

Free Press
YOUTH PAGE
fresh tracks
by Barbara McIntosh

NATIONAL PRIDE

I've never considered myself particularly bigoted. I mean, some of my best friends are American citizens; and I rather enjoy Aretha Franklin, Paul Newman and Barbra Streisand.

However, I can't help becoming enraged at any hint of American domination in my Canadian life, and I jump at the chance of expounding my convictions. My train trip to Windsor a few weeks ago provided the perfect opportunity.

I was deeply involved in the first chapter of 'Keys to Correct Spelling and Punctuation in Ten Easy Steps' when an over-weight gentleman in a tweed suit plopped down on the seat beside me.

"I say, a beastly bit of weather we're having," he chirped in a thick British accent.

"Yes it is," I replied coldly and sunk deeper into my book. Mother has warned me about talking to strange men.

Undaunted by my indifference he continued, "Actually fog makes me feel at home. This is my first trip to the colony you know. Having a bit of trouble with your money. Travelling far?"

Realizing that I was doomed to conversation, I closed my book and attempted to look interested. "I'm visiting a friend in Windsor, and we're hardly a colony anymore," I remarked. "Canada has been an independent confederation since 1867."

"I see," he seemed slightly disappointed. "Well, I suppose you were influenced to a great extent by the Americans."

"Not at all," I snapped. "We are a distinctly different set-up. We even got our own flag two years ago. I suppose the Americans have wanted to annex us for years, but we have been consistently independent in all areas."

"I see," he replied. "I say, that's a monstrous factory over there. Is it owned by the government?" He pointed to a large Dupont plant by the tracks.

"No, that's owned and operated by American businessmen—but Canadians work there." We both stared out the window.

Just then, the train passed a drive-in movie. The names Sidney Poitier and Katherine Hepburn flashed at us through the fog.

"I say, aren't those American movie stars," he remarked with a puzzled frown.

"Yes, actually we don't make many large scale movies up here. Several Canadians have made it big in Hollywood though, like Lorne Greene and Paul Anka. They come back occasionally for shows at the C.N.E."

"I see," he replied and started leafing through a magazine. "Look at this farm. Canadians in the west must be very wealthy."

"Oh, that's President Johnson's ranch in Texas. Life is an American magazine but most Canadians read it," I said.

"Well, from what I can gather you Canadians seem to be just like Americans," he questioned.

"Not at all," I snapped. "It may look that way on the surface, but actually we haven't a thing in common. We are a distinctly different race. We get tired of having American propaganda jammed down our throats, but we all understand that it's in the name of the national economy. Besides, we're too patriotic to ever be absorbed."


"I see," he added and I could tell by the tone of his sigh that he was fully convinced.

For the rest of the week-end, I tried to prove to myself that I was right. During our shopping trip to Detroit, I made a point of ordering chips with vinegar because I knew it would confuse the waitress (they call them french fries, and they only use vinegar on pickles). I left a Canadian quarter tip because I knew they only give you 23 American cents for it; on a crowded bus, I casually mentioned in a loud voice that Canada has a larger land mass than the U.S.A.; and as a final gesture of good will, I asked a cab driver who Hubert Humphrey was.

It didn't prove much, but I came back home feeling a little less guilty about driving my American Motors Rambler.

James May has begun his first year of teaching in Acton, with classes in Geography and History. He comes from Glencoe near London, and is a graduate of Western University. He is boarding in Acton.

Pedagogues are people



"I didn't really know what to expect in teaching," admits Mr. May. "I've thrown out almost everything I learned at O.C.E. I enjoy it although there are good days and bad days. I didn't realize the preparation."

In school, he classes himself as an average student and what might be termed a late-decider. When he entered Western University he really didn't have any idea what he wanted to do. He found he enjoyed history and decided that teaching would be one way of carrying on in that field. He concludes, "People who have their professions picked out early are lucky."

Mr. May feels that the ungraded educational system will be an advantage in that students will be able to specialize in areas that interest them. However, he adds, "It may be a disadvantage because students will have to narrow their goals, and finish with a narrower outlook."

"I like to see students who are willing to think on their own without having to be coaxed," Mr. May claims. He wishes every student would make an effort to contribute to class discussions.

Since he was raised on a farm, Mr. May was active in 4-H and Junior Farmer clubs. One of his prime ambitions remains to own his own farm in the future.

In music, he prefers hits from Broadway shows to anything else, and is a pianist when he "can get the rust out of his fingers."

Current fashions are "just a fad" to Mr. May. "It really depends on the individual whether they like them and whether they look good in them."

He says he prefers the wide ties, but he doesn't think he could ever don a double-breasted mod suit.



James May

OUR READERS WRITE:

To the Editor of the Free Press:

I did not read Mr. Hurst's letter of Oct. 23, but I did read Mr. Van Arragon's of Oct. 30 and I must say that I heartily agree with Mr. Van Arragon.

Years ago in our time a boy went to school till he was about 15 years old, then he went to work. If he wanted to be a teacher, a lawyer, a doctor or a veterinary surgeon he went on to college but he knew what work was.

He had to put himself through college. He did not get a lot of money from dad.

He had to walk to public school—no bus to pick him up at the gate in those days. He did not yell about help being sent to the little country of Belgium which was being run over by German troops in the first World War. Some never came back. Some came shell shocked. Some put in the rest of their lives in hospitals; some had their wounds fixed by doctors.

Some came back with their heads held high, with firm step and with no regrets that they had risked their lives to make a better world for those selfsame selfish students to live in.

All this yelling about bringing home troops from foreign bases shows what they are doing in college. Are they learning this stuff in college or is it something that floats across the density of their minds?

People find such funny things to complain about. A favorite topic is "Why not stop the war in Viet Nam."

No one says much about S. S. of Russia in Czechoslovakia. Not so much indignation about some of the fiends who put razor blades, pins and needles into the treats for little children on Halloween, not so much about a little pup submerged in a tub of boiling water in a laundromat.

Never mind all this—just stop the war in Viet Nam is what they keep saying.

Percy Woods

Sheridan course in art appreciation

Plans have been completed for a course in Art Appreciation at the Oakville Centennial Public Library, starting Nov. 25. The course "Understanding Modern Art" will deal with many of the new and often perplexing schools of modern art and how the styles developed out of beginnings in the 19th century.

Leading the class will be Mr. John Janiceo of the Visual and Creative Arts Division at Sheridan College. Extensive use will be made of slides to illustrate various points and discussion will be encouraged.

Provided that enrolment is sufficient, the course will run from 2 to 4 p.m. on Mondays, November 25 to January 27.

For further information, contact the Director of Extension at Sheridan College.

Unfair panic button on 'pot'

By Jenny Bishop

Certainly, one of the most misguided aspects of a generally confused public reaction to drug use, has been its obsession with marijuana.

By concentrating law enforcement on one of the mildest and least dangerous of all commonly used drugs, a general mistrust and often hatred has been created by the narcotic squad.

The designation of marijuana as a narcotic and its description by police as a "killer weed" are groundless.

No wonder teenagers fail to believe in the dangers risked by using such drugs as "L.S.D." or "Speed". These drugs have been proven to cause severe deformities in the children of today's "drugging parents."

Here I feel the law should intervene. But what do they do? They waste their time and money to wage a full scale war on marijuana when it should be on "L.S.D." or "Speed." Incidentally, "L.S.D." is still legal in Canada.

The effects of marijuana on the mind and body, does not support its position in the legal category of "narcotics."

Marijuana is instead what is known as a "hellu" whose effects, long and short term, are different from those of actual narcotics.

A comparison of the effects of marijuana with those of alcohol and tobacco would suggest that alcohol and tobacco should be either subject to stiffer controls

or that marijuana be completely legalized. Marijuana is not physically addictive, and talk about psychological addictive should be dismissed. Anything from coffee to television can become a psychological dependency.

It has been proven by well known scientists that tobacco and alcohol are in fact more addictive. As for the side-effects of marijuana there is considerably less evidence of physical disabilities than there is of diseases caused by alcoholism and cigarette smoking.

I'd like to prove this by quoting a statement from a U.S. study by S. Allentick and K. M. Botman.

"Prolonged use of Marijuana does not lead to mental, physical or normal degenerations, nor have we observed any permanent effects from its continuous use."

I suppose the next question that arises to those reading this column is: Isn't marijuana the first step to heroin addiction. A statistical correlation between heroin and the use of marijuana is about as meaningful as a correlation between heroin and alcohol. In short there is no connection between the two at all!

In the days of prohibition there was more bootlegging and drinking going on than there probably is today.

So we have to relive the days of prohibition until society comes to its senses and refrains from thinking idealistically????

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NOTICE

To the Ratepayers of the Township of Nassagaweya

You are hereby advised the following question will be placed on a ballot to be voted on by the Electors of the Township of Nassagaweya, at the same time as the Municipal Election, December 2nd, 1968, and at the same polling places as the election for the Municipal Council. Polls open 10:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M.

"Are you in favor of a By-Law being passed by the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the Township of Nassagaweya to permit horse racing after 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon on Sundays in the Township of Nassagaweya?"

YES () NO ()

Certified a true copy of the question to be placed on ballot.

J. C. McINTYRE, Clerk

MUNICIPALITY OF ESQUESING

NOMINATION MEETING

A MEETING OF THE MUNICIPAL ELECTORS OF THE TOWNSHIP OF ESQUESING WILL BE HELD IN ESQUESING COMMUNITY HALL, STEWARTTOWN

— ON —

MONDAY, NOV. 18, 1968

at 7:30 o'clock in the evening for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of

REEVE, DEPUTY-REEVE AND COUNCILLORS

for the year 1969-1970, and one member of the Halton County Board of Education, for the year 1969-1970.

In case more than the necessary number of candidates are proposed and seconded and a poll is demanded, said poll will be open from 8 o'clock in the forenoon until 8 o'clock in the evening on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1968

K. C. LINDSAY, Returning Officer