

Mini-Comment

Apparently local newspapers put up a good case to have prime minister Trudeau visit north Halton, but, predictably, he's staying in the north. Numbers talk.

Driving through the countryside on the Passport to Halton promotion, people find the side roads lined with new houses. Many newsmen have obviously built their own homes. Can't help but wonder if all will be successfully integrated into a community.

It's pick-your-own apples time again. These cool nights and sunny days in the month of September help to increase the color and flavor of Ontario's apples. This is the perfect time of year for a family outing to a "pick-your-own" farm.

The pick-your-own method of harvesting has become increasingly popular. Both the customer and the farmer profit from the arrangement. For the farmer, the problem of harvesting his fruit is solved and the customer is able to get produce as fresh as possible. Many family shoppers are concerned about quality; with this method of harvesting, customers select their own fruit.

Many apple farms now have dwarf trees making picking much easier. Since most of the trees grow only 7 to 8 feet tall, ladders aren't needed.

Cars jammed in the parking lots at these locations prove their popularity.

For the ninth consecutive year the post office is issuing special stamps for Christmas. This year's issues, comprising four stamps in six-cent, eight-cent, ten-cent and fifteen-cent denominations, will go on sale November 1. We'll have to wait and see if they produce as much dismal complaint as past years for drab colors or unappreciated design.

The designs for the four stamps were created from photographs by Ray Webber of Toronto. In each Webber has tried to impart the season's spirit of peace and goodwill through one of the oldest symbols associated with Christmas—softly burning candles.

The post office, as well as the world, could certainly use more peace and goodwill.

The hotel and restaurant industry is finding that all the intricacies and complexities of its business are a cinch compared to guaranteeing guests courteous, willing service, says The Financial Post. "Whenever I go to a hotel, I make a bet if each type of employee will smile and give service—and too many times they don't," George Bedell, director of the University of Guelph's 13-year-old hotel administration course, told a meeting of the Ontario Hotel and Motel Association. To ensure that guests are treated with a smile and not a snarl, hotels and trade schools are drilling in the old-fashioned virtue of courtesy by pointing out it creates business in these highly competitive times. "It is a known fact that our industry is losing millions of dollars a year because service isn't good enough," it says.

Free Press Editorial Page

The Acton Free Press, Wednesday, October 4, 1972



TWO MOODS. . . entries in the Free Press photographic contest at Acton fall fair. The winter scene, above was photographed by M. D. Smith and the expressive thistle, below, by John Clark.

Back Issues of The Free Press

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 16, 1952.

There have been only five cases of polio in Halton so far this year, according to M.O.H. Archie Bull, and none of them serious. The polio season is now just about over.

A prize-winning English bulldog purchased by Lorne Weick arrived here Tuesday after a seven day ocean trip by boat. The bulldog topped his class at a recent dog show in Liverpool and Mr. Weick expects the animal will make his Canadian debut at the Royal Winter Fair.

Mayor Rachlin and Reeve Hargrave went to Malton to receive a box of candy from a pretty airline stewardess. The candy was sent to the mayor in a music box from the mayor of Acton, England, as "another link between our respective towns." It marked a record shipment of sweets from Acton, England, to Canada. The candy was passed at council Tuesday night.

George Elliott, Milton barrister, was guest speaker at the Home and School Association meeting held for the first time in the new public school auditorium. W. Wolfe presided and Mrs. William Ruddock gave piano selections. There was a record attendance of over 100.

Large congregations worshipped at Knox church on its 107th anniversary. On Monday over 400 sat down to the turkey supper. The musical program included Halton Sweethearts Eleanor Cairns and Jerry Holmwood accompanied by Marilyn Cairns, Faye Garner playing the accordion and Mrs. William Ballantine giving humorous readings. Alfred Tost of Georgetown sang two solos.

Fire swept through a shed at the back of F. Crump's residence on Young St.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 12, 1922

The play of Cinderella, which was produced on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings in the town hall, under the auspices of the Acton schools, and in lieu of the annual school concert, was a fine success. In the cast were Cinderella Nellie Reesor, stepmother Vera Hurst, sisters Bernice Reid, Gwen Maddock, fairy godmother Olive McGlaughlin; pages Frank Holloway, Albert Young; prince Laird MacDonald, lords and ladies Will Firkin, Ralph Henderson, Madeleine Gibbons, Genevieve Clarridge, Hector McDonald, Jimmie Ross, King, Alfred Bishop, Queen, Nellie Hall, fairies Clara Garden, Jean Cole, Ruth Jennings, Rhylis Mackie, Clara Bauer, Helen Ostrander, Velma Blair, Lillian Perry, Clarice Morton, Doris MacDonald, Violet Currie; flower girls Viola Smith, Isabel Bruce, Kathleen Cook, Adabel Brown, Reta McNabb, Velma Murray.

The pageant included Stewart Lantz as Little Boy Blue, Campbell Currie as Simple Simon, Thos. Gibbons as George Porgie, Olive Precious as Red Riding Hood, Murray Smith and Margaret O'Shea as Jack Spratt and his wife, George Holmes as Wee Willie Winkie, George Mason as Smarty Smarty, and Clarence Henderson as Peter Piper.

Special collections are being taken for the sufferers in the great fire in New Ontario. The greatest conflagration in all the annals of Northern Ontario destroyed Halleybury, parts of North Cobalt, New Liskeard and other towns. Between 40 and 50 people were burned to death.

The new watering trough at the corner of Main and Mill St. was installed and in commission for fair day. This fine addition was installed with funds from the Acton branch of the Women's Institute.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 7, 1897

Messrs. Henderson and Co. look upon their millinery opening last Wednesday as an unqualified success. Miss Stone was her usual courteous self and with the assistants explained all the new things out. Considerable change is noted in trimmings which are more to the front than previously. Long feathers are introduced and greater use made of fancy crowns and birds. Green, purple and blue are the predominating colors.

This is the first season for Mr. J. G. McBeath and of course his display was examined with much interest by the ladies of town and country. Miss Jordan is an experienced milliner and the skill and taste displayed gives evidence of this. Here the Gainsborough and Napoleon and tam effects are the most popular in shapes. The predominating shades are greys and blues. Short wings, feathers and birds are in favor for trimmings. The moire is the leading line of ribbon. Mr. McBeath feels that with an entirely new stock this season the house should be successful.

Acton very nearly lost one of its oldest and most esteemed citizens last week when Mr. Nicklin assisted his wife, who was going to Niagara, on the train. By the time he stepped off the train it had reached a fairly rapid motion. He was thrown headlong into the ditch and was severely shaken up.

Presbyterians are discussing the singing of Amen at the end of hymns. At a Toronto Junction church a prominent member protested that the singing of Amen smacks of Episcopalianism and in deference to his views the session agreed to delete it.

Some boys who left home last week exploited as far as Stratford.

A tribute

The family business was an integral part of the life of Mrs. G. A. Dills. It was just in the past few weeks that she hadn't been able to make her almost daily calls in at the plant as regularly as before. She knew all the staff and was always sympathetically aware of the current big "job", malfunctioning press or problem. As she grew very weak in hospital last week, she still wanted to know how the voters' lists

were coming along. *Keaton printing was an extra long-haired task she'd lived with through many elections. She took proofreading and editing work home when her children were young. Rush orders with wet ink would bake dry in her oven. She helped at the plant when she could.*

She accompanied her husband at many conventions to proudly bring home the competition awards she had

helped the family and staff earn.

Without words, she and Mr. Dills planned along to their children their initial desire to pursue their chosen trade with cheerful diligence, honesty and pride.

Grandchildren came along here to the plant Saturday and willingly joined their parents in finishing off the last of the voters' lists—a day late this year.

Indians shared the feast

Ever look up the origin of Thanksgiving? The Columbia Viking Desk Encyclopedia has this entry: "A national holiday . . . commemorating (the) harvest of Plymouth Colony in 1621 . . . Colonists and Indians shared the first feast." As we reach Thanksgiving Day, 1972, we might do well to ponder that bit of North American history.

It is time to remind ourselves that this country is lavishly endowed with beauty and natural resources, that our standard of living is among the world's highest; that, in spite of pollution and a rising crime rate, our cities are attractive and relatively safe—for the white majority.

They are a danger and frustration to most of the Indians who gravitate to

them in ever-increasing numbers; who are lost both spiritually and materially, in the midst of plenty, and in a land their ancestors once claimed as their own.

To suggest that there are easy solutions to Indian problems would be folly; their own best leadership is as baffled as the non-Indian agencies which try to help, but somehow they must be drawn into the Canadian community as worthy participants in its life, worthy in their own eyes because they are persons of worth. Welfare and liquor have had their demoralizing effects, but they are more the result of the Indians' peripheral status than its cause.

To some Indian people the idea of

integration is unwelcome, but, since their ancient patterns are impossible as a way of life in a sea of technology, they must move in that direction.

Some of them have made splendid strides. Those who speak for their people are strikingly perceptive and articulate. But integration is impossible without acceptance and a respect for their potential, and communication of this respect to individual Indian people.

Few of us have much to do with programs and strategies, but fair and friendly attitudes—the key to good inter-relationships—are the province of everyone. We are all part of the human condition. It's about time we emulated the colonists and sincerely invited our first citizens to share the feast.

New look at separatism

There were Canadians who already regretted Mayor Drapeau's persuasive ability in getting the Olympic Games for Montreal in 1976. Now there are many more who look upon his successful manoeuvres with foreboding.

The dreadful events in Munich have focussed the danger and the necessity of almost superhuman efforts to protect nationals. The recent history of Quebec's respect for law and order gives no guarantee that the contestants can be protected.

In addition the openly avowed intention of the Separatists to use the Olympics in Canada in 1978 to further

their own ends is already a threat.

Mayor Drapeau's record of personal financing, as well as the financial fiasco of Expo, that the rest of Canada had to pay for, gives no reason to expect anything better of the Olympic Games.

With his usual optimistic outlook Mr. Drapeau has said that the games would cost no more than \$120 million, although the cost of the Munich games has been estimated at \$1 billion. Now the Quebec Government has admitted that the cost will be at least \$300 million.

However, Mayor Drapeau is

planning a covered stadium for 50,000 spectators. (Houston's astrodome seats 62,000) with movable seats riding on a cushion of air, and all sorts of offices, and restaurants. There is also included a tower leaning at a 50 degree angle over the stadium complex.

If one were inclined to be cynical, it would seem almost a good idea to support the Separatists, and let the Quebecois get on with their language program, the new airport, and the Olympics and the rest of us could take a cut in taxes.

—Ridgetown Dominion

Away out of balance

The unemployment problem in Canada is far more serious than most of us realize. Lack of work is a serious situation at any time, and the consequent lack of income usually spells economic disaster for any nation thus afflicted.

The plain facts are, however, that there is not a shortage of work in Canada at present. Employers all over the land are screaming about the dire shortage of good help—despite the fact

that nearly 600,000 people are drawing unemployment insurance. Another vast horde are living off the rest of us while the government doles out money for make-work projects, only a portion of which are of any real value.

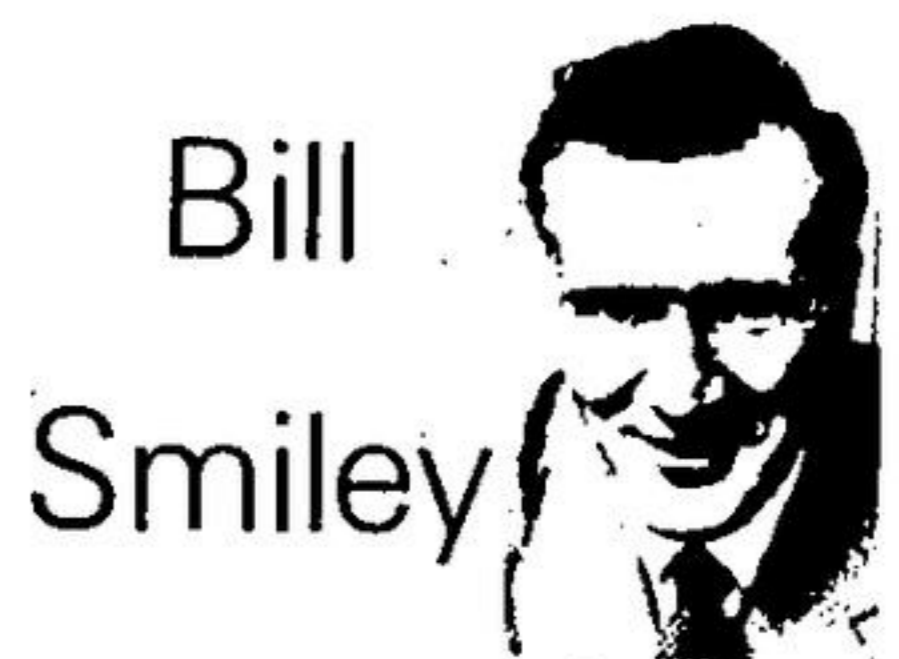
Where, then, does the discrepancy lie?

Last week we offered an unemployed pressman from Guelph \$100 a week as a starting salary until his ability could be measured. He said

he couldn't afford to take work at a figure of that kind. Another young, able and single man we know took his first job last fall. He worked three months, was laid off and luxuriated in front of the TV with successive cases of beer all winter.

Is it really hard to understand why unemployment figures are high?

—The Wingham Advance-Times.



Bill Smiley

There are teachers and there are teachers. Most of us in the rank and file face from 150 to 200 students every school day. We groan about the size of our classes, sigh over the impossibility of giving personal attention to each student, and grumble continually about the amount of marking of papers that we have to do at home.

And then, of course, there are the aristocrats among teachers. These are the people with small classes, and not many of them, who teach in an easy atmosphere of freedom.

We have one of each type in our family this fall. Your humble servant belongs to the great mass of slaves in the profession, reacting like Pavlovian mice to bells, subject to the whims of administration, and bent almost double under a continual deluge of paper work, ninety per cent of which has nothing to do with the learning situation.

My wife has joined the tiny aristocracy. Yep, she's a teach. She has not "got a job," as we ordinary teachers put it. She has "accepted a position."

It fair makes my heart bleed. I come home about four, head straight for the refrigerator, hurl myself into a chair and mutter incantations such as "Oh boy! Oh, boy!" There must be some other way of making a living.

She is sitting there, cool, unsullied, ready to regale me with a detailed account of her "day."

Some day! She starts at 11.20 a.m., and goes nonstop for thirty-five minutes. She has one class. There are five students in it. Private school. No bells. No hall supervision. No cafeteria supervision. No bus duty. No teams to coach.

If she wants to take her class out and sit under a tree, or bring them to our house to listen to records, no problem.

If I wanted to take a class out and sit under a tree, I'd have to notify the Governor General or somebody a month ahead, in triplicate, and then the principal would veto the whole thing, because it might start a trend. Other classes would be distracted and jealous. Other teachers might want to do the same thing, and the whole system would crumble overnight.

If she wants a cigarette or a cup of coffee

during her "teaching day," no problem. She has it.

If I want a cigarette somewhere about the middle of teaching four straight periods and 120 students, I have two alternatives. I can just go on wanting, or I can sprint the half-block to the men's can, making like a dysentery victim, swallow two drags, choke on them, and make the return dash to confront the next class, red-faced and coughing. Hardly worth it.

That's all rather hard to take. But what really rubs salt in the wound is the homework. She comes home with five little sheets of paper, and fusses over marking them as though she had just discovered something on a par with the Dead Sea Scrolls.

I come home with an armful of essays, look at her skinny sheaf and in frustration hurl my eight pounds of paper into a corner. They have to be picked up again, but it's worth it.

Another thing that gets me: you'd think her miserable little band of five was the only group of students in the country. She can spend twenty minutes a day on each of them, telling me what Gordon didn't say and what Rick said, and so on, and how she gently led them from the murky valleys into the sun-kissed mountains of beauty and truth.

She thinks she's so damn smart that it's infuriating. For years, I've been the savant in the family. Poem of play, short story or novel, my opinion was the final one, accepted with proper humility.

Now, she thinks my interpretation is wrong, and here's right. How's that for sheer ingratitude? It's bad enough when a stranger disputes a chap, but when it's his own flesh and blood—well, she's not quite,

but practically . . . I tell you, I'm not going to take much more of that.

At the same time, along with this effrontery, there's another irritant. She hasn't the slightest scruple about picking my brain whenever she can find anything there to pick. And next day tossing an idea out as though she hadn't stolen it twenty-four hours before.

There's one other aspect of the situation that has me slightly alarmed. Her earnings, while not ample, are just enough to screw up my income tax. At the same time, she's spending more than she makes on books, equipment, and new clothes.

I wear my old gray suit five days a week, four weeks a month. But it seems that lady teachers, especially in the aristocratic bracket, have to wear something different each day.

If this is an example of Women's Lib, you can call me a male chauvinist pig.

Now I know why the peasants stormed the Bastille and lopped off the noodle of Marie Antoinette.

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