



DOCKED AT ONTARIO PLACE is the "Nonsuch", a replica of the 43-ton ketch built in England which was the first ship to enter Hudson's Bay and return loaded with beaver furs. Now in the 300 year anniversary of the Hudson's Bay Company the replica is visiting a number of ports in Quebec and Ontario. She's only 53 feet long but a handsome sight sailing across Lake Ontario with all her sails catching the wind. She's built of English oak although her keel is English narrow leaf elm with some yellow and red pine also used in the construction. The public is not allowed on board but may inspect the vessel from the wharf. —(Photo by Bill Stuckey)



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

At this time of year, the average school-teacher takes a deep breath, lets out an even deeper sigh, and wonders where in the name of all that's ridiculous the last teaching year has gone.

Looking forward to it in September, it seems endless. But that doesn't bother you. You are refreshed, full of beans, full of plans, and full of that once-more-into-the-breach-dear-friends spirit.

Looking in either direction about February is a depressing experience. Behind lie the ruins of your buoyant September self. Ahead lies a trackless desert, with the end of June far beyond the horizon.

But looking back, it seems to have flown by at the speed of a mallard. You are exhausted, you query whether you have accomplished anything, and you are ready to step out of the breach and into a lawchair.

It's a good time for a quiet assessment of what the whole educational business is about, and also of whether you have contributed anything more than a fairly capable job of babysitting.

The young teacher especially, just finishing the first year, has had a genuine eye-opener. First of all, he or she has discovered that the "learning process", as the jargoners call it, is vastly different from what he or she had imagined it to be.

The brighter ones realize that they have been taught. They've learned that kids are people, that problems are never as large as they look, and that memos are for the waste basket.

For some of them, it has been the most exciting year of their lives, because it has been the first year in which they have been totally involved in a real job, with real people, students.

For many of them, the year past has been a blur, or a dazzle: endless hours of preparation and marking papers; and a combination of great leaps ahead and agonizing prat-falls.

They're looking forward desperately to vacation, because they've really been through the wringer. They can scarcely believe that they have come through a year of teaching without anything worse than a slight tic or a voice several decibels higher

than it was in September. Quite a few are even more "dedicated" than when they began.

Some of them, fortunately not many, are soured on the whole shambles and have decided they don't like kids, detest their fellow-teachers, and loathe the administration. They should clear out without a backward look, if they want to avoid unhappy lives for themselves and all those about them.

Teaching is a reasonably well-paid job, with a long holiday thrown in. But I've never met a wealthy teacher and never will. And one can even get a bellyfull of holidays. Especially when one has to get up at six o'clock to drive his daughter to work.

But to those who consider it as a vocation, let me just say it's a helluva tough job. It's not the weak of will or the faint of heart.

There are certain pre-requisites. You must like, if not necessarily understand, young people. Who does? You must be able to get along with, if not necessarily like, your fellow teachers. It is perfectly O.K. to loathe administrators. Everyone else does.

After ten years of it, I have learned to roll with the punches. If you don't you'll get a broken neck, figuratively speaking. I have learned that that mob of hoodlums I faced in September is just a group of high-spirited youngsters.

But roll on, the First of July.



## and Pepper

by hartley coles

Sometimes subjects for a column are elusive when the weather is muggy, your neck is fried from the sun, you are dreaming of basking at the beach, toes dipped in the water and a handy mug of something or other close by. In the event a parched throat croaks for relief.

It is times such as these that newspaper backs reach for the files and explore their mind's inner recesses. In this case I reached back into the files to see what the devil I had to say last year about this time.

Believe it or not the hot subject in June, 1970, was panty hose. Women were raving about them. There were arguments between the panty hose makers and the girdle manufacturers. (No doubt all owned by the same doughy bunch who dreamed up hot pants for this season.) about the advantages of these medieval apparel as opposed to the restrictions of the girdle.

After the fuss was all over I ran across a couple of items I thought might come in handy some time detailing further uses for these combination long john bottoms and hose.

Number one observation was from Style. A women's wear newspaper, commenting that although panty hose don't always stand up to the roughest wear, they do come in handy sometimes in a pinch.

I envisioned an Italian scene where the young gallants have a reputation for punching bottoms. But my imagination was hitting bottom.

It seems an enterprising nurse found a new use for the contraptions after witnessing an accident where a youngster was hurt and bleeding profusely. She whipped off her panty hose and applied them as a tourniquet until an ambulance arrived.

So panty hose turned out to be a lifesaver in a pinch.

For scene number two you must picture a careful of tourists stranded on the Macdonald Cartier Freeway, (known to the unlearned as "401") with a broken fan belt. One of the women in the group with a presence of mind which defies description, doffed her panty hose and fashioned a make-shift fan belt from them that enabled the car to limp to the nearest service station six miles away.

You may recall that this fuzzy checked fellow was in a similar situation three or four weeks ago, the distaff members of the clan failed to come up with a solution such as this testimonial supposed the tourist lady improvised. In fact, it is doubtful either my better half or Daughter One would have suggested the wrinkle even if it had occurred to them.

# Ratepayers pay the shot . . .

We can well appreciate the feelings of Esquesing councillors and officials over the decision by representatives of the Ontario Municipal Board to adjourn the hearing Monday over the Golden Horseshoe Dragway's objections to the Agricultural Holding By-Law until such time as counsel for the dragway has time to assemble evidence.

Hearing chairman D. Jameson told those in attendance at the hearing that he appreciated the inconvenience the decision he and Mr. Lancaster arrived at, but felt the matter deserved careful consideration before the O. M. B. could settle the case. Earlier he said the township applied for approval of the by-law and it was up to the municipality to show why the Golden Horseshoe Dragway property should be zoned Agricultural, not the other way around.

Few would disagree with these points but it seems to us that

ratepayers of Esquesing are the "goats" in this particular postponement. They will bear the cost of readvertising another hearing, assembling witnesses and engaging legal counsel.

The township clerk and others concerned with the hearing will have to contact all witnesses and objectors again - for the third time - while representatives of the Dragway virtually have a licence to operate as they see fit until such time they feel they have assembled enough evidence to present their side of the story.

It would seem to us that the O. M. B. is bending over backwards to give counsel and owners of the dragway time to present their case. Certainly they are entitled to every opportunity for a fair hearing but it seems they have already had two golden opportunities to state objections to the holding by-law as it affects their

property. Although counsel for the dragway denies they were ever notified of the first hearing over the by-law in February, they certainly had every opportunity to present their case at Monday's hearing.

We feel the onus should have been on them to produce evidence Monday. Township and solicitors representing those who object to the dragstrip were prepared to furnish witnesses and evidence within an hour, although albeit reluctantly, and we feel counsel for the dragway should have been prepared as well.

We don't pretend to be experts on jurisprudence but plain common sense tells us that someone is taking a beating in this case and it looks suspiciously like it is the body of Esquesing ratepayers who'll likely wind up wearing goat horns.

## Free Press Editorial Page

# The eating is grand . . .

The Milton Canadlan Champion is tilting its editorial lance at county councillors again, on the heels of criticism of recent pay hikes councillors voted themselves.

Says The Champion:

"Oh dear, the "fun funds" gang is at it again. Reliable sources inform us the Halton county councillors are finding themselves hard-pressed to eat in the manner to which they are accustomed on the county's measly meal allowance of only \$8 per day, while they're out of town on business. So the finance

committee has upped the limit to \$12 a day.

This is the same group of elected representatives which recently voted themselves an annual salary of \$3,000 with no penalties for missing meetings, then combined several standing committees into one to cut down on the number of meetings they had to attend. The \$3,000, of course, does not cover travelling and convention expenses. Nor meals, at the new rate of \$12 per man per day.

"Oddly enough, at the same meeting a report was submitted that shows the county's senior citizens living in Halton Centennial Manor are being fed for the grand cost of 81 cents per person a day."

"Let's hope the Manorites don't hear how their elected representatives are tossing around all that money they spent a lifetime earning (and paying some of it into the county coffers). They might start asking for an extra piece of bread once a day and shoot the Manor chef's budget out of whack".

## Free Press back issues

20 years ago

50 years ago

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 21, 1951.

Graduating class of Acton Public School enjoyed a banquet in the Y sponsored by the Home and School Association.

Chairman Joe Jany introduced the head table guests Rev. Curry, Home and School president R. Parker, I.O.D.E. regent Mrs. Long, school board chairman F. Oakes, Mr. McKenzie and speaker F. Hamilton, Guelph Collegiate. Les Doby led a singsong. Georgina Plester led three cheers for Mr. McKenzie. Georgina and Ronald Emerson received awards for the students showing the greatest improvement. Jerry White presented an oil painting to the school, an autumn scene by Jean Johnston.

Recent changes in the Sunday School room of the United church uncovered the backing of the old blackboard and the information that it was installed by Thomas Ebbage in 1893. On the board is also some very fine chalk work and many of us remember how expert superintendent H. P. Moore was in fine lettering and illustration. We suppose Acton had a population then of about half what it is today, and it is significant that the attendance totalled up in the various classes amounted to 174.

Helen Joyce Jervis and Wyman Little were married in Toronto June 16.

Andrew Molozzi has received a scholarship in Geophysics at the U. of T. He has completed his second year.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, June 30, 1921.

As a result of the new route in Halton of the Provincial Highway, Acton occupies a star position on the line, much to the enthusiastic delight of Actonians. The road now goes from Brampton to Norval into Georgetown and then by the check line to Acton. From there it passes through Rockwood and on to Guelph. Premier Drury is given the credit for working out this ideal route.

The new Starkman block (south-east corner Mill-Main) is now almost completed and Mr. Starkman has done both himself and Acton a good turn by his improvements in rebuilding the Storey block. Mr. T. E. Gibbons has moved into his shoe store and Mr. Starkman will take possession of the large store and dwelling next week.

The annual congregational meeting of the Methodist church is always an occasion of much interest. Rev. Moyer reported membership of 377 and 38 new members were received during the year. Total financial offerings of the year were \$6,727. The minister's salary is \$1,800.

Fred Blow's machine shop is a hive of industry these days. He has just put in two new lathes and is turning out Chevrolet and Ford motor axles by the thousands. Another car of steel bars was delivered last week.

In the death of Stewart McCutcheon of Ospringe, another name was struck from the ever-lessening roll of names of old settlers. He was born at Ospringe in 1835.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, June 25, 1896.

The election on Tuesday was fought with the utmost vigour. Every available vote was secured and the Liberals triumphed by a good working majority. The tariff question and the Manitoba school question aroused the enthusiasm and excitement of every voter in the dominion. The Conservative party who have had the upper hand of government for the past 18 years now hand over the reins of government to the Liberals. In Halton both Mr. Henderson and Mr. Waldie worked with determination but Mr. Henderson of Acton was the man chosen.

At Mr. Henderson's meeting in the town hall last Friday there was a larger representation of the fair sex than at any previous political meeting. Mr. Henderson, who has developed into one of the most fluent and eloquent speakers, spoke for an hour and a half.

The picnic held in Prospect Park last Monday afternoon under the auspices of St. Joseph's R. C. church was well attended by Protestants as well as Roman Catholics. Some of the stores closed for the afternoon. A good many citizens were very wrath about the fire bell being rung Tuesday night for the bonfire at the park.

The half-time system is being adopted in Georgetown school because of overcrowding.

There was no meeting of council on Monday, there being no business requiring of their attention.

So the only recourse, of course, was to

(Continued on Page B3)

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1951 GRADE 8 graduation class—does it bring back memories? Back row left to right, Colin MacColl, Stanley Mages, Joseph Jany, Ronald Emerson, Jerry White, John Huffnagel, Herbie Dodds. Third row John Lambert, Allan Holmes. Second row, Helen Luxton, Marjorie Winter, Marilyn Marks, Bernice Sargent, Lorraine Tyler, Barbara Anderson, Georgina Plester, Betty Ann Barr, Jo Anne Stuckey, Joan Chisholm. Front row, Faye Garner, Elaine Ruchlin, Joyce Halladay, Jean McCrean, Peggy Bradshaw, Leona Sagaki, Frances Oakes, Cheryl Morton, Mary Mages, Adele Lamarche. Grant Withers and John Haydon were missing.