



NOVEL WAY TO TAKE THE FAMILY skating at the community centre is employed by Mr. and Mrs. Vic Morris, Elizabeth Drive. The Morris family stow their skates in the canoe and paddle across the northern arm of Fairy Lake. Grass along the banks in this area planted by the Board of Parks Management has changed the appearance of the area as it grows lushly, aided by abundant fall rain.—(Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice  
by bill smiley

In the past few weeks, Canada has gone through an emotional catharsis which may yet, despite the bitter medicine which brought it about, turn a psychotic nation into a strong and healthy one.

Our emotions have run the gamut of shock, despair and shame to a deep anger and determination. There is something of the feeling of 1939 in the air, a feeling that wild beasts, when they are infected by a type of rabies, must be destroyed.

Canadians, at all levels, have realized that it is rather silly to preach either Christian brotherhood, or democracy, to a mad dog.

What we are going through is something that never has happened in this nation before. There have been many crises in the growth of our nation. We had our Plains of Abraham and our War of 1812. But these were fought by soldiers.

We had our rebellions in Upper and Lower Canada. Both served a purpose, but they were comic opera, compared to what's happening today. If I'm not mistaken, the F.L.Q. has murdered more men than were killed in William Lyon Mackenzie's attack on Toronto in 1837.

We had the Riel Rebellion, a tragic farce for a tragic people, led by a tragic hero without a real hope of knocking over the establishment.

But none of them came close to the senseless violence, the vicious, amoral destructiveness that we have experienced in this autumn of 1970.

The comparison that comes closest, perhaps, is that deadly period in Algeria a few years ago, when the French withdrew. French Algerians and Arab Algerians killed each other with a callous impersonality that shocked the civilized world.

That was not war. It was assassination. People were blown up at lunch in a restaurant, or attending the theatre. Others were shot down in the streets, for no reason except that they were on the other side. Pray that this never happens in Canada. But it could, unless the nation unites to smother the blaze and deal firmly and finally with those who would throw oil on it.

I don't want to sound like a Cassandra with hindsight. I don't think it can happen in Canada. But it will take courage, and calm, to prevent it.



and Pepper  
by hartley coles

It is disconcerting when a fellow waiting for his wife in a department store is mistaken for a clerk with boundless knowledge of the merchandise.

Happened to me twice recently as I stood patiently waiting, arms folded across my chest in a gesture of resignation.

The lingerie counter was the scene of the first encounter.

I could see one shopper shaking her head as she lifted up one of those sheer thongamajigs women wear next to their skin. Then she held it up to the light for closer examination, which concluded with an exclamation of disgust.

Spying me observing the whole transaction with an aloof air, the lady came over and said:

"Is this all you've got out here on the counter?"

I stammered some kind of reply, like you'll have to see the clerk or something like that, reddened, folded my arms and resumed the aloof stance which I hoped the lady would interpret as, "Go away I've got more serious problems on my mind."

She gave me a look which would have withered John Diefenbaker, Pierre Trudeau and the FLQ, all in one bundle. And went looking elsewhere for information.

Meanwhile, I sidled up an aisle beating a hasty exit.

A simple case of mistaken identity, you'll say, no doubt. And that was my estimate of the situation, too. So it was with little trepidation that I next resumed my waiting in the furniture department adopting the same aloof look to frighten salesmen and customers alike.

I was enjoying moderate success until I stood next to the Oriental rugs.

At this point, a man and wife inspecting the merchandise stopped, fingered a rug on top of the pile, dug deeper and deeper until the weight of the rug stopped further examination. They spied me.

Before I could utter a word, the lady asked if I would mind moving the rug on top so they could see what was underneath. I looked at the lady, then at the rug, back at the lady. Then I muttered something unintelligible either to her or me and fled!

Coward? I guess I was. But when it comes to handling the merchandise I really get rattled. It was on the tip of my tongue to tell her to move them herself but my yellow streak overcame that brief flash of valour.

I certainly haven't got the kind of nerve that a certain fellow I know can exhibit under fire at a lingerie counter.

In the days before Women's Lib was on everyone's tongue, this erudite gentleman used to buy his wife's clothes both out of a sense of duty and an obligation to his pocketbook. And on this particular occasion his better half had asked him to purchase a brassiere, a chore which would have generated a cry of horror for most husbands a generation ago. But for this old craftsman it was merely another facet to his husbandly duties.

He went downtown, striding fearlessly to the lingerie counter. Without blinking an eye, he asked for a brassiere.

The clerk, unmarried, sensitive and feigning disinterest, asked nonchalantly, "What size?"

That one stumped him.

He looked all over the store for something which would help him identify size without success. He was getting desperate when his eyes lit on something outside.

How did it happen? It is obvious that the government, and certain police forces, were caught with their pants down. They were warned by the press and by the actions of the F.L.Q. itself, that this was more than "a little trouble in Quebec".

They must have known that this was a body of warped men, and women, dedicated to the destruction of Canada. There was ample evidence of the violence perpetrated by similar groups of fanatics around the world. It demanded swift and drastic measures. Where were they?

Then, when the horse is gone, the barn door is locked. The War Emergencies Act is imposed. While a majority of Canadians, in my opinion, would support the government on this point, in the minds of many it has raised a fear, an uneasiness that is not dispelled by government platitudes.

This move was like declaring open season on anybody the police might suspect, or even dislike. Friends of mine who have lived in police states in Europe are particularly dismayed by it.

Incident. Three police cruisers drew up at the home of a widow with three teenage kids, on the Saturday morning the Act was imposed. Without a warrant, they searched the house for drugs, even examining all her plants to see whether she was growing pot. They found nothing. They took one of the boys to the police station and questioned him for three hours. She was distraught.

Trying times ahead? Yes. But chins up, chaps, both of them. You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs. The rats will scurry back to their holes. And let's hope nobody in power will draw to an inside straight.

Towing the surprised clerk along behind him, he pointed to the headlights of a car and said triumphantly—"There—that's the size!"

Now this story could be apocryphal, but this unembarrassed shopper said the unmarried clerk turned tail and fled without a word. It was also observed that several passers-by hurried by choking chortles.

The point of the story is that even the most experienced clerk can be faced with a situation where flight is the natural reaction. A fella doesn't feel so bad when he knows others have faced the similar situations—and took to their heels.

I'm just glad I didn't have to trade places with the young lady.

Poppies still grow . . .

Thin sunlight filtered through the breeze as it fluttered back up the staff. Bowed heads straightened. The sparse congregation relaxed, the formal part of the ceremony ended.

The bugler's last note sounded simultaneously with the striking of 11 on the town clock. A whistle blew. And the silence was broken again by a plane which flew overhead, a momentary distraction which drew a few eyes heavenwards.

As the silence became almost oppressive the sharp, clear notes of the bugle sounded again in a more joyful theme. Reveille!

The bright red of the flag caught the breeze as it fluttered back up the staff. Bowed heads straightened. The sparse congregation relaxed, the formal part of the ceremony ended.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old, Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn, After the going down of the sun, and in the morning, We will remember them.

This scene could be duplicated in many communities across Canada as the dead of two wars are remembered by the few. As

memory of wars fade the sacrifice of many lives remains only with the comrades of those who fell and those closest to them.

And yet all the good things we have in life are enjoyed because these men went out and died on battlefields in countries torn by conflict. They spilled blood for a cause which some ridicule now as they enjoy the benefits of freedom, wrested for them from tyrants and dictators obsessed with war.

The names of those who died are chiselled in stone on monuments across the width and breadth of Canada.

Let us not fall them as memories dim. Poppies still grow in Flanders fields.

Two well deserved honors . . .

It must be something of a record when not one but two Actonians travel to Ottawa to receive awards from the Governor General for service, to use the well-known phrase, "above and beyond the call of duty."

This happened last week when Mrs. George Hargrave and Steven Papillon both were guests at government house to receive entirely different awards.

Mrs. Hargrave's elevation to the rank of Serving Sister was a well deserved tribute to many years of faithful service to the Order of St. John. The brigade's work, perhaps because it is done with such quiet efficiency never receives the appreciation that is its due.

Steven Papillon, a 13-year-old

Scout, has been showered with honors this year for his deed in rescuing a young girl from drowning in Fairy Lake at considerable risk to himself. Steve was made Citizen of the Year, the youngest ever to don the mantle, as the Chamber of Commerce paid tribute.

As a result of strong recommendations made by district scouters, Steve also received the Silver Cross award from the head scout in Canada, the governor general. District Commissioner Norman Herbert pointed out that these awards are not given lightly. They are considered very carefully, investigated and then a decision is made on what degree of recognition the deed deserves.

Steve was recommended for the Silver Cross, one of the highest awards in Scouting, an indication of the impression on those who sift through hundreds of deeds each year to recommend awards.

Mrs. Hargrave's knowledge of St. John work has made her a very able teacher in first aid and its attendant courses. Many from the town and district have a much better knowledge of the fundamentals of aid as a result of taking courses under this willing and competent "Serving Sister."

The Free Press joins with the many others who have extended congratulations to these two Actonians. Their honors reflect well on a community which can not only produce one but two such people in one year.

Driver training worthwhile . . .

Evidence that students who complete an approved driver training course are better drivers comes from the Canadian Underwriters' Association. They have decided to give further reductions in insurance premiums to drivers under the age of 25 who have successfully completed a course similar to the one for students at the high school here.

In addition to the present 15 per cent discount to graduates from such courses as high school driver education, the young drivers will be jumped a Driving Record category in relation to Third Party Liability and Collision coverage. This means the beginning-driver will be given credit for one year of accident free driving, giving him or her an additional reduction of 13 per cent in premiums for a total of 28 per cent.

Young drivers accident free for one and two years will be jumped to the two and three year accident-free categories for an additional saving of eight and 13 per cent respectively. The three year category is the lowest-rated section.

If the drivers do get into an accident they will be reverted to the highest-premium zero category but still receive their 15 per cent discount.

Part of the reason for the reduction in rates is to stimulate young drivers, particularly beginners, into taking advantage of approved driver training programs but it is also concrete evidence the insurance companies realize the advantages, both to them and driver, which accrues from a person who graduates from a course.

Increasing congestion on roads and the need for a driver to be able to negotiate traffic in a capable and sane manner makes it almost imperative for the young to take a course if they are to avoid the sins of their elders. We would urge it be mandatory.

It is easy for an experienced driver to pick out those who have taken a recognized course and follows the instructions! They are better drivers and roads are much safer as a result.

We would urge anyone beginning to drive to take advantage of recognized driving courses. Perhaps it would be a worthwhile thought for some of us who think ourselves immune to accidents to consider it also.

Free Press back issues

20 Years Ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, November 2, 1950.

Acton lost one of its best public men last week when Charles W. Wilson passed away suddenly at his home on Main St. Mr. Wilson had suffered a severe illness over a year ago but was apparently recovering and had resumed his work as superintendent of Acton Hydro. No public servant took a keener or more active interest in his work.

The annual Halloween party was held in the arena under the auspices of the Y's Men. Charlie Kirkness was master of ceremonies. The evening began with a parade from the town hall to the arena behind the band.

Winners in various classes were preschool, Sandra Hargrave as a monkey on a horse; Johnny Kentner; Kindergarten Mary Wiles, as a monkey, Peter Wolfe as an organ grinder; public school Sandra Cunningham, Pauline Marks, Sally Thompson, Rosemary and Joan Brooks; Michael Hurst, Brian Jarvis; Elizabeth Jany, Jean McRae; high school Joyce Palmer, Peggy Oakes, Christine Nichol, Ron Coleman, Emmerson Baxter, Bob Armstrong.

Three films were shown by Ted Hansen. A cake eating contest was directed by Cliff Sutton; Peter Hurst and Bob Armstrong were the winners. At the conclusion the Y's Men handed out bags of candy to over 300.

50 Years Ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, November 11, 1920.

The meeting of Bannockburn Institute will take the form of an old-fashioned paring bee. Each person attending is to take a basket of apples and a darning needle.

Dr. J. E. Nelson of Guelph has decided to open a medical practice in Acton, and comes here with very flattering recommendations. He has leased a portion of the brick residence of Mr. William Johnstone. The doctor has the advantage of a good heritage. His father until his lamented death was one of Guelph's leading businessmen. His mother is a native of Acton, daughter of Edward Nicklin.

Four or five inches of snow fell this week.

Rev. Father Goodrow's parish work last Sunday gave him a trying day's experience. After morning service at St. Joseph's he motored to Oustic for the service there. At the close he went to Hillsburg to visit a sick parishioner. When he reached Acton in the evening he had travelled 41 miles through very heavy roads and it was then too late to proceed to Georgetown for his evening service at Holy Cross church.

The members of the Quoting Section of Acton Athletic Association had their final meeting for the season. M. Robertson spoke of the splendid progress the players made during the season. Prizes were awarded to Alex Shand, John Mellon, D. M. Robertson, John Leishman, James Mackie, John Gibbons, Charles McCauley, James McCauley, Frank Kennedy, Robert Winton.

75 Years Ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, October 24, 1895.

Ground was broken last Friday for the first of the new fire engine supply tanks at the town hall. The Fire Protection Committee has made a very favorable contract with Mr. N. Forbes, mason, for stone tanks instead of pine as at first proposed.

The number of monuments now to be seen in Fairview cemetery is remarkable considering that it is a comparatively new cemetery. The majority of these have been erected by Mr. J. H. Hamilton, Guelph, from whose yards a fine new one was placed last week over the graves of Mr. and Mrs. John Speight. It is a beautiful red Swedish granite of new design: cylindrical in form, with draped urn and octagonal base, and stands about 12 feet high. The workmanship is perfect throughout.

Hon. Mr. Laurier and party passed through here Tuesday afternoon on the 2.25 train, headed for Galt.

"A skirt that is divided against itself cannot stand" as a wag remarked when a "new woman" took a fall.

Oakville ought to take a lesson from the action of the progressive village of Acton in purchasing a steam fire engine. Oakville has no power except men's muscle to raise the water pressure.

Nassagaweya's annual exhibition was favored with good weather. The increase in the number of entries this year was encouraging, there being 829. Everyone had an enjoyable day and there was a concert in the hall in the evening.

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