

Free Press Editorial Page

Family is important . . .

The role of the family has never been more important than it is today when much of society is sloshing around in moral decay, said Toronto Judge Charles O. Bick in an address to the Big Brothers of Toronto.

It is an age when many homes are run like service stations, a place to stop at between school, the neighborhood party, shopping sprees, beer parlor and art exhibition. Parents who run such homes should realize they are cheating their children, the judge declared.

These are strong statements which have a ring of truth in them for most of us who are caught up in the momentum of trying to exist in the 20th century rat-race.

The judge, who is chairman of the Metro Toronto Police Commission, emphasized that good homes or bad homes are not determined by the degree of affluence. The smallness of the

humbleness of a family dwelling is not related to the degree of anti-social or deviant behavior among youth, studies show.

In fact, and this is perhaps a revelation for some, studies show that alienation and deviant behavior multiplies as social class increases but in the higher social classes some of it is hidden.

Family cohesion is the key that determines the child's ability to move out and cope with the conflicting demands of other groups. Cohesion, the judge described as a family simply enjoying each other's company. It cannot be bought by money or destroyed by lack of it.

There's a familiar ring to these words because they have been said many times and in many ways and yet they still sound out with clarity.

If society is going to weather the present storm the forces of good are going to come from the home.

Wait impatiently . . .

Following up on comment above, if seems society is doing its utmost to impede families from owning or renting homes of their own.

Some sociologists predict with intangible authority that families of the future will reside in high rise apartments similar to the cliffside caves our ancestors lived in.

If conditions remain as they are, families of the future will not live in apartments but in caves where they can really experience the good old, old days.

Families with moderate incomes in Acton, for instance, have no hope of owning their own home under today's circumstances.

What the country needs is a policy similar to the one that produced the so-called Wartime Housing. There's an emergency today just as acute as there was when the wartime houses were built.

There was nothing fancy about the wartime house. It was built on a large lot and when families had the opportunity to buy they soon turned the units into comfortable dwellings. When financial circumstances dictated, owners sold out and moved with a good start to more expensive homes.

Although living conditions are supposed to be much better today, housing takes from one quarter to one half of the family income for rent or payments, using money which should be going elsewhere.

Families who have moved out of

wartime houses remember with nostalgia the moderate payment they experienced then and the boost it gave them when they were struggling to raise a family.

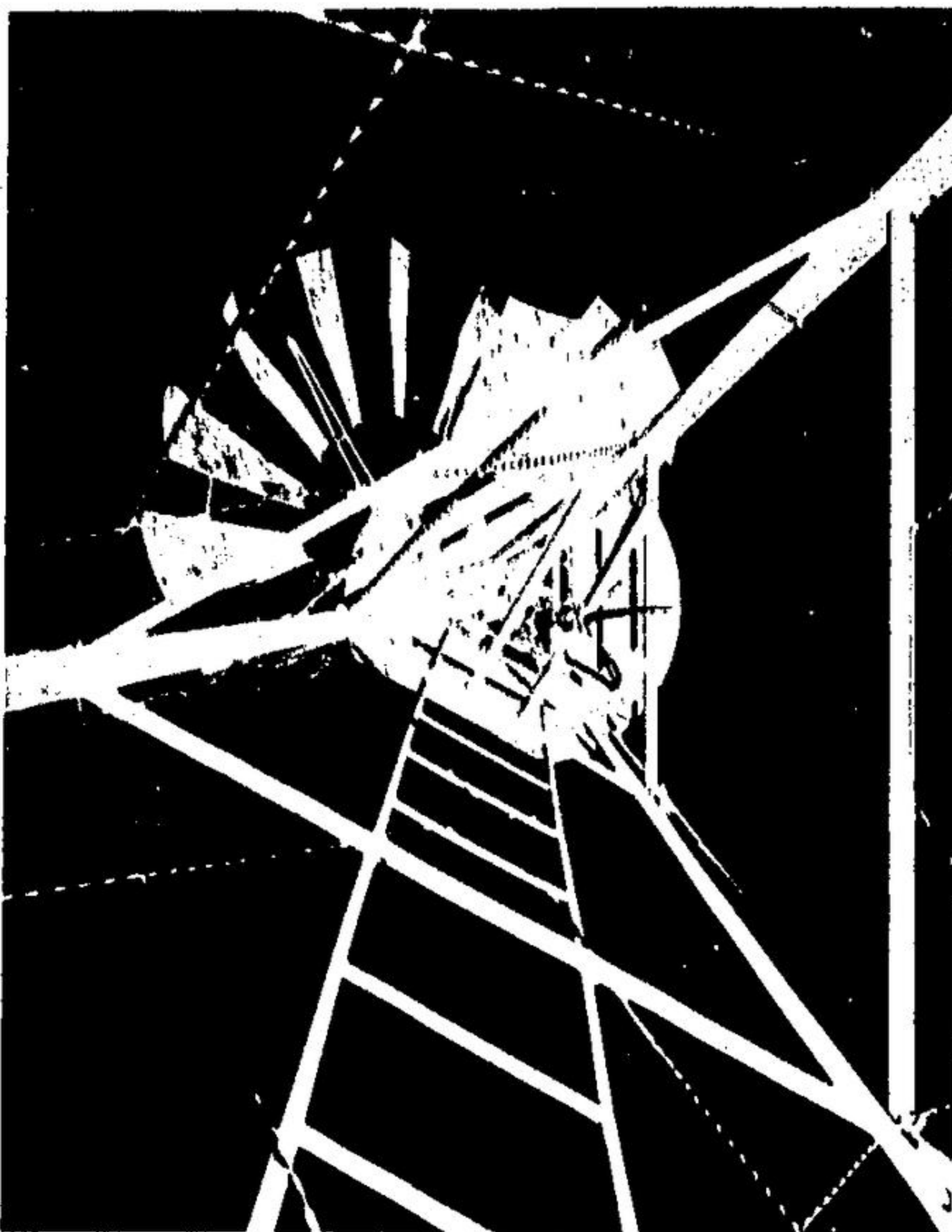
Old fashioned ideas? Perhaps, but maybe an answer to the scramble for shelter today.

The federal government's newest efforts to reduce rents on public housing will supply part of the answer for debt ridden families. But there is no public housing here and the outlook for the near future is not very bright.

It has been years now since Acton council attempted to get geared-to-income and senior citizens' accommodation for residents—and still without success. Stalls at Queen's Park have been exasperating for council. They must sit and wait while papers are processed that will enable them to make the next move in the game of checkers.

Last week while he attended the provincial-municipal conference, the mayor did his best to prod Ontario Housing Corporation into some action. Let's hope a start can be made on the project this year. Approvals for financing have been received. All that's needed is rezoning. This will require a hearing which quite likely will have to field objections.

Meanwhile, senior citizens and families wait impatiently.



THIS UNUSUAL VIEW of a farm windmill would look like a skeleton against the clear blue sky.



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

No major, or even minor theme this week. Just a few observations. Perhaps the most important to me is that my daughter has turned over a new leaf. Or perhaps it's just an old stone. She is studying hard for two music exams, and actually has a job, part-time.

She has learned, in a remarkably brief period, that "bread", as the kids call it, is fairly important when it comes to eating and keeping a roof over one's head. She has learned that jobs are mighty scarce when your only experience is playing the organ in a church one summer. She has learned that a Grade 13 certificate and one term at college has as much use as a third leg.

She came home on the weekend, with her danged cat and kitten, and clamored for meat. Real meat. She's sick to death of hamburger and bologna, and drooled over a steak in her honor.

But she's a criminal. She went back to the city with her kitten stuffed under her jacket. I believe it's against the law to transport animals on buses. However, she's a clever criminal, and may go a long way. She gave the kid a quarter of a sleeping tablet in milk so he wouldn't yowl for his mama and alert the bus driver. We've been left with the mother cat, an unexpected treat, like a hair in your meat pie.

We agree that Kim will be fired on the first day of her new job. Her function is to stock shelves in one of those cut-rate stores. And since she was three, her greatest attribute has been knocking over her milk, dropping full bottles of any liquid, and smashing cups and saucers while doing the dishes. It's not lack of co-ordination. She can play a Beethoven sonata. Oh, well. We'll see.

That's one thing off my chest. The next one is not so pleasant. I share with most Canadian citizens a sickening disgust at the attitude of most Members of Parliament toward their own financial security. At present, with their \$18,000 a year, six of it tax-free, and various other "perks": postage, travel, secretarial help, etc., they're grossing about \$20,000, as MP Barry Mather recently pointed out. This is not wealth. Far from it, these days. And I think they should give themselves a reasonable increase, consistent with the cost of living and tax increases. But the proposed pension plan stinks to high heaven. Oppose it, with every means within your power.

The old pension scheme was rotten, and many men who have given most of their

Off the cuff . . .

We are not descended from the monkey, but we are returning to him in great haste! (Goubineau)

We like the brand new word out of Ottawa replacing "gobblegook" language of the Bureaucrats: "Bafflegab".

We help a person more by giving him a favorable image of himself than by constantly reminding him of his shortcomings. Camus

Salt and Pepper by hartley coles

Since this column is written under the highly unusual title of Salt and Pepper, it is only reasonable there should be more salt in it some weeks than pepper and vice versa.

No taking my own advice to heart and with the help of the Hito Bally News we've assembled quite a bit of information about salt, which I feel should be invaluable when you are sprinkling your spuds or your fishy nibbles.

It is true, we take salt for granted but at one stage in the history of human development the little white grains were used as money.

Probably the gentleman of the time strode to the local store, no doubt at the ground level in the cave apartment, and brought home his orders of dinosaur haunches after paying for it by the grain. We hope it didn't go against his grain, if you know what we mean, but skeletons dug up from the historic past, often showed salt deficiency.

Perhaps prices were high then, too, and there wasn't enough salt left over for a cave-full of kids.

So here's a few facts about salt you can savor while you chew on food already salted.

The superstition that it's unlucky to spill salt is believed to come from the fact that Leonardo da Vinci in his painting "The Last Supper" placed an overturned salt shaker in front of Judas Iscariot.

The Chinese used salt to tell the future. I spread it on ice.

Salt to the Russians was a symbol of incorruption (because of its preservation qualities) and also a symbol of immortality thus they placed it in the coffins of their dead.

Natives of Africa's Sierra Leone were willing to sell their wives and children for salt. Sometimes I'll sell them for nothing.

Salt spilled on a parchment was a guarantee of good faith when signing a

contract or making an agreement, because of its acknowledged power to purify and preserve. Now we throw it over our left shoulder.

Among the Greeks and Turks to eat salt with a stranger was a token of friendship. Now we put it on hamburgers and in our doughnut beer.

In 16th century Venice, visitors to the great trading city could spend as much as they liked, but anyone caught smuggling out so much as an ounce of salt paid for his crime with an ear. Now they do it in the ball ring.

In some areas of the far east, people used to give their children little bags of salt to hang around their necks as protection from the "evil eye". Now they call them love beads.

In parts of Russia no bride and groom would enter a new home without first throwing salt in every corner to protect them from harm and to encourage health and happiness. How I know what's wrong with my marriage.

Part of the quarrel in which Mary Queen of Scots lost her head can be traced to her rivalry with Elizabeth, over salt and salt taxes. Dry those salt tears.

Salt was considered so necessary to the Romans that part of a centurion's wage was paid in salt. The salarium argentum. Hence the word "salary" and the expression "not worth his salt". *Here now boss . . . not me.*

Napoleon's soldiers retreating from Russia were said to be suffering from salt deficiency as they died by the thousands from slight wounds that failed to heal.

In some parts of Africa, 50 pounds of salt may still get you a wife. The bachelors buy 100 pound bags.

Primitive tribes favored salt so highly that coins were made from it. But they didn't sprinkle those on their spuds.

That's enough for you old salts this week.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, April 27, 1950.

A salary schedule for members of the teaching staff of North Halton High School District was adopted and the salary of principal Robbins was set at \$3800 per year. Milton members informed the board that Milton would not participate in a central school.

Four wolf cubs were taken from a den on the farm of John McEachern.

St. Joseph's Church was the scene of a wedding on Saturday morning when Joan Edith White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arlie White, and John Joseph Tyers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Tyers of Georgetown were married. Her only attendant was her cousin Fay Clark of Hamilton. Mr. Kenneth Hulme of Georgetown was best man. Ushers were two cousins of the bride Wilfred Duval and Kenneth Papillon. After a wedding trip to Niagara Falls they will reside in Acton.

The G. A. of St. John's Church, Rockwood, held a concert on behalf of the forthcoming Parish Hall. Dr. K. B. Waller was chairman for the program. The Rockwood Glee Club sang with Mrs. Dave Armstrong in charge. Examinations have been completed and students are home anxiously awaiting results. Among the students home we note Jack Mainprize, fourth year mechanical engineering; Gordon Beatty fourth year Chemical Engineering; Ron Hemsley first year O.V.C.; Armand Braida third year O.A.C.; Ray Arbie third year at O.A.C.; John Agar first year O.V.C.; Douglas Maplesden fourth year at O.V.C.; John Barr first year in civil engineering.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hinton moved to their new home on Lake Ave., they purchased from Mr. H. Roy Wansbrough, Toronto.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, April 29, 1920.

Last week the committee of five on the memorial to Acton's Soldier Heroes met and discussed the situation thoroughly. The public meeting the previous week had given them carte blanche in the matter of securing funds, selecting the type of memorial and its location. After careful consideration of all phases it was decided the Memorial take the form of a monument to be in a public park in the central part of town and that the financial objective be \$2,500. The following citizens

are appointed as a canvassing committee Mrs. George Havill, Mrs. W. J. Gould, Mrs. Dr. Bell, Mrs. R. M. McDonald, Miss Minnie Z. Bennett, Messrs. A. T. Brown, J. C. Matthews, W. M. Cooper, H. P. Moore, Nelson Garden and John Wood. Monday, May 3 has been fixed as Soldiers' Memorial Day with the request that all citizens be prepared to receive the canvassers.

Acton people would like to know what the board has done in the matter of increases in teachers' salaries.

Mrs. Jennie McDougall has disposed of her grocery and provision business to Mr. J. Gibbons of Georgetown.

Mrs. Rev. Moyer entertained her Sunday School class at the parsonage in honor of Miss Elsie Stewart, one of the members about to remove from Acton. The unexpected event of the proceedings was the presentation to Miss Elsie of a beautiful fountain pen.

Mr. T. H. Moorehead, the Brampton confectioner, has purchased from Mrs. Ruth Gillman the store and dwelling next to Brown's drug store. Mr. R. J. Ramshaw has sold his blacksmithing business to Mr. Rumley of Everett and Mr. Rumley has purchased the fire brick residence of Mr. George Dills on Park Ave.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, April 25, 1895.

Mr. J. H. Hacking, the founder of the Free Press, died at the home of his son-in-law Mr. Henry Hill in Buffalo last Thursday after a lengthy and painful illness. Mr. Hacking was for many years the publisher of the Listowel Banner which was perhaps his most successful enterprise. He sold the Banner about 22 years ago, removed to Guelph and engaged in the publication of the Daily Advertiser. The competition in Guelph was very keen and events proved the town could not successfully maintain three dailies. Mr. Hacking then turned his attention to Acton and after consultation with the businessmen of the town found that a local newspaper would be welcomed and was promised encouraging support. On July 1, 1875, he issued the first number of the Free Press which has appeared regularly every year since without interruption. In 1877 Mr. Hacking disposed of his youthful journalistic child to Messrs. Moore and Galbraith and returned to Guelph engaging in the job printing business. Subsequently he went to Clifford and established the Arrow, then to Winnipeg and then to Buffalo.

Cycling is likely to be popular with ladies this season. One or two ladies have purchased wheels and several others have given orders.

It is a favorite pastime for Acton and Rockwood high school students to walk to Limehouse and then take the train home.

Photos from the past



DRESSED IN latest style, two dapper young Acton gentlemen posed for a joint portrait about 1912. On the left is the late Ray Watson, then a druggist in A. T. Brown's drug store on Mill St. On the right is Charles Matthews, who learned the printing trade at the Free Press and went on to become a founder of Samson-Matthews printing company in Toronto. Mr. Matthews celebrated his 80th birthday last month. The picture was lent by Mrs. J. R. Brown, Calgary, whose father John Coleman and brother Victor Coleman both were Free Press employees years ago.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

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Business and Editorial Office

Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 58 Willow St. Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the C.W.N.A. and O.W.N.A. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance. \$6.00 in Canada. \$9.00 in all countries other than Canada. Single copies 15 cents. Second class mail registration number 0515. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate in the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a selling price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

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