



WATERFALLS AT Everton sparkle in Sunday's sunshine. Many photographs were taken all through the district as families took Thanksgiving weekend drives to see the countryside in its autumn hues. (Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Thanksgiving, one of our truly important holidays, is losing much of its religious significance, and becoming more of a bacchanalian festival, a last fling before melancholy autumn grips us in his frosty fingers.

The air — as it was last weekend — is more apt to be redolent of rye and roast turkey than of incense. There are more people cussing on the golf course than praying on their knees in church.

Despite this growing paganism, Thanksgiving is about as good a time as any for stock-taking, and I try to do it every year. I hope you do.

The Lord, or whoever looks after the weather, nearly always seems to feel a bit benign toward us poor, forked animals on Thanksgiving weekend. Almost every year, the holiday is a smasheroo of golden sunshine and glorious colour.

This is enough to get on your knees for. I'm always humbly thankful that I live in a country where the seasons are so sharply defined. And I'm always doubly thankful that it isn't yet soggy November.

Be honest now. What did you give thanks for this Thanksgiving? Or did you just go to a family reunion, glut yourself on turkey and curse at traffic all the way home? Or did you just go for a drive in the country and bumble over the foliage? Or just crowd in a last game of golf or sail on the lake? Or just shoot a bird or catch a fish? Shame.

We should begin with the basics. Just being alive is something to be ineffably thankful for. There's not much joie de vivre in the graveyard. Forget that arthritis, that insomnia, that pimple on your nose. You'll be a long time dead, and you can spend all of it whining over your physical ailments.

To be sane, or relatively sane in a world

that seems insane, is something for which we should send up paeans of praise. Think of the poor lost creatures over-flowing our mental places, and thank God you're not among them.

Being alive and being sane, then. Other basics are shelter and food. We don't give them much thought in this affluent country. Almost nobody in this land is without shelter, be it ever so humble. And nobody is starving, be it ever so hungry, unless he's plain stupid.

The worst Thanksgiving I ever spent was in October, 1944. I didn't even think of Thanksgiving at the time. I had just received a thorough going-over for attempting to escape from the Germans. My nose pointed one way and one of my legs the other. My hands and feet were tied. It was very cold and there were no blankets. Food was four slices of bread a day.

But, looking back, I realize I had lots to be thankful for. I had the roof of a box-car overhead to keep out the rain (until a night-fighter shot some holes in it). I had enough food to stay alive (and no steak has ever been as delicious as that black bread). And I was alive, young, bloody but unbowed. I should have been singing "Bringing in the Sheaves."

What else should we be thankful for? Certainly not the new car, the new boat, the new snowmobile, the finer house. These are trivia that we can't take with us.

Definitely, we should be thankful for our children, however much pain they have caused us. We can't take them with us either, but we can leave them, and their children, and so on, as testimony that we once lived and loved.

We should be deeply grateful that we live in a land where hatred and violence and prejudice are frowned upon, rather than accepted as part of daily life.

We should be thankful, fervently, for real friends and good neighbors. Not the type who pry and are delighted when something is wrong, but the stalwarts, who rally round and give comfort when things are black, or blue.

Perhaps I sound like a Pollyanna. But you just try it. My wife has burned the stew and is snarly. The bills are piling in. I have a carbuncle in an extremely embarrassing and painful place. But after counting my blessings, I know I'll be humble and grateful. For at least three days.

Off the cuff

'Computers have been known to send threatening notes to innocent citizens to work off their nasty tempers, and it was not so long ago that a Leicester businessman was informed by a computer that he had won a competition for the highest milk yield of Guernsey cows in the United Kingdom'.
—From BBC Woman's Hour

'One of the things that puzzles me about our 20th-century Christian civilization is that we accept birth as a miracle but death as a disaster. We accept the Hereafter but we avoid it like the bloody plague'.
—Australian writer Russell Braddon, in a BBC TV interview.

The clergy speak out



By Rev. Andrew H. McKenzie
Of Knox Presbyterian Church

Quebec City, Hull and Victoria which today are dumping their raw sewage into the waters nearby.

The hard thing is to point the finger at ourselves and acknowledge with Walt Kelly's Pogo that "we have met the enemy and he is us."

He is us
All of us are litterbugs, much too careless about the proper disposal of our garbage, and we have simply no right to ask someone else, even a giant industry, to clean up our mess until we are ready to clean up our own. But, if I have made a determined and persistent effort to comply with the directions of anti-pollution campaigns, I am in a strong position to demand that others will do the same. So it comes back to the practice of the Golden Rule and the constant exercising of our human accountability.

Responsibility
The Christian religion emphasizes personal responsibility for the world in which we live. God gives us trees and flowers, clear running waters and vast stretches of beautiful wilderness. It is up to us to keep them in the condition they were when they came from His bountiful hand.

This will involve intelligent awareness of all the manifold ways in which we can destroy these resources, and ourselves along with them, as well as persistent and unceasing effort on the part of all of us to preserve them. Piecemeal or partial efforts will not suffice. The problem will not be solved by short-term anti-pollution campaigns, engaged in by a minority of the population; it will only be solved by a total effort of all the people working at the job full time.

I personally have a feeling of quiet confidence about this thing. The first instinct of man is self-preservation, and when his life is threatened, as it most clearly is now, he will really work to survive.

Free Press Editorial Page

Who's being ridiculous . . . ?

One of the most ridiculous things we think the provincial government intends to do soon is to exercise control over the wording of classified advertisements.

New legislation which will be in force by December 1, 1970, states that advertisers may not place and publications may not print advertisements limiting a position to a person of one sex or marital status, unless an exemption for the job has first been established.

Separate male-female columns may continue with some changes. For instance, the Help Wanted—Male (Female) columns should be changed to less prohibitive headings such as "Job Primarily of Interest to Men

(Women)." In addition, a neutral column, such as "Situations Vacant" should be established to serve as a reservoir for jobs of interest to both sexes.

Occupational groups shall not be segregated in separate male-female columns. For instance, the column heading Sales Help Wanted shall replace Sales Help Wanted—Male (Female)."

Generic terms such as "draftsman" may still be used, the instructions state with a dose of liberality.

If in doubt about a restrictive advertisement, the Ontario Department of Labor advises each newspaper to check with their Women's Bureau directly.

We agree with the Fergus News-Record which says the new restrictions will accomplish one thing—sheer confusion.

Women will be applying for jobs employers want men for and vice-versa. It is obvious that job applications will double, creating more trouble for the breadwinner out of work.

And if an employer wants a woman rather than a man to work for him, what's the matter with that? Or vice versa? He's entitled to be discriminating in his choice. Do we detect the fine hand of the Women's Liberation Movement behind all this balderdash? Or is it simply the government trying to placate all parts of the population with an election approaching?

It's survival day . . .

Today is Survival Day. And Actonians are as willing to oblige as anybody, anywhere.

It's the day we're to be concerned about our environment, according to the literature that has come in here to the Free Press. The articles just about hit the waste basket, along with many others that form a unique kind of paper pollution every week.

But then, aren't we wrong to think pollution is what concerns us just the big cities, the big rivers, and the big smokestacks?

The Mill-Main-Willow traffic

jam is our own version of car pollution, with its attendant fumes. If a few more people walked a few more blocks there'd be less fumes, less danger and less concern by merchants about where more parking space is to come from.

Our own small creeks run with detergent foam. There are fewer birds, butterflies and fish now.

There is hardly any part of Acton where there isn't some odor from one of several industries, or from a combination of same. In the night, humming from machines run by night-shifts in factories is more

noticeable than in the daytime. Rural residents have found themselves next-door to noise they never anticipated.

Our own minor population crunch has produced two portable classrooms here, for the first time.

Of course, we brought it all on ourselves. We wanted the cars, the detergents, the youngsters, the products and employment of the factories.

What shall we do about Survival Day? Survive, first, of course. And think about it. And be just a little less selfish and self-satisfied.

Long pipeline . . .

Recently, some consideration was given to the idea of bringing a pipeline all the way up from Lake Ontario to bring water to Acton, Milton and Georgetown. Now, consulting engineers, commissioned by the Ontario Water Resources Commission, have

actually recommended a 55-mile pipeline from Lake Erie to service Kitchener-Waterloo, Guelph and Brantford area.

Apparently the long pipeline could still be a possibility for Acton if — as a Survival Day thought — our ground water dries up.

Free Press

back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, October 12, 1950

The Y teen club elected its executive including president Ted Tyler, secretary-treasurer Patsy Chew, committee Sid MacPherson, Frank Foulke, Jim Gunn, Eileen Moore and Verna St. Denis.

A most impressive ceremony was conducted by Rev. E. Currey, assisted by his sister Rev. Eria Currey, when furniture and new equipment were dedicated. Donations included communion table, baptismal font, lectern drape, memorial plaque in memory of Rev. Pickering, pictures in memory of Miss Bertha Speight and Mr. J. C. Matthews, altar desk, chapel chairs, vestes, Bible in memory of Staff Sgt. Neil McNabb, 30 choir gowns, minister's gown, etc.

The old building at the school will be razed to make room for a new addition to the school board building.

Miss Rita Fuller has purchased Acton Beauty Shop from Eida Dickenson.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, October 21, 1920

Numbers of our citizens spent Thanksgiving in digging up their private waterworks and trenches and connecting up their homes with the mains.

This is nutting time and the boys and girls are laying in their stores for winter evenings. Beechnuts, butternuts, hazel and walnuts are being gathered with hickory nuts a few miles below the mountain.

Two citizens found it unprofitable to keep a supply of liquor in their cellar. Both were charged by magistrate H. P. Moore with being intoxicated in a public place. Both had imported their liquor from Montreal.

Rev. Dr. T. Albert Moore has been elected vice-president of the World Brotherhood Federation.

The massive granite memorial is almost completed.

A few citizens are annoying their neighbors by letting their chickens run at large. Father Goodrow's Harvest Home festival opened in the town hall last night.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, October 3, 1895.

The annual exhibition of Acton Horticultural and Agricultural Society was held here last Tuesday and Wednesday and was a gratifying success to all concerned. Acton had on its best bib tucker. The rapid strides made of late in new buildings and the ex-

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up to standard. The entries of horses was unusually good. The fair concert was in progress last night as we went to press.

A gambling den exists in town which should have the attention of the proper authorities. Gamblers from Georgetown and Milton and other towns frequent the place as well as the local sports. A young man, recently arrived in town, and who imagined he was smarter than he proved, lost \$25.



Photos from the past



IT WAS THE mid look - even for little girls - in 1912. In this photograph are Rose Bristow (Mrs. Winnet Shepherd), Doris Bristow (Mrs. Fred Kenner), George Bristow and Jack Bristow.