

Free Press Editorial Page

Don't need 10% more . . .

We are beginning to suspect that the Halton county Medical association is trying to pull the wool over the eyes of OHSIP subscribers. The doctors' decision to reject the 90 per cent payment plan in favor of collecting the extra 10 per cent of fees from the patient seemed reasonable. It appeared to be asking too much of the medical profession to accept a 10 per cent cut in fees which is much like asking a working stiff to take a 10 per cent cut in wages. It was our impression that the county's doctors were partly justified in calling the OHSIP rates a completely unjustified form of taxation. We have completely reversed our opinion on the matter now, however, after talking to a representative of the insurance company which formerly assumed coverage for our medical bills. We now believe the Ontario government was completely justified in assuming the province's doctors would forego the remaining 10 per cent of the fee schedule since there had been a 15 per cent hike in rates this year, at the doctors' request, to offset the 10 per cent they were expected to forego. This means, in effect, that the doctors are not collecting 10 per cent less than last year under the current OHSIP fee schedule, but 5 per cent more. Collecting the extra 10 per cent would set their fees 15 per cent higher. Cries of anguish from the medical profession over the government's decision to accept the medicare scheme hardly seem appropriate in view of these facts. The most legitimate complaints about the scheme come from those who formerly enjoyed better coverage under private insurance schemes than they do under OHSIP — at less cost. The government has even made it illegal for the private companies to pay the remaining 10 per cent of the bill which Halton doctors apparently aim to charge further complicating the picture.



Pennies for a box . . .

Why carry a UNICEF box? By their nature children are inquisitive—they constantly ask questions. From answers they get, from examples they are shown, will grow attitudes in later life. Our education programs are trying to teach our children to respect their neighbours, their friends. We profess that all within our society must be given equal opportunity and we contemplate happily the tolerant and free world we live in. Can we in all good conscience draw a geographical line and say to our children — "It's just North American children we are worried about. Let other countries look after their own?" It has become acutely uncomfortable to live in a comparatively affluent nation, next door to starvation, degradation and want. Therefore, we want to give children a sense of commitment to the world. If your child carries a UNICEF box on Hallowe'en night he will feel that he is part of a society he cannot ignore. If he understands this as a child he will reach manhood, without effort, ready to make the world a better place to live. Is not that a good reason to carry a UNICEF box on Hallowe'en night?

Tonic for all . . .

Impressed is the only word to describe the reaction at the Free Press when Robbie Bousfield came in personally and thanked the publisher for donating the baseball trophy he won as part of the Acton Minor Baseball Association championship team. Businessmen and others who donate trophies and scholarships are perennally asked to contribute towards awards but few are privileged to receive a word of thanks from those who receive them. Young Robbie Bousfield's gracious "thank you" was a tonic for all concerned and partially compensated for the ingratitude of the many who accept and forget.

Off the cuff . . .

What this country needs is someone who knows what this country needs. The old believe everything — the middle aged suspect everything — the young know everything. You don't have to stay awake nights to become a success — just stay awake days. One of the few things we can still get for a dime is the wrong number.



Sugar and Spice

by Bill Smiley

Well, Thanksgiving has come and went, and here we are heading into dismal November, and I'm farther behind with everything than I was last June. On the second day of July, I began cleaning up the basement. And I can prove it. There's still a sordid little heap of dust, detergent and other basement garbage sitting there, proof positive that I got one corner swept out. It's in a direct line with the washer, so that you have to walk around it every time. This creates some interesting comments. My major project of the summer was to have been putting a new top on a little back porch, under which we put our garbage cans. There's an ingenious lid that opens, made of two-by-fours. One hinge was going and a couple of the timbers were loose. With winter coming on, both hinges are broken right off, and when you want to put something in the garbage cans, you don't lift the lid. You lift eight two-by-fours, singly, pile them up, put the junk in, then replace them. It takes only about five minutes. And every time you go through the operation, it's raining. Another plan was to rent a chain saw and cut up all the huge oak limbs piled along the fence, for use in the fireplace. They're still there. Speaking of fences, there was to be a new one this year. But I couldn't get at the old one because of all those oak limbs piled against it. Pretty frustrating. Then there was the hedge. I was going to tear it out and plant a new one. The old one was getting rotten in spots. It's still there. I was going to play a lot of golf and get fit. I even asked my wife into playing, and paid her fees. I played about eight times, and got fit all right. I now fit size 33 pants instead of 31. But my wife had a great season. She shot her first game last week: Five holes, at \$16 a hole. And the club is closed now. With such an active, strenuous summer behind me, it was good to get back to the orderly job of teaching, where you have to do things, whether you feel like it or not. And ever since, I've been as owly as a wolf with a toothache, because we have a new system. There's nothing wrong with the new system except that, like every other new system, it's lousy, compared to the old one, which was also lousy. As I prophesied a year ago, costs have escalated in direct proportion to the increase in red tape and inefficiency. It's something like the Book of Kings. Paperwork begat more Paperwork, Rules begat Regulations at an alarming rate, and Committees begat Committees like so many rabbits. (There goes my chance of ever getting anywhere in the profession.) Don't worry. I can stand systems. I wasn't in the air force for four years without learning how to beat them. You don't defy them, you just chew away from within, like a termite, until they collapse. Thanksgiving I looked forward to a chance to get caught up on everything, get out in the open and relax, see the colors of fall, and forget about the system (after all, just a lot of honest men trying to do a good job. No women, strangely enough). So my daughter came home from first month of university: bewildered, full of hang-ups about courses, and desperately lonely. For the past two years, my most frequent comment to her was, "Now, you be in at a reasonable hour." This time, we couldn't get her out of the house. On the Saturday, I drove her downtown and said, "Get out of the car and go and see somebody." She was home in an hour. And now it's the ruddy leaves, no pun intended. I have ten maples, three elms, one butternut and two vasy oaks. The maples come down like a shower of dandruff. Elms and butternut trickle down with insidious perversity. And the blasted oaks wait until everything else is raked and the snow is falling, before they condescend to contribute their confetti. Oh well, life is the only one we have. But I can tell you one thing. There'll be no more \$54. phone bills for one month of wife-and-daughter talks about nothing.

After the snow storm

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, October 27, 1949. The greatest night in the history of Masonry in Acton marked the 75th anniversary of Walker Lodge A.F. and A.M. last Friday evening. Over 300 Masons from all over Ontario participated and enjoyed a banquet that taxed the seating capacity of both the gym and social room of the Y. The lodge was presided over by W.M. W. J. Beatty. The 50 year jewel was presented to V. Wor. Bro. Wm. Cooper by W. Bro. Chas. Darby. A sword was presented in memory of Hugh Walker, the founder of the lodge, and a set of working tools in memory of the late Bro. Daniel Taylor. The crowd was disappointingly small when the Rotary club presented a rodeo in the arena. Police duties in Acton have been taken over by the provincial police and three men were put in charge of Acton by Inspector Knight. Jack Kay of Simcoe is the senior officer on the Acton detachment and Jim Wood, also of Simcoe and Art Forester of Dundas make up the force. Headquarters have been set up with equipment in the town hall and a police telephone is being installed. A police cruiser equipped with a radio will be used and in direct communication at all times with the provincial network. Clerk McGeachie says; the cost of police work will be about the same to the taxpayer as the municipality will now qualify for a provincial grant. We have not had sufficient copies of the Free Press to meet the demand the past two weeks. Newsstand sales have reached 500. Circulation is an all-time high of 1500. (Circulation in 1969 is 2350 and newsstand sales 1810).

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, October 30, 1919. Local canvassers commenced their work in securing Victory Loan subscribers Monday morning. The allotment of \$210,000 for Acton is a very heavy one. When Edward, Prince of Wales — eager, bright-eyed, smiling and sincere — arrived in Canada he graciously consented to the use of his coat of arms on a flag for the prize of honor. The prince's motto is "I Serve." Will you also serve? Municipal Officer Reid has supplied the Free Press with a list of buildings and repairs for which permits have been issued. Nearly \$50,000 has been spent in Acton for new buildings and repairs since the new bylaw was passed five months ago. One permit was to Beardmore and Co. for six houses, value \$12,000. The annual family pig-killing time is fast approaching. Then we'll have the home-made sausage, spare ribs and buckwheat cakes. The Fancy Fair in the town hall for four days and evenings last week under the auspices of St. Joseph's Church was a great financial success. Rev. Father Goodrow and his workers spared no effort to accomplish this end. The booths, tea room, fish ponds, drawings and wheel of fortune were well patronized. Entertainment was provided each evening. Vote for the waterworks and the shoe factory tomorrow. Women may vote if they own property and are on the list. Proud voters at the polls last week were Mrs. Arch McNabb, whose first vote was four joyous Noes, and the beloved mother of the editor of this paper, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore-Gray, 81, who came from Toronto for the purpose.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, November 1, 1894. Monday there were two cases heard by Squire Strange at Rockwood. The first was over a slight difficulty between W. Bennett and John and Joseph Crewson concerning a dog that had a bad habit of barking at pass-by. For shaking one of the boys Bennett was fined \$4.25. In the other case a local spinster was fined \$1 and costs which amounted to \$3.85 for disturbing the peace by entering one of the stores and raising a row with the proprietors. Mrs. Etta Laird returned home last week after spending several enjoyable weeks with friends at Hamilton and Niagara Falls. The hamlet of Ballinfad is moving along about as usual. Everyone is trying to mind their own business. Mr. W. Judd of Eden Mills pulled a Greystone turnip that weighed 27 pounds and measured 39 inches in circumference last week. John Matthews is about to retire from his feed and flour store. Edward and Adam Kingsbury arrived home in Crewson's Corners from Southern Manitoba last week. They report times very dull in the North West. An Epworth League has been organized at Everton, through the good efforts of Rev. Henry Caldwell. Officers are Miss Amy Leslie, W. G. Gamble and John Snyder, Miss Ella Snyder, Richard Johnston. There is a fair list of members.

Salt and Pepper



by Hartley Coles

The Canada Savings Bonds you've been buying are helping to eradicate one of the country's worst scourges—birthmarks. Don't laugh. I have a friend who has a map of Ireland in port wine stain on his back. It turns green whenever he swims which is certainly the appropriate color but the darn birthmark is embarrassing for him. He hasn't even got an Irish relative. Now, thanks to research by government scientists, he can have the entire map eradicated by a newly-developed instrument and a substitute, more in keeping with his nationality, painted on. Those of you who have "Mary" tattooed on your chest and your wife's name happens to be Helen know what an embarrassment birth marks can be. Some old sailor types have solved the problem of tattoos, which invariably seem to name some girl, by adding more words. For instance, one grizzled naval veteran had a large heart with the word Josephine entwined through the spot where ordinarily there would just be valves and arteries. He broke off his love affair with Josie by adding "is a flink" right under the heart. This certainly squared things with Joyce but it is doubtful that Josephine, wherever she is, would approve. And just to prove his heart is in the right place he had "Joyce" tattooed on the other arm. This, could also cause him some difficulty if he happens to have his differences with her. But, as he says, these are problems that must be met as they crop up and his ingenuity has pulled him through so far.

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