

Prices are high...

The high cost of housing has come in for some devastating criticism from buyers who in many cases have been dropped completely from the market because of the price spread between income and wages.

There are many reasons advanced for the spiral but the brunt of criticism has been directed at the high cost of labor. There is a fallacy extant that wages are the real reason for high costs in the building industry.

It was probably for that reason that the Windsor Building Trades Unions figured the actual costs of a typical \$22,000 three bedroom brick house out on paper. It appears to exonerate "labor" in the Windsor district, which would be very similar to the picture here.

These are the calculations:
Bricklayers, tilesetters, \$1,450; carpenters, \$706; electricians, \$325; hoisting engineers, \$120; laborers, \$200; painters, \$285; plasterers, cement finishers, \$344.80; plumbers, \$143.20; sheet metal workers, \$250. That comes to a total of \$3,824. Construction costs, including labor and materials, went up 13.7

per cent between 1956 and 1966 but the big gain was in land costs and carrying charges.

Land costs went up 41.3 per cent between 1956 and 1966 and mortgage carrying charges went up 34.8 per cent in the same period.

Mortgages have really colored the picture differently in the last decade. From a relatively high interest rate of six per cent in 1957, mortgage rates jumped a whopping two and a quarter per cent to eight and a quarter by 1967.

Here are the 25-year mortgage costs on a 1,050 square foot, three bedroom brick house:

Year	Cost	Down Payment	NHA Mortgage	NHA Rate
1957	\$12,000	\$1,200	\$10,800	6%
1967	21,500	3,500	18,000	8 1/4%

Year	Monthly Payment	Total Cost
1957	25 yrs. \$69.11	\$20,733
1967	25 yrs. 140.26	42,078

Land costs and carrying charges went up 76.1 per cent over the ten year period while construction and labor costs rose a relatively modest 13.7 per cent.



MEMORIAL TO JOHN McCRAE, Guelph author of the world-renowned poem, in Flanders Fields, stands beside the McCrae birthplace on Water St. in Guelph. The shrine has many visitors and admirers of the immaculate surroundings. (Staff Photo)

Free Press Editorial Page

Times have changed...

It is not unusual to see husband and wife shopping together for the family groceries, a sight which might have seemed a male ego a few generations back. Another radical departure from customs of a few years ago is the male doing the shopping alone for the entire family. This is so common now that Life magazine compiled some interesting facts from a variety of marketing studies. For instance: Eleven out of 20 men who shop alone in a supermarket don't carry a shopping list. One man out of three shops for food alone at least once a week. Fifty-four per cent of wives

prefer their husbands to share the food shopping. When husbands use a grocery list, it usually doesn't specify brand names. When husband and wife agree on a brand of food, its chances of being bought are 60 per cent greater than if only the wife prefers the brand. When a family fails to agree on a brand of food, the husband will win one third of the time. One of the surveys reported that 50 per cent of the women say their husbands enjoy grocery shopping. How times have changed.

Moses had a word for it...

A young St. Catharines girl was sentenced to three days in jail for stealing goods from a store. The magistrate had come to the conclusion that a fine or a suspended sentence would not do any good. She came from a fine family with good parents and yet she stole. She did not steal because she needed the goods. She probably stole because it was a smart-aleck thing to do. There has been a tendency for the courts to condone stealing from merchants, apparently on the ground that if the merchant is well off his monetary loss is not of any great consequence. That thinking is

gradually being replaced by the thought that it is the moral loss to the thief that is most important. There is an even broader implication—the moral loss to the community and the state if thievery is allowed to go on unchecked. The young woman will carry the stigma. With the wisdom of her parents and the kindness of the community she should be able to live it down. Stealing is a crime and has been at least since Moses came down from the mountain.

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



Even a banker couldn't find a bad Czech these days, as those brave and sturdy people, international underdogs, are the cynosure of the world's admiration. It takes guts to shout insults at a man holding a gun on you. As in any other country, of course, there are bad Czechs as well as good ones. But good and bad, they have been giving Big Brother a hard time of it.

Remembering Hungary, the Czechs had enough sense not to tackle the wolf with bare hands. For the same reason, they knew there would be no help from elsewhere, if they did. But they managed to make themselves as indigestible as possible for that same wolf.

It's not the first time the country has been thrown to the wolf. In the late thirties, the British and French threw them to a German wolf, while the big Slavic brother to the east turned a blind eye.

It must be a bitter thing to be a Czech. Here you are, a good, honest Bohemian. After World War I, you are thrown in with those lousy Slovaks and told you are now a citizen of a brand new country. So you work like a dog for 15 years and turn your country into one of the finest examples of democracy in the world.

Then you are betrayed. By whom? By the great democracies. Then you are bullied and tortured and starved for seven or eight years by the German invaders.

The war ends and the Germans leave. The Russians don't. When they finally get out, you try to put the pieces back together. It looks as though it might be possible. But you are on the wrong side of a certain curtain.

So the Communists stage a coup and for the next decade or so you are a communist. But you have a love of freedom and independence and you chip away at the iron blanket until a crack of daylight appears. And you are betrayed again. By whom? By the great communist powers.

Don't think the Czechs aren't. But don't give up on them. They are tough, passionate and practical and some day they're going to come up smelling of roses. Tough? There's a Czech dentist in Toronto who was tortured by the Gestapo, hung up on meathooks and has the scars to show it. He was going home for a visit this summer. I hope he didn't.

Passionate? Put four Czechs together, start a political discussion, and in five minutes you'd swear they were going to kill each other. I had some Czech friends in prison camp and they fought furiously, Czech against Slovak communist against republican, but they turned a solid front to the rest of us, and to the Germans.

Practical? One of these friends was Andros. His second name had no vowels. Something like Mrckzy. When the Germans marched into Czechoslovakia, he stole a plane and escaped. He fought with the R.A.F., was shot down and captured. He expected to be shot any day.

Did he sit around and brood? Not he. From empty powdered-milk cans, he manufactured a magnificent still.

And when the rest of the camp sat around on New Year's eve drinking their stinking prune wine, he and his friends sipped pure potato whiskey. I've always been glad I was one of his friends. It was like vodka.

He was an avowed communist then, but a good chap. He wasn't shot. Not then. Not by the Germans. They didn't get around to it. I wonder what he's doing these days?

And I wonder about two other friends of those days, Rostislav Kanovsky of Bucklovice 74, Morava, and Joe Zvolensky of Galanta. I just looked up their names in my tattered old P.O.W. diary, and said a little prayer for them. Freedom fighters of a generation ago.

Perhaps their sons are shaking their fists at Russian tanks, or running an underground radio. Let's say a little prayer for them.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 16, 1948.
A new machine, the only one of its kind in Canada, went into operation recently at the Baxter Laboratories in Acton. Its purpose is to provide pure distilled water for the solutions prepared by this firm in greater quantity than previously. The new machine will deliver 240 gallons of distilled water per hour against the former 100 gallons per hour capacity in the two fifty gallon stills formerly used.
Friends will be glad to hear that Mr. Wilfred McEuchern is progressing favorably following an operation for appendicitis in St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, on Monday.
Miss Daisy Folster had the misfortune to fracture her left wrist on Monday when she slipped on the floor.
Acton Jay 14 advanced students gaining education at eight different centres. Ray Arble, Armand Braida and John Agar are at O.A.C. Don Ross, Joan Somerville, Jack Mainprize, George Elliott and Phil Pickering are at the U. of T. Aldo Braida and Mary Zirz are at Western. Shirley Elliott is at Toronto Normal School. Ernest West is studying law at Osgoode Hall. Eleanor Ross is taking a nursing course and Doug Maplesden is in his fourth year at O.V.C.
Jack Mainprize returned home this week from an all-summer cruise with the University Naval Training Division to Bermuda, Cuba, Jamaica, Canal Zone, Mexico, U.S.A. and Vancouver Island.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 14, 1893.
The list of premiums and the posters for Acton Horticultural and Agricultural Exhibition have been issued. The fair on the 3rd and 4th Oct. promises to be the biggest and best ever. The G.T.R. will issue tickets to Acton for the two days for a fare and a third. Acton Cornet Band will play and there will be a grand concert.
There was a large gathering at the Methodist church to hear the Rev. J. Hector whose subject was "The Devil dressed in White." He is a colored man and opinion is divided on his merits. When his meagre advantages are considered it must be admitted he is a man of more than ordinary ability.
A large number of granite monuments have recently been placed in Fairview cemetery which exhibit much taste on the part of those who selected them and reflect credit on the manufacturers. Among the finest are found the family names of Stewart, Lashy, Warren, Anderson, Sayers, McDougall and Smith.
(Ad) We recommend every household be provided with a bottle of Higginbotham's Cholera Preventive so that on the approach of the first symptoms you will have an infallible remedy, 25 cents per bottle.
A couple of Eden Mills village volunteers started out on a bicycle tour of neighboring towns and villages giving exhibitions of fancy riding, etc. However, an accident to one of their wheels brought the performance to an abrupt termination.
Since Rev. Father Haley was appointed to the charge of St. Joseph's church there has been considerable improvement in the services. An important change was the re-organization of the choir and increase in its numbers.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 19, 1918.
Two trucks filled with whiskey passed through Guelph on Saturday morning, from Montreal to Blyth. Inspector O'Brien learned of the contraband an hour after the goods had left here but notified the railway officials at Blyth. The owner of the trucks secured them at their destination, but they were later seized by the inspector in that district.
Since ex-Councillor Bailey returned from his trip to the Northwest he has negotiated the purchase of one of the finest farms in this vicinity—the well-known Lashy farm—owned for many years past by Mr. Alexander McDonald. Mr.

Salt and Pepper

by hartley coles



Although the United States is technically at peace, a visit there on the second week of a vacation virtually assured us our neighbor to the south is partially mobilized for war. It is evident by the number of servicemen you see, the attitude of the people you meet and glimpses of military might.
By chance, on the way down the Hudson River from Newburgh, hugging precipitous cliffs that took us to West Point and then to New York City, we saw an impressive military display by cadets at the Point. We also saw what must have been almost 100 naval ships moored together in the Hudson. They were referred to on roadside signs as the Hudson River Naval Reserve Fleet. No attempt at subterfuge.
There must be as many ships in that reserve unit as there are in the entire Canadian navy. For someone from a small Ontario town who gets excited by the appearance of a large skiff in Fairy Lake, it was an eye-rubbing sight. All the ships stretching across the river in long lines were painted battleship grey, which gave them a decidedly ghostly appearance in the river mist.
The ghost of George Washington, who had his headquarters in Newburgh and hung around the Hudson in what was to become West Point, during the American war of independence, must have stirred at the sight of so much military might. It was a far cry from the ragged Continental army he commanded against the Hessians, mercenary troops the British had to use since they were busy with old Napoleon in Europe.

up The Star Spangled Banner. Everyone rose. A nearby gun which looked like a civil war relic went off with a roar that nearly sent an entire Canadian family tumbling from the top row of the bleachers, which supposedly afforded them the best view in the place.
It was hard to believe we were foreigners in the stands. The people around us looked very much like us. We have an affinity with the Yanks, the men on the field, young, slim, strong could have been from the Canadian equivalent of West Point at Kingston.
We were reassured, we were awe-struck Canucks when No. One son asked what tune the band played when they struck up the American national anthem.
This yawning gap in his education must have occurred because we've never let him watch the end of the late, late show or the beginning of the world series. It has now been filled, but not before some nearby Yanks, who assembled from every State in the Union to watch the show, had given us some suspicious glances.
It was time to continue down Highway 9 for little old New York, before he asked whether George Washington, who is commemorated by several signs and plaques, might be related to Bobby Washington and the Soul Society.
To make a long story short, we reached the great American metropolis without further incident—if you call getting lost in New Jersey and a four cornered fight about where we were, no further incident. We bunked in one of Ho Jo's motels. No, Ho Jo's not the Emperor of Japan. He's the American tourist king Howard Johnston.
We toured Manhattan on a city bus, ferried out to the Statue of Liberty, took in a show at the immense Radio City Music Hall, tripped through Central Park, visited St. Pat's, gawked at the bright lights in Times Square, ran out of money and then headed for home before we ran out of gas.
New York may be a very large city but one incident at the motel just before we left showed us there are some small minds in residence. The bell hop, an older man, took our paraphernalia to the car lobby while we awaited delivery of the family limousine.
During some small talk about the best way to get out of the city, he nudged me and said, "What's this country coming to—eh?" He pointed to a couple behind us.
I'm a little slow on the draw. I didn't get it at first. Then it slowly dawned on me.
He was black. She was white.

Photos from the past



PUBLIC SCHOOL PUPILS lined up at the front door of the old school for this group photograph. The year must have been about 1904. Some of those in the picture, with principal W. H. Stewart, are Cam Clark, Ann Harvey, Ella MacPherson, Ada Clark, Bessie Johnstone, Alice Cook, Edna Anderson, Edna McPherson, Len Worden, Gertrude Johnstone, Bessie Coon, Nellie Williams, Eric White, Lillian Williams, Ida Graham, Bessie Husband, Gert Swackhammer, Ethel Clark, Laura Wiles, Daisy Folster, Beth Anderson, Eva Cook, Gladstone Husband.

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