



MAMA DUCK and five of her little quackers know when it is dinner time at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Archibald, R.R. 3 Acton. They're so enthused they climb right into the dinner while Oscar, the family clown, safely beside Momma gives the photographer an outstretched beak. This family is only one of many species of wildfowl and other birds at the Archibald game farm. —(Staff Photo)



### Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

We're in a terrible dilemma around our house these days. My wife is going off her nut worrying about the situation, my daughter is having bad dreams about it, and I as usual, am being ground between the millstones of two hysterical women who expect me to come up smiling and with the right answers.

In this summer when there is so little employment for students, my daughter has two jobs available.

One, as I've mentioned, is at a hotel, waiting table in the dining-room. It's a pleasant place, overlooking the water. She likes the job and the people, chef, boss, and the other waitresses. The salary is well below the minimum wage, but the tips are good.

But there's the inevitable fly in the soup. There is no accommodation for the hired help, and the darn thing is ten miles out of town, in a small village.

As I have reported, this means that she must have transportation to and from the job, or get a room in the village. She doesn't have a car or driver's license. A taxi would be \$2.50 each way and there goes a day's tips.

So I've been driving her to work in the mornings and her mother picking her up in the afternoons. Even the kid realizes that this is somewhat of an imposition, if we expect to have any holidays this summer.

An alternative would be to get a room in the village. As she puts it, this would be like going into a nunnery. Which, at age twenty, unless your tendencies are nunish, and hers are not, is not too appealing.

However, like most teapot tempests, something could probably be worked out. She has been offered another job as a waitress right here in town, five minutes walk from home.

The wages are better, the tips poorer. The work is just about as hard. It's right on the main street, and hotter than Hades in summer. She doesn't know whether she likes the boss.

Up to now she's been working only part time at the hotel, usually weekends, but can be on full time during July and August. She has already worked two shifts at the restaurant, on a trial basis, and they've offered a full time job.

Isn't this a sad story? The poor kid

doesn't know what to do. She likes the first one better, but the second has no transportation problem.

And of course a waitress hasn't much security these days, or ever. She could be fired from either job if business fell off or she got blisters and couldn't walk or she had a run-in with the chef or dropped a tray of food on the customers (which I did one time, though it wasn't food, it was beer).

The whole thing is complicated by the fact that her mother was a waitress for a couple of summers at the same age, and thinks she knows all about everything and keeps poking her nose in.

The irony of the situation is that if she diddles around and doesn't make up her mind, she could wind up without any job, and knowing my daughter for twenty years, I have a feeling this is exactly what will happen. This would give her a perfect excuse to go off hitch-hiking to Vancouver or Charlottetown, which she'd much rather be doing than working, as who wouldn't.

As you can see, the whole thing is a tragedy in a teaspoon, but you've no idea how we burn the midnight oil, the three of us, turning over new leaves and unturned stones, building up one job and then knocking it down with the other, doing sums, calculating tips, considering the personalities of cashiers and cooks.

If something isn't settled soon, I'm afraid Kim is going to decide that the great world of free enterprise is too baffling and opt out. And if something isn't done soon, I'm afraid I'm going to decide that the whole world of student employment is too baffling, and take off on a solitary holiday, leaving the two women to sort it out for themselves.

## Dominion Day confusion . . .

The Dominion Day holiday, a day set aside for Canadians to honor the birth of their country, has degenerated into abject confusion. The days are long gone when everyone took the holiday off and celebrated it with flag waving pageants and more patriotic fervor than most of us can muster up today.

July 1 fell on Thursday this year. As a result confusion over store hours and plant shutdowns was chaotic in a small town like Acton. Some took Thursday, others observed Friday. Think what it must have been like in places the size of Toronto, or Hamilton. Although there is much to be said about celebrating the holiday on the correct anniversary date, it seems usage rather than sentiment is going to determine when Canadians are going to take time off to observe the holiday. Most of the population has little to say about when they will celebrate

Dominion Day. Decisions are made in the board rooms and retail shops of the nation.

There have been attempts to establish uniform observance but they are largely ignored through the expedient of finding loopholes in the law or merely ignoring them.

Do Canadians not really care enough about Canada to set one day aside and celebrate it in suitable fashion?

Are we only interested in a mad dash to the cottage for a long weekend, a picnic by the lake, or a day in bed?

In Acton, firefighters took the bull by the horns and organized a fireworks display to mark the holiday, an event that realizes only bare expenses that are not sufficient to keep out of the red. As far as we are aware, there are no other public displays to mark the most important secular holiday in the year.

Some citizens think enough of their country to fly flags.

The national and provincial radio and TV networks patronizingly take a few hours of their less valuable time for Dominion Day happenings across the nation. But generally our really only patriotic holiday is taken up with trivia that could happen at any other time of the year.

Although we look with amusement at the flag-waving of our neighbors to the South we could take a valuable leaf out of their book when it comes to observing patriotic holidays. It may be loud and crass, but there's conviction behind their display.

And judging by the present constitutional crisis it is time someone sounded off about the positive and good things about living in Canada.

### Free Press Editorial Page

## Transportation policy makes sense

Liberal leader Bob Nixon makes a lot of sense with his talk about the party's transportation policy.

The Liberals propose through improvement in public transportation to lower the cost of housing, increase social and economic opportunities and spread Southern Ontario's boom beyond the golden horseshoe area, where much of it lies now.

Nixon says, "We will spread rational and reliable public transit beyond our cities' increasingly expensive residential land to such centres as Peterborough, Lindsay, Barrie, Orangeville and Guelph."

"A better way of life for those who prefer to live out of the megalopolis depends on expanded public transportation that will pick up and deliver them within reasonable distance of home and work. Freed of today's

commuting dependence on the motor car, they will be able to buy their homes in these less expensive communities on less expensive land.

Nixon's plan is to integrate all forms of public transportation, including rail, rapid transit and bus, to eliminate delay and the general inconvenience public transit riders must face each day. He proposes to negotiate with Ottawa over the railways to make them an integral part of the province's transportation system instead of leaving some sections of Ontario without virtually any communication, outside of the motor car.

It shows that there is at least one politician and one party that has been listening to the grass roots about the problem of travel over congested roads.

Premier William Davis has also

shown there is growing recognition among the Conservative party that public transportation is vital by cancelling Toronto's proposed Spadina Expressway.

The Conservatives seemed to recognize the problems at one time when they established the GO transit system, in co-operation with the railways, but then either decided it was too costly or took too much trouble to expand the system.

Even the railways, bent on closing all the passenger depots they could without raising too much of a public outcry, are now trying to regain some of the public image they lost, by conciliatory statements indicating they are "genuinely interested in operating passenger trains."

Now, if they could only get someone to believe them.

## "Gains" could be losses . . .

Militant feminists are few in this neck of the woods so there is little outcry about the uncomfortable draft of backlash which has accompanied some of their more inane mutterings in the past few months.

By now most men have been persuaded women have not been treated as equals and are opening up business and professional doors more readily to feminine career seekers. But the backers of women's lib are encountering opposition from within

their own sex from women who are safely married to considerate husbands.

These women have no intention of getting a job or fulfilling themselves through a career. They find their identity in motherhood and home-making as well as in community service and creative activities.

Some men gleefully hoped women would assume more of the burden associated with earning a living, especially helping out in the income department which often creates a

strain on the family's marital situation. Psychiatrists prophesied fewer tension ailments among men if all women turned out to work. By the same token they expected to see an upturn of these ailments among women.

But not all women want a career. "Those that can do" but there are others who are happy with the status quo.

These women realize that in "gaining their rights" they may be losing many of the advantages which women enjoy, not open to men.



### Salt and Pepper by hartley coles

Just a few short vignettes gleaned from other sources to start the week off on the right foot:

With the help of Tony Duncan of the Leamington Post and a daily paper we have compiled a glossary of real estate terms and what we think they really mean. We don't vouch for the accuracy of these views, so please Mr. Real Estate Man don't hold it against us.

Small estate: the former owners had a station wagon and three flower pots.

Near outstanding schools: With outstanding debts.

Near a paved road: Old highway 7 meandered nearby. The new freeway skirts the area.

Low taxes: The previous owner only paid the first instalment. The municipality has so far not collected.

Professionally landscaped: The nurseryman advised the builder which plants to eradicate. He said dandelions.

Exclusive: No one else would sell it.

Established neighborhood: Most of the establishment live somewhere else.

Must be seen to be appreciated: Buy it sight unseen and live to weep.

House and barn: But which is which.

One mortgage: \$40,000.

Country living in the city: The neighbors

keep chickens and there's a foul odor from a nearby glue factory.

But don't despair house hunters. Few of the genuine real estate brokers use the terms in the above context.

If you don't know a John Smith then you are one of a very few. He is the most frequently-known man in the English-speaking world and he has contemporaries in other countries as well with a derivative.

Out of 54 million people in Great Britain upwards of 800,000 are named Smith and it is estimated one-fifth of them at least have the handle John in front of the Smith. Traced through Anglo-Saxon through Old Dutch, German and Icelandic and Scandinavian languages, Smith is the most frequent name today because it is one of the oldest.

The name means "iron-worker" and was originally applied to anyone who worked with metal. Smyth or Smythe was a variant spelling of the name and was not pronounced differently at first.

In Europe John Smith becomes Johann Schmidt in Germany, Hans Schmidt in Holland and varies from Ion Smikton in Greece to Juan Smithus in Spain. To the French he is Jean Smeets, to the Italians Giovanni Smith. In Russia he answers to Jouloff Smithowski and in Poland he became Ivan Schmittuwei.

Oddly enough although he is recognized as Jahne Smithson in Iceland he is rendered as Jihne Schmidd in Welsh. The Turks call him Yoe Seef and the Mexicans name him Jontli F'Smurti.

So would the real John Smith stand up,

please.

After Smith, the commonest English-speaking names, in order of numbers, are Jones, Brown, Williams, Taylor, Wilson, Davies, Johnson, Thomas, Evans, Wood, Walker, Wright, White, Roberts, Thomson, and Robinson.

Author Dale Carnegie wrote that a man's name is to him the sweetest and most important sound in the English language. There would be a lot of agreement from the John Smiths of the world.

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Keep your eye on the weather July 15. It could rain for the next 40 days according to British tradition. It is St. Swithin's Day, of which an ancient rote states:

"If thou dost rain, for 40 days it will remain. If thou art fair, for 40 days twill rain nae mair."

Don't scoff. People who claim they have watched this phenomenon declare it has been carried out faithfully since 962 A.D. Swithin was Bishop of Winchester. When he died in 862 his will urged that he be buried in a vile place beside the church where renowned Winchester Cathedral now sits. There rain from the eaves would fall on his grave.

A century later popularity canonized him and Swithin was taken inside the church. The removal, it is said, was greeted with prolonged rain which continued for 40 days.

Swithin doesn't really care about the rain now. He's inside. My visit to Winchester, England, convinced me when his grave was pointed out but I'll always have trouble knowing when the English can figure when it doesn't rain for 40 days.

Keep your eye on the sky here and let me know how we make out.

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, July 12, 1951

Narrowly escaping death and serious injury, 12 bus passengers and John Kociuk were involved in an accident at the first line west of Acton Friday evening.

The Old Mill, Guelph, was the scene of the postponed United church picnic. A second bus was secured for the trip since about 130 attended.

Mrs. Thomas McBride, 72, of R. R. 2, Rockwood, was almost instantly killed Tuesday when the car in which she was riding was in collision with a truck in Nassagaweya township.

About 110 people attended the Scott family reunion at the home of Mrs. Angus McDonald, Limehouse.

Reports are received that the five day week camping program at the Y is proving very successful. Those obtaining their shark swimming awards so far are Bob Armstrong, Harry McFadden, Gary McFadden, George Smethurst and Gary Dawkins. While the last two are well on their way to earning their swordfish badges.

Dominion census figures released by Arthur Padbury show Acton to have a population of 2898. This is an increase of 835 in the last ten years.

G. W. Benton opened his new store on Queen St. last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Love have taken possession of the store formerly owned by Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McCutcheon on Young St.

Rockwood C.G.I.T. girls with their leader, Miss Pearl Hamilton went by bus to Niagara Falls.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 14, 1921.

The Women's Institute will hold their annual garden party in the park 27th Inst. The object of the garden party is to provide a drinking fountain for Acton.

### Free Press back issues

The editor had a very pleasant interview with Mr. Joel Leslie of Erin township who came in to pay \$2 for his subscription. "I am one of the very first subscribers," Mr. Leslie said with pride. "Mr. Joseph H. Hacking, the founder of the paper, met me the first day of his canvass for subscribers in June 1875 and I at once gave him my subscription. This is the 47th time I have paid my subscription in advance."

The members of Acton I.O.O.F. No. 467 went to Georgetown on Tuesday to spend the Twelfth with 1,500 brethren who assembled there. It was the biggest Twelfth Georgetown ever celebrated. Bands blared everywhere and there were 46 banners. Hundreds

of autos were evidence of the size of the immense gathering.

The garden party of the Acton Farmers' Club at the home of Mr. Charles Davidson, second line, was one of the real old-fashioned kind. The supper was such as only farmers' wives and daughters know how to put on. The program was also very complete.

### 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 9, 1896.

Honor roll for Limehouse school — Mary Osmond, Frank Moore, Olive Marshall, Fred Swackhammer, John Newton, Carrie Meredith, Lennie Garvin, James Nickell, Charlie Lane, Robert Marshall, Vernon Swackhammer, John Halner, Henry La Poidevin, Joe O'Neill, Susie Demert, Eva Meredith, Harvey McDowell, Nellie Swackhammer, William Dobbe, Duncan Sharp, Sadie Nickell, Rae Scott, Earl Marshall.

A largely attended congregational meeting was held in Knox church when the subject was the advisability of taking steps necessary to extending a call to a minister.

It occasionally occurs that young men from the cities imagine when visiting the country they are at liberty to act as hoodlums with impunity. A gang of this character was brought up short at Oakville. Their conduct was most disorderly and consisted of insults to women and rowdiness generally. The mother of one young man paid \$20 for her boy's Dominion Day fun and the other will work hard in Milton jail for 42 days as a reward.

The game wardens intend to open a campaign against those who shoot robins, blue birds and other harmless members of the feathered family. The law is very specific in protecting insectivorous birds.

Grasshoppers have done considerable damage to pastures and growing crops. Summer saunterings are now popular. Mr. William Hemstreet sold his fine pair of matched greys at a good figure.

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