



A TRUE SIGN OF FALL. Buried in a mountain of fallen leaves two local lads Paul Hansen (left) and Marcel Fryters (right) can hardly be seen as Jeff Patterson prepares to dump another armful on them.— (Staff Photo)

A delicate fabric . . .

Freedom is a delicate fabric that requires in its weave the threads of responsibility, understanding, co-operation and trust.

Last week's proclamation of the Wartime Measures Act, in effect declaring a breakdown in the trust among the citizens of the country, revoked civil liberties seldom enumerated and generally taken for granted. It was a sad reflection on the handling of that delicate fabric of freedom.

We don't deny the necessity of the action. We only grieve that it should be necessary.

For many months those who have preached anarchy and even treason in the country have been granted a full measure of freedom; a measure we have found expired our patience on several occasions. In threats, in destruction, in mob violence we have seen the outgrowth of the efforts of those who cherished the freedom of the land only for their own purposes and generally without thought for the freedom of others.

This delicate fabric of freedom which we have seen handled so roughly was bound to be torn. It has and we are all the losers, emotionally and in the eyes of the world.

The tears in the fabric, as is often the case, were by a dissident

and terrorist-bent minority. Their kidnapping of two officials provided the drama against which their manifestos and outrageous demands could gain more public attention than if they had outright control of all the news media in Canada. Indeed for days the case has commanded headline attention throughout the country and beyond.

And those who are behind the terrorist activities are clever. They are clever at twisting words and misusing phrases. They are quick to refer to "political prisoners" which carries unfavourable connotations in a free land. The prisoners they sought to have released were those guilty of terrorist activities and destruction, not political activities. In this sphere the news media have a responsibility not to pervey the twisted language.

But there is challenge and responsibility in this situation that exceeds that of the news media and puts new opportunity on the doorstep of the individual Canadian.

As the current kidnapping clarifies and drops from the headlines it will leave a new background against which the tears in that delicate fabric of freedom must be repaired. The danger is that governments, en-

couraged by an angry citizenry, will over-react in the field of civil liberties. We all have a way of getting emotionally over-wrought and urging a tightening of the restrictive screws. If that should happen the damage to this fabric of freedom will have suffered more permanent damage than the terrorists could possibly have wrought.

We, as individuals, regard freedom as a responsibility, not a right; as a trust, not a bequest; as a privilege, not a birthright.

The current events may have served a necessary if distressing need. Perhaps we have been shocked from our apathy and unseated from our throne of self-righteousness. What has happened in our country is akin to that we have disparagingly read of in "banana republics". We are different only as our individual attitudes become the public attitude.

The rips in our fabric of freedom need attention, not just during the headline days of drama, but daily as we take a more active interest in those who would threaten its continuance. The danger will be in our over-reaction.

Freedom is a delicate fabric that requires in its weave the threads of responsibility, understanding, co-operation and trust. Let us set about the restoration.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Women are in a terrible fret these days, poor dears. The fashion designers have once again thrown them into a dither with their decree from the halls of the mighty that skirts were going down. In length, that is.

For a change, there is a good deal of resentment among the gals. Many are declaring belligerently that they're going to stick with the mini. These rebels run all the way from middle-aged housewives who would look better in a potato sack, to teenyboppers who look great in anything, or almost nothing, which some of them favor.

But I'll lay long odds that, if the designers so choose, there won't be a mini-skirt to be seen within a year.

What does grieve me is that women are such utter sheep, when it comes to style. They do everything but jump through hoops when the designers crack the whip.

When it comes to equal rights, war, the stupidity of men, and other questions of vital importance, women will fight like tigresses for what they believe. They stand united.

I am a great respecter of women in general. They are far more reasonable than men, except when you try to reason with them. They are tender and compassionate, except when they are belting their kids or tongue-lashing the old man for some minor irritant. And they are practical to the point of being ruthless, except when it comes to clothes.

At this juncture, all their good qualities fly out the window. They become the silly, flirty, indecisive, disunited creatures that they have pretended to be for centuries.

Why can't they be themselves? If I were a woman and had long, tapering, beautiful legs, and a flat chest, I would wear a mini-skirt and be damned to him who first cried: "Hold, enough!"

And if I were short and pudgy, with a big chest, I'd be strongly inclined to wear a maxi Mother Hubbard, hinting at all sorts of mysteries lurking behind the cloth.

If I had bony knees but well-turned ankles, I'd wear a midi-skirt. In short, the skirt is quicker than the eye. It should draw attention away from the less prepossessing aspects (no woman is plain ugly), to the more attractive features.

Now, I'm not just speaking as a man who is ignorant of these things, or uninvolved in them. My wife and daughter have been fighting the battle of the hemline for four years.

"Mom, I can't wear that. It's practically hanging around my knees." This meant that it was barely covering her pelvis.

"All right, Kim, I'll turn it up one more inch, and that's that."

"Oh, Mom, I'll look like a freak out of the thirties. Why don't you forget the whole thing and go listen to your Guy Lombardo records?"

I think the old lady had the last word. She took the shortest dress she could find, turned it up four inches, and sent it off the Kim at college. It looked more like a blouse than a dress. Even the kid had to admit the only way it could be worn in public was over long pants.

That's another thing they fight over — long pants. When Kim means long, she means trailing in the mud, snow or whatever.

However, my wife is quite happy about the change. She went rummaging through her wardrobe the other night and discovered a whole pile of things that are almost brand new, and just the right length. She'd never got around to throwing them out when the mini came in.

Enough of that. What does please me these days is the dash, flair and élan of men. For two centuries they had been scorned by women for wearing drab blues, browns and greys. Lately they're as colorful as jungle birds.

Just the other day, a friend of mine whom I thought a confirmed bachelor was married. He was clad in an Edwardian jacket, with lace collar and fringes of lace peeping out at the cuffs. The jacket was decorated with autumnal flowers of all shades. How about that? Presumably he also wore trousers, which were not described. Probably green velvet.

Well, I have to buy a new suit this week, first in four years. I haven't quite decided whether it will be maroon with a mustard stripe, or off-mushroom with purple checks. But it will probably turn out to be grey.

Horse trading talk . . .

Something has gone out of life with the decline in the practice of trading horses.

There is no interest in trading automobiles and very little skill involved beyond the skill of the man who knows what an engine should sound like and what fires have done in the way of mileage.

Contrast this with the stories told by such as Hector Charlesworth, who, if he was not an expert in horse trading, had a large and vicarious knowledge of it.

One of the stories he told, which might even be true was of a man who started out for the county fair in a smart one-horse rig on a bright fall day. He was in the habit of doing a lot of trading in the course

of a fair day since trading was facilitated by the local bars on the grounds and on the way to and from the fair.

Having started out in the morning he did various trades before noon and various other trades in the afternoon, and first of all, he got rid of a very smart horse that was blind in one eye since not many people who looked at the horse detected the blindness.

A trader from away back the Ontario farmer stopped to get a little final nourishment for the inner man in the last half-way house between the fair and his own stable. There in the half-way house he met someone willing to trade, without too much inquiry, because

it was impossible by that time of the evening to see the other animal and equipment. The trading went on literally sight-unseen.

A trade was made and eventually the man left the bar, went out and took his new horse and buggy and drove home. He had had a very successful day, making no less than seven trades. But when he got home to his own stable and lit a lantern he discovered in the strange horse the very one that he had started out with in the morning.

This story may not have been true but it ought to have been true—The Printed Word.

Editorial notes . . .

"In this changing world," commented a university dean of medicine to a recent conference of doctors in Winnipeg, "old deans never die, they just lose their faculties."

One of the problems faced by everyone is to keep alert, mentally young, and interested in their jobs.

Mental old age could have a serious effect on income or with family relationships.

Here are some of the symptoms to beware of, listed in Building Supply Dealer business magazine:

1. Postponing dealing with a problem with the hope that in time it will work itself out.
2. Trying to think up things that are wrong with new ideas.

3. Pushing off new approaches with the answer "We tried that once before and it didn't work."

4. Waiting for somebody else to try something first.

5. Sitting on all problems to give everything further study.

6. Answering problems with descriptions of past experience, using such phrases as "this is the way we always do it."



and Pepper

by hartley coles

I've just returned from a vacation trip south of the border, arriving home just in time for the proclamation of the emergency measures act.

I came home full of ideas about the difference in living in the United States today with that in Canada. But events of the past few days have knocked all my theories into a cocked hat.

I found the States from both above and below the Mason-Dixon line, full of contrast, but not very different from our own way of living in the true north strong and free.

I stood on the battlefield of Gettysburg and pondered whether differences between Canadians of different cultures would ever get so disruptive that we would have to go to war with each other to settle them.

And yet after a sojourn in the Southern United States, in Virginia and North and South Carolina, it is easy to see that the war between the States—the so-called civil war—is still being fought. The battlefield is different. They no longer fire at each other with guns but there's a decided difference between the north and the south.

And that's just not whistlin' Dixie. There is a Dixie and a very pleasant

place it is. It's like stepping back into the life which existed here before the last war.

Never have I found such courteous, friendly people. They have a charm of their own which imitates no other culture I've run across before. And that includes both black and white.

We were warned that we would find a lot of turmoil in the south and we met only friendliness, extreme courtesy and a helpful attitude wherever we went.

There was poverty-tumbledown shacks in which Canadians would never live — housing people in the tobacco and cotton fields. They chewed tobacco, trained hounds, hunted, fished and lived something like it is portrayed in the movies, but we found a proud people who bore no resemblance to the hulks of humanity we were supposed to see.

We'd heard rumors about the moon-shining in the south and were a little surprised to find out it is true. Every so often an announcement on the car radio or TV screen featuring the voice of Andy Griffith would implore southerners not to drink bootleg liquor. It is unclear, said the voice, and drinkers would fall heir to the many ills generated in automobile radiators by unsanitary hands.

I don't know if you've ever eaten hominy grits or pork brains but they are an everyday item on the menu in the southern states along with hush puppies and turnip tops and other greens. Personally my taste runs to Canadian foods but samples of the southern style cooking—especially chicken—were mouth watering and scrumptious.

And while Canada was putting up with alternate spells of rain and cold the weather in the southern part of the eastern U.S. was sunny with the thermometer often reaching into the high 80's. Weather like this creates a certain degree of lassitude which no doubt accounts for the easy manner people from the south adopt.

It is easy to fall into that pattern of living. When my wife and I turned our noses back to the Northern U. S. with a drive along the Skyline Drive in Virginia I was almost constantly yawning.

But we had one more taste of southern hospitality before this visit was over. As we pulled up at the barrier to pay the \$2 toll for driving the 116 miles of high altitude, the Ranger in charge glanced at us, looked at our plates (car) and said: "You folks from Canada?"

"Yes sir," we admitted proudly.

"Well go right on in—no charge—and have a good time, you hear!" he said.

We heard. More about that drive later.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, October 19, 1950.

Fifty years continuous residence in Acton reached a high point last Sunday when Mr. and Mrs. William Landsborough were "at home" to over 100 friends who called to congratulate them on their golden wedding anniversary.

Initial steps have been taken towards setting up a community night school and a meeting was held at Milton last Thursday.

Something very new was presented at the Thankoffering meeting of the W.M.S. of the United church. A tape recorder was used by Rev. E. A. Currey to address the group and his talk concerning missionaries in Korea was heard very clearly.

Jack Mainprize has left his job with a firm of consulting engineers and returned to the University of Toronto as a demonstrator and to take graduate courses.

Special services marked the 106th anniversary last Sunday of Knox Presbyterian church. In the evening other churches withdrew their services to participate. On Monday over 400 gathered at the church for a turkey supper. On the program were the Hillsburg quartette, Mrs. Kromar, Sheila Paul, Crawford Douglas, Donald Graham and Jo McPhail.

A Hallowe'en party will be held at the arena for youngsters. At the Roxy: Tea for Two with Doris Day and Gordon MacRae; Square Dance Katey with Vera Vague.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, October 28, 1920.

The Citizens' Memorial Monument will be unveiled on Armistice Day. The filling in and terracing will be completed in a few days but the planting of flowers and shrubs will be deferred until spring.

R. L. Gregory of the "New Wonderland" is certainly enterprising in bringing that beautiful story of "Pollyanna" to Acton. This film is starred by Mary Pickford and is very highly spoken of. The philosophy of real gladness winning through the story is helpful and enjoyable. Wonderland will have full houses Friday night.

Two new postage stamps will be issued by the Post Office — one for 13 and one for 15 cents. Since our registration fee has climbed to 10 cents the combined rate has increased. The 7 cent stamp will be withdrawn from circulation.

Licenses for trapping may be secured at the Free Press office.

A technical school is proposed in connection with Guelph Collegiate.

October's hiding in the woods and there we'd better leave her; for Mr. Frost has whispered round that she has scarlet fever. The plan adopted by many of our citizens on Hallowe'en of giving the boys and girls apples, candies or cookies and wishing them a real good time, seems to have overcome much of the senseless molestation of other years. Try it on Saturday night and make the children happy.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, October 10, 1895.

The by-law to purchase a steam fire engine and apparatus; to provide for the construction of water tanks; and to authorize the issue of debentures in the amount of \$4,500 for the purpose of paying for same, was voted on by the property owners Saturday. The result was as anticipated and is very gratifying to all interested in Acton's progress. The vote was very quietly taken. There was no effort to coerce or unduly influence voters either for or against the by-law. At the close of polls at five o'clock the result was 80 in favor, 33 against.

Messrs. Beardmore and Co. have let the contract for a fine new brick house for the manager of their sole leather tannery, Mr. J. A. McGrail. It will be built on the site of the old house on Main St. and will cost in the neighborhood of \$3,000. The colonial style will be followed and it will be two stories.

Among the prize winners at Esqueing fair were several from Acton and vicinity, William Hemstreet for roadsters; A. Waldie for livestock; Jeans and Warden for poultry; J. L. Warren for pumpkins, maple syrup, crayon drawing, oats and crock of butter; J. A. Gordon livestock and Miss Gordon for hop yeast bread. Maple syrup, patch quilt, combined wool and beads, oil painting on satin, plaid flannel, plain flannel, second in tufted quilt plaid flannel, plain flannel, second in tufted quilt, applique work, toilet mat, oil painting.