

### Mini-Comment

It is no news that Canada received 25,813 (or 18 per cent) less immigrants in 1971 than in the previous year, but it is interesting to note United States, for the first time, was the major source country for Canada's immigrants in 1971. At the same time the flow of emigration from Britain fell to 15,451, a decrease of 41.68 per cent from the preceding year.

Other major source countries with number of immigrants coming were:—Portugal (9,157); Italy (5,780); India (5,313); Hong Kong (5,008) and Greece (4,769).

Of the entire total Ontario attracted 52.8 per cent, with Quebec second with 15.8 per cent, and BC. third with 15.5 p.c.

The majority of newcomers (79.7 per cent) were under 35. The sexes were almost equally divided—80,445 male to 81,455 female.

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An estimated 80 million gallons of water escaped from the Scotch Block reservoir last Wednesday when a 20 foot section of the dam collapsed and spilled into the valley of the Sixteen Mile Creek, which kind of pooh-poos the suggestion made by a district newspaper that the flood was really only a trickle of water that leaked when the dam sagged.

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It seems that ever since we can remember that grand juries have been condemning the Halton County Jail in Milton. Once again in annual fashion the grand jury took a swipe at the venerable antique, especially for its lack of exercise areas for inmates. If this year's grand jury report has as much effect as previous recommendations, we would suggest they forget all about them and turn their energy to more promising pursuits.

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Can we expect increased educational taxes next year? Board of Education finance chairman William Priestner attributes the drop in the educational levy this year to the fact government grants are paying 60 per cent of costs this year as opposed to only 42 per cent in 1969, and that's the end. Despite protests from other boards over the province's ceilings on spending, Mr. Priestner says they are necessary to control the extraordinary growth in educational spending of the last decade. Amen.



—(Photos by J. Carpenter)

## Report vindicates our policy . . .

The confidential report released Monday regarding the site of the new Toronto International Airport vindicates both the editorial policy and strong suppositions in news stories carried in these pages that federal planners chose a site near here for the brand new facility.

We were accused during the prolonged period where and announcement of the site was delayed of arousing unfounded fears with news stories and editorials that the airport would be located near Acton. We were convinced that this is the hub of the most important parts of Ontario and the only real site that made sense. Federal planners, it turns out, agreed with us picking Acton as the favored place for the airport as well as being the most economical.

Then politics intervened. It must have been the disagreement between the federal and provincial governments over Acton that delayed an answer on the site finally chosen at Pickering. Federal planners felt the airport should go in the Acton area while Queens Park, following the guide lines laid out in the Toronto-Centred Region Plan felt it should go east of Toronto.

Bill Davis, Darcy McKeough and their cohorts won—the federal Government gave in, compromising on a new deal which involved a regional concept serving the whole area with four airports.

It almost frightens one to think that the future of this entire area hinged on the decision of a few men in Government, pointing out once again

how important the election of competent men to govern the province and country has become.

We'll miss the excitement and the influx of jobs and capital a new airport would have provided in town and area, but at the same time we are thankful the decision to locate at Pickering was made.

Now we are also more familiar with the statement from Prime Minister Trudeau that the federal Government wasn't one hundred per cent happy about the Pickering site.

The decision by Government planners does show once again that Acton is in the real hub of this province and efforts by Government to keep the area small and undeveloped are going to run into continuing opposition.

## Schools must develop personality . . .

Esquesing's member on the Halton County Board of Education hit the education nail firmly on the head with comment directed against the proposals for mammoth high schools with enrolments of 18,000 to 18,000 students at a recent discussion of board administration proposals.

Stressing high schools of that size would almost completely eradicate the personal human relationships which "education should develop above all else," Mr. Lawson pointed out human development requires inter-action and involvement with others.

"We are probably graduating the loneliest young people this country has ever seen," the Esquesing trustee claims, stressing the problem is compounded by the disintegration and impersonalization of families. He sees the trend toward smaller schools will

have a positive reaction among teachers, who increasingly as the system becomes more refined, will have the ability to communicate and light fires under their charges instead of being merely collectors of degrees.

"Above all," Mr. Lawson says, "the teachers should get to know their pupils and their families."

To our mind this is what education is all about, not merely learning by rote or experiment fitting oneself for a job—but complete development of the human person.

Perhaps the establishment of smaller schools, where warm personal relationships can still exist and school spirit can be cultivated assiduously by both teachers and students, will be more costly and require duplication of facilities, but it is part of the answer to many of today's problems in education

where disgruntled students are turning to sub-cultures of their own for solace, as Mr. Lawson explains.

We shudder when we hear some supposedly enlightened people spout theories which would reduce the education process to that of a production line where students go in one door and are turned out another, clutching a diploma entitling them to occupy a pigeon hole for the rest of their lives.

It is heartening to hear trustees on the Boards of Education are concerned with more than the everyday mechanics of running a huge and costly enterprise and think seriously about the complete education of those who will one day run this country.

And Mr. Lawson is on the right track.

As I write, the so-called first day of spring has long gone, but the only indication that winter is nearly over in these parts is that the curling season is drawing to a close.

Outside the window the snowbanks look like the iceberg that sank the Titanic. Inside, the furnace thumps away like a bull moose that has just outrun a pack of wolves. And every four days, it seems, the oil delivery man wades through the drifts, inserts that solid gold nozzle in the side of the house, and whistling cheerfully, pumps another \$30 worth of oil into the great guzzler.

It is a time to try men's souls. It is a time of year when I curse my Irish forebears for not emigrating to New Zealand or South Africa or Jamaica.

However, it happens every year, and there's always some little ray of spiritual or emotional sunlight to penetrate the late-winter blues.

My little ray of sunshine (at four o'clock in the afternoon) is sleeping the sleep of the pure at heart. She's been in the sack since 7:30 this morning, after sitting up all night talking to her crazy mother, who suffers from insomnia.

It's not that Kim disturbs the quiet, gentle routine of our daily life. She doesn't disturb it at all. She destroys it.

As mentioned, she's a night-owl. Does her best work, writing essays and stuff, after midnight. And just like the owl, she can sleep all day.

Same with eating. She's never hungry when anyone else is. If dinner is carefully planned for six-thirty, she is suddenly famished at five-thirty and smashes herself up a big mess of bacon and eggs or spaghetti and sardines, leaving her mother and I looking ruefully at the roast. Or else she is not hungry at dinner-hour and will eat nothing but some celery, and then about



eight-thirty, is fainting and slaps up a vast concoction of fried bananas and mushrooms.

These are minor things, of course, and she's a delight to have around the house. When she's here, at least I know why my socks are disappearing and I haven't a clean shirt to wear.

The problem, you see, is that we ask her home for a weekend. She throws a clean blouse in a shoulder bag and heads home. But she hates the city so much that her weekends turn into a six-day sojourn, and she has to wear somebody's clothes, and she and her mother can't abide each other's taste in garments, so she wears mine, which are so drab and nondescript that nobody could fight over them.

As I said, these are trifles. But she's always in some kind of a hassle, and these are the things that produce the hours-long, all-night sessions with her old lady, while I lie blissfully, dreaming of the grand old days when she was a cuddly infant. She's still pretty cuddly, by the way, but not for the old man.

And that's the sort of thing she and her Ma can talk about for six hours at a stretch, without either one drawing a full breath.

They can talk about Don and The Wedding. This is not the title of a Russian novel about the Don River. Don is the other man in her life, and The Wedding is causing more

confusion around here than anything since the day we discovered our tomcat was pregnant.

The great event is scheduled for May. Typically, Kim announced that they had chosen May 7 as the day. And typically, her mother, who never misses anything important like this, though I doubt if she knows the name of the prime minister, checked the calendar and discovered that May 7 is a Sunday. Not many people get married on Sunday, though I don't know why not. There isn't much else to do . . .

I've had a lot of free advice about the wedding. Most people chuckle heartily as they tell me what it's going to cost. "Well, she's your only daughter, so you'll have to go the whole hog, eh?" Or, "Well, it only happens once and it'll cost you a bundle, but think of the loot she'll get." Consoling stuff like this.

In the first place, I wouldn't care if I had ten daughters. Well, maybe I would. But in the second place, I don't want her to get a lot of loot. We'd wind up storing it in our house for ten years until she and her bloke intended are making enough to afford more than an unfurnished room.

Her mother promptly announced that she was not up to a big wedding with all the frills, the smartest decision she has made since she agreed to marry me. Her mother, that is.

Next, I laid it on the line. Four choices. A small wedding, immediate family only, and a fair-sized cheque. A slightly bigger deal, with a smallish reception, to include close friends, and a small cheque. A big splash, with a lot of people, and no cheque. Or a massive affair, with pomp and circumstance, in a city hotel ballroom, with her uncle and god-father, a well-to-do lawyer, paying the shot, if she could talk him into it.

She chose No. 1. But we'll see. We're far from out of the woods yet.

## Coles' Slaw



There is some discord at our house this week over: (1) the result of the hockey playoff to date; and (2) an article which appeared in the daily newspaper about sex and cars.

It is not serious, mind you, but at times has led to some sarcasm on both sides of the marital fence.

You see, my better half is a volatile supporter of the Boston Bruins, figuring they were cheated out of the Stanley Cup last year by a brash young man by the name of Ken Dryden.

Me? I've been cheering for the Toronto Maple Leafs, hoping they would shove the beanthrowers into the ashcan, in the same manner as the Habs did last year.

Up to the time of this writing I have had only one chance to gloat—when the Leafs kayoed the Bruins in overtime at Boston. The wife, meanwhile, has been able to gleefully pound me on three occasions and lined me up for a fourth with the Leafs on the brink of elimination.

She picks the Bruins because they are young, strong, aggressive, not to mention handsome (she says), symbolizing the vigor hockey players should display, as well as dressing pretty mod.

The second area of conflict kind of ties in with this theme. It concerned a newspaper article declaring British men measure their sexual potency by the size, quality and youth of the automobiles they drive.

This type of article ordinarily would not create any problem but recently it became necessary for our family of four drivers to acquire another car. My choice was a subcompact, one of the smaller cars on the market.

And it wasn't a new one.

So you can see right away there is an area where there could be some anxiety.

My first reaction when reading the article which first appeared in Motor Market News was to deplore the fact magazines were not satisfied in invading the bedrooms of the nation—now they wanted into the garages, too.

A spokesman for British Leyland, which produces most of Britain's mini cars was also disturbed. He is quoted as saying: "this can't really be a general rule. If it is, all these people with mini cars must be hiding terrible problems."

But I could see that many women in this country would be sizing their own husbands up from now on by the size and vintage of the husband's limousine, even though they were aware it was Britain where there was the growing tendency to change cars more often and always for something bigger, better and newer.

It reminded me of a clipping a friend sent me not long ago where a young man went into a department store to buy a pair of gloves for his girl friend. At the next counter was a young woman buying some lingerie for herself.

Due to some shuffling by the sales clerks, the packages became mixed up. The young man got the underwear, the gal the gloves.

Without examining the parcel, the young man sent it to his girl friend with this note:

"My dear Anne,

"In this package you will find a little gift which I hope you will accept in the place of the ones I ripped. I hope to be with you when you put them on as there are a number of ways the sales lady suggested for pulling them on.

"Now I wish no other hands to touch them, yet I know a hundred fellows will gaze upon them when I am not with you. If they are too large you can let them wrinkle as a great many girls wear them that way.

"The sales lady had a pair for three years and only cleaned them once. She said to remind you to always blow in them when putting them on.

"A word of caution: It might not be a bad idea to put a few mothballs in them to keep the flies away and above all do not take them off in the street as the skin chaps very easily in this weather."

Needless to say, the note required a lot of explaining.

And that is exactly what these studies regarding bigger and better cars need too—a lot of explaining. Don't bet that they haven't got their packages mixed up, too.

Of course, I might be willing to put more faith in the statistics if I had the resources and the nerve to race around town in a Lincoln or a Caddy instead of a two door Datsun.

But then every man has two ends—an end to think with and an end to sit with. What he accomplishes depends on which end he chooses . . . heads he wins . . . tails he loses.

### Middle age

Middle age is defined as a time when you are not inclined to exercise anything but caution.

### THE ACTON FREE PRESS

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Business and Editorial Office



Founded in 1873 and published every Wednesday at 38 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the C.W.N.A. and the Ontario Newspaper Association. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance, \$4.00 in Canada, \$9.00 in all countries other than Canada. Single copies 15 cents. Second class mail registration number 9515. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for postage, will not be charged for. But the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate. In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

Printed and Published by Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.

David R. Dills, Publisher Don Ryder, Advertising Manager

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## Back issues of The Free Press

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 17, 1952.

Good Friday was marked with solemnity at three Acton churches and all five Acton congregations joined Christians throughout the world in expressing Hallelujah. A cantata The Easter King was sung by Knox Presbyterian church choir at the evening service on Easter Sunday. Ted Hansen directed the choir and accompanied them on the organ.

Oldest Masons attending the annual District Deputy Night at Walker Lodge on Monday were W. Bro. A. T. Brown, V. Wor. Bro. Frank McIntosh and V. Wor. Bro. W. M. Cooper. Each of them has been a Mason for well over 50 years and served their lodge in every office. They rarely miss any of the functions. Donald Wade, Elmira, D.D.G.M. of Wellington district paid his official visit to the lodge. About 150 sat down to the meal served by the wives of the officers. The toast list was presided over by Dr. A. J. Buchanan.

Four Acton singers sang in the all-Acton secondary schools choir under the direction of Dr. Leslie Bell at a concert in Eaton auditorium during Easter week. Carolyn Oakes, Shirley Thompson, Yvonne Brunelle and Ken Mann.

A well-known resident of Acton George Wesley Murray died in Guelph Tuesday. He was one of Esquesing's best farmers and served on Acton fair board for many years. Smelts are running at Burlington and local fishermen are trying their luck.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, April 13, 1922.

A special meeting was called by council Thursday evening with a request that citizens attend to show which route they desired the provincial highway to take through Acton. It was moved by Dr. H. A. Cox, seconded by John Kenney that the citizens of Acton present at the meeting are in favor of the Toronto to Sarnia highway being built so as to pass through Acton and not around on the northwest side. The motion was carried on a showing of hands.

Harold Wiles has secured the premises occupied by M. Edwards and Co.'s bakery business and will open a first class restaurant in connection with his confectionery business. Living quarters for the family are being fitted upstairs. Mr. Wiles has now installed all the necessary apparatus for Vernor's Detroit ginger ale. Oakville is at last considering the opening of a free library.

Campbellville has been honored with the opening of a Masonic Lodge.

The Young People's Guild of Knox church have arranged for a splendid entertainment for Easter Monday evening in the church. A Guelph choir will present The Resurrection.

Mr. George Lister brought in a very large hog to the U.F.O. stockyard at Rockwood weighing 820 pounds. This is just 10 pounds less than the Bernard brothers' record hog two years ago.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, April 22, 1927.

This is the season when winds change fifty times a day, and he who lays his flannels off likewise is laid away.

The meeting of the Board of Health was held Monday evening with members present Reeve Nicklin, secretary Moore and Messrs. H. P. Moore, W. R. Kenney and Robert Wallace. The sanitary inspector was instructed to begin his house-to-house inspection.

Spraying experiments will take place in R. E. Harrison's orchard at Milton.

The Scotch entertainment given at Rockwood under the auspices of the King's Daughters on Thursday evening was a thorough success. The "haggis" proved to be as much of a drawing card as the list of entertainers. The talent supplied by the village was Mr. J. Strachan, Miss N. Tracy, Miss B. Murray, Eric and May Wood, Vera Strange and Messrs. Pike, Clancy and Jolliffe. Miss J. Weatherston and the string band of Ospringe were the only ones provided outside. Scotch dainties were served with the supper.

Show windows in town are at a premium for exhibiting new bicycles.

Won't the council please give the lamp posts a coat of paint this spring? If we must continue to endure coal oil street lamps, let the painters improve on the ugliness of the lamp posts.

The three stables on Elgin St. between Church and Mill are most offensive.