights and its freedom — when the chips are down. This isn't necessarily so, as Czechoslovakia discovered to its dismay, when a minority Communist clique took over the government.

While the voice of the people is by no means the voice of God, neither is the voice of minorities, and majority opinion should realize what dangers lie in not expressing itself more frequently and more forcibly.

I could have been a child ...

(Editor's note: This poignant letter was written by the owner of a small poodle killed at an intersection. It was printed in a Washington newspaper. May this be a reminder to drive with caution, especially at school crossings, but also wherever and whenever you drive.)

Dear Sir:
Today is Monday. I have had my breakfast and I feel pretty frisky. It's raining a little, but all of the children are walking to school. I know if I run out on the lawn, they'll have time to stop and pet me. We sure have fun together and I enjoy all the attention they give me. My children masters scold me for trying to follow them to school — don't they know how much I love them? The school is just a few blocks away and if I tag along, I know the kids in the school yard will play with me.

Yep, I think I'll go! I wait at the intersection where the light changes in a flash. Look at all the fun the kids are having in the school yard across the yard. I can't miss a single minute so I'll just trot across.

What's happening? Brakes squeal and I feel an overwhelming pain. I've been hit! I feel screams and cries coming from my throat as I lay in

Sugar and Spice

by Bill Smiley



You know, that postal strike wasn't all bad. I know it was a great inconvenience for some people, and meant a real financial loss for others.

But there was a certain quiet satisfaction in knowing that you didn't have to answer those urgent letters. There was relief in the thought that you wouldn't be getting three or four bills every day. And there was positive pleasure in not being bombarded by advertising flyers and other third-class mail.

In short, there was a slight hiatus in our daily scramble. Of course, the day of

reckoning came, when all the bills came in one bundle, and there was no way of putting off writing those letters. But there was a little peace there for a while in at least one aspect of our bedevilled lives.

It started me thinking about what would happen if the entire communications system was tied up by strikes. Everything: telephone, television, radio, newspapers, the lot. Do you think we'd survive?

I do. In fact, if the whole noisy, bothersome business ground to a halt for a couple of months, we'd probably all live a couple of years longer.

Those who would suffer most would be the young and the old. Taking away the squawk and thump of their transistors from the ears of teenagers would be like tearing a baby from its mother's breast. And the elderly of their morning news and their evenings with the Beverly Hillsites re-runs would be arrant cruelty.

But I don't think the rest of us would suffer. I think we'd thrive and grow fat and calm and interested in real life, on a couple of months of peace and quiet.

Those who have been out of touch with "civilization," on a hunting or fishing trip will know what I mean. One simply does not miss the ominous headlines the grave news reports, and the assorted garbage contained in our mass media.

In such conditions, a newspaper is for lighting a fire with, or cleaning a fish on. Radio is completely unnecessary. Lack of telephones means that nobody can get at you with bad news. And sitting around a fire with friends is a lot more enriching than sitting around watching third-rate old movies.

Indulging in the mass media, or surrendering to them, or allowing them to rule your day, is merely laziness and habit. And the deeper you sink into the slough of words, the harder it is to break out.

Some people are addicted to the morning paper. It's like the first cup of coffee or the first cigarette. They are surly and uneasy until they unfold it. And what do they get? Wars and rumors of wars, strikes, a lengthy rehash and expansion of last night's TV news, pompous editorials stating the obvious, and assorted junk.

Some never read a paper at all, but depend on their news from the radio. The thing goes all day long with a steady stream of commercials, semi-hysterical disc-jockeys pouring forth piffle, the same news and weather reports, almost verbatim, every hour. Don't think this doesn't erode the soul.

Some make the telephone their news media. They're not interested in world or national news, but only in the local gossip, and they literally spend hours a day exchanging inanities with other addressees. I would not care if we never had a telephone in the house. One of my mottoes is that no telephone call is every worth answering.

Then, of course, there are some people who are hooked on all forms of communication. As a result, they never read a book, never think an original thought, and can be led around politically by the nose.

These mass media add a lot to life, but they take a lot away as well. Under their constant barrage, we fail to cultivate our own garden.

I'm all for some quiet. Would you like to try it?

THE ACTON FREE PRESS
PHONE 853-2010
Business and Editorial Office

Founded in 1871 and published every Wednesday at 40 Willow St. Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the CMA and OMA. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance. \$4.00 in Canada, \$7.00 in all countries other than Canada. Single copies 15¢. Authorized as Second Class Mail. Post Office Department, Ottawa. Advertising is accepted on the condition that in the event of typographical error that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for, but the balance of the advertisement will be held for all the applicable rate in the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a special price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is hereby offered to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

Bill Publishing and Publishing Co. Ltd.
David H. Dille, Publisher
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Photos from the past

FESTOONED WITH CEDAR, Chinese lantern and Union Jacks, this float appeared in Acton in a parade years ago. But the photograph in an old family album had no date or identification. It must have been about 1913.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago
Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, August 26, 1948

Acton's newest industry, the Blow Foundry started production this month with a staff of eight men and when the full capacity of the foundry is reached, the staff will be about 14 employees.

The plant is owned by Mr. Kenneth Blow, manager of the Acton Machine Shop.

By the time the Commission completes an inquiry on the legality of the sale of margarine it is quite likely the latter will have melted.

A Lions Club Carnival operating at Barrie was closed last week. Gambling games such as Crown and Anchor for money, it is said, were among the attractions.

A Harvard physiologist reports that men who drink to excess do so because they are usually social misfits weak willed, lazy or crazy. And usually they are also drunk-addicts the Chesley Enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lambert, John, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowes and family attended a reunion of the Mack family in Erin Stanley Park.

Mrs. (Rev.) McLeod of Toronto spent a few days during the week with her sister, Mrs. J.C. Matthews.

James Dills who has been at Sherwood Forest Boys Camp for the past two months returned home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Swackhamer and children of Guelph called on friends in Acton on Sunday.

A Boy's Composition on the Hen—The hen is a female rooster and cozen to a goose, hens haint got no teeth they just chew their vittles in their insides with stones and things and old nails. Hens has got two legs and a wish bone but when they are cooked they are called chicken, so is roosters, and they are then mostly legs and necks, hens cant sing nor crow, their long suit is kakling, but they dont allus lay when they kakle, wen hens is little you dont no wight is hens and wich is roosters till their tall fetters is growed out, but roosters aint no good only to scratch worms and call the hens and little chickens then eat the worm hisself, i have seen him do it lots of times. When we killed our old hen she had most a bilyun little aigs in her insides and a hull lot of pig and pieces of iron and leather and my chaney alley, and my but she was tuff when she was cooked. I dont know no more about hens sept they have little bits of ears and our old black hen-once set over three months jist on an ole dore nob and a piece of brik about as big as my fist.

William Hawkins, of the second line Eramosa had a horse tramping peas in the mow, Wednesday. While he and his men were at dinner, the horse climbed down from the mow and jumped out the back door of the barn, falling a distance of some fifteen feet. The animal broke its back and had to be shot.

75 years ago
Taken from the issue of The Free Press of Thursday, August 24, 1893.

100 years ago
Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, August 20, 1868.

A few nights ago, probably on Friday night last, some fiend in human form, stole into the farm of John Whits, M.P., near Auburn, Trafalgar, and with a sharp instrument, probably an axe or hatchet, hacked his valuable imported thorough-bred cattle on the thigh of the hind leg, on the right side in every case save one. It was done by a swift right-handed blow as they were lying asleep. The poor dumb brutes suffered until Sunday before they were seen by Mr. Kirby, and one noble ox (of which the yoke cost \$120) was so far gone that he had to be knocked on the head, to put him out of misery; and another steer will likely have to be served in the same manner. Every effort is being made to save the rest, among whom, are a very valuable Dutchess heifer valued at \$200, and three steers valued at \$100 each. A reward of \$400 is offered by Mr. White, it is to be hoped that the scoundrels will be speedily brought to justice. Hanging is almost too good for such cowardly rascals, whom fear alone prevents from becoming murderers and assassins.

A young man of good character and good habits, and morally inclined residing near Milton, and possessing considerable property in real estate, is desirous of corresponding with some Young Ladies of an amiable disposition and piously inclined. Age no object: between 18 and 24. Would have no objection to an exchange of photographs and correspond with a person of that character. Object—improvement and matrimony. Address: The Young farm, Milton, Ontario.

Free Press Church Notices

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

SIXTH SEASON — COMBINED SUMMER SERVICES IN TRINITY UNITED CHURCH
Preacher, Rev. Peter Tucker — former missionary in Zambia
SUNDAY, AUGUST 25th, 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 25th, 1968
Trinity XI
10:00 a.m. — Mattins.

BETH-EL CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH
Minister — Rev. P. Brouwer, B.A. B.D.
Acton, Ontario.
SUNDAY, AUGUST 25th, 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, AUGUST 25th, 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

ACTON BAPTIST CHURCH
Founded 1842
Pastor: Rev. Stanley Gammon
Res., 144 Tidey Ave., Phone 853-1615.
SUNDAY, AUGUST 25th, 1968
9:45 a.m. — Church School and Adult Bible Class.
11:00 a.m. — Morning Worship.
Mr. Ken Burns, Fergus.
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.

EVANGEL PENTECOSTAL TABERNACLE
F.A.O.C. 33 Churchill Road
Rev. S. M. Thoman, Pastor, 853-2715.
SUNDAY, AUGUST 25th, 1968
10:00 a.m. — Sunday School.
11:00 a.m. — Morning Worship.
7:00 p.m. — Evangelistic Service.
Guest speakers at these services will be Pastors L. Huppelhauser and D. Sutherland of Peoples Church, Edmonton.
Tuesday, 6 p.m. — Prayer Service and Bible Study.
Thursday, 8 p.m. — Christ Ambassadors.
The General Conference of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada convenes in Windsor, Ont., August 22-28.
Psalm 119: 114 — "Thou art my hiding place and my shield. I hope in Thy Word."

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