



BURIED IN SAND UP to his neck, Dan McGilloway could be mistaken for a sand pile, if his head weren't showing. Scooping the newly dumped sand at Fairy Lake beach are Ann Marie Luty and Shane Withers. —(Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

When you are little, birthdays are great days. There are gifts in fancy wrappings, to be ripped open without even looking to see whom they are from. There is cake and candles and ice cream, and a general feeling that you, at least for a day, are Number One.

As life tumbles along, ever more rapidly, some birthdays are highlights.

A boy of thirteen is about six years older, at least in his status feeling, than a "little boy" of twelve.

A hoydenish girl of fifteen is five years younger than a "young lady" of sixteen.

Seventeen is a special age. You are looking back with scorn on sixteen and looking forward with licking lips to eighteen.

Eighteen is a tremendous barrier to crash through. For both sexes, it means you can now get in to see dirty movies without borrowing somebody's I.D. card. In some deprived areas, such as Alberta, I believe, it means you can drink legally.

Twenty-one used to be the climax of all birthdays. It was the "I've got the key of the door, never been twenty-one before" sort of thing. It meant you could vote and DRINK. But with the sophisticated youth of today, the 21st birthday has become rather a ho-hum affair.

After that, most crucial birthdays were less than inspiring, some of them occasions for deep soul-searching, if not tears. At least for women. Men have always taken birthdays a little more casually.

But most women look forward to their thirtieth birthday with anything but anticipation. And when their fortieth is upon them, you'd think they were stepping into senility. Strangely enough, after a couple of days of claiming they're over the hill, they turn right back into the same women they were before the birthday.

Ah, you sly devil. You've guessed that all this is leading up to something. And you're right. Tomorrow is my 1&+8th birthday.

Don't think I'm going to admit which one. It's for women, not strong, silent men, to quibble about their ages. But I'll give you some tips.

I have lived during the lives of four British monarchs, not including Queen Victoria.

It is a rank canard that I was in World War I, though some of my students insist on asking whether I ever had any personal dog-fights with the Red Baron. In fact, my first movie was called "Lilac Time", all about silk-scarved pilots throwing their brandy glasses into the fireplace and taking off at

down in their Spads to battle the Hun.

I remember Jack Benny and Fred Allen and Fibber McGee and Molly on radio. Even Amos 'n Andy.

On the other hand, my first great love was Marlene Dietrich and she's still around flushing her legs and singing sexy songs. I was about twelve when I fell for her.

I grew up in the era of the ten-cent hamburger and the nickel pop. That used to make a big evening for a young fellow and his girl.

I remember adults sitting on the verandah, drinking lemonade in the dusk. And the clop-clop of horse and buggy in the quiet, tree-lined streets of small towns.

As a kid, I ate stew in the hobo "jungle" down by the railway tracks, and talked to the quietly desperate men riding the rails from coast to coast.

I remember working a whole Saturday with my big brother, on the huge grounds of the huge manse of the minister. And I remember very distinctly that he gave us a short dollar (16 hours work) and a long blessing.

And one of my favorite memories is the clang of the horseshoes when the local men gathered on summer evenings to enjoy the only sport they could enjoy, because it cost nothing.

It was the best of all possible times, and the worst of all possible times. But it was precious, as every moment of life is. Take a guess. How old am I?



and Pepper

by hartley coles

Following all the advance publicity and subsequent articles since Ontario Place opened its doors to the public, I've wanted to get down there and see what the fuss was all about. Consequently when the boss said I could have last week off to stay at home, build a fence and get caught up on the chores, I've been avoiding for two or three decades. I took the opportunity to sneak down to Toronto with my better half and case Ontario Place.

I'd heard the place was a king-sized flop devoted to a vacuum—both cultural and scenic. I'd also heard the opposite view—Ontario Place is a glamorous tribute to the province we like to think of as No. One.

After Thursday's visit I would end up somewhere in between those two extreme points of view.

The Place is worth a visit. It has some tremendous man-made scenery and mock-ups of history. It has some beautiful places to eat a picnic lunch. The films on the huge screen in the Cinesphere are sure to impress you on the giant 60 foot screen. The hosts and hostesses are very pleasing to the eye.

There are a number of other features which I found pleasing, even exciting, but it seems to me someone fast-talked the government into presenting exhibits which are much too sophisticated and arty to please the average person who will visit the showplace.

Somehow, despite all the glitter, the glamour associated with the modern architecture, the setting on the lake, Ontario Place lacks cohesion.

There are a number of films shown which are supposed to depict the history of the province from the time of Genesis when the earth was formed up to the present day. And there is a unique method of showing them.

For instance, when you get to the French-British Wars to decide who will control Canada, the screen is several giant punching bags suspended from the ceiling. You can walk right through the bags, pushing them aside, soaking up the history. Personally I found all this very distracting. I would certainly rather have seen the entire story of Ontario's history on one screen in one room without having to walk through several exhibits, catching only a glimpse in each one.

Other exhibits were devoted to appliances, machinery, cars and handbills from the good old days when the character of the province was being formed up to the present tinselly age.

But enough of my likes and dislikes.

The day we visited, Ontario Place was alive with children, escorted by comely and handsome teachers. They swarmed over everything, chattered, pushed, shoved, fed the ducks, looked at the water, bought souvenirs, and then wandered around

looking for things to do. Aside from padding boats in the lagoon and eating refreshments at various booths there was little else for them to do.

Since it was nearly noon when we hit the grounds the decision to eat lunch came without arguments. Nearby Kelly's Pub — one of 23 eating places — looked promising with its outdoor tables on a sun deck over the water.

There with your roast beef the mini-skirted waitresses also served glasses of amber-colored fluid that looked suspiciously like beer. The roast beef was good. So were the distractions like a tableful of teachers at the next table who kept their eyes fastened on a line of children lining a nearby dock, eating lunch. Meanwhile, they enjoyed the sights. My first enjoyable impressions of Ontario Place.

Second really enjoyable experience was at the Cinesphere where the films and techniques delighted full houses. The films are worth the trip to Ontario Place alone. We saw one on Eastern Ontario and another called North of Superior but there are several others.

No worry about getting lost. There are 900 hosts and hostesses and sundry other university and high school students to usher you around. And if that isn't enough you can always follow the arrows.

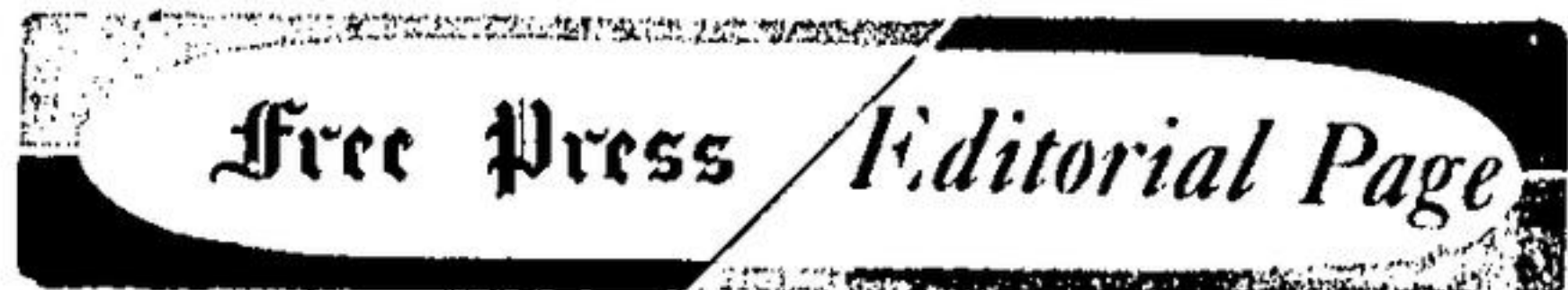
No, Ontario Place is not a pale imitation of Montreal's Expo '67 or Man and His World. It is different and worth a visit to soak in your own impressions.

Live lawn ammunition . . .

Do you ever think when you're power mowing, that your lawn might be full of bullets—bullets that could zing out and hit you—or your children. They're not real bullets, but they can have similar effects.

Actually, they're bits of wire, sticks or pebbles that get caught up in the spinning blades. They shoot out, striking anyone or anything in their path. Don't become one of the victims.

Bar any and all ammunition from your lawn. All it takes is a preliminary check for sticks, stones and bits of glass and metal each time you mow.



Losing credibility . . .

The days of the little red schoolhouse have long gone. So have the Grade 13 departmental examinations and a lot of the disciplines which we once had in our elementary and secondary schools.

All these and more have vanished in the wake of advanced educational techniques which are reaching a peak of refinement under the county jurisdictions established a couple of years ago.

But would you rather have a little white lie or a big black mark?

The issue, as it applies to student grades at Brockton High School in Toronto, has been resolved in favor of the little white lie. Lots of them, ac-

tually. Guidance head John Hastie says the program has helped motivate failing students by giving them passing marks whether or not they deserve them.

Maybe it was to be expected that we would arrive at this point. The school system in Ontario has been moving steadily away from the days when marks were uncompromising, failure was undisguised, and the need for special effort was made painfully clear.

One by one we have cast out the sources of student discomfort. The trend has been steadily away from the specific mark, the assignment of "A's" or "B's", the stark figure of the report

card. Comparisons — even between schools — have become odious.

Is it much of a jump from the process of diluting reports of student progress to substituting an artificial version for the achievement of a specific effect in the student?

The supporters of the idea seem to be suggesting that its efficacy outweighs any doubts that might arise from its morality, yet almost instinctively one questions the returns from a policy of deceit. The results can hardly fail to diminish now that the practice is known. Can a teacher lose anything more valuable to his profession than credibility? — Leamington Post and News

Dibs and dabs . . .

Some of the news staff attended a day-long seminar in Toronto a week ago, which told us how to put "Zip" in our weekly newspapers. We looked at slides, heard an expert from the land of experts, the U.S. of A., listened to criticism and praise. The professor of journalism had 99 points on how to make a better weekly paper. We heard them all and even took notes. So be sure to look for the new Zip. It's got to be lurking in the pages here somewhere.

The first Canadian census, conducted in the year 1666, revealed a total known population of 3,215 men, women and children. A fascinating sidelight: of this number, no fewer than 401 (one in eight) were classed as "servants."

Another weekend just past in the all too short summer season. Campers, cottagers, gardeners, all listened to the radio to hear what the weatherman would bring them. And what he brought them — again — was wrong reports on the weather.

We never learn. We keep right on listening. The weather man who assured us of warmth and sunshine last weekend must have got a nasty surprise when he looked out the window. Oops, it's raining, folks.

Well, the Free Press has a reliable prediction for all you frustrated weather watchers. It's guaranteed.

The sun will shine every single day,

all summer. Be an optimist! Some days you just have to ignore those clouds between us and it.

Ever wonder how many diapers are changed each year in Canada? A smooth (we hope) 2.77 billion. The Financial Post reports. And if you wonder who keeps track of diaper changes, it's Scott Paper Ltd., Vancouver. The company came up with these figures while it was researching the market for this week's introduction of its new disposable diaper: With about 370,000 babies born each year in Canada, some of which wear diapers up to 30 months, the market bottoms out at 935,000 babies.

A depressing survey has informed us ten per cent of a newspaper's readers read the editorials. So thanks for belonging to the Ten Per Cent Club. We meet every Wednesday. No dues.



20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 14, 1951.

Constable Peter Kerklewich, with the assistance of Orv Brown, captured an escaped prisoner from the Ontario Reformatory when he ordered a taxi for Toronto in town Monday. The constable was off duty at the time and in plain clothes.

The new executive of Acton crafts group was elected at a general meeting in the Y. The honorary president is Mrs. W. Beatty, who directed the first year of operation. Succeeding her is Mrs. George Mason with Mrs. Charles Heller vice president, Mrs. George Musselle secretary, Mrs. C. Cook treasurer and Miss Rita McNabb purchaser. There were 62 members in the crafts group and plans were made for an exhibit.

Mrs. Lily Higgins, daughters Catherine and Frances arrived in Acton June 6.

Membership in Acton Y for the current year totals 342 the 16th annual report revealed. Financially there was a deficit of \$285. Gym classes, junior handicraft classes, model airplane club, social clubs, craft guild, bridge club, ladies' auxiliary and a host of other activities were conducted in the past year. The report was prepared by Cliff Sutton.

A resident of Acton for over 30 years Thomas Rumley passed away at his home on Park Ave. He was a blacksmith by trade and for many years owned the shop at the corner of Mill and Park Ave.

His neck broken in a dive in Fairy Lake, Michael McCristall will be in a cast from head to waist for six months.

Alan Jackson caught a three pound, 19½ inch brown t-out right in Rockwood Monday.

Marilyn Marks won fifth place in an essay contest sponsored by county council.

Some high school exams are being written in the scout hall this week.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 23, 1921.

The Acton men of the Halton Rifles with Major Kennedy and Capt. Kennedy in command left for Camp Niagara last Friday. Serg. Coles and Sergt. Henderson with a couple of men went down the day

before to get tents ready and make general arrangements. The soldiers all looked natty in their tidy new uniforms.

Following is the result of the June examinations for promotion at Acton High school: Form 1 to form 11 with honors Jean Orr, Genevieve Clarridge, Willard Smith, Russell Ross, Agnes Mann, Vera Johnston, Morris Starkman, Leslie Martin, Madelon Gibbons. Passed—Bernice Reid, James Matthews, Jessie Lindsay.

Acton's first garden party of the season was held under the auspices of the Duke of Devonshire chapter of the I.O.D.E. in the park. The program was varied and enjoyable and the booth was well patronized.

Trafalgar township is putting on city airs, and has decided to post signs showing the names of the roads. This will greatly assist motoring parties.

There are no less than seven baseball teams in town now. The Halton-Peel league schedule got underway; it was a splendid game but Limehouse is alleged to have

played an imported pitcher.

A young horse was quite badly frightened by a white baby carriage on the third line on Sunday evening. Fortunately no serious harm resulted.

Toronto labor unions are striking for an eight hour day.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 18, 1896.

It is somewhat unique for a small town to have the honor of visits within a week by such distinguished personages as the Premier of the Dominion and the Minister of Education of the Province.

Last Wednesday evening Hon. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Ross, and Mr. and Mrs. John Waldie arrived in town by the evening train. The town hall was crowded to its utmost capacity and scores were unable to gain admittance. The Cornet Band played lively airs. Mr. Waldie in a half hour address clearly stated his position as candidate for election. Hon. W. G. Ross referred to Mr. Waldie's abilities. In an able and eloquent speech of two hours he treated in a most lucid and interesting manner first the great trade issues and then the all absorbing question of remedial legislation.

Arrangements were made for the brief visit of the Premier on his way to Guelph. The station platform and approaches were crowded and the roofs of the adjoining sheds and cars accommodated many additional spectators. Mr. Henderson, the conservative candidate, went to Brampton to meet the premier and accompanied him to Acton. As Sir Charles Tupper alighted he was greeted by W. H. Storey, Acton Cornet Band playing "Red, White and Blue", and conducted to an improvised platform decorated with the Union Jacks. Two little maids Edith Nicklin and Jennie Hynds presented bouquets which were welcomed with resounding kisses. Sir Charles made a 20-minute speech in which he dealt with preferential trade. At two o'clock the Premier resumed his journey amid the hearty cheers of the crowd and the national anthem by the band.

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