

Answer somewhere in between . . .

We have been deluged with ink from those centres affected by the rotating strikes by postal workers and resultant closures by post office officials. The inconvenience they are causing never really hit home until last week when Acton post office was closed three days by the strike.

There was more than inconvenience from the disruption. In some cases, inconvenience was compounded by hardship.

But we find it hard to understand the surprised outcry from people affected by the strike. Of course they are inconvenienced. That is the idea behind it.

We've heard plenty of tirades against the posties. We have also heard others who defended their position. But there has been a noticeable lack of any middle ground, which not surprisingly, also seems to be the key in negotiations between the treasury board and the postal workers.

Both sides seem to be saying that unless they get what they want, there'll be no settlement.

Anyone familiar with labor negotiations realizes there is a certain amount of jockeying to be done before either side settles down

to the real issues, but the intransigence of both sides in this dispute has meant a long delay. And it is the public which suffers.

The treasury board, with the diplomacy of an ox about to be gored, and despite all the principles of collective bargaining, announced early that their offer was final. All the anti-labor groups applauded.

In righteous vein, the postal unions replied that if that was the way the treasury board felt then there would be an increase in strikes and interruptions until they adopted a more flexible attitude. Labor applauded. And the big unions promised the postal workers support.

Somewhere in between sits the public, uncomprehending, increasingly irritated by the length and the tone of the negotiations.

Now we've got "Industry", mouthpiece of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, calling for the abolition of the right-to-strike provisions of the Public Service Staff Relations Act which it claims is at the root of the trouble. "Industry" advocates replacing the right-to-strike provisions with binding arbitration in the event

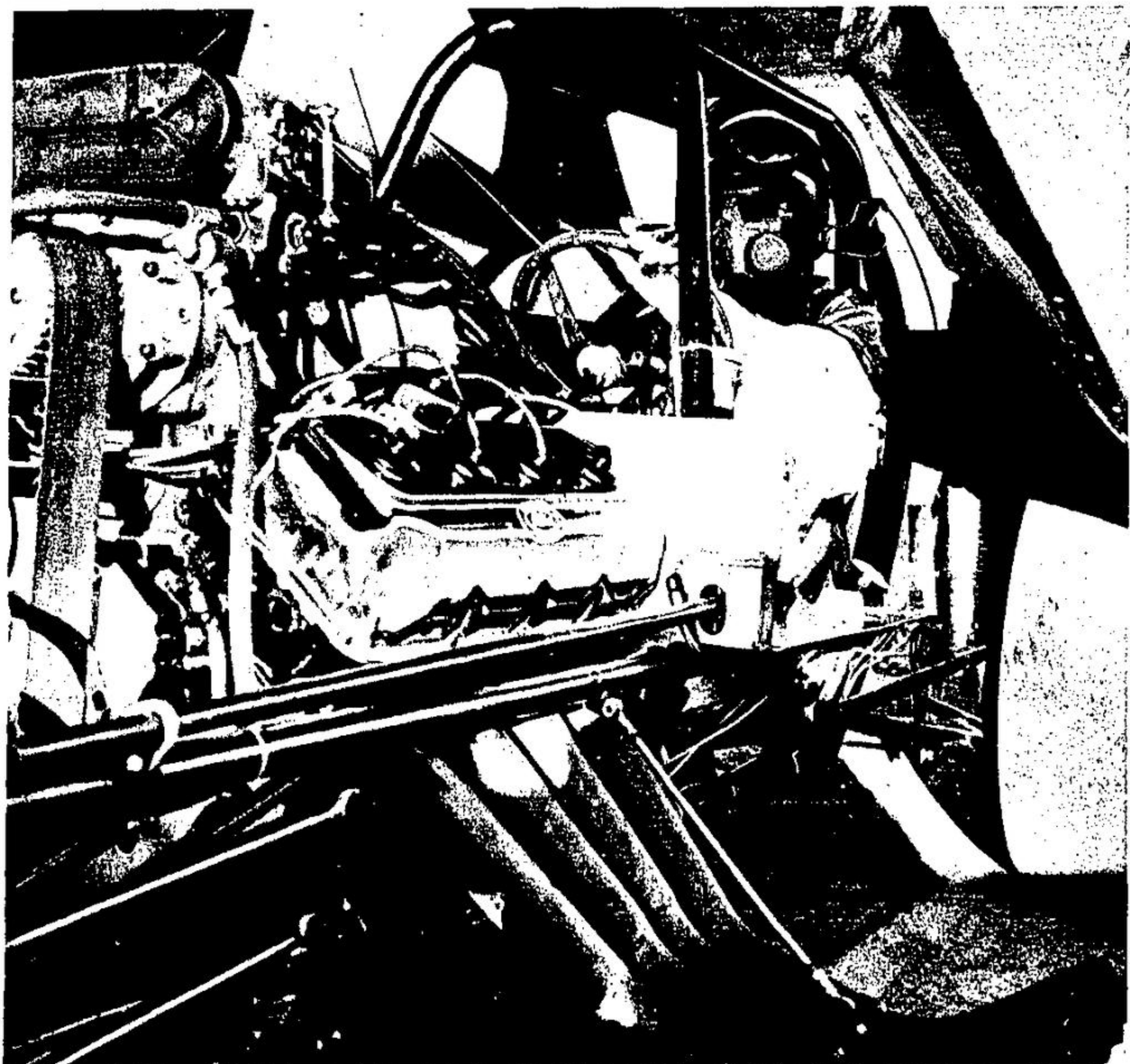
there are future public service debates.

"Industry claims" that settlement on the terms demanded by the postal unions would make a mockery of everything that has been done to reduce inflation, and says with equal firmness that the first treasury board offer must be the last.

Support for the postal workers surprisingly enough comes from the National Farmers Union which says government strategy appears to be that of distracting attention from the real causes of inflation and making scapegoats of farmers and working people. "As long as there is no control over the profits of business and financial corporations, limitations of wages and salaries are unjust and ineffective as a curb on inflation."

The N.F.U. also contends satisfactory rates of pay are essential to maintenance of good service. The most competent people are usually mobile, and they tend to go where their skills earn the best pay. Low rates induce the best workers to leave and reduces quality of service. Rates of pay for postal workers, says the N.F.U., has not kept pace with the cost of living.

There are two widely divergent points of view on the dispute but we think the real solution lies somewhere in between. Perhaps by the time this is read the new mediator has reached that plateau.



MAN FROM MARS? No, just one of the unusual sights residents in this area see since the establishment of a large dragway in the area. This is a "funny car", and its operator. This package of pipes and plugs is capable

of doing 200 miles an hour on nitro-methane fuel. The operator jettisons a parachute from the rear to stop the vehicle.—(Photo by Bill Stuckey)

Free Press

back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 17, 1950.

Expedite: To confound confusion with commotion.

Channels: The trail left by inter-office memos.

Co-ordinator: The guy who has a desk between two expeditors.

To activate: To make carbons and add more names to the memos.

To implement a program: Hire more people and expand the office.

Under consideration: Never heard of it before.

A meeting: A mass milling of master-minds.

A Conference: A place where conversation is substituted for the dreariness of labor and the loneliness of thought.

Participative management: Advance notice.

To negotiate: To seek a meeting of minds without knocking heads.

Communications problems: They're being stubborn.

We're trying to communicate with you: Be reasonable, do it my way.

Re-orientation: Getting used to work again.

Reliable source: The fellow you just met.

Informed source: The guy who told the fellow you just met.

Unimpeachable source: The fellow who started the rumour originally.

Clarification: To fill in the background with so many details that the foreground goes underground.

There are a lot of reasons for the change. Everybody has a car. Highways are better. Holidays are longer and you even get vacation pay. And, of course, air travel on chartered flights has made it possible for people with nothing to go almost anywhere.

The only people who are poor enough today not to travel are the young people. But that doesn't stop them. With rucksack and sleepingbag, they can cross the country on next to nothing.

I'm not knocking all this. I think it's great. But I'm just beginning to wonder where and why I missed the boat, in this travel boom.

We just got home from our big trip for the summer — 110 miles to visit Granddad. My sister and her husband are in England. My brother and his wife send a card from a cruise on the Rhine. A colleague, with four children, drops a card from Virginia. A reader, Bob Cunningham of Omaha, has just encircled the Great Lakes. An old friend and wife are spending three weeks in Europe. And I sit in the back yard, with a six-mile trip to the beach as my Great Expectations.

There's something wrong somewhere. Each and every one of those people has been telling me how broke he is for years. However, I mustn't be bitter. Just because none of those people can afford what they're doing doesn't mean I should be envious.

I was a bit burned by a card from my daughter. She set off two weeks ago to hitchhike to Vancouver with a friend. Her card says they are just about to leave Cape

friend from Toronto on the horse with her. They tumbled off and Margaret fractured her right arm at the wrist. The little lady is bearing her mishap with admirable fortitude.

A message comes from the west that grandma Coleman who is making a prolonged visit to the parsonage at New Bridden, Alta., celebrated her 86th birthday by attending three appointments on the circuit with her son-in-law, Rev. Ralston Brown B.A. She enjoyed the day greatly and is hale and hearty.

Many municipal councils have decided to fight the application for higher telephone rates.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 15, 1895. The rural Public and Separate Schools will open after vacation on Monday, 19th of August. The schools in town and cities are called to open Monday, August 26.

Negotiations are still in progress for the establishment of an electric light system in Acton with good prospects of success.

Acton Cornet Band was never more liberal in the number of open open air free concerts given.

The Rockwood committee of the Mechanics Institute presented a petition to the Eramosa council for a grant of \$25 which was given them.

A farmer at Ridgetown was fined \$5 and costs on Tuesday for working on Sunday.

A caravan of Gypsies camped for several days at the corner of Guelph and Queen Sts. The 11 o'clock train was over half an hour late on Tuesday being crowded with passengers for the North West. The contingent was swelled here by eight or ten additional among whom were Messrs. R. G. Brown, W. Lynd, Alex McGregor, John McLaughlin, Duncan Campbell, Alex McPhedran and Thomas Gordon.

The voters list for this municipality has just been issued and the aggregate number of voters in both polling sub-divisions is 390, greater than on any previous list.

St. Alban's Sunday school pic-nicked in Warren's Grove yesterday afternoon. They had a very enjoyable time.

Off the cuff .

"The only real improvement in waste disposal in the past 50 years was putting a motor instead of a horse in front of the garbage truck." —Medical Post.

Swallows gathering on hydro and telephone wires? Another sign of autumn.



and Pepper

by hartley coles

Like Grandma's stew, this column is composed of bits and pieces, odds and ends picked up in the newspaper vineyards during the past few weeks.

A recent column on epitaphs on tombstones here and in the old country drew a spirited response from one lady, determined not to be outdone by the chisellers of another age. She wrote this doggerel for her husband to have etched on her stone, in the event she slipped away ahead of him:

"'Twas a smiling morn in May
When my wife she passed away.
Her faults were many
Her virtues if any
Are buried with her clay."

Despite the intent, hubby wasn't impressed and we expect an answer or rebuke from Stan by return mail.

Sign in optometrist's window: "If you don't see what you want, you've come to the right place."

It is hardly cricket for a scribbler with a beard to be discussing long hair since some people lump the two together as good material for the ashcan, but I was interested in what the Christian Science Monitor had to say on the subject. The CSM is one of the top newspapers in the U.S. and they often hit at the core of an issue without provoking passions.

Says the Monitor:

"Some newly minted college graduates — male — who wear their hair long are experiencing difficulty getting good jobs. The young men are discovering that the

style so fashionable on campus often produces negative reaction elsewhere.

"Why should this be? Of what importance is a cosmetic affectation? The answers probably often escape the very people who feel a quickening rage when they observe what is, after all, only a hair style.

"Or is it only a hair style? The truth is — and we have the young people's word for it — that long hair is very often a symbol of contempt for the values of conventional Americans. What provokes a hostile reaction, then, is not the fact of long hair, but the obvious desire to provoke a hostile reaction. Nothing is so sure to arouse antipathy as an overt attempt to do exactly that.

"It's just not in human nature to welcome antagonism. Or to hire it."

Everyone at some time gropes for the right word or the right phrase to suit a particular situation, says the Winchester Press. However, there is often a more profound statement behind the cliches that punctuate the language.

How about these:

It's in process: So wrapped up in red tape that the situation is almost hopeless.

We will look into it: By the time the wheel makes a full turn, we assume you will have forgotten about it too.

A program: Any assignment that can't be completed by phone call.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Once upon a time, summer travel was for the very rich. They went to Europe on a luxury liner, ate eight times a day, stayed at fashionable places on the continent, dressed for dinner, and all that jazz, while the rest of us sweated it out.

The not-quite-so-rich, but still wealthy, flocked to the great lodges and summer hotels: St. Andrews by the Sea; Manoir Richelieu; Jasper and Banff. They were safe there from the hot-pollot and subserviently served by secretly insolent bell-boys and waitresses.

The moderately well-to-do had a cottage, perhaps a day's travel from home, with a back-house, and ice-box with real ice in it, coal-oil lamps and a rowboat. They lived quietly, simply, and went to bed with the whip-poor-wills.

The poor, the working class, picnicked in the park, attended ball games, and watched parades. In the evening, they sat on the front porch, murmuring gossip, drinking lemonade, and listening to the cries of their young, playing run-sheep-run or red-light in the velvet dusk.

Things have changed. The rich now fly to the Greek Islands, or Japan, or Rome,

where they can live exactly as they could at home, but with slaves of whatever nationality assuring them that they are still the very rich.

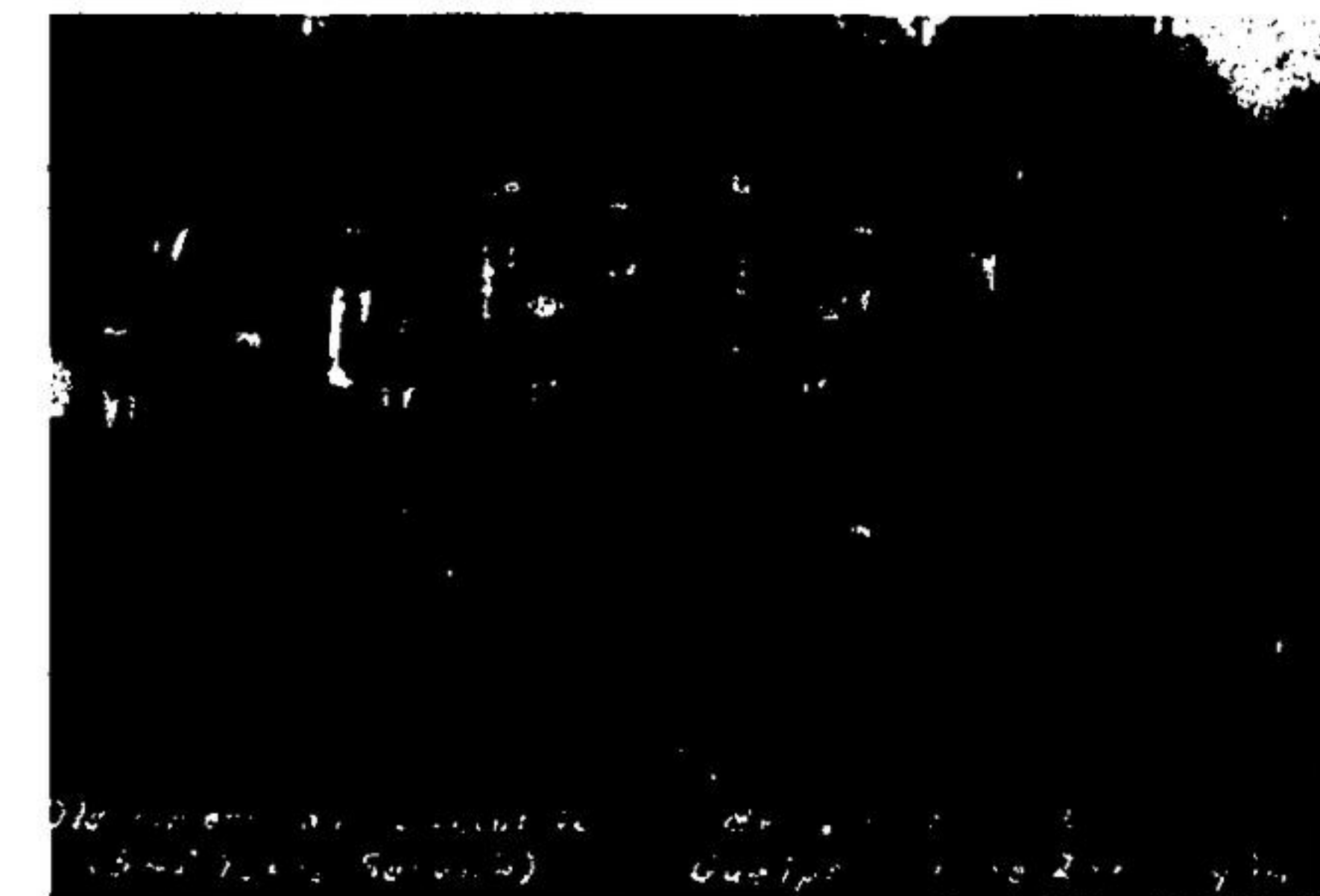
The not-quite-so-rich have deserted the big hotels and lodges, most of which are on the verge of bankruptcy. These places have, in desperation, become a haven for conventions and middle class poor tipsters. The original inhabitants have fled to Mexico City, Scandinavia or the Carribean, where they can still escape the hot-pollot.

The moderately well-to-do still, in many cases, have a summer cottage. But it is now two or three or more hours of maniacal driving. They now have indoor plumbing, a refrigerator, electric lights, and everything from a power cruiser to a canoe. Some are bereft because they receive only one TV channel. They seldom get to bed before three a.m.

And the working class, as they used to be called when they worked? They hire a trailer and cover two thousand miles. Or they rent a cottage and sand-and-sun it for two weeks. Or they get together and fly in to a fishing lodge once reserved for millionaires.



Photos from the past



OLD TIMERS AND EXECUTIVE of Beardmore and Company Ltd., Guelph, are shown here June 25, 1936. Standing left to right are J. Gibson, T. Gibbons, J. McArthur, T. Marshall, W. Mainprize, W. Hall, J. Melton, G. Beston and G. Chapman. Seated,

left to right, are W. J. Beatty, J. Kennedy, G. H. Kohn, J. McIntosh, A. D. T. Beardmore, J. Dunn, E. Smith, J. Wilds and W. J. Gould. Photo was submitted to the Free Press by Miss Madeline Gibbons.