



ENCASED IN ICE, rail fences and accompanying saplings make a choice subject for the camera of Bill Stuckey, who recorded this still life after the most recent ice storm. The sun broke through for a few hours and transformed the wintry landscape into a world of shimmering diamonds. They in turn disappeared in the rays of the sun.



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Between the length and the depth of this winter, the depressing unemployment picture, and the looming of new taxes, perhaps a chap has a right to be a bit gloomy these days.

We've had about 13 feet of snow so far. Today I saw a chap up on a snowbank about twenty feet high. Crouched under the limbs of a maple tree, he was trying to push the snow back enough so that he'd have somewhere to put the next deluge.

And when it hasn't been belting down the white stuff, it's been freezing rain, or cold enough to freeze the brains of a brass monkey.

Despite some statistic-juggling at Ottawa, unemployment figures have climbed steadily. On paper, they're just digits. But when they hit close to home, they're human beings. It's not just the transient or the unskilled worker who is laid off. I have friends, industrious, sober, intelligent workers — foremen and management — who have worked their way up through sheer guts and determination, and are now suddenly in limbo, drawing unemployment insurance. After searching desperately for a job, they become bitter, and one can't blame them.

With mortgage and insurance payments to meet, and just enough money coming in to put food on the table, they feel cheated. After a decade or two of hard work, just when they're beginning to see daylight financially, they are tossed aside through no fault of their own.

Perhaps we have too many brains at Ottawa, and not enough hearts. The logicians, with their figures, convinced the top brains that they could halt inflation. A fiasco! Interest rates are still crippling. The cost of living slides slowly but steadily upward, while the standard of living goes down, or stays static.

Don't ask the financial moguls, or the banks, or the credit companies. They're doing all right. Ask the small business man or the skilled worker whose unemployment insurance has run out. He'll tell you.

And then there are the sneaky taxes coming out of Ottawa. Oh, they're not called taxes. They are merely readjustments, or whatever the slide-rule boys want to call them. You move so much money from here to there, and you're not increasing taxes, merely re-distributing the wealth.

One of these gimmicks is taking away the family allowance from those making more

than \$10,000. That used to be the fabulous figure we all thought we'd never make. He probably takes home about \$7,500, after deductions.

Let's say he has a batch of kids, and is pulling in about \$800 a year in baby bonuses, every nickel of it allotted to education or clothing or something. The government has just taxed him \$300, call it what you like.

It doesn't bother me. My kids are past the age. But it hits some families like a sledge-hammer.

Now there's another sneaker in the offing. The federal government has specifically stated its intent to tax another very large group, made up of school teachers and other people who have not paid unemployment insurance. It plans to hit them for this, despite the fact that they have been paying into insurance and annuity schemes for years, and that perhaps one in one thousand would ever collect.

Again, it doesn't bother me personally. I can afford the \$60-odd dollars a year it will cost. But it's the principle that bothers me. Not only do I pay this, but I will be taxed on the similar amount the school boards, as employees, will have to pay to the fund. This will be several millions of dollars, not to mention all the extra cost of administration to collect it and distribute it.

I got a lesson in economics today. A student said, "Why do we have to worry about all this? When we graduate, there'll be a fixed minimal income, and we won't have to work, anyway."

Maybe he's right.



Salt and Pepper by hartley coles

Pierre tied the knot last week and almost the entire country was taken by surprise. He and his ravishing bride-to-be pulled the stunt off so well that not even one wide-eyed reporter knew the couple were taking vows while they still were making capital out of fuddle-duddle.

"When Canada's number one takes the plunge it is news, and, of course, the dailies played up all the angles. They outdid the space allowed Pierre's now famous "fuddle duddle" remark of the previous week.

You never know what Pierre has up his sleeve and this infuriates some people.

"Why doesn't he come out and get married like anyone else," one matron grumped to me — "out in the open where we can all see what he's doing."

"I'm glad to see he got hitched to a Scotch girl," said another. "Maybe that will put some sense in his head."

"What did John Diefenbaker have to say about all this?" another wanted to know.

Over in Morrisburg some green-eyed females ran the flag down to half mast in the school yard, their chances of hooking up to Canada's most eligible bachelor finished.

And there were some nasty cracks from some keen-eyed observers who noted the difference between Pierre's age and that of his bride.

"Old enough to be her father," snorted one. "Humph," cracked another, "it won't last two years."

Opinion around our house was divided.

I managed a sly observation that we Canucks should take a liberal view of the entire proceedings, indulge in conservative speculation about the future of the country now the head man had a ball and chain, and agree with N.D.P. leader Tommy Douglas that we should wish them the very best. The women of the house, naturally, ate up every word.

A wedding to a woman is proof that they can still tame a man by trading vows with him at the altar. But they also showed annoyance that they didn't know ahead of time so they could have discussed the whole matter thoroughly before the deed was done.

"I'll bet he doesn't fuddle duddle her, anyway," they agreed.

For those who wondered what happened to Bill Smiley's and this pillar of wisdom last week, and were kind enough to say they missed them, let me explain that ole Bill got waylaid somewhere between here and Toronto in the mails, and this fuzzy checked scribbler was feeling flush (that was flush, operator).

Meanwhile two letters arrived from the north regarding the articles about our trip

to Kapuskasing, which I pass along to readers to show that as a birdwatcher I'm a flop and second that residents of the north really like living beyond the fringe.

The first to arrive was from Lesley Anne Patterson, the former Lesley Anne Dudy, who lives at Werner Lake now with her husband and family. She writes:

"Dear Hartley,

Our favorite page in the Acton Free Press is the Editorial Page, in particular "Salt and Pepper" and "Sugar and Spice". Having lived in Kap for two years, we find your recent articles most interesting. Kap is a lively, modern, self-sufficient town and it is encouraging that you returned with this impression. We were most intrigued by the "crows" mentioned in your column. And surprised that you didn't remark on their size. Without debating the migratory habits of crows, I would be willing to wager that the birds you saw were ravens. And they are enormous birds.

These remarkable inhabitants of northern Ontario have gradually gained my respect and admiration over the past five or six years. This year I am observing the ravens quite closely as I take my little boy out for his daily airing. Eventually, I should have enough information for a good story.

During my two years in Kap, I foolishly passed up several scheduled trips to bush camps and never managed to tour the mill. We did, however, travel many miles of bush road on our fishing and hunting adventures. The latter we now enjoy with camera rather than gun. Although my home town continues to occupy a warm spot in my heart, the "North" is now my home.

(Continued on Page B3)

Tall men, tall deeds? . . .

Halton—both east and west political divisions—should feel singularly honored that the present Premier of Ontario has selected both Members of the Legislature for Cabinet posts.

New premier William Davis has asked Halton West M.P.P. George Kerr to retain his portfolio as Minister of Energy and Resources Management, a post he has served with distinction since his appointment. Few expected there would be a change, but the appointment of Jim Snow to the Cabinet was a surprise to many political observers.

Jim Snow, Member for Halton East, has barely got his feet wet in the political battles of the province, yet the new premier felt he could be helpful to the government in a far greater role than that of a backbencher. Mr. Snow

lives on a farm at Hornby.

In his release to the press the Hon. Mr. Davis said that Jim Snow's appointment as Minister without Portfolio brings to the Cabinet his recognized energies and enthusiasm and a wide experience in business and farming. "A member of Ontario's dynamic construction industry, he was successful as a backbencher in bringing to the attention of the government the need for a building code in Ontario, resulting in the decision to implement uniform building standards in the province."

"Since December of 1969," said Mr. Davis, "Mr. Snow has been a director of the Ontario Housing Corporation and the Ontario Student Housing Corporation, knowledge and experience which I want in the Cabinet."

Regarding Mr. Kerr's retention of the Ministry of Energy and Resources Management, Mr. Davis paid tribute to George's unflagging zeal in the fight against pollution of our environment. "I am delighted that Mr. Kerr will continue in this post," he said, "to carry on and accelerate the work begun by the previous government."

There is no need to add that people of all political shades of opinion will recognize Mr. Davis' astuteness in selecting two very able men for his cabinet. We add our own congratulations to those which must be general across the county for two tall men who now have it in their power to do some tall deeds both for their own constituents and the people of the province.

New style conventions better . . .

We think the Wingham Advance-Times has adopted a pretty prim attitude when it complains about the "bombastic yahoo-style political convention" which, says the paper, "is among the less attractive American imports we have adopted in this country over recent years."

"Noisy parties have replaced a process which should be a deeply serious, contemplative method of determining key issues and their proper implementation," complains the Wingham paper and results in a "tasteless, mindless spectacle unworthy of a democratic society."

"The selection should be made on the grounds of competence, experience, potential and ability to lead, not on the basis of the potency of the reception refreshments and excitement engendered by noisy bands and ballyhoo," the Advance-Times asserts.

It is difficult to imagine where the

Advance-Times received information that because there were bands and ballyhoo that a convention would fail to produce a leader with the necessary qualifications to lead a party. Obliquely, of course, the paper is referring to the recent Progressive Conservative convention in Toronto, where William Davis was elected head of the party.

We can't conceive that Mr. Davis, now premier of Ontario-ari-ari-o, would have done any better or any worse at the ballot box if there had been no bands or ballyhoo. We can't imagine that the party scrapped any serious thought about selection of a new leader on the grounds of competence, experience, potential and the ability to lead because some candidates for party leadership served some potent refreshments.

We like the new style convention.

Although admittedly there is a lot of noise and ballyhoo, this is only icing on

the cake. We can think of no candidate in the recent Conservative convention who would have won on the strength of his liquid refreshments.

We also think the excitement and noisy bands help draw the public's attention to political conventions, something lacking in the past, where conventions were noted for stuffed shirts and stilted thinking that tended to stifle imagination and attract people of like ilk.

Admittedly the recent Conservative convention had its short-comings but these were less injurious to the party and province than the solemnity of the past which, it would be difficult to prove, ever produced candidates with more competence, experience or ability to lead that the current crop of politicians.

American import or not and despite some objectionable features, the new style convention is eminently preferable to the stuffiness of the past — and certainly more exciting.

Advertising does pay

The most effective form of advertising? —newspapers.

A recent market survey which tested the effectiveness of newspaper-radio-television effectiveness saw newspapers win hands down. With only 38 per cent of the advertising budget, newspapers developed 71 per cent of the advertising influence.

Television with 48 per cent of the budget developed 28 per cent of influence and radio with 12 per cent of the budget developed only nine per cent of the advertising influence.

Four parties co-operated in the survey — retailers, newspapers, radio and television stations. They tested the effectiveness of 11.6 pages of

newspaper advertising, 438 30-second spot ads (261 on five radio stations; 177 on five television stations). There were 2,176 interviews held with people in the survey area.

Next time you hear the statement that people don't look at newspaper advertisements quietly smile behind your hands. Possibly some with his approach have had unfortunate results with their own experiences with advertising. For instance, you can advertise something nobody wants and you'll hardly get anyone knocking at your door. On the other hand, advertise something people want and you will be amazed at results. Advertising also

concerns the right time and the right product.

The tremendous success of the large corporations who annually spend millions of dollars on advertising is proof of the pull ads exert.

The most consistent advertisers in this newspaper each week are also, by no coincidence, the most successful businesses.

If you are courteous and helpful in sales, have a reputation for service and a favorable location—advertising can help you achieve better sales. Not just any old advertising, but well illustrated, thoughtful and timely ads in the newspaper.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 8, 1951.

We understand that arrangements have been made for the sale of over half of the homes on Mason Blvd. and McDonald Blvd. to householders. It is expected that in a month or so all of the homes in this new subdivision will be privately owned.

Murray L. MacDonald, son of Mrs. R. MacDonald and the late Mr. MacDonald, was advanced from the position of assistant vice-president to vice-president of the Detroit Bank at the annual meeting of the bank.

Mutual fire protection is being considered by council. Fire chief Dawkins reported on the arrangement whereby one municipality would assist another in the event of a large fire.

On Saturday Feb. 24 Margaret Elizabeth Hoare became the bride of Frederick A. Helson of Acton in St. George's Anglican church, Georgetown.

The much-mooted fire truck was purchased last Friday evening when representatives of the town and C.E. Hickey and Son signed a purchase agreement for \$9,977.

Shorter hours with longer pay seems the goal of many Canadians. The 40 hour week while still not general is becoming more so every week.

Six \$50 scholarships for first year work at Ryerson Institute were awarded. Among the six were Jim Dills of Acton and two others from towns in Ontario, John Black of Fergus and Murray Scoyne of Ridgeway.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 27, 1896.

On Thursday evening about half past eight the fire alarm sounded from the tower of the town hall. The fire was found to be at the works of the Acton Tanning Company. Owing to the extreme depth of snow the progress of the fire engine and hose reels was much retarded. In the meantime the fire at the tannery was quenched with the hose and pumps on the premises. The fire was in the boiler room and not much damage was done.

Bessie, the little daughter of Rev. J. W. Rae, who has been a helpless invalid during the whole of her short life, passed away peacefully at the age of 11 years. There is sweet rest in heaven.

Others in the death notices: infant son of Arch McTavish; William Campbell age 34; Rev. McDonnell 53.

On the public school honor roll: Maggie Laird, Gordon Henderson, John Moore, Wm. Arnold, Bertie Spelster, Daisy Nicklin, Clara Cobban, Eva Perryman, Edith Nicklin, Minnie Arthurs, Ettie McDonald, George Oram Alfred Gardiner, Ida Laird, Minnie McPherson, Lyle Grindell, Myrtle Matthews, Alice Beacoby, Flossie Murray, John Purvis, Vida Folster, Elwin Perryman, Laura Moore.

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