

Free Press Editorial Page

Monkey see — monkey do . . .

There is no doubt that the majority of Canadians deplore the type of violent demonstration that happened on the streets of Toronto recently when a mob rampaged through the downtown section smashing property and throwing rocks through a department store's windows.

Aping their American brethren, the demonstrators protested their opposition to a war being conducted by another country in an area of the world where most of them know nothing about conditions and less about the causes.

Proof that it was another manifestation of the adolescent "monkey-see-monkey-do" psychology was provided when demonstrators called the police "pigs" and objected when officers of the law made it clear they were not going to stand for any nonsense. The

police kept their heads in spite of the insults and epithets and moved among them, arresting those who were most violent in their objections.

The irritating point of the whole schemozzle, as many commentators have pointed out, is that the people involved are the very ones who crusade to escape things American. Then in complete reversal they imitate tactics imported from across the border.

In complete and utter disregard for all their talk about violence in another part of the world, they don't hesitate to use force to get their own ends. The tactics they use could have come straight from the teachings of the Communist revolutionaries and anarchists rather than from real promoters of peace.

Peace is a word that in the wrong hands can suffer a lot of abuse.

A gold mine . . .

Much of the current unrest between organized labor and employers, whether it be in the private sector or public, is marked by extreme dialogue.

You can run from the threatened postal strike to divisions between the county boards of education with the Ontario Secondary School Teachers' Federation and there's an amazing parallel between the stance taken by the union and/or the employer.

It seems to be all part of negotiations. The union says we will ask for this and hope to get that. Employers grit their teeth and issue statements that they will only give this and set their sights on relinquishing that much—if the union shows strong determination.

The courtship is also marked by frequent allusions to the rightness of the respective positions, whether it be from management or union.

For instance, in the current dispute between the teachers and the Halton Board of Education, the Board issued a statement in an advertisement that it must retain the right to manage its schools and advising the people of the county there is a body of secondary school opinion that thinks otherwise. The

Board estimated that without salary increases to teachers the cost to the taxpayers from certain items in the O.S.S.T.F. salary brief could amount to \$1,241,000.

Personally we thought some of the things the teachers were asking for were ridiculous and don't doubt a strong body of opinion among the teachers thinks so too. We would presume all the items are negotiable.

The Board is right when it states that it has been elected to manage the educational enterprise in the interests of the people, both educationally and financially, and they are probably right again in opining that the increased costs are not what the people want.

But to be fair in this dispute one has to go back to the Board's beginnings when the trustees immediately voted themselves the maximum wages—pardon me, remuneration—and the director and the descending order of hierarchy of the professional educators received salaries that astonished people in this end of the county.

Perhaps the tone was set then that the county was a gold mine waiting to be worked at both ends of the shaft and at the various levels.

Figures interesting . . .

Comparing population figures in Halton County is hardly a true indication of population shift since the townships of Nelson and Trafalgar were swelled by Burlington and Oakville, respectively. However, it is interesting to note from this year's figures that percentage increases across the county were almost the same with the exception of Milton which rose 12.2 per cent due to annexation of 1,650 acres of land from Oakville and Esquesing.

Burlington had the largest actual increase in population adding 5,290 people, for a total of 81,365. Georgetown followed with 945, Milton added 821, Esquesing 454, Acton 186, Oakville 107 and Nassagaweya 88.

Acton's population rose 4.04% to 4,790, a figure which could be well

behind next year's census if all the building on the drawing boards materializes. Much of the increase could come from apartment buildings which are planned or being built in several places in town.

The total population of Halton County now is 177,622 with 137,624 of that number living in the south of the county below Milton, the capital. Much of the other 40,000 people also live close to the southern end.

It will be interesting to check the figures in another five years' time when the results of the Design for Development concept plan for the area are beginning to show. They should reveal a much larger population in the south end of the county and gradual growth in the three towns in the north.

The value of Sunday . . .

Support for the retention of Sunday as a day of rest is increasing and the base for the support extends beyond the church groups commonly allied in such a cause.

It is interesting to see, from the annual report of the Lord's Day Alliance of Canada, that an independent committee composed of officials in food store chains, labor unions, trade and consumer organizations and churches presented some views on the subject of Sunday.

The committee affirmed that "Sunday business would deprive many workers of rest and freedom from work on the particular day of the week when the majority of people are customarily at leisure; would take working fathers and working mothers away from home

on the common rest-day, and would deprive children of parental company and supervision. It would add to the operating costs of business, and this would inevitably lead to further increase in the cost of living."

The Alliance is being realistic too when it suggests that for those who attach little or no importance to religion, the next best use of Sunday is undoubtedly that of rest and recreation, best taken in family association.

Sunday will continue to be under attack despite shorter work weeks and supposedly more leisure hours. There will always be those who will eye the extra day's production or revenue as the deciding factor. Even those who see in Sunday sport great rewards may yet find difficulty as



OLD MILL at Eden Mills nestles in fog, as moisture encourages the birds on the nearby trees.—(Photo by Jim Jennings)



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Have you been to a moratorium lately? Have you taken part in a demonstration, or a confrontation? Do you have charisma?

Sorry to be so personal, but I read and hear these words banded about so much these days that I just wondered how things were at your place.

They are part of the jargon of our times. Isn't it amazing how the English language can take such a beating and emerge greater and finer than ever?

Prime Minister Trudeau has charisma, according to the papers. At first I thought it was something like aene, or maybe a bowel problem. It turned out to mean something like style, flair, élan, magnetism. But the new breed of newspaperman will never use an old tested word if he can come up with something as charismatic as charisma.

There's no such thing as a meeting any more, with two parties holding opposing ideas getting together and trying to resolve them. Now it's a confrontation. Like two bulls meeting in a pasture and knocking their skulls together, while the cows look on, chewing their cuds.

A demonstration used to be an exposition, explaining something, probably with sensory aids. You might show, or demonstrate, for example, how to make rotten egg gas, or how two and two usually make four.

But today, a demonstration is against something, not for it. All you need is a placard, a crowd, and you are demonstrating. It doesn't make linguistic (there's another one) sense. If you are protesting something, be a protester, not a demonstrator.

A moratorium sounds like a cross between a crematorium and a mausoleum. At any rate, it sounds pretty deadly, and usually is. How would you like to spend the rest of your life in a moratorium? Some people act as though they would enjoy it thoroughly.

I have before me a letter from an editor referring to the "upcoming issue" of a

magazine. What does that mean? What she means is forthcoming, or next. I wonder what the "upcoming" issue would be like.

Each decade seems to have its new slang, idioms, catch words. A few of them stay in the language, like rough diamonds in a sea of silver, through their sheer power.

We don't shed too many tears over such sayings as: "I love my wife, but oh you kid," from the 20's. Nor do we grow lugubrious over the disappearance of such inanities from the '50's and '60's as: "That'll be the frosty Friday." Or: "You'd better believe it." Or: "Would you believe . . .?"

How about "cool" and "man" and "way out" and "groovy"? Do you think some bird or chick will be saying in 1984: "Hey, man, that's cool. Let's groove. You're way out?" Somehow I doubt it.

"Hippie" is already a term of opprobrium to the real hippy. "Swinger" is now used only by middle-aged people who would like to be "Cat" as in "cool cat," is hanging on by the skin of its teeth.

And then we have "jet set" and "beautiful people." I was at a press club party recently and it was rather sad. All these chaps with their new sideburns and matching shirts and ties, and striped pants, hoping they were beautiful people when they should have been home watering the lawn.

But most of all, perhaps, I despair of the people who simply surround themselves with a cloud of verbal garbage every time they open their mouths.

Young people are worst, but you can see and hear university professors, politicians and lawyers hedging themselves about with such inane things as: "Well, like, you know, uh, it's pretty obvious, you know, like, there's no denying, uh, you know, etc."

Why don't they just say, "I think it's a lot of crap," or something equally plain? Or would that not be a viable approach?

Editorial notes

The Art of Living consists in dying young—but as late as possible! (2000 year old Greek saying, quoted by the Ontario Safety League.)

Doctor (after examining patient): "I don't like the looks of your husband, Mrs. Brown."

Mrs. Brown: "Neither do I, doctor, but he's good to our children."

Sunday itself becomes used for other purposes.

We're selfish enough to nope that thinking people will continue to regard Sunday as an oasis in a week already muddied with frenzied activity. The value of the common day is clear but its continuation needs constant vigilance if it is not to be wrested from us to the disadvantage of all.

—The Canadian Champion



and Pepper by hartley coles

There is a living and breathing Generation Gap!

I thought the generation gap was an excuse for parents when they found out they didn't understand offsprings who had passed the middle teens. Saturday night when the minor hockey boys threw a shindig at the music centre I found out the Generation Gap was the name of a group.

A "group" is not a new form of tropical fish. It is what we cats from the post-depression and war years would call a small orchestra. In this case it turned out to be a drummer, electric organist and saxophonist.

The crowd which assembled to trip the light fantastic must have been an eye-ful for them. They ranged from old decrepit-like myself which has trouble mastering the polka (two left feet) to those who think the latest dance rage is the Big Apple.

After a careful sampling of musical opinion, the group actually bridged the generation gap. They gently led waltzers, polkas, jitter-buggers, fox trotters, bunny hoppers, schottisches, and a few who must remain nameless, through a routine which ended up with a beat that the teens at our place would label "groovy."

Before they turned up the lights and let the crowd know who sat at adjoining tables, I thought we were at a tribal rock. Here we were old creaky jointed gents strapping fingers, rolling eyeballs, dropping shoulders and cracking sacroiliacs like we'd just been turned out of college.

It is an experience that still taunts me sore back, aching legs and eyes that won't focus unless there's accompaniment.

I'd never have believed that music would be the bridge between generations.

At our hacienda the Kids and I have very different ideas about the quality of music which is ground out on the air waves. If you've been exposed to Otis Bedding, the Motor Town Quintet, the Winnipeg Wierds and the Toronto Toronados at 7 a.m. you'll know what I mean.

These guys don't know the meaning of quiet. They screech, they yell, they dream up sounds I thought only existed when rain is coming down the drampipe. The organ which used to be only respectable in church and toney theatres, has a new dimension supplying harmony and volume other sounds lack.

My idea of the perfect way to wake up mornings is to hear the quiet sounds of an overture played by 100 strings with muted bass. This could lead into a hymn by the Boston Pops, followed by a stirring rendition of Home on the Range.

Then it's time for the Grenadier Guards to let loose with Waltzing Matilda and before they swing into The RAF March Past I'll be out of bed and down the stairs.

Instead, I awoke the other morning to the Lead Hydroplanes, or some such group, staging a mock Martian invasion, followed by the Mossy Boulders who boldly proclaimed in a gibberish that took time to unravel, that they wanted to be free. I was tempting to liberate them with a brick through the crystal set but kept my cool, dressed in a robe and trailing a belt slotted down the stairs and turned the volume down a little.

Before I could take my hand off the knob a voice came crackling from a bedroom in shrill tones that they couldn't hear it now the whole day was ruined! There would never be a way of finding out what was No. 54 on the hit parade. If I was going to persist in such old fashioned behavior the younger generation would take it up with the school's guidance counsellor.

How can you fight it? If you limit their musical education to the classics they get the bootlegged stuff from transistors. If you try to turn it to pops they turn up noses.

But I've discovered there's a common meeting ground folk songs and country tunes. The kids soak them up like sponges.

After a risky musical education myself which lumped Glenn Miller and Mart Kenney with the New York Symphony, it is a little harsh to expect the progeny to find Beethoven a swinger. So we have compromised with Johnny Cash and smoothie Andy Williams.

After Saturday's dance I've found that some of us fellows with tin ears and martial music minds, can also appreciate some of the newest notes emanating from the groups when we are led.

Even if the generation gap is real, we are going to have to live with it and that applies to them as well as me.

So the new motto around our house is: First one to the radio wins.

Guess what kind of music we get!

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 25, 1950.

Almost buried alive, Andrew Johnston of R. R. 3, Acton, is recuperating from bruises and cuts received while at work on the sewerage construction on John S. south of Mill. A ton of earth covered him up to his neck for approximately eight minutes while workmen fought to uncover him.

Acton high school cadet corps held their sixth annual inspection in Acton Park last Monday and presented a fine show. One hundred students marched past inspecting Officer Col. Barber of the Lorrie Scouts, under the Cadet Commanding Officer Donald Davidson. The program of displays included a Bren gun competition. Winning team was under the command of C. Douglas and L. Braida. The team was Bill Somerville, J. Zions, J. Pink, D. McVey and B. Coon. Winners in the senior competition were D. Davidson, L. Braida, D. Wood, C. Douglas, B. Bruce, under the command of F. Euringer. Grade 9 cadets presented a P.T. drill under Cadet Zions while the other grades entertained the inspecting officer and citizens with signalling, map reading and first aid displays. Leno Braida played the general salute and Rod Force played the drum. The fifth anniversary of the L.O.B.A. was celebrated at a turkey dinner. Worshipful Mistress M. Hodgins welcomed over 80 guests.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 27, 1920.

The rapidly increasing circulation and volume of general printing necessitated the installation by the Free Press of a model 18 Linotype with three magazines. Its value is a little over \$5,000. The splendid Linotype enables the Free Press to set by machine practically everything that formerly necessitated tedious work by hand and is almost human in its marvellous mechanical actions. Our operators will gladly demonstrate how they can set type in the flicker of an eye-lash.

The Quoting section of Acton Athletic Association opened the season on the 24th with a fine tournament. The outside teams were players from Toronto.

The annual Empire Day concert given under the auspices of the I.O.D.E. in the townhall last Friday evening proved a most worthy and entertaining function. The program was furnished entirely by the

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 23, 1895.

On the evening of the Queen's Birthday George Seaman, mocho dresser at Storey's tannery, who had been celebrating the day pretty freely was going to the G.T.R. station between 9 and 10 o'clock and when near the engine tank was sand bagged by a couple of strangers. After knocking him down they rifled his pockets, securing two or three dollars, took a new hat he wore, then hustled him into a freight car and locked the door. Some time later that night agent Guthrie heard his cries for help and went to his relief. The car had been loaded with flour and the bare-headed victim of the highwaymen presented rather an amusing figure, being well powdered from head to foot as he emerged from his place of confinement.

There are no prisoners in the county gaol at present, boasts the Milton newspaper.

Persons who were on the lake shore north of Burlington beach canal on Thursday saw a very fine mirage. About where Oakville is the spectators apparently saw Toronto Harbor, with its vessels, docks and buildings, on the water-side as clearly as if but a short distance out. The reflection lasted some time.

Judging from the crowds of spectators at the practice games in the park each evening old time interest is centred in baseball this season.

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