

Let's stop bickering . . .

The national president of the Royal Canadian Legion, Robert Kohaly, of Estevan, Sask., has come out with a broad and tolerant editorial in the current issue of the Legion magazine concerning the language problem as it affects Canada. It should be read by all Canadians whether they are members of the Legion or not. We reproduce it in its entirety in the hope the message will hit home at both sides of the language issue:

"This is the time of year when we look back on our sins and omissions of the past and make resolutions to try and do better in the future.

While we all have our own ideas about what resolutions are important, I believe there is one that every member should determine to keep in 1970. It concerns the English-French language problem which has been the subject of bitter arguments in many parts of Canada.

"It is understandable that some of us, living in an area where little French is spoken, are apt to be annoyed when we receive federal documents and forms in French as well as English.

"Some raise a great hue and cry when they hear, upon occasion, a voice answer in English after French on a federal government telephone. Others see something insidious about the French inscription placed over the English inscription on a poppy wreath at our national memorial.

"Let's resolve to stop this petty bickering. It is doing great harm and, as long as it continues, it poses a serious threat to the continuation of Canada as a nation.

"As an individual and as your president I feel that we should do everything we can to conserve and protect national unity. This means putting aside personal prejudices which are adding fuel to the flames of controversy and providing ammunition for those divisive forces determined to effect the break-away of one province to form a separate state.

"The Legion includes in its membership several thousand French-speaking Canadians who fought voluntarily for Canada in two World Wars. Many died and others suffered disabilities fighting alongside their English-speaking comrades. In action they were not concerned with protocol and who went first. They worked together as a team. They respected each other for what they were, rather than for the country in which they or their ancestors happened to be born.

"The year 1970 could be a crucial one over this question of bilingualism. The future of Canada as a nation is at stake with the onus of responsibility on English-speaking Canadians to accept the fact that French-speaking Canadians are entitled to equal status.

"I feel that the Legion must provide leadership on problems which affect our national progress and unity. Therefore I hope all Legion members will make a New Year's resolution to adopt a more tolerant attitude towards the needs of French-speaking Canadians and take the broader view of a national policy upon which the unity of Canada depends."



WHO NEEDS A SNOWMOBILE, when you've got a good fast toboggan and a faithful St. Bernard to get you where you want to go. Peter Debenham and "Haidi"

have been taking good advantage of the excellent tobogganing conditions this winter. —(Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Thinking back over the year-end reports of the 1960's, I realize that all the experts painted a picture of a decade of violence and change probably unequalled in history. What is especially embarrassing is the thought that I did the same thing, though I'm no expert.

On second thought, it was all pure poppycock. It's true that The Sixties included these things, but the 1940's in retrospect, make the 1960's look like a children's birthday party: Noisy, disorganized, messy, but essentially kids' stuff in comparison.

Surely it was in The Forties that today's violence, revolt, drug addiction, sexual freedom, disgust with the Establishment, and all the other goodies of The Sixties, had their roots.

In the 1930's, those lucky enough to have a job were working for less than it costs today for a night on the town. As Toronto newspaper columnist Richard Needham pointed out, the Great Depression was not brought to an end by our economists or politicians, but by Adolph Hitler. War created jobs, wages went up, prosperity began. Sickening thought, but true.

In The Sixties, we waxed indignant over Chicago cops for beating dissidents over the head. And so we should. But in The Forties, six million non-dissidents of all ages and both sexes were beaten, gassed or starved to death. And millions of others were obliterated without even waving a placard. How's that for violence?

Revolt? It was everywhere, in partisan groups and new nationalist organizations. And the rebels were just as long-haired and bearded and dirty—and a lot hungrier than today's rebels. They, too, were of both sexes, as today. But they were fighting for something, not against everything. And they were laying on the line not just a clout on the head, a trip in the paddy-wagon, and a fine, but their lives.

The Establishment? In 1945 the British threw it out, including that heroic but

unmistakable member of it, Sir Winston Churchill. That was a far, far greater thing than rioting on a campus.

Atrocities? We had one, apparently, in Vietnam recently, with the Yanks as villains for a change. Vile? Certainly. But it was a mere trifle compared to the atrocities of The Forties. On all sides. Tell your kids about Lidice, the bombing of Hamburg and Dresden, and what the Russians did at Warsaw.

And then there was the biggest one of all, committed by the Good Guys—the atom bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Today's atrocities are peanuts, however indigestible.

Drug addiction? There wasn't any "pot" around. But I wonder how many alcoholics are wandering around today who got their start when they were 18, and in uniform? I could list you a dozen, from personal knowledge. Just multiply.

Sexual freedom? Perhaps it wasn't as blatant and self-conscious and publicity-conscious as it is today, but it was there, lady, it was there. Now, I don't for one minute mean your husband. But those other guys. Wow!

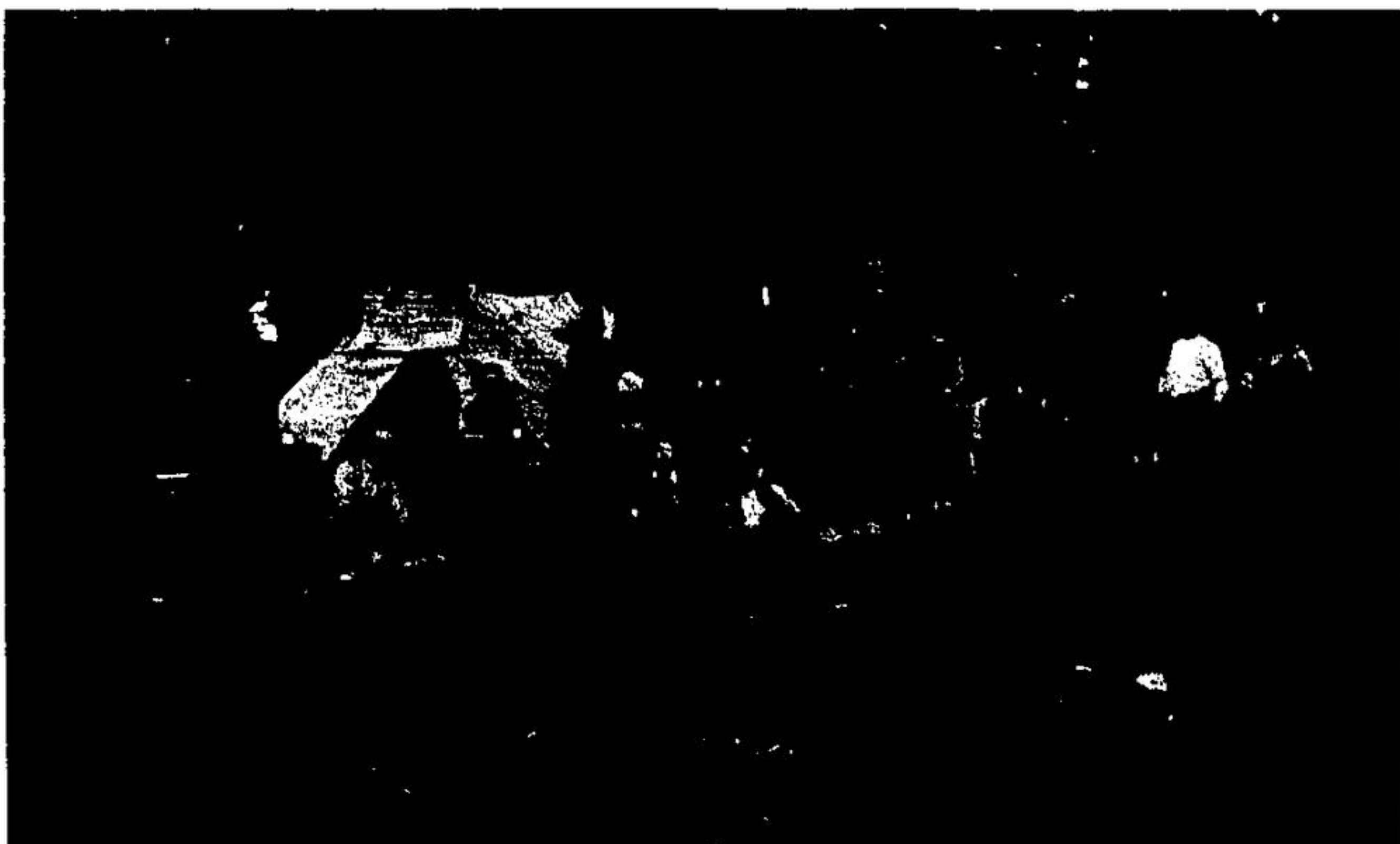
Change? Whole countries disappeared. Millions of people wandered, homeless. New countries sprang into being.

However, just as The Sixties weren't all rotten, neither were The Forties. They produced courage and sacrifice and a great sense of sharing and loving, amidst all the hatred.

They produced a generation that sincerely believed that a better world was not only needed, but could be built. They produced entire new concepts of world peace. They set the seeds for the end of the old imperialism. Never mind that these have been frustrated and warped since.

And, as a sideline, they produced the millions of kids who are now a mystery and terror and bewilderment to those relics of the frightful Forties. Nuff said?

Photos from the past



CAMP CAMERON was set up in the countryside nearby by a group of Acton men. They posed for this group shot that must have brought back many memories of lively times years later.

Salt and Pepper



Last week's column on the powers of suggestion and early morning mishaps with hair spray and deodorants drew some amusing anecdotes from others who had been involved in similar experiences.

For instance, asked one lady who prefers to remain anonymous, "Have you ever tried to brush your teeth with Brylcreem?..Ugh! It's horrible!" she recalled with distaste.

I admitted that this was one refinement of modern living I had no wish to emulate. Some brands of tooth paste are bad enough.

However, after some thought, I do recall gargling with one dull winter morning. It's no wonder its flavor does not rank as one of the leading drinks of the nation.

Cold cures by suggestion?

Another of my numerous relations recalls many years ago when her husband came down with a cold. It shook his ribs like barrel staves in a hurricane. His face was a picture of misery.

Several suggestions to cure the cough by concerned members of the family were greeted with skepticism by the victim, who moaned he had tried all the conventional remedies without success.

Have you tried some whisky and hot water, cheerfully asked another gentleman staying in the home. This concoction, accompanied by several hours of bed rest, would cure any cold, he guaranteed.

Whisky? The gentleman shuddered. A teetotaler by choice, he also had a revulsion for even a sniff of the stuff.

Nope, he replied, he would just as soon have the cold.

Wiser heads prevailed.

"Come on," they urged. "A few drops will hurt neither your principles nor your stomach and it might cure your cold."

Under this sort of pressure, the gentleman relented. The whisky was

procured. With sugar and hot water added it was set down in front of the quivering patient who could barely reach for the glass.

He managed to clasp the glass in his hand and raised it to his lips. But a stray manipulation of the quivering hand brought the aroma directly under his nose. He quivered, turned up his nose in distaste—and set the glass back down.

"I can't do it," he told the imploring audience. Try again, they urged in unison.

He gave in, reached for the glass, and almost like a plane making a pass over a short airfield, drew it up and over his mouth. But he couldn't stain his tongue with a drop.

He dropped the glass back down declaring he would just as soon keep the ailment as smell that devil's brew again. No amount of cajoling could convince him to change his mind.

Now, before the temperance forces march up and down with banners proclaiming the victory of will over still, let me point out there is another refinement to the story.

The wife, standing by in obvious sympathy, held no such stout principles about John Barleycorn, nor did she abhor the aroma which preceded a swallow. She promptly raised the glass and drained the contents, allededly smacking her lips as it burned its way down.

The patient went to bed shivering, sneezing and shuddering. Since it was late it wasn't long until the wife joined him.

Morning dawned, bright and sunny but the patient slept easily with little trace of the previous night's illness. His wife, still concerned, gently woke him and enquired about his health.

A witty fellow in spite of his ailment, he opened one eye, and said in cheerful voice, "Your breath cured me."

Would you believe the lady coughed and started to shiver.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, January 19, 1950.

William Vansickle, Campbellville, the reeve of Nassagaweya township, was unanimously chosen warden. Judge W. N. Robinson conducted the installation ceremonies. Seven new members were introduced to county council, the highest number in several years, including William McLeod of Acton.

One of the most disastrous fires in many years was the blaze which destroyed the fine barn on the farm of Mayor Harold Cleave of Georgetown.

The new board of 11 members for the North Halton high school district met in the inaugural meeting in Milton. G. A. Dills was chosen chairman and R. Carbert vice-chairman. Col. G. O. Brown submitted that the costs of education on the taxpayer in Esqueving was 53 or 54 per cent. It cost Esqueving 12 mills on the tax rate for education purposes; it might be necessary for the township to withdraw from the district. Mr. Carbert said Nassagaweya was in the same position but council had received no encouragement in inquiries that had been made.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Watson a son David, a playmate for Bobby; to Mr. and Mrs. Jack McGeachie, a daughter.

Resident of Acton for over 40 years, Sarah Jane Bell Ramshaw passed away in her 83rd year.

The Rotary club will hereafter meet at 6 o'clock rather than at noon.

In spite of tricky weather Harry Oakley has good ice at the arena. The curling ice surface at the arena is being used by children learning to skate.

Acton council met till 1.50 a.m. Monday. Mr. Middleton presented the requisition of the public school board for \$17,971, increased this year due to a new boiler. It was ruled members of council be paid 5 cents a mile for trips out of town and \$1 for meals.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, January 22, 1920.

The need of the oppressed people of Armenia is beyond description. Contributions are being received at the Free Press for the starving Armenians who have suffered terrible deprivation under the Turk.

Free Press Editorial Page

Everybody's out of step but...

For the last half decade we've heard various proposals for a form of regional government for Acton. The subject has been studied exhaustively by local municipal administrations, the provincial government and innumerable committees and study groups running the government from Mr. Plunkett to grade 4 students.

When appearances indicated the people were prepared for some changes, D'arcy McKeough stepped into the limelight with his own set of suggestions, subject to the desires of the citizens involved and of course without any suggestion of infringing on 'local autonomy.'

Since D'arcy's tablets came down from the mount recommending the wedding of Peel and Halton, the thunder has been reverberating through the forest. Burlington would like to stay in Halton, Hamilton would like Burlington - Orangeville and part of Dufferin may come in or may not, Halton would like to remain as a unit, Halton would agree to absorption by Peel - Milton doesn't like its boundaries - Nassagaweya doesn't want to be divided into Milton-Nassagaweya, Acton-Nassagaweya.

Now Nassagaweya emphasizes it would like to remain as a unit but transfer its allegiance to Wellington County.

The answer for Acton is obvious - we should have thought of it before. Acton had better secede from Halton - it had better secede from Ontario - it should join Quebec.

Now a lot of people will think

Hope for return

It will take 7.3 billion dollars and nearly 300,000 teachers of every kind this year to educate some 6 1/2 million young Canadians—close to one-third of the total population.

A detailed breakdown shows four million elementary students, 1 1/2 million secondary, 300,000 in university and another 200,000 attending technical institutions, community colleges and private trade schools and colleges.

Homeowners—who bear the brunt of educational taxes—can look for little immediate relief. As a nation, we spent \$992 per student in 1968, a sum which is expected to climb by 18 per cent this year to \$1,167. The experts predict more such comparable rises in the years ahead.

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PHONE 853-2010

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