

# Free Press Editorial Page

## A message of hope . . .

The greatest feast in the Christian calendar will be celebrated Sunday across the world.

Easter, a corruption of the old Anglo Saxon 'Eastre' (which refers to the goddess of light or spring in honor of whom a festival was held in April, celebrates the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

St. Paul tells us that if Christ did not rise from the dead all his preaching was in vain... the Christian faith would be a vain, empty vessel of vanity.

Resurrection from the dead is a mystery that modern man finds difficult to comprehend. And yet each Spring we see it in the rebirth of nature. A tiny seed of wheat comes alive, breaks through the earth and multiplies itself.

It is in this setting that Easter comes upon us each year—at a time of rebirth.

The mystery of the event, heightened by the vigil of the faithful watching and waiting for the rising of the sun on Easter morning so the resurrection can be proclaimed, makes Easter Sunday a glorious affirmation of hope. It is a hope a faith and a charity of love after the seeming defeat of the first Good Friday when Love was nailed to a cross while the worldly jeered.

Uncluttered by the commercialism that surrounds Christmas, the Easter message struck deeper at the spiritual core of man.

Make it a time of Hope and Love. Have faith in what the future holds.

Make Easter 1969 a truly memorable one.

For the Son of Man is risen indeed!

## Summer jobs scarce . . .

Swelling student enrolments have apparently out-paced the number of jobs available for summer employment and it is expected many young people will experience the frustrations of a jobless summer.

Businessmen, householders and leaders in the community will soon feel the impact of a government program of mailings, posters and advertising aimed at persuading them to hire a student during the summer. Theory behind the program is that a public aware of the problem is a responsible public and will attempt to solve the dilemma by constructive action.

It can be an idle summer for many students in this area if there are no jobs for them.

There's sense in the old saying about idleness breeding trouble. Most students also depend on what they make in the summer months to help pay their way through school, and assist parents in the increasingly difficult task of clothing them.

Students should have the opportunity to be more self reliant and a summer job often gives them their first tastes of what it is like to work hard for a living. Summer jobs have also contributed to the resolve of some to keep on in school and achieve something better than what their parents had opportunities for.

If you have a job available suitable for a student why not hire one? Give them the opportunity to prove themselves.

## In days of chore . . .

If teachers ever get the idea their profession has seen few changes since the good old days, it might be wise for them to read this list of rules for teachers which was posted by a principal in the city of New York in 1872.

In fact, these nine regulations are good medicine for almost anyone who feels down in the mouth:

(1) Teachers each day will clean lamps, clean chimneys and trim wicks.

(2) Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session.

(3) Make your pens carefully. You may whittle ribs to the individual tastes of the pupils.

(4) Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they go to church regularly.

(5) After 10 hours in school, the teacher should spend the remaining

time reading the Bible or other good books.

(6) Each teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years, so that he will not become a burden on society.

(7) Women teachers who marry, or engage in unseemly conduct, shall be dismissed.

(8) A teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop, will give good reason to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity, and honesty.

(9) The teacher who performs his labors faithfully and without fault for five years, will be given an increase of 25 cents per week in his pay, providing the Board of Education approves.—Winchester Press.



WINTER IN CANADA is a season of beauty as this prize winning photo by Don Hills of Rockwood illustrates. An ice storm

can have disastrous effects on our habits but often leaves the countryside a sparkling fairland. (Photo by Don Hills)



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

I don't suppose many of you know what it's like to be a director of a company. . . On the surface, it looks great.

Some big operators, like Robert Winters or General Lofstafew, are directors in half a dozen companies, and it doesn't seem to bother them. They go to directors' meetings, vote the way they're supposed to, and pick up their annual director's fee, anywhere from \$1,000 to \$5,000, depending on who they are and how much prestige is attached to the name.

By some legal fluke, I am still a director of the company in which I started a brilliant newspaper career, on about 28 cents. The rest was cash money, borrowed from relatives, insurance policies and everything else short of armed robbery and selling my wife.

But I guess I'm nobody and the prestige attached to my name is somewhere below zero. Because I don't get any director's fees. And I don't sit around an oval table with a lot of other directors, with the cigars and sharpened pencils and the notepads and the dickering over whether we should sell 5,000 shares to Amalgamated or buy up 20,000 shares of Moose Factory Refineries.

Our directors' meeting usually takes place in the back shop (the printing area) of a weekly newspaper. I don't even rate a cigar, let alone a sharpened pencil, and I find myself operating as labor-management arbitrator, father confessor and den mother.

Somehow, I'd rather have it that way. The only time I smoke a cigar is when someone has a baby. And our problems are more human. They're things like, "How are we going to keep the frazzled working on the linotype machine?" Or, "The trout are scarcer than hen's teeth this spring."

Sounds simple. But you've no idea how difficult it is being a director in your old home town. The trouble is, almost everybody is a director. They're all unpaid, like me, but they have a stake in the paper.

Maybe it's only the fact that their son graduated, or their daughter is not going to reform school, after all, but they know how the paper should be run, and they are not loath to say so.

## Off the cuff . . .

Have you heard about the author who was asked which of his works of fiction he considered the best? "My last income tax return," he answered.

The wife didn't give a darn when it came to her husband's socks but she often knit her brows.

Toronto, according to the historians, is the Indian word for meeting place. The Indians couldn't have named it more aptly.

# Free Press back issues

## 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, April 7, 1949.

Robert Perry Watson, one of the best-known businessmen in Acton, passed away at his home. He was born on the home farm a few miles east of Acton. Through the years he has built up Acton Dairy and a few years ago added Watson's Restaurant and dairy bar to the business. With the loyal helpfulness and untiring attention of Mrs. Watson and their son Tom, who joined them when he returned from service, a popular and sound business has been developed.

S. S. Royce has been appointed clerk-treasurer of Eramosa township.

Perhaps a few of Acton's older residents will be reminded by the conversion of the local telephone system to common battery operation of an earlier era when the first telephones were coming into use. In those days there was not a single automobile or radio in the community. The first telephone exchange was established in 1855. In 1884 the first line was built from Toronto to Guelph through Acton and the first telephone contact was made with the outside world. In 1890 J. V. Kennaway became manager and he sold out to A.T. Brown. Then the business required a building of its own and Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lantz were appointed managers.

In the old days, the subscriber required at times the voice of a circus barker. There were 15 telephones on the first exchange and now there are 682.

Acton Home and School Association executive was unanimously accepted, including R. R. Parker, Mrs. D. A. Garrett, R. Chandler, W. D. E. Smith, Mrs. J. H. Creighton, H. H. Hinton, Mrs. Helen Cullen, H. Ritchie, Mrs. L. Lovell, Mrs. G. Cunningham, G. Cook.

Steel girders are being erected on the new garage for Bert Woods.

Foundations were laid this week for the foundation to the Free Press building.

Mrs. Geo. Havill, Acton, secretary of Halton Women's Institute, spoke on the need and importance of medical attention.

A decision was made that each rural school board would elect one member to represent it on a committee.

The dust on the streets has been very annoying to citizens.

Now friends, be thoughtful and neighborly. Now that gardening has started shut up the chickens for the summer.

The autos which have been out of commission the winter months have been peeping out again.

Sergt. Coles is re-organizing the Boy Scouts, the brigade having become somewhat dormant for want of a leader.

Pte. Ross Swackhamer arrived home and was given a royal reception. Pte. Kipling-Puffer is home, and his left hand, which was wounded by machine gun bullets, is healed up.

The daylight saving nuisance has started in some of the cities and towns.

## 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, April 5, 1894.

The Free Press has repeatedly pointed out that too many children are allowed by their parents to be on the streets at night. Lately a number of boys have been misbehaving between nine and eleven o'clock and this conduct has been most annoying to citizens. The Chief of Police has been notified and unless there is a change there will be places occupied in the cells some night by unruly boys. The introduction of the "curfew" might have a salutary effect.

Messrs. Cheyne Bros. of Guelph, have arrived in town and taken possession of the flour mill of Ex-councillor Harvey and intend transforming the plant into a full roller mill. There will then be no necessity for the farmers of this section to take their wheat away from home in order to secure first-class roller flour.

On Tuesday a young man, said to live in Limehouse, came to town and filled himself so full of "forty rod" he didn't know who or where he was. He fell in the cattle guard at the C.N.R. crossing, removed most of his clothes and then fell asleep in William Brown's barn. In the morning the clothes were found and it was thought by some a murder had been committed. The young man turned up shortly, robed in his underclothes.

Mr. H. Grindell is improving his residence on Mill St.

Mr. Arch. McNabb and family have moved to Mrs. R. Little's fine residence on Church and Wilbur Sts.

Cons. Graham had five guests of the tramp species last Thursday night in the cells.

April, you mock our hopes with your careless smile.

## 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, April 3, 1919.

That the people of Esqueping are alive to the present day problems of Canada was amply proved by the attendance at the meeting of rural school trustees when an organization was formed to consider consolidated schools for Esqueping. J. M. Denyes B.A., inspector, gave a succinct outline of conditions in the county showing 11 schools with an average of less than 10 pupils, 36 schools between 10 and 14, 17 schools between 20 and 29, while the remaining had over 30. He claimed this condition was unfair to both the pupil and the teacher.

High school privileges should be available to all and not just the favored few.

## Salt and Pepper

by hartley coles



Never knew until recently that I had an articulate stomach. It can carry on a conversation at any time of the day in a language all its own.

But I was unaware of its talents until a recent Tuesday afternoon, when in the heat of the weekly grind to turn out this journal, a deskmate said she could interpret my moods more by my stomach than by my attitude.

I always tried to convey the impression that I am a pretty cold fish. But she wouldn't have any of it. No sir.

"Your stomach tells me different," she said.

"Wadda ya mean," I demanded. "Is the pot boiling over?" (I'd heard of bay windows that obstructed views but never one that carried on a monologue.)

"When you get upset," she offered, "there isn't much of a change in expression—but your stomach really waxes eloquent."

"What's it say?" I asked, astonished at this lady's temerity.

"Isn't so much what it says but the way it says it that counts," she replied. "This afternoon it rumbled and grumbled, belched and gurgled like a cement mixer. Knew you were all tight inside as soon as it started to protest."

Far from being flattered at having an articulate spokesman around the middle, I demanded to know what it did when the emotion was joyful, pleasant and the job was flowing peacefully.

"You know," she smiled. "Tell me," I pursued.

"Lets out a belly laugh," she gurgled, dodging a paper clip and a volley of loose words.

Mentally disturbed by this revelation of my inner life, I asked my wife what she thought of the whole thing: A true confessions strapped around my middle—Reserve shattered—Life an open bay window.

"What does my stomach tell you?" I asked innocently.

"That you're getting too fat!" came the answer.

She didn't bother to duck since she just came home after an extended holiday in the hospital and knew I wouldn't want to delay the recovery. And the iron was lying nearby—steaming away. Who ever dreamed up the one about striking while the iron is hot has never been faced with a situation like that.

By this time I was almost ready for the psychiatric couch, anyway. How do you throttle a tattle-tale tummy?

Then it came to me — the solution. Calm the old tub with the sedative effect of some of the new patent medicines. Curry favor with easily digested foods. Lay off the beer. Give him his regular weekly cleaning.

Treat the old guy with the respect due it. He, in turn, will co-operate and keep secrets hidden in your abdominal cavity.

It worked — for two weeks! Then I accidentally ate a dill pickle, followed by a glass of homo milk straight from the bag, and started to worry about whether the boss would give me the night off from midnight to 4 a.m.

The old boy began to grumble. He began to chatter away like a hen at a barnyard convention. He rumbled and grumbled, chattered and chirped, flipped and flopped in an incessant stream of stomach obscenity that defied description.

Gelulins, tums, seltzer tablets, milk of magnesia and baking soda all added fuel to the flames. He kept the whole house awake for almost three hours before settling down into an uneasy sleep.

An uneasy sleep produced an uneasy truce. Cavernous rumblings still occasionally break the stillness of the digestive tract.

Meanwhile, I'm billing myself as the guy with the talking tummy. All I need is an tubepeter.

## Photos from the past



JULY 1, 1908, is the date on this picture in the Acton Firefighters' collection. James Livingstone is the driver, Charlie Anderson the lad.

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