

Mini-Comment

A particularly nasty film is going the rounds called "A Clockwork Orange." It is about an evil young man who is subjected to a state-backed conditioning process in order to change him into a tractable citizen. The author of the book on which the film is based is apparently trying to say that dehumanization is the greatest evil and "that it is preferable to have a world of violence undertaken in full awareness . . . than a world conditioned to be good or harmless." But the film releases such a putrescence of violence, vice and hatred that the message is entirely obscured. Are the pundits being really honest when they hail this as the best film of the year? Are they trying to make us believe that the leeward side of a compost heap is the best place to view the whole garden? Unfortunately, too many people want to behave like blowflies and muck meditating is a profitable business! — The War Cry

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Among the prominent names in the structure of the new Ministry of the Environment is Acton native John R. Barr. John is the director of the sanitary engineering branch of the water treatment and control division under water management. Environment Ontario incorporates the Ontario Water Resources Commission and the Department of the Environment. The Minister, James Auld, has indicated the Ministry will soon be moving into new areas such as noise control.

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We will soon be doing our measuring in metric calculations instead of inches and pounds. If you buy groceries, drive a car, make a dress or listen to the weather report it will affect you. The government has put out a booklet giving a brief account of the reasoning behind the government's decision to change from the present Canadian inch-pound units to metric units some time in the future. Main reason for the changeover, which will have its main impact on industry, is that Canada must catch up with most of the rest of the world. About 90 per cent of the world's population lives in metric countries and the bulk of international trade is conducted in metric units. Soon we will be saying that a baby weighed 3kg at birth and the ladies will have measurements such as 89-61-91 instead of 36-26-38. Speed limits in urban areas will probably be 50km/h instead of 30 mph. On a hot day the temperature will be in the thirties instead of 90's. Canadians instinctively think in feet, pounds and pints but we will have to think more like Europeans who use metres, kilograms and litres. We are assured the change will not be difficult but will require some conscious effort at first.

Free Press Editorial Page



THE FIRST WARM DAYS of Spring flattered Canadians by falling on the Victoria Day holiday weekend. Acton and district people, like others, got their kicks from outdoor activities such as the fishing being done by David, Donald and Brian Wong at the Rockwood Conservation Park dam. Below them Laurie Pickles, Susan Skuce, Vickie Bristow and Shelley Lindsay cool off in the Lindsay pool on Tidey Ave. Lower right, Nancy Lee and Nigel Scott just drift along Fairy Lake in their kayak while beside them (left) an unidentified spectator at the Toronto International Dragway enjoys the sun more than the performance. While folks flocked to the water, Fairy Lake was a peaceful haven for a Swan ballet and a lone mallard, among others. The next long weekend doesn't come along until Canada's birthday on July 1. (Photos by Denis Gibbons and Jim Jennings).

Plumber, carpenter important . . .

The St. Marys Journal-Argus, pondering the fact that many holders of a B.A. and similar degrees would have been better off to have apprenticed to the local plumber, suggests that a return to the apprenticeship system might lead more people to good paying jobs instead of the frustrations of finding a job that matches their degree.

"With carpenters receiving \$7.00 per hour and other trades reaching the same level, the lad in the blue shirt is laughing his head off at the plight of the college graduates," the Journal-Argus declares. Recognizing that we need "X-number" of professionals of all types, the paper says that more opportunities exist in the work-a-day field and the sooner we accept this fact and get our youngsters down from their pedestals with both feet on the ground, the quicker the education muddle will ooze upward out of the mud it flounders in.

"Why not a rapid acceleration of the apprenticeship system?" the Journal-Argus asks. "The ground rules have been known for a century. Work on the job with a few of the finer points combined with theory carried out in what has now become something of a dirty word—a trade school. Community colleges are all very well but the old fashioned trade schools performed practically the same job—but much cheaper. We pay through the nose when fancy nomenclature is applied to any facet of the educational system."

Much of what the Journal-Argus declares strikes a responsive chord. Many of today's graduates would have been better off—and happier—in practical pursuits. But by the same token many of the carpenters and plumbers would have made excellent engineers and internal medical

specialists, frustrated in their ambition by lack of opportunity, perhaps, or a financial squeeze.

Community college and universities are there to provide opportunity for students who have the ability, ambition or both. In modern, sophisticated world of intricate machines and techniques they are going to become increasingly important.

However, the Journal-Argus hits the problem squarely with urgings to youth to consider pursuits which perhaps have not got the lofty popular elevation of the glamor courses.

Society may one day recognize the carpenter, the plumber, the painter, the craftsman in any trade is just as important as the physicist, the engineer and the professor, and as much an individual, in their own way. When that happens the pull may be in the other direction.

Family is bulwark of life . . .

People need people, not a "fix" or a "shot" to soothe the pain of loneliness, or to dispel the fear of inadequacy. There is no substitute for the secure feeling of "belonging" and the sense of worth that grows out of the love and understanding of those who share our lives.

The importance of the family as a model for this kind of relationship—a model that would mold the child and prepare him for adult relationships, was stressed by a family life educator, Dr. Brundage, at a recent conference held in St. Thomas. He also said that a pre-requisite of a properly functioning

family is to "listen and communicate"—being able to talk about their feelings.

As the institution of the family is changing, the importance of re-examining our conceptions of marriage and family life and of taking stock of roles within the family. In spite of changing life-styles, and the many pressures on family life, we mustn't lose our ability to express love, to make home the focal point for the family, and to provide good parental example.

Premier Wm. Davis, after lowering the age of majority, expressed the opinion that the answer to the alcohol dependency problem was education.

Statistics from studies made in the U.S.A., however, indicate that educational programs have not significantly contributed to any decrease in the number of alcoholics or the alcohol problem itself.

The same is quite probably true of other "booster" drugs and tobacco. What is needed, therefore is some other form of "booster", a strengthening from within that needs no chemical life.

What better place to begin building this strength than in the family unit where life itself began.

—Ada Woodhams in Concerns.



A gang of boys had arrived the day before to rake up the lawn. This was good. But it was bad because everybody was too wet to notice.

First arrival was Shelby, an itinerant young actor, one of the men Kim had shared her apartment with all year. No, he was not the bridegroom. This was bad, because Kim was still talking and laughing with him, in jeans and T-shirt, with one hour to go before the ceremony. But this was good, because Shelby is a great mixer, and later on, when we ran out of mix, he went out and got some.

Next guests were two drenched urchins who had hitch-hiked through the torrent some 65 miles. Soaked right through. I didn't know what to do with them. Son Hugh, all the way from Montreal for the day, provided a solution that no middle-aged square would have thought of. He took them downstairs, had them take off their jeans and threw them, (the jeans, not the kids), in the dryer.

Then both front and back doorbells started to ring like a five-alarm fire, and yours truly, the only one dressed, sprinted back and forth, accepting gift-wrapped parcels from little boys and delivery men, hanging up dripping coats, and trying to introduce perfect strangers to each other. Chaos.

But chaos often works better than logistics. This was to be a Baha'i ceremony. The bride and groom, with their typical acumen, had not even decided on the order of the ceremony, and were - well, not squabbling, but arguing - until the moment of truth.

Kim hissed at me, "Did you say our prayer after Marlene. That's all you have to remember." And that's about all I did remember.

There is an old cliché: "The bride was beautiful in a . . ." Well, I'm here to tell you that the bride was beautiful, in a long, svelte, borrowed dress that looked as though she had stepped out of a Botticelli painting, long auburn hair, huge brown eyes and infinite youth. The groom looked pretty good, too, but his father can write his own column about that.

Most weddings are like funerals. This wasn't. There were prayers, short. Mine, perhaps subconsciously, was a General Thanksgiving from the Book of Common Prayer. Chopin's mazurkas rippled quietly in the background. Brother Hugh sang a haunting song in French and English.

Then came the most dramatic and poignant part of the ceremony. Tapers were lighted, without one ember dropping on the rug. A single candle was lit from them. The bride and groom faced each other, eye to eye, and made their personal oaths (not repeating something after a minister). They had kept secret from each other what they were going to say.

Shelby kissed the rings, put them on the appropriate fingers. The couple kissed. Four beautiful nieces each brought one white rose to the bride. And it was over.

I think it was simple, spiritual and joyous. If I ever get married again, God forbid, I'm going to have a Baha'i ceremony.

I think my daughter said goodbye. I remember a kiss on the cheek a deft hand extracting from my pocket the promised cheque, and my son-in-law going down to the basement to pick up the double sleeping bag I'd bought in case nobody else did.

Now, how about some grandchildren.

Our readers write

Dear Sir: I have been a resident of Acton for seven years, and up until now, have had very few complaints regarding the town. Several months ago I noticed my Hydro bill a little higher than usual. Upon inquiring at the office, this is what I was told. Besides the 11 percent increase, I had an extra \$5.00

each bill added on due to the fact that I have my father living in. Upon his wishing to be independent of myself and my husband, we fixed up the basement for him. I have complained at the Hydro office each time I pay the bill, but do not seem to be getting anywhere. I'm still waiting for the commissioner to come to see me.

What I would like to know is this—why this \$5.00 is put on the bill—especially without being itemized, or why we weren't informed of it. Am I not paying enough for the service with out this extra load—aren't we all? Yours truly Mrs. J. Bousfield

Dear Sir: Springtime - the time for rose-blossoms and beauty but how can the people of Acton or their visitors enjoy it with the stench that penetrates every corner of your house as well as the outdoors. It is just about time for the taxpayers of Acton to have a stop put to the tannery stink. We have lived in Acton all our lives and the years Beardmore tannery has been catered to—alibis—excuses—we're doing the best we can—such trash.

This year we were supposed to be free of the stink but instead it has become unbearable. It has got to the point it wakes one up in their sleep. A sewer outside your window—a can of dead worms or a rotting animal would be similar. An outdoor at least gave relief. Beardmore stench—no relief. Let's see something done about it and fast. It is time for us to forget about making jokes of it. Sincerely, M. Wilds

Editor's Note—The Free Press enquired at the Hydro office and has been assured that if separate living quarters exist there is a division of consumption which results in the higher bill. Superintendent Doug Mason is to investigate.

They've expropriated his old home, My "Chuck" just let me know, He is not very handsome, As human standards go. His back door was an awful mess, There are rocks all scattered round, His front door is all piled with dirt, And he sits upon the mound. He's off to see the "council" now, To get a new "permit," To build a mound somewhere around, For his family to sit. With all the "building by-laws," From "planning boards" as well, He has to dig a "hole" so deep, Away from human smell. They'll inspect his outdoor "plumbing," And check his water source, He must not build within a mile, Of any "golfing course."

His "Hole" must be a certain size, He must turn in twenty "plans," He must have no "verandas" now, Across his entrance spans. He is not allowed an increase, By the "Family Planning Board," His children few, no more than two, Cause the "township" can't afford. My little "Chuck" is worried, He fears the human soul, He can hardly wait, for winters gait, To hide down in his "hole." I envy now, my little "Chuck," Away down in the Soil, He's got a date, to hibernate, Away from Human Spoil. Victor Smith R.R.2. Rockwood.

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Back issues of The Free Press

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 29, 1952.

Two firsts and a second were won by Sheila Paul at the Grey county music festival. Many friends here learned with regret of the death of Joe Boyd of Guelph, in his 72nd year. The ladies were the guests, honored at the annual Ladies' Night of Walker Lodge in the Co-op hall at Guelph. There were flowers, prizes, entertainment, lunch and dancing. Citizens are asked to connect to the new sewage system as soon as possible since it will operate more efficiently with a heavier flow of sewage. To date more than 300 permits have been issued but all these installations have not necessarily been made. It is reported Acton's sewage system is the finest in the province of Ontario. Buffet supper at the home of Mrs. C. Heller began the last meeting for the season of the Acton Music Club. A gift was presented to past president Mrs. Mary Gowdy who is leaving Acton. Former members present were Lulu Warner, Toronto, Mrs. Grant McDonald, Orangeville and Mrs. Eveleen Chappell, Brampton. Miss Margaret Brown, president. Five fireworks set off on the day-long downpour on the 24th unpatriotically went "spit" instead of "bang". Mr. Dwight Patterson, the new minister of the Baptist church, is now residing here and getting acquainted.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 23, 1922.

The sudden death occurred at Burlington on Sunday of Dr. John Gennings Curtis Adams of Toronto, one of the oldest and best-known members of the dental profession in Canada. Born 83 years ago in Adamsville, now known as Acton, he was the son of Rev. Ezra Adams, one of the founders of this community. In promoting free dental hospital work, and operating a free clinic, he was known throughout the world. He was instrumental in bringing about legislation providing for examination and care of the teeth of children in the schools in Ontario. For over 50 years he gave his services without compensation to inmates of various public institutions in Toronto. He sent dental missionaries to China and other countries at his own expense. He belonged to one of the oldest and most highly esteemed families in Canada. His father's ministry began in 1814. His brother was the third generation in Canada. His father's ministry began in 1814. His brother was the third generation in Canada. His father's ministry began in 1814. His brother was the third generation in Canada. His father's ministry began in 1814. His brother was the third generation in Canada.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 3, 1897.

The Union Jack which has floated from the flag staff of the Town Hall since its erection 13 years ago became so dilapidated and abbreviated that there was not enough of it left to hoist on the last Queen's birthday. The authorities were severely scored for the absence of an official emblem of loyalty in so loyal a town on that auspicious occasion. The Council at the last meeting however, arranged for the purchase of a flag of such excellence and dimensions that the reputation of the members will be fully retrieved on Jubilee Day June 22. Principal Moore is arranging a special program at the school in connection with the Queen's Jubilee. A field of fall rye on the vacant lot at the corner of Church and Frederick Sts. is reaching phenomenal heights. Acton must have 50 bicycles now. If so, that means an aggregate outlay of \$2,500. The bicycle will soon have a formidable rival in the horseless carriage which Edison declares will soon be sold in perfected form for \$100 at most. Owing to the decision to close the church at Crewsons Corners a deputation of John Mann and Isaac Snyder attended service there and extended a cordial invitation from Sloom church for the congregation to join with them.