

Need human values, too . . .

There is much talk about the population explosion in the age of Aquarius but few thoughts are given to the knowledge explosion which is probably having more effect on we mere mortals.

Children know so much these days, parents feel inadequate when they are called on to handle youth problems. They hesitate to deal with their own children because "the kids seem to know so much more than we did at their age."

Surely the drug scene should convince parents knowledge and wisdom are two different things and that young people generally show a lack of wisdom in handling their own physical, mental and moral welfare. (Think back to your own youth when you were convinced of your own infallibility).

Despite their technical knowledge of the world, young

people are still looking for the fundamental human values from their home environment.

Children don't like to be ciphers in a giant school system. They need to feel part of their families, to help with family chores, to run errands and to take responsibility in the family.

One education minister speaking of the knowledge explosion, recently said, "Knowledge for its own sake is ultimately barren, and probably very dangerous. Men with great knowledge of chemistry but little knowledge of biology have created the pollution problems that threaten the continuance of life on earth. Knowledge must be accompanied in some way by responsibility."

A parent does not have to be a great brain to teach simple decency, human warmth and a sense of responsibility.

Chickens laying down on job? . . .

Canadian cows and chickens are laying down on the job?

Anything the cows and chickens from Canada can do, U.S. chickens and cows can do better, says The Financial Post.

For instance, U.S. chickens produce 10 per cent more eggs than their Canadian counterparts. Milk production per cow in Canada was 15 per cent below the U.S. level during early postwar years and now it is closer to 25 per cent.

The record in grain yields is even worse.

After World War II, Canada ranked about 20th in wheat yields per acre. Today the figure is closer to 28th. In fact, the postwar increase in wheat yields in Western Europe exceeds the total average yield in Canada during recent years.

Apparently there's a good reason for the growing gap. Chickens, cows and farmers are not necessarily dumber or lazier than elsewhere.

Canada has achieved a rate of growth in labor productivity in agriculture well above that of other segments of the economy and roughly as large as that in U.S. agriculture.

However, while Canada has advanced in the area of mechanization, it has not kept pace in yield technology—development and use of fertilizers, seeds, feeding methods, breeding, etc.

There are probably other reasons as well, but the overabundance of grain and most foods in this country has never really prodded Canadian farmers and growers. Why produce more when there is such a difficult time getting rid of the yield now? Wheat, for example, Canadian farmers haven't got the huge markets of the U.S. so readily accessible.

Canada has a huge land mass very scantily populated while some other countries are the opposite—many people and fewer arable acres on which to produce food.

Swingers take over . . .

One of the province's ultra-conservative old-school type of men's wear shops admits their customers are beginning to get "with it" and are demanding more stylish merchandise.

Major influence?—the little women, his wife. She doesn't want her husband to look his age.

At least that's the opinion of the owner of the Cameron-Jeffries store in Toronto, a men's wear business that has catered to the well-heeled Toronto establishment types for over 40 years.

The business still stocks navy blazers and grey flannels, stock

uniform for social events that attract the well-to-do, but also on the shelves are bright list shirts in fuchsia and mauve, fiery Madras plaid jackets and bold striped slacks for Caribbean cruises.

Even the white shirt, once the prime requisite for establishment types, has fallen away off.

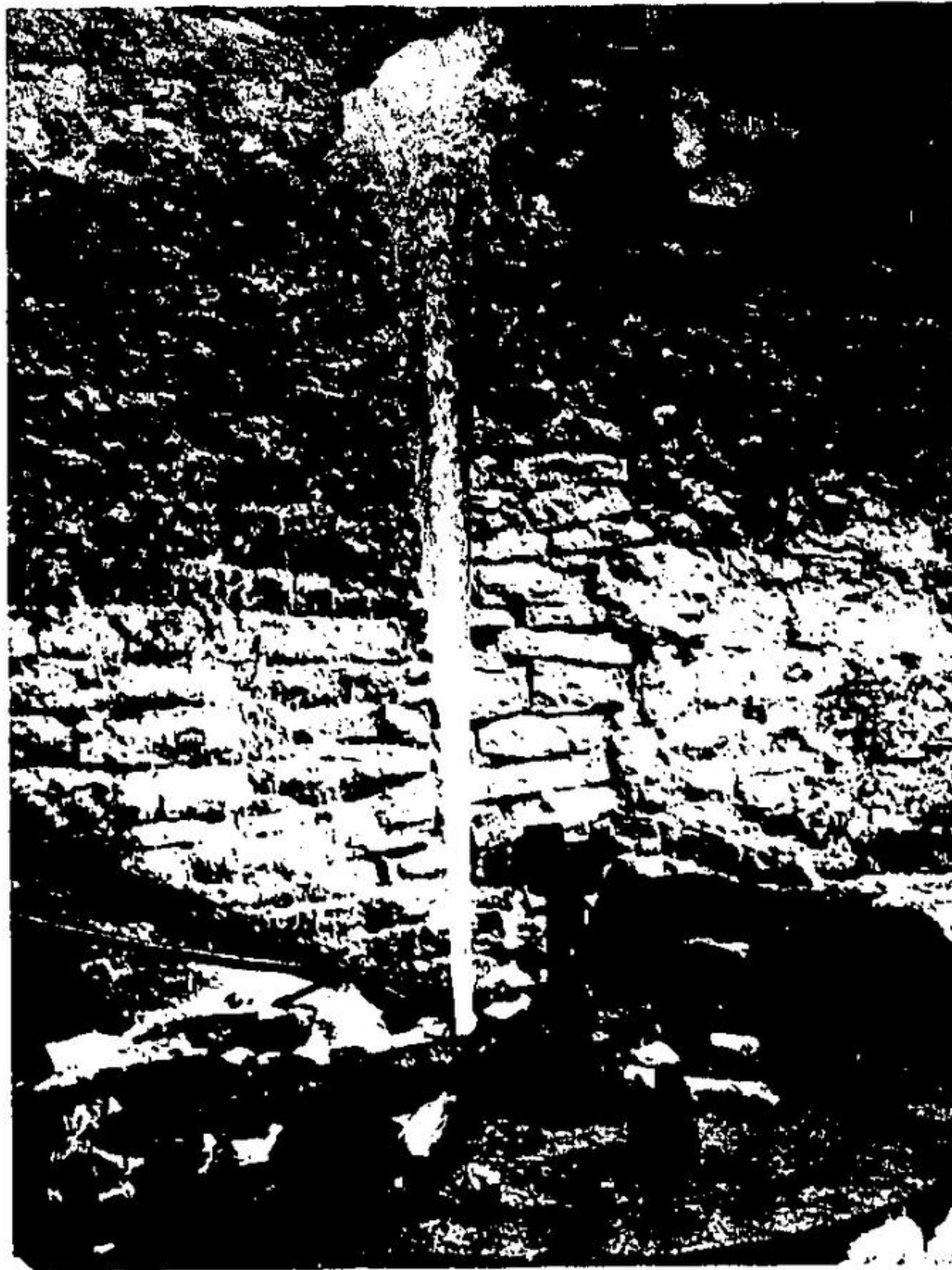
Strollers on city streets will now have a hard time to distinguish establishment people from fashion plates and dandies. It makes it even more difficult to distinguish moneyed types from those who live on credit cards.

Separatists . . .

Ontario's recent budget points out that the federal government spent \$1,400 million less in Ontario than it took out in taxes.

Where did the money go? To the other provinces.

This and other matters, says William McDonald in The Financial Post, could push politically sleepy Ontario into joining the ranks of Quebec and the West in alienation from federal politics.



SURPRISE SHOWER? Old, abandoned mill at Rockwood suddenly sprung a fountain a few weeks ago. The water jets up through a piece of disused equipment.—(Photo by Don Hilts)



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Went for a chest X-ray today and had quite a reminiscence with the doctor who examined me. It turned out that he was the second-in-command at a sanatorium where I spent one of the most dreary years of my life.

He's retired now and does this work as a part-time thing. He told me I wouldn't believe what has happened to the San. When I was there, it held about 1,500 patients. It now has 300. Average length of stay then was 18 months. Today it is three months.

T.B. wasn't a comparatively simple thing when I was there. Three people died in three months in one ward I was in, because their lungs were so rotten they couldn't breathe. Two of them were in their 20s.

The tensions, frustrations and monotony of life in a sanatorium have been described often enough. It was like being in jail, except you couldn't walk around. And always, hovering in the air, like a couple of vultures, were two things: Surgery and your "culture".

Surgery meant hacking out most of your ribs on one side, to collapse a lung that was too far gone, or removal of the lung.

If your "culture", a sputum test, broke down within 12 weeks, you had another three or six months added to your sentence.

I was lucky. All I had was a shadow on my lung. I felt fine. I never had a "positive" result from tests, and I couldn't even muster enough sputum for a culture. But it still wasn't much fun.

Perhaps I acclimated better than most. I'd had a year in prison camp, not too long before—good training for life in the San. I had learned that time does pass, however snail-like, in such circumstances.

But I was dreadfully lonely at first, and pretty resentful toward the gods. I had been married six weeks when the shadow on the lung was discovered. About a week later, something else was discovered. My wife was pregnant. We were about 200 miles apart, with no money for train trips to visit. This was the worst period.

How times change. Nowadays my wife thinks nothing of spending \$10 on a long-distance call to one of the kids, for no particular reason. In those days, I was on full pension. I think it was \$55 a month, and the government kept back \$15 of it to help pay for my keep.

Notes . . .

One miniskirted secretary to another: "You take the elevator if you want. I'm going to take the stairs".

Every man has two ambitions. First to own his own home—second to own a car to get away from home.



Salt and Pepper by hartley coles

Unless St. Louis comes through with a win or two in the current Stanley Cup finale they aren't going to be the only ones with the Blues.

The Boston Bruins, as cranky and nasty as if they had just come out of hibernation, have made me the butt of wisecracks around our house ever since the skinny players started playing for the marbles.

When the Boston crowd took on the fancy Dan New York Rangers in the quarter finals for Lord Stanley's basin, I plunked my money on the blueshirts from Broadway, reasoning the Gotham gang were on the way up after a shaky league finish and a startling recovery.

The Bruins, who had just absorbed a shellacking from the Habs, I thought, were going to have their hands full with the bustling Rangers who were No. 1 in the eastern half of the N.H.L. for most of the season.

My wife, who's been a Boston fan since the time they dumped tea into the harbor over there dressed as cigar store Indians, pool-pooched my prediction with uncanny logic. New York, she said, might win a couple of games when Derek Sanderson wasn't feeling well, but the playoff would be a Bruin show most of the way.

Kind of makes a fellow who has predicted the Stanley Cup winners with pinpoint accuracy for the last three seasons, feel he's lost his touch when the bears put the blueshirts into the ashean.

Ah, but I said, wait till those Chicago Black Hawks get a hold of the beauntowners! They'll be loaded for bear. The Bruins'll be hightailing for the safety of the sidelines before you can say Bobby Orr.

In the meantime, my advisers forgot to tell me someone had snuck up on the Hawks while they were taking a week off, siphoned off their vim and vigor and replaced it with lead.

The brash Bruins made out the Hawks weren't even on the ice at times, turned the great Bobby Hull and Stan "the man" Orr.

Mikita into midgets right on the windy city mill pond. It was a rout.

Again I was the target for snide observations. This time the wife was joined by the mother-in-law and daughter, who looks at televised hockey on the way in and out of the living room and can still come up with opinions.

Nevertheless, I declared, the St. Louis Blues will give those nasty Bruins a run for the basin with Jacques Plante, the crafty knitting netminder, and Glen Hall, between those pipes. You wait and see!

Well, they waited—and seed! Plante, the enigmatic knitter, was doing pretty well, too, in the first clash until he caught a Bruin drive on the forehead and was carted off to hospital lucky to be alive.

Working on the theory that if Bobby Orr had a shadow he might slow down, the Blues kept the N.H.L. whiz kid off the score sheet but forgot about arthritic old Johnny Bucyk who drilled three goals as the Bruins romped to another win in spite of the organist at St. Louis.

The second game of the final series was played last night (Tuesday) and if the Blues didn't come up with a victory I might as well pack up my bags and look for new digs. The female half of the household will really rub it in.

That maybe wouldn't be so bad if I hadn't called Holy Land to win the Kentucky Derby Saturday afternoon. I figured there's always lots of trouble in the holy land so this horse could probably cause lots for the other nags in the race.

Well, I had it turned around a bit. Holy Land caused all the trouble for his rider, throwing him and landing him in the hospital for three or four weeks.

So, as I say, unless the Blues can make it in the Stanley Cup finals no one at my hacienda is going to pay any attention when I infallibly predict the outcome of a sporting event.

By the way how about the Montreal Expos?

Free Press

back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 4, 1950.

Carpenters have been busy the past two weeks enlarging the gallery in St. Joseph's church to accommodate the increasing number of parishioners. Additional pews will also be installed downstairs and when completed it is expected that accommodation for 75 to 100 more persons will be available.

Fire of unknown origin completely destroyed the farm barn and all the contents on the farm of Norman Douglas three miles from Speyside. The barn was one of the finest in the district.

About 50 young people of the various denominations of Acton and district attended an inter-church social held in Acton United church Wednesday evening. Ken Allen, president of the Y.P., was chairman and Shirley Rolston conducted a sing song with E. Franklin at the piano. The worship period was conducted by the Baptist group under Ron Cripps. Games and contests were arranged by the Presbyterians and conducted by Doug Davidson.

The Y.M.C.A. card club marked the close of the indoor season in a pleasant manner with a social evening of bridge attended by 36 members and friends. Highest honors for the evening's play went to Wes Beatty, Sam Judge, Bill Talbot and Gord Beatty. Members of teams in winning tournaments were Ivan Harris, Gordon Beatty, Bill Talbot and Sam Judge; Harry Arbic and Jack Greer.

A new C.N.R. train service for westbound passengers has been added this week.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 6, 1920.

The Citizens Memorial monument will now have a fine central site. The Methodist church property on Mill St. includes a vacant lot which has been utilized as a church lawn and tennis court. The lot was purchased 45 years ago, with a view to erecting the parsonage there. The Trustee Board met on Saturday evening and by a unanimous vote decided to donate the plot, with a frontage of 36 feet, to be held perpetually for this specific purpose. The Committee of Five accepted the offer with hearty appreciation.

Dr. Gray, chairman of the Committee of Five, remarked when accepting the position three weeks ago, "Now we set the heather on fire." The committee promptly planned their campaign and Monday last was fixed as a date for a general campaign. \$2,117.77 was collected so the objective of \$2,500. is easily within view. The canvassers were Mrs. R. M. MacDonald, William Cooper, Mrs. Dr. Bell, J. C. Matthews, Mrs. George Havill, H. P. Moore, Mrs. W. J. Gould, A. T. Brown, Miss Minnie Z. Bennett, John Wood. The Duke of

Devonshire chapter of the I.O.O.F. donated \$700, Beardmore and Co. \$300, Red Cross Aid Society \$75, Intermediate Red Cross \$107. (All contributors and amounts were listed.)

Mrs. Orr has purchased from James McIntosh the plastered house on Bower Ave. in which she has resided for some years.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 2, 1895.

A man and his wife named Rupert came to Canada recently from Gloversville, N.Y., and the husband has been working in glove leather industries here. They made an effort last week to systematically swindle a number of our business firms here. They purchased gold watches, a carriage, dry goods, boots and shoes in various quantities on weekly payment agreements, making in most cases a small advance payment to avert suspicion. On Friday they went to Milton and disposed of the buggy, and to Georgetown and traded one of the watches for furniture. On Saturday unfortunately for themselves, they returned to Acton. Evidence of crookedness had become manifest and several of the victimized ones called upon the pair and forced them to disgorge to a considerable extent. One of the watches was disgorge and money and other goods were recovered. The pair profited very little ultimately from their deep laid schemes.

Provincial Public School arbor day tomorrow.

"Conquered your bicycle yet?" "Not yet. I've got so the blamed machine doesn't win more than two falls out of three, though".

The boys will do well to supply themselves with bathing suits. Otherwise they are liable to get into trouble for violating by-law No. 17.

The entrance class at the Public School is making good progress. Principal Moore is giving an extra hour's tuition each morning.

Rockwood Mechanics' Institute is in flourishing condition.

Advertisements—Owing to the hard times we are cutting the prices on all lines of coffins, caskets, and furnishings and will supply the whole outfit at any reasonable offer you may make. Embalming done, when required, at slightly over cost and if not satisfactory no charge will be made. — J. A. Speight and Co.

The weak link in a Life is often a neglected cold that develops into consumption. The quick Cure—Pyny Pectoral, 25 cents large bottle.

Kennawin drug store—wallpapers in the newest designs, from 4 cents a roll up. Borders to match given free with every paper.

Stark's K's powders cure sick headache and neuralgia in 20 minutes, also coated tongue, dizziness, biliousness, pain in the side, constipation, torpid liver, bad breath. Very Nice to Take, 25 cents.



Photos from the past



OLD SHARP homestead stands at the corner of the fourth line of Esqueness and the CNR tracks. The scroll work was cut

by Mr. Sharp with a keyhole saw. The photograph was sent to the Free Press by his son, Duncan Sharp of Toronto.