

Don't need dickshunary...

A Canadian board of education reports the North Hills News-Record of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, will experiment with a new teaching alphabet with about 100 youngsters. The alphabet, devised in England, is supposed to be "a tool by which children learn to read more quickly."

Here's an example: Wuns thaer was a man in an oeld house.

To many a harassed businessman it seems that students already are graduating from high school and going into jobs with that kind of spelling, entrenched. Why encourage it at the primary level?

Surely it is just as easy for a child

to learn to write "there" as it is to write "thaer" and "oeld" is simpler than "oeld."

True, some of the words in the English language are complex but it would seem that the experimenters are seeking the easy way out until the stage is reached when nonteaching is the fashionable thing. Then, each child will have his own spelling style.

After all, if "wuns thaer was a man" is accepted, what is wrong with "wunce ther was a man" and everyone is his own dickshunary? Or should that be dixshonerie?

Free Press Editorial Page

Realistic plan...

Tenants of 70 subsidized housing units in Guelph will be given a chance to buy their houses with as little as \$475 for a down payment, Trade and Development Minister Stan Randall announced last week.

The Guelph plan is a pilot project of the Ontario Housing Corporation aimed at giving tenants in low rental housing units the chance to become home owners. To qualify a tenant must have occupied his house for at least a year, be up to date in his rent, have at least one dependent other than his wife and be financially capable of meeting the payments.

Price of the land and house is \$16,000. If it is bought for cash or the purchaser remains an occupant for five years a \$2,000 forgiveness allowance will be deducted from the price. Monthly payments run from \$73 to \$94.80 according to the length of the mortgage and the plan the house is bought with. There are four options available. Taxes amounting to \$330 annually are

extra.

This is the most realistic move the Ontario government corporation has made for those in the "low income" brackets who wish to buy houses, although we think those who live in the development are likely middle income people. Payments are fairly moderate and within the reach of most buyers. But it is the low down payment which makes the scheme most attractive.

Families with children have great difficulty raising the large amounts asked for down payments on new houses. Older houses are usually out of the question. However, in many cases, the monthly rent payment would not exceed what it costs to carry the house on a purchase.

It is too bad there are not houses of this type in Acton. They are the type most possible local buyers would ask for if they had a choice.

Most houses being built in Acton now are well beyond the reach of the average wage earner.

Strong words, no solution...

Arthur Koestler, prize-winning European novelist and journalist, spoke bluntly at a symposium at Queen's University recently.

The greatest superstition of our time, said he, is the belief in the ethical neutrality of science.

"No teacher or writer or artist can escape the responsibility of influencing others, whether he intends to or not, whether he is conscious of it or not. And this influence is the more powerful and the more insidious because it is transmitted implicitly, as a hidden persuader, and the recipient absorbs it unawares."

Mr. Koestler said this new ideology that claims to be scientific but which denies value, meaning and purpose, is the invader within Western society, and it has caused a worldwide mood of rebellion.

"The invasion has come from within, in the guise of an ideology which claims to be scientific and is in fact a new version of nihilism in its denial of values, purpose and meaning."

Mr. Koestler exposed the causes of chaos in society today. But he had no solutions to offer.

"Where do we go from here?" he asked.

Off the cuff...

Need a change from constant reminders of the number of shopping days before Christmas? How about four more issues of The Free Press before Christmas, December 4, 11, 18 and 23.

Some people may hate to see snow but snowmobile buffs and skiers would like to abolish summer.

Cheer up. After winter comes spring!

Seven prayerless days makes one weak.



LEADEN AUTUMN SKIES brighten briefly and then pour mixture of snow and rain down on country fields. The bare

landscape is relieved only by the still evergreens or birches which retain their white coats in all seasons. (Staff Photo)

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Recently I wrote a column about Remembrance Day. It may have had a touch of bitterness in it. But so many things have come up since then that I thought you might be interested.

First of all, a light note. A lady in Ontario remembers something from away back there. "During the First World War, my husband came home on furlow from Belgium. Although his pass said he was clean and free from lice, while we were riding on the underground in London, I watched the lice crawling up and down on his coat collar. So I had to scorch all the seams of his clothes as soon as I got him home, and shave all his hair off him everywhere to get rid of them."

Next, at our school we had the usual Remembrance Day service. But it wasn't the usual one. This year, we let the students plan it. They threw out the draggy old hymns and a lot of other things.

Instead, against a background of old songs from both world wars, a student read a commentary he had written himself. It began with, "In Flanders fields, the poppies blow..." It was simple, and moving and honest. Then everybody sang that haunting folk song, "Where have all the flowers gone?" They went to young girls, and the young girls went to soldiers and the soldiers went to graveyards and the graveyards went to flowers.

Then the Roll of Honor from our school. Some of the older teachers can't take this. They went to school with the boys on the list. Last Post, silence, Reveille. Over. The students were silent and solemn and involved.

Afterwards, in the classrooms, we discussed the service and the day. I'd brought along some photos and souvenirs. They were fascinated. After an incredulous look at the cocky young black-haired fighter pilot, and then one at the harassed, gray-haired teacher, they pelted me with questions.

Et Cetera

When two women suddenly become friendly, it is a sign some third woman has lost two friends.

First it was glued meat then it was "glueless meat" using the meat's own natural protein as the glue for assembling individual pieces of meat. Now, The Financial Post reports, it is meatless meat. It's another soy product for which a patent has been granted. Additives to give the correct taste, color and texture are first incorporated in a fibrous soy bean protein material and then the mixture is compressed so that the final product "resembles a meat product", the perfect companion for a glass of soy milk.

You can deck the halls with top-grade holly this year. Reason: Vancouver Island growers report the crop is excellent. Old-style, well-berried holly is coming back in favor. At one time, the silver and gold variegated holly was popular. Now people are going back to the dark green.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, December 2, 1948.

Due to an increase of 5 per cent in the power allotted to Acton, the blackout at certain hours has been lifted for a trial period. If the quota is exceeded, the cut-off will have to be resumed.

Thirty citizens attended Nomination Night in the town hall Friday evening. Theron Jones was acclaimed as reeve. All other positions will be contested.

Much volunteer work is being done on the new Scout Hall. Secretary, W. Middleton, will be happy to accept all contributions.

A good time to change your summer driving habits and make allowance for the ice and snow of winter, and the inability to stop quickly and safely as on dry pavements.

The badminton club at the Y is now in full swing and many outings have been arranged with out of town clubs as well as many social evenings at home.

Victor B. Rumley has sold his furnishings store to Miss Elma Braida and Mr. Rae West. He intends to continue with his undertaking business.

Last Sunday the Acton Boys' and Girls' Band presented their seventh anniversary concert to a small but appreciative audience.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, November 30, 1893.

This is Salvation Army Self-Denial Week.

The chimney at Storey and Son's tannery was blown down during a gale one day last week. It is being replaced with a fine brick chimney.

Monday's rain took off the snow and spoiled the pond for skating. Three inches of snow fell yesterday again, however, and the sleighs are running.

One of the freaks of the season is a bunch of wild strawberry plants in full bloom. They were found on Cedar Creek farm, the home of Mr. James L. Warren, and sent to his office on Tuesday by Mr. Robert Bingham.

Several crossings in town should have the attention of the streets and walks committee before frost finally sets in. Those on the south side of Mill St. at Elgin and John Sts. are defective and unsatisfactory.

Those interested in local education will be pleased to learn that all the teachers on the staff of Acton public school have been re-engaged for next year. There will consequently be no disarrangement of present plans in several departments.

Thomas C. Moore has removed to his new residence on Lake Ave. Christmas is three weeks from next Monday.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, December 5, 1918.

Travel is freer now between Canada and the United States than since the war commenced. During the past two years people of military age leaving Canada were required to secure permits. This order is now rescinded and instructions to that effect were sent out from Ottawa last week to officers at all border points. The relations between the people of Canada and the United States will be more friendly than ever now, owing to the part taken by them in the war.

The Star says Dundas doctors issued 816 orders for liquor during two weeks in October, that the fee for an order is \$1 and that consumers, who get into trouble, testified in the police court that they had got their liquor on doctor's orders. The Star thinks the influenza epidemic was overworked for a justification for liquor orders.

The ban against Sunday sale of gasoline has been removed. If users would be thoughtful of the dealer's comfort there would seldom be any necessity of Sunday purchasing.

Miss Lillian Thompson, teacher at School No. 5, Masagaweya, was a guest of Rev. and Mrs. Meyer over the weekend.

Mrs. James Moore and Miss Lottie Speight spent a few days during the week with friends in Toronto.

Miss Olla B. Armstrong visited with friends in Brampton on Sunday.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, November 26, 1868.

We mentioned lately that Councillor T. Hume had tested the legality of the 7th Line tollgate. Esqueting, by running the gate. The company, after demanding an apology and getting a blunt refusal, at least mustered up courage to prosecute. The case was tried in Georgetown before a full bench of Magistrates and the defendant was fined the nominal sum of 20 cents; the company, we are informed per G. K. Chisholm, promising to continue the road to Ashgrove.

There will be an exhibition of the Grammar School in the Orange Hall, this night. The audience will be entertained with dialogues, readings, recitations and vocal and instrumental music. The hall will be decorated by the scholars for the occasion. From the selection of pieces and the care taken in the training of the speakers, we can confidently promise those who attend a rich treat. The proceeds to form a fund for prizes and apparatus for the school. We bespeak a large audience.

At one o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Patrick J. Whalen, now under sentence of death for the murder of Mr. McGee, arrived in Toronto. He was in the custody of Sheriff Powell, of Ottawa, and seven of his officers, and the party had a car especially provided for him.

Salt and Pepper

by hartley coles

Ever try to write a column with a flying saucer overhead? It's like preaching a sermon while the choir is singing and the congregation is attempting to stem runny noses. Plain distracting!

It's down now, removed I presume by the same wag who made the model and then hung it by a long thread from the light fixture above my head.

It appeared as arguments raged back and forth over the coffee cups whether this U.F.O. craze was a case of megalomania or the result of too much Irish coffee. It all started a few weeks ago when I mentioned in this column that I had seen an Unidentified Flying Object which no one else could see, strain their eyes as they might, on a bright fall afternoon.

I should have known enough to keep my mouth shut about it. But I had to go blabbing the news all over the plant. The boys in the back shop didn't say a word—just looked at one another.

Outside of a few uncalled for remarks and allusions regarding the state of my mind, the incident might have passed off and been forgotten. Except for a bright autumn night when I saw another one.

I was home minding my own business when the phone rang. It was Harold Townsley. "Look yonder," he said "in the sky over Lindsay's mill. There's a U.F.O. up there." I snuck outside and ventured a quick look. Sure enough, there was something up there, pulsing red and blue lights!

Not trusting my own vision, I called my wife and mother-in-law to come and have a look. They concurred with my estimate. It was indeed something different than the usual floatam and jetsam floating around in the sky. A flying saucer? Who knows!

After the first incident I should have known enough to keep my big trap shut for good but I casually mentioned the new sighting the next a.m. at coffee break. To buttress my case, I kind of threw in the fact casually that several other people had

seen the same thing.

If you've ever seen an ostrich lay an egg you'll have some idea of how awkward I felt. Dead silence greeted my testimony. Then a voice at the end of the bench said, "Must have been quite a party." Some of the more polite printers held their hands over their mouths to suppress smiles. Most of them couldn't stop laughing.

Life hasn't been the same since. Snide remarks about my credulity are passed, at every coffee break. One morning I came in to see that miniature saucer dangling from a string, swinging back and forth. The final insult.

But the pendulum has now swung the other way. Only a few nights later a report from Ottawa said Canada's National Research Council has been carrying out research on this saucer subject. They are getting 10 to 20 reports of sightings every month.

"There is no doubt at all," the head of research said, "there are some sightings that cannot be explained by our present knowledge of science."

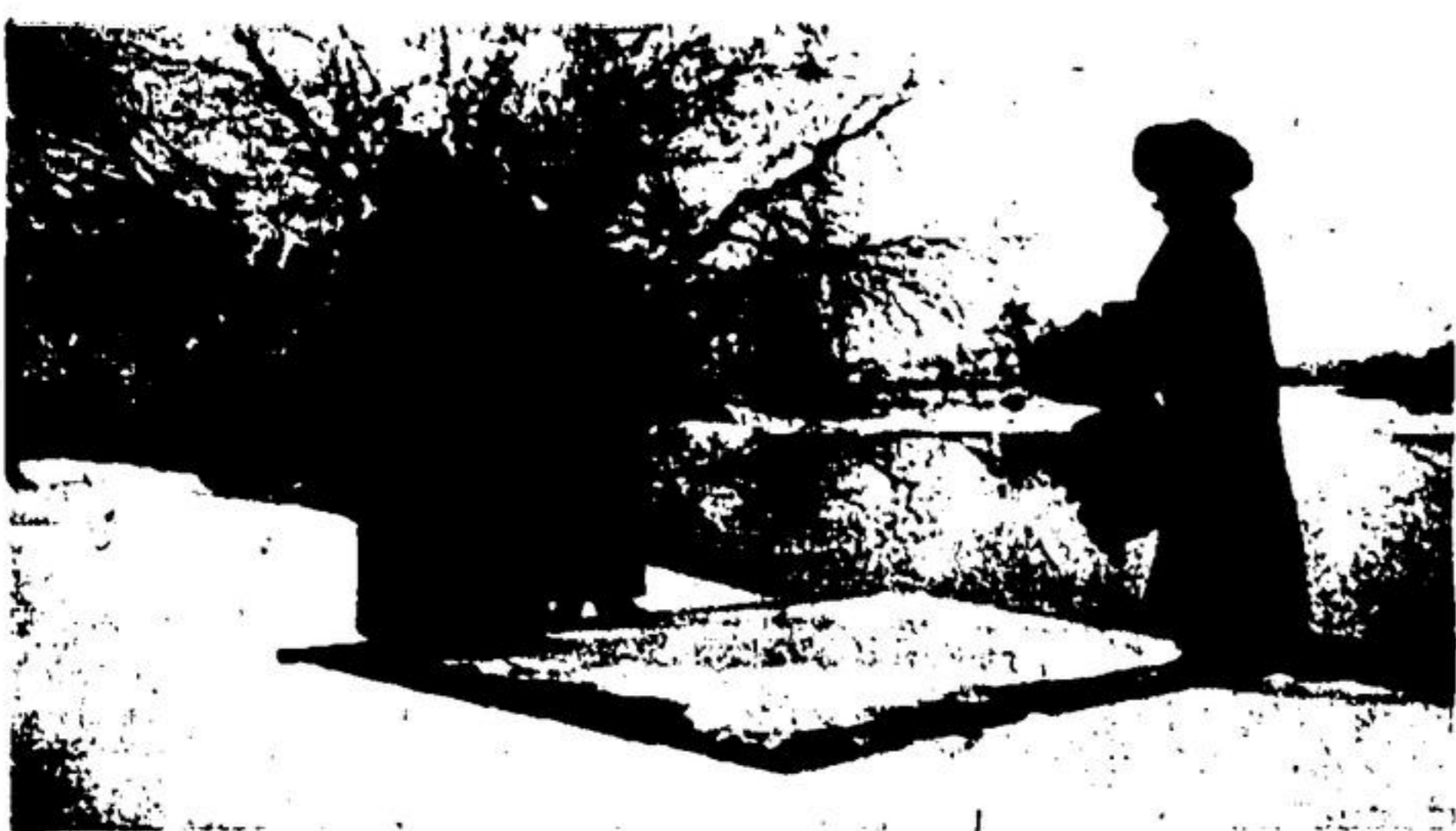
So there, you unbelieving, unseeing saucer scoffers! Saying you don't believe in saucers around here now is as bad as saying you don't believe in ghosts.

You don't believe in ghosts! My word. Merry old England is full of them. Just last week a Toronto newspaper carried an account of a spook at Levens Hall, near Kendal, Westmoreland. The notorious "Grey Lady" appears in broad daylight in the driveway of a creaky old house that dates back to the 12th Century.

She usually alarms visitors by stepping in front of their cars. When the driver stops, aghast, convinced he's run over an old lady, it turns out there's no one there. She was last seen by a member of the family that owns the house. He bicycled through her!

Don't believe in ghosts! You might as well not believe in flying saucers.

Photos from the past



FIRST SNOWFALL of the year brought out a trio of warmly-dressed ladies for a stroll along the sparkling shores of Fairy Lake. The aquatic club is in the

background. Included in the group are Mrs. A. T. Brown (left) and Miss Bertie Speight (right).

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