

Mini-Comment

The crowds involved everywhere spelled out the thanks of the community to all those who worked so industriously on fall fair committees.

The value of the reconstruction work at the Mill and Park corner was well demonstrated over fair weekend.

Revived under the county board of education, night school classes are going to be very popular again this fall.

Night school had a heyday in town about 10 years ago, then faded away.

How well do you know the county you live in? First of all, can you name the seven municipalities in Halton?

Bower Ave. will be brighter and safer when construction is finished.

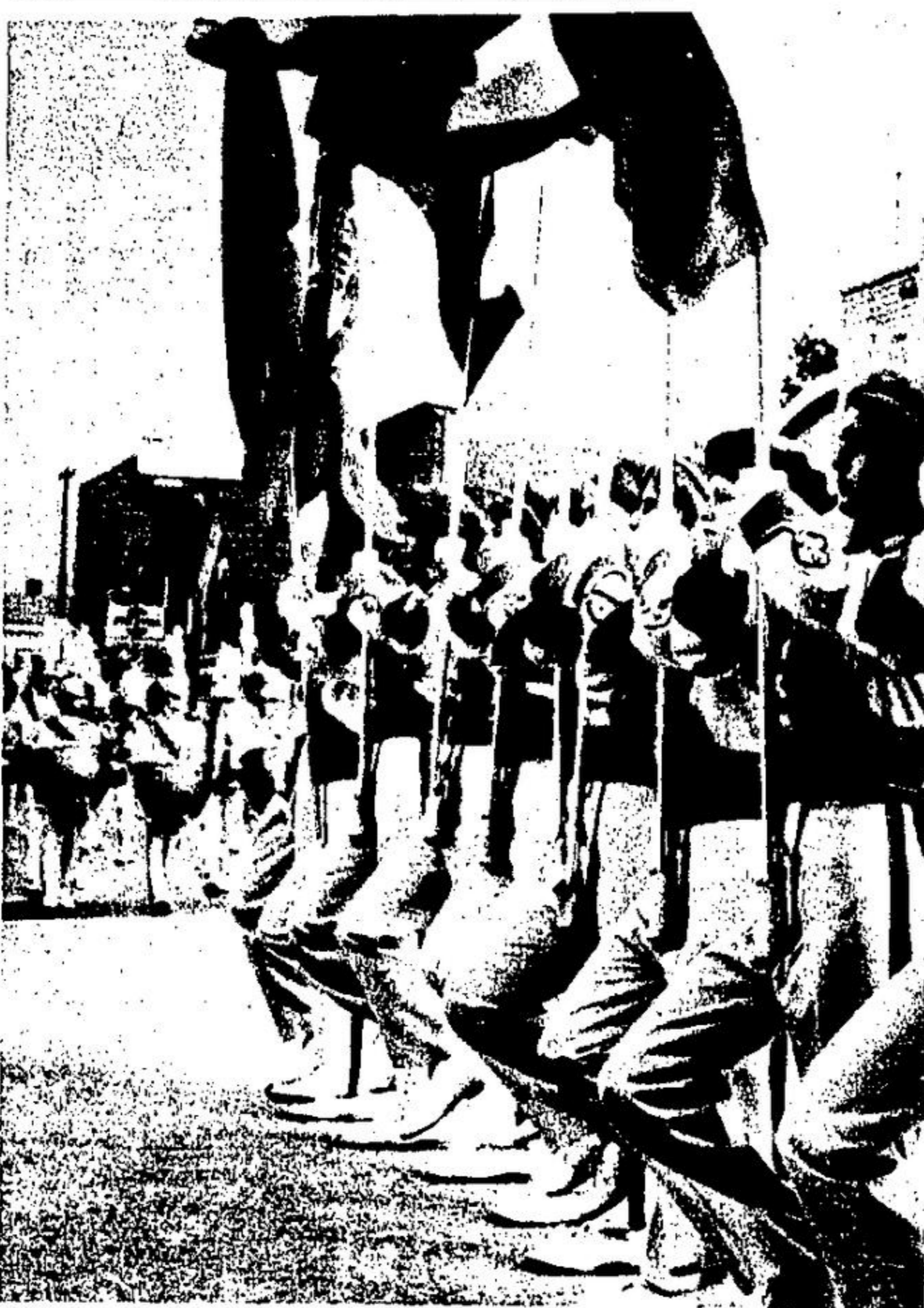
While quite a few stores downtown are vacant with two selling out, the town's outskirts are growing at a great rate.

"My poor fellow," said the kind old lady. "It must be dreadful to be lame, but just think how much worse it would be if you were blind."

"You're right, lady," agreed the beggar. "When I was blind I was always getting counterfeit money."

Free Press Editorial Page

The Acton Free Press, Wednesday, September 20, 1972



Airing the Colors

THE POPULAR GUELPH Royalaires with their impressive color party and huge drums helped to liven up Saturday's Fall Fair parade.

Back Issues of The Free Press

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of October 2, 1952.

Another new industry will start production in Acton next week. The new addition to Acton's industrial activities is known as the Corona Shoe company limited and the man who will put his knowledge to work is Wm. Mariscak who comes from Czechoslovakia.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, September 28, 1922.

Capt. W.G.C. Kenney received last week three medals for service in the Imperial Army in France and Egypt.

two visitors unaware. A search of the premises resulted in the discovery of a reputed quart bottle of swamp whiskey and another larger bottle labelled gin.

One day last week a man of rather unsavory reputation is alleged to have persuaded the wife and mother of another home in town to desert her husband and two children and cast her fortunes with him.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, September 26, 1897.

The Minister of Education has announced revisions for the academic year. In public school leaving examinations Botany will no longer be required.

Queen Victoria accompanied by Princess Beatrice will proceed to Balmoral this week where she will take up her project of providing pensions for widows who are 75 years of age and upward.

The officials of the G.T.R. and C.P.R. railroads both state for fact that there are 15,000 tramps on the move between Montreal and the St. Clair tunnel.

The milk house of Graham Lawson was visited for the third time in a couple of weeks and last Thursday Mr. Arch McPherson lost two milk cans full.

The Milton Reformer claims that R.J. Bennett wheeled from Milton to Acton in 30 minutes. Local bicyclists claim this to be an impossibility.

Let's get together Limehouse

Heavy gravel truck traffic on County Road 20 through the village of Limehouse has been causing parents of school-aged children a lot of unfair worry, especially since classes resumed September 5.

Because of the location of Limehouse public school at the corner of the Fifth Line of Esqueving and County Road 20 on the western limits of the village, children living inside the village or west of the Sixth Line are required to walk to and from school daily.

School bus regulations make it impossible for buses to make a stop before they reach the Sixth Line intersection, otherwise children could be driven to their laneways in safety.

Some mothers have complained that truckers do not obey 30 m.p.h. speed limit signs posted from the Sixth Line west and speak from their own experience when they say suction produced by speeding trucks is almost enough to blow a child right off the road.

Obviously the possibility of a child being fatally injured is very real and a solution to the problem must be arrived at before the sad event occurs.

However, we feel Limehouse and area residents are hurting their own cause more than they may realize by their failure to agree on any of the solutions county council has offered or to put forward one suggestion which would represent the feelings of all.

Some balked when the county offered to widen the road and install sidewalks, fearing that would increase truck traffic. When county officials proposed a truck route which would completely by-pass the village to the north, others complained that west winds would blow dust and diesel fumes down on them.

Many favored one or in some cases two of the solutions, but residents were unable to get together as a group and settle on one of them.

The Fifth Line north to Highway 7 route was by far the most popular, except with quarry and township officials.

Quarry owner Mac Duff, who has publicly expressed his concern for the safety of the children many times, pointed out the extra distance haulers would be required to travel would ultimately raise the price of gravel to

an unreasonable level. Esqueving Council, hard pressed annually to find funds for road construction feared the costs of improving the Fifth Line from its present class "B" road status.

While the safety of school children must remain the primary consideration in any deliberations, the fact that Mr. Duff is operating a legitimate and very necessary business cannot be overlooked. It must also be remembered that many township residents are among those whose living depends on trucking.

If it is true truckers are exceeding the speed limit on their way through the village, as mothers have charged, then they should be jumped on by police with both feet. Vehicles of such bulk and hauling capacity need careful and courteous drivers behind the wheel. They were not intended to be racing cars.

Limehouse residents should be ready to follow a crackdown on speeders with a sincere effort to get together and decide what solution to the problem is best for the common good, keeping in mind Mr. Duff's situation as a good corporate citizen of the township and putting aside any selfish motives any one of them may have.

Dividing up the tax dollar

We were very much interested in the booklet "How Your Tax Dollar is Spent 1972-73", which the federal Treasury Board sent out last week.

In a chart prepared by the Board, comparisons are made between expenditures made in 1964-65 and 1972-73, revealing some interesting facts. Total spending by the Government in 1964-65 was \$7.2 billion. Eight years later that has climbed to \$15.7 billion—over double.

While some people continually complain with some justification that welfare costs have escalated it is interesting to note that 24 cents out of every dollar goes in that direction now while 25 cents was allotted in 1964-65. Economic development and support now requires 14 cents out of every dollar compared to 11 cents back in '64. Interest on the public debt now

requires 14 cents as compared to 15 cents eight years ago.

Defence spending had a high priority eight years ago with 21 cents out of every dollar allotted to defend us against the Communist aggression suspected in that period. It is significant that only 13 cents out of every tax dollar now goes toward defence, either we feel safer now or are more convinced that Canada has adequate defence measures.

Fiscal transfer payments to the provinces have risen from five cents to eight cents during the eight year period while spending on transportation and communications has slid from 11 cents to seven cents.

Internal overhead expenses such as government office space, pension contributions, etc., has risen from four to six cents per dollar and general

government services such as administration of justice, tax collection, Parliament, etc., has gone up one cent from four to five. Education assistance has risen from 0.4 to four cents and foreign affairs has gone from two to three cents while culture and recreation remains the same at two cents.

It is easy to see how the present government's priorities have changed over that eight year period when you study expenditures.

Now the interesting thing would be to see how much the picture has changed taking inflation into consideration. Expenditures may have doubled but how much can be traced to inflation and other factors. In other words how much has government spending increased?

We would be much more interested in those figures.

I am reluctantly coming to the conclusion that Canadians are turning into a nation of crybabies. It hurts, because I love this country and want to respect and admire my fellow-citizens.

But the feeling has been growing for some time and neared full flower after the first hockey game against the Russians.

What an edifying spectacle that was! There were our finest, giving up everything — except salaries, insurance, expenses and other fringe benefits — to defend our national honour against those dastardly Russians who'd had the nerve to think they belonged on the same ice.

And there was a huge and happy crowd of hockey fans, almost slaving over the anticipated slaughter.

And there were the poor old Russians, walking into the lion's den, some of them so pint-sized compared to our hulking menaces that they looked as though they were fairly large Peewee players.

Whack! went the puck into the net and the roof nearly went off the Forum. Whack! again, and across the nation people winked at each other and settled back to speculate on whether the Russians could score a goal before our heroes got into two figures.

But then something began to happen that turned strong men across the country a pale gray. Those dumb Russians didn't know enough to quit and go home and forget the whole thing as a bad dream. They just kept skating and passing and shooting, and every so often, one of their shots would go into the Canadian net.

The happy crowd in the Forum grew glummer and glummer. Team Canada, the greatest, and most expensive collection of hockey talent ever gathered under one roof, looked more and more like the Hayfork Centre Midgets. But just wait until the third period. After all, these guys are pro's. They'll get organized and come back to win the game with a bang.

Unfortunately, the game ended, not with a bang, but a whimper. Toward the end, the visitors were toying with the Canadians, as a toreador plays a bull. And toward the end, our boys began to resemble bulls, rushing wildly at anything that moved, only to find it wasn't there.

Not content with looking like the Ladies' Aid on skates, some Canadian players showed anything but professionalism and began swinging sticks, throwing elbows, and such. Crybaby stuff.

What about the fans? Did they give the Russians a standing ovation, or even a hearty round of applause for toppling the giants?

Not they. They fled sullenly out of the arena, muttering, grasping for excuses, dazed. They hadn't had their blood. The

Bill Smiley



toreador had not been tossed by the bull, and the bull had not even been nearly dispatched, just sort of stunned. Crybabies.

In the next morning's papers, it was rather fun to watch the experts and the sports writers tearing at their own entrails like wounded hyenas, a species which sports writers resemble in some respects. Crybabies.

To be fair, the players and coaches were honest. They'd been well and thoroughly whipped, and admitted it.

Since then, of course, things have changed and our businessmen on skates are showing why they are so well paid. But the fact is that if it had been a one-game shot, the Russians would be truly world champs. And if it had been a two game series, total goals to count, the Russians would be winners, 8-7.

Somehow, the whole thing was a little saddening. I know a number of people who felt that their personal honour had been smirched. There were aggravated ulcers, endless alibis, and probably some heart attacks across this fair land. Over a game!

I chose this single incident to illustrate this sinking feeling I have that many Canadians have their values all turned around.

We whine endlessly about the Americans taking over Canada, and do nothing about it. Except warn stridently that something must be done about it. And then run to Washington, hat in hand, when the Yanks suggest any form of tariff that might cost us dollars. Crybabies.

We virtually ignore our writers, actors, artists, musicians, until they have made it big somewhere else. Then we can't understand why they don't come home and work in their own vineyard, at labourers' wages.

Same with our athletes. We sneer at their Olympic efforts. "Yeah, we finished twenty-third again." Smarmy sports casters find all kinds of excuses for the athletes. Admirably, most of the latter are much more honest. The best of them bluntly say they did the best they could, but it wasn't good enough.

Oh, we're great at spending billions on building highways, dams, high-rises; and on welfare, medicare, second-rate education. But when it comes to spending something on the development of the human being, in this case a strong national team of athletes, we pinch the purse until it hurts.

This is written more in sorrow than in anger. Let's wipe away the tears and stand up in the true north, strong and free. Come on, Canadians. Let's not be crybabies.

Our readers write

On the Irish question

Dear Sir: Someone has suggested that I am afraid to write about the Irish question. Not at all! I just don't know enough about the situation, but here are my few thoughts on the subject.

First of all, I, like many others am getting tired of this "Bang'n Daah" stuff going on in Northern Ireland. That Paisley man and Devlin woman, have a lot to answer for in starting up such a fracas. Have they themselves been bombed or hurt in any way? I'll wager they are both safe and sound, while folks in both religions are suffering for their irresponsible folly. I expect the bomb-makers also are becoming rich and happy.

What I can't understand is why they keep banging at Belfast and Londonderry continuously. Why not take aim at Dublin occasionally? If the Dublin people were to be given a taste of their own medicine peace would soon be accomplished. Please do not infer that I have a grudge against the Catholic Irish. The best neighbours I ever had were these people.

The Irish in Northern Ireland both Protestant and Catholic, are a good energetic people, and are worthy of our respect. Surely they could settle their differences without all this old-fashioned bloodshed.

Yours truly, Mildred Munn, Rockwood, Ont.

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