



# Coles' Slaw

I left you last week just after singing praises for the various wines we found palatable for North American palates in Europe with a promise to say something further about European food.

My first advice is don't ask for a western sandwich in some European capital such as Vienna. Charlie did and the waitress pondered the words, consulted a menu and pronounced that we were in Eastern Europe. But there were other things we found to our liking such as the food in the Czarda Cafe in Vienna, a real Hungarian eating spot where you start off with an apricot brandy, savor a white wine, demolish tasty cabbage rolls and then launch into the main course, which in our case was beef as the cowboys eat it.

Delicious, accompanied by a bottle of the local red vintage which is cheaper than a cup of coffee. This was followed by dessert with an exotic name I can't pronounce anyway, and then a bill which didn't amount to any more than two people would eat for in Canada.

I've been asked if we didn't find European foods too spicy for our liking. One of us did, but the rest of us found that despite formidable names in German, Dutch, French and Italian, European food wasn't a heck of a lot different than what we got at home.

What we couldn't get over was the price of coffee. Depending on where you ate, of course, it varied anywhere between 50c and 75c a cup. Many times the cup would look like it came from a children's play set and would only be half full.

"Demitasse," my wife explained as she sipped the thick liquid.

"Half-full," was Charlie's reply "and besides that I don't like it."

The other feature of European life we had difficulty adjusting to was breakfast. Crusty rolls and various jams, sometimes with juice, when requested.

Eggs and bacon? When you asked the waitress would stare as if you were a carnivorous beast. Stuff like that is reserved for lunch and dinner when you have more time to savor it. Europeans don't seem to be in any hurry to leave the table. As a result the waiters and waitresses are never in a rush to see you served but invariably the food is hot and well cooked when it arrives.

In most places the tipping charge is on the bill (service included) but it is customary to leave an extra 3 to 5 per cent if the service is courteous and efficient. Of course, just as in Canada, you sometimes run into a sleazy place where the food is terrible and the service similar. In that event the people in Europe complain and stomp out in high dudgeon muttering loudly about the food, the waiters and the weather, vowing never to return.

In my younger days I was full of a lot of romantic nonsense about a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, a Parisian garret, etc. leading a simple, uncomplicated life but I never expected it to be realized. It was — when we boarded trains — and there was no dining car or Speisewagen as it was called. Then it was left up to your devices to eat. If you didn't bring lunch the only escape from an empty stomach was to open the train window and purchase something from the cart vendors when you pulled up at a station.

Usually they had a variety of rolls or bread, sometimes filled with half-stale salami, several kinds of wine and fruit. Our first experience with this mode of life came as we left the Alps and thundered through Italy towards Rome.

At the first station stop, Charlie leaned out the window, bought a bottle of wine, four small submarine sandwiches and paid for it all with an American dollar bill.

"Here," he said, "is the stuff you've always dreamt about."

From now on that dream will be a nightmare. The bread was stale, the salami sour and the wine tasted like vinegar.

But we survived — to go on.

## For women's libbers . . .

### EQUALITY AT LAST

I had a date with Mary. We were going to the Show. I parked my Pinto at the curb. Then found she could not go.

The reason that she gave me. She had nothing left to wear. She had loaned her costume jewelry. To her brother with long hair.

Now Brother Joe looked lovely. His long and wavy hair, Long Earrings and a string of Beads. Would make his boyfriends Stare.

His shapely pants of powder blue. Was why Mary could not go. He wore everything that Mary had. So, I took off with Joe.

Though nature did not Emphasize. Or give the Urge to mate. Our dating Run, was lots of Fun. We made another Date.

Poor Mary had to stay at Home. And dream about the past. While Brother Joe, got to the Show. EQUALITY AT LAST.

Victor Smith  
R.R. 2, Rockwood.



Autumn days

## Free Press Editorial Page

The Acton Free Press, Wednesday, November 1, 1972

### Mini-Comment . . .

A letter from June Beene, chairman of the pre-school committee for Tinkerbell Nursery, notes that they have enlisted many new volunteers and are discussing extending the program to four mornings a week. Eight children are now enrolled and wheels are in motion for a license. Tinkerbell operates for mentally and physically handicapped children under the auspices of the North Halton Association for the Mentally Retarded at the Georgetown district Christian School on the Seventh Line, Esquesing. Those who are pioneering the nursery and its work are certainly to be commended and deserve strong support from the public.

The Upper Canada Zoological Society is conducting a campaign to purchase a new Hippopotamus for its zoo at Wasaga Beach, following the death of the bull Hippo, Anthony, killed by a park visitor who fed the animal a rubber ball. The female, Cleopatra, is lonely and the replacement fund has reached \$1,500, \$2,500 short of the \$4,000 objective. The Society, a non-profit educational institution, can be assisted in its goal by sending donations to the Hippo fund, Ontario Zoological Park, Wasaga Beach. Help a Hippo.

Councillor Bill Coats' notion that Hallowe'en could be held on a more convenient date might find many in agreement but to follow tradition it must be held on All Hallows Eve, and there has been enough fiddling with tradition. However, as usual, his suggestion makes sense.

The decision to reject the CN proposal to send garbage to help fill the crater at the Indusmin pits was rejected on cost not ecological grounds as some may think. Now it is up to the Canadian Pacific Railway to transport Metro Toronto's gift that no one wants, to a more suitable location. We are glad that there are no CP rail lines in this area on this occasion. We still think Metro should handle its own garbage within its own borders and leave the countryside alone.

Our Chamber of Commerce official

told the editor the Free Press could print the wrong date on forthcoming activities any time if there was the kind of reaction that occurred such as from the Meet the Candidates' Night. It was our mistake, we readily admit, but the resultant publicity packed the meeting with enthusiasts, so we cannot feel truly sorry.

Who says that the luck of the draw does not run in families? When Brenda Denny won a car in a draw at L & L Motors recently it brought to mind that her father, Harold, was close in the annual minor hockey car draw. His ticket was third last to be drawn.

Notice where the Fergus Recreation Committee has acquired approximately 15 acres of land on which it is proposed to develop a new recreation centre for the town. Envisaged are an indoor pool and a community centre, to supplement existing facilities. Chairman Paul Knox predicted Fergus will have a population of 8,000 in 10 years with the modern trend showing people moving out of cities into smaller and less polluted areas. Fergus wants to be equipped to meet the demand for recreation.

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## It'll be another trip to polls

Canada's trip to the polls every four years may have to be duplicated very soon, judging by the results of Monday's federal election. Voters, obviously disenchanted by the Trudeau Government, turned out in big enough numbers to create a stalemate. But they could not muster enough strength to replace it. Some of the Trudeau charm is still there.

In Halton Terry O'Connor, the bright young lawyer from Oakville nosed out able incumbent Rud Whiting, who held the seat for the Liberals for the last four years. In Halton-Wentworth Bill Kempling, the roly-poly Tory from Dundas, took the seat from the Liberals by erasing Norm McGuinness while in Wellington County incumbent Alf Hales, a popular figure in country and city alike, just breezed to a victory over four other contenders.

While the Stanfield broom cleaned up in this neck of the woods, disgruntled Liberals could only grin and bear it. The N.D.P. party never really

had a chance in the three ridings.

The Conservatives ran a good campaign and the enthusiasm of the party workers played a large part in getting people out to vote. The Liberal campaign seemed to rely too much on the Government's record, making little effort to offer new voting incentive.

Terry O'Connor's victory in Halton came as a surprise to many people because Rud Whiting was a popular figure in the north end of the riding. He worked tirelessly for his constituents, regardless of their political affiliation. Because Whiting did his homework so well, there were those who said he did not figure prominently enough in Government circles, a label which showed the lack of knowledge some have of political affairs.

Whiting leaves very large shoes for the new Member to fill. It probably will be of little comfort for a new M.P. to know that his term will be measured against that of Whiting's.

Mr. O'Connor's qualifications are high and we have no doubt he is as

capable as his election literature says he is. However, under the present stalemate it is unlikely that any Member will really have a chance to show the stuff of which he is made.

There is no doubt that Canadians will soon be trekking to the polls again to find some way out of the election puzzle.

There are those who think that the NDP or the Social Credit parties now can swing the balance of power. But Canadians did not give either of these parties a mandate. It would be wrong to pursue policies which they espouse just to keep either a Liberal or P.C. Government in power.

On the other hand, another expensive election too soon may only result in another stalemate. So the solution to the present entanglement is going to depend in large part on the desire of all parties to come to some form of working agreement.

When it fails we will have to go to the polls and hopefully elect a Government with a working majority.

## Sidewalk situation better

Probably it is all in the best interest of all concerned that Mr. Noteboom of R. V. Anderson Associates Ltd., the town's consulting engineers, recommended that the construction of sidewalks on Elizabeth Drive be delayed until such time the street is reconstructed and storm sewers installed. But then, Mr. Noteboom has not had to drive along Elizabeth Drive when school children clog the road, making it difficult for motorists to navigate safely.

However, the fact is it stems from

the failure to get necessary approvals for street drainage, so plans had to be delayed.

We were glad to see that council approved the recommendation to commence engineering studies for reconstruction of Elizabeth Drive as far as the first street (Elmore Drive), and also decided to go ahead with engineering for Church St. as well. Now that Bower Avenue reconstruction is complete residents have a pretty good idea how well all the town's streets can look.

It is a treat to be able to walk along Bower Avenue's cement sidewalks without worrying about holes and sand and dirt tripping one up.

Council has also authorized the expenditure of \$5,000 to repair sidewalks around town, a necessary and commendable step, with so many sidewalks in need of repairs.

Now if the residents of Cameron St. had the sidewalk link they have been promised for years, the sidewalk situation in Acton would be well along the way to being fair. And studies are being done to correct that lack.

A couple of weeks ago, while I was writing down the date on my attendance pad, I got a bit of a shock. It was October 13. Then I realized it was Friday. Hey, my anniversary!

On a gloomy Friday the 13th of October, 1944, I was shot down over Holland by German flak, crash-landed in a plowed field and was taken prisoner.

I've been a little leery of Friday the 13th ever since, but when it also falls in October, as this year, I feel a distinct chill and my first thought is that I should have stayed in bed all day, with the covers pulled over my head, to be safe from the searching finger of fate.

It's ridiculous, of course. I don't believe in black cats, walking under ladders, broken mirrors, the number 13, and all those old-wives' symbols of bad luck.

Even so, I know some of my students wondered why I taught all day, that day, with both hands behind my back. What they didn't know was that I had my fingers crossed, both hands.

Well, now that a reasonable time has passed and the sky hasn't fallen in, I can look back on that day in 1944 with no more reaction than sangfroid, which, as any Englishman knows, means bloody cold, and I have one of those, so everything is fine.

In retrospect, that day was not an unlucky, but a lucky one. At the time I didn't think so. I had a date that night with a smashing blonde in Antwerp, and I was justly annoyed that the stupid war had interfered with my social life.

But looking back, it was one of the luckiest days in my life. I still had a miserable, often wretched experience to go through. However, it was one of the most

interesting in my life, and I made some fine friends and saw a lot of strange things.

Also, my wing was losing from five to a dozen pilots a week. My own squadron of eighteen pilots had lost Dave Backhouse, Johnny Rook, "Taffy" Price, "Dingle" Bell, and a week before I got it, one of my tent-mates, Freddy Wakeman, was killed. (A week after I got it, my other tent-mate went down in flames.)

I had landed once with a bomb dangling, another time with no flaps, no brakes and



## Bill Smiley

thirty-six holes in my aircraft. So it was just a matter of time.

I wonder how many of you have had the same experience: believing that the fates had singled you out for special punishment, and discovering, much later, that what seemed at the time a black cloud was really a silver lining in disguise.

Of course, the opposite can happen. Ask some of my friends who thought it was the luckiest day in their lives when they stood in front of the preacher with that gentle, sweet, understanding and voluptuous young creature, and found themselves 25 years later manacled to a fat, nagging shrew.

(I know, girls, it works both ways. Don't tell me that that handsome, charming young Adonis you stood up with is really the same person as that pot-bellied, bald bore you're

## Back Issues of The Free Press

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, November 11, 1971.

Every man is liable to change his opinion. Mr. Horlop of Everton, the late choice of the Conservative party at the recent convention at Guelph, and who declined the nominations will perhaps change his mind. That's what he said this morning, and he ought to know.

The Friends of Rockwood have workmen engaged in building a church. A social will be given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of Knox church. A lecture entitled: "Great Britain, Her Power and Permanence" will be delivered by Rev. Hae, a popular lecturer. The choir has the entertainment in hand. Tea from 6 to 8 o'clock. Admission 25 cents.

Mr. Fred Wrigglesworth of Ashgrove was up with a load of winter apples. He will come again.

Mr. Joseph de Lottelle, who proposed to reach the Klondike from Ottawa by balloon, says his airship will soon be ready for its trial trip. The balloon is ready with the exception of a heater.

The treaty for the protection of seals was signed by the representatives of Russia, Japan and the United States at Washington.

Sunnydale Cottage, Esquesing, the home of Mr. David Swackhamer, was the scene of joyous festivities last night. The occasion was the marriage of Mr. George Adams, merchant, Acton, and Miss Minnie Swackhamer, two of our popular young people. The bride was supported by her sister Miss Flora and both were prettily attired. Many beautiful bridal tokens were received. Mr. and Mrs. Adams took up residence in their new home over the store on Mill St.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, November 9, 1972.

When Rev. Baugh returned from his holidays, spent in Quebec, a very agreeable surprise awaited him. In his absence a garage was built by the St. John's congregation of Rockwood at the rectory here.

The Presbyterian churches asked a special offering of \$350,000 to provide a minimum stipend of \$1,800 for all ministers.

Have you tried our health bread "Maltana"? Call 116 and our wagon will call. Jas. Fairbanks, baker, Mill St. There were some senseless and expensive Hallowe'en pranks at Ospringe. Two motor cars were taken from garages. One is still missing.

The Junior Daughters of the Empire will banquet the Acton Junior Baseball team, the champions of Halton county, in the town hall. The members of the team will be presented with practical gifts. A few tickets are on sale at Johnstone and Rumley's for 50 cents. The band will be in attendance.

Ten Ukrainian young men graduated from the University of Manitoba at the last convocation.

A wreck on the G.T.R. yesterday delayed the Toronto mail for a couple of hours. Hundreds of poppies were worn Sunday and Monday in memory of our boys who sleep on Flanders' Fields.

High prices are prevailing for most of the necessities of life. A new law went into effect which requires bicycles to carry a lamp after sundown.

Dwelling houses are still at a premium in town. Houses which rented at \$10 a month, a year or two ago, now bring \$16 to \$20.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, November 13, 1972.

Gloria Rody, a kindergarten pupil, was struck by a car on her way to school. She suffered a severe sprain to her right knee and bruises.

Inez McLellan was elected president of the Guelph Presbytery of Young People's Unions.

Bannockburn school was filled to capacity when the community gathered to honor Mr. and Mrs. Melvin McCullough (Margaret Brown) on their recent marriage. Mrs. Stan Morrison read the address and the presentation was made by Lloyd McEnery, Ralph Denny and Bert Watson. R. L. Davidson was chairman.

"It only takes a minute, it's painless, it's free", G. W. McKenzie told Lakeside chapter I.O.D.E. about the X-ray survey to be taken in Acton in December. The province-wide survey began in 1951 and it is hoped that in 10 years the incidence of tuberculosis will be cut in half.

No one would believe a dance could start at the appointed time but it hadn't gone two minutes past 8.30 when Rino Brada "drew the horsehair over the catgut" and the gents started to swing their partners at the first square dance of Acton Square Dance Club in St. Alban's parish hall Friday. Ernie Packer called the figures. The spot dance was won by Jean Kirby and the old-time waltz winners were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kingsmill. Prize winners at the Limehouse W. I. Hallowe'en party included Mrs. Ralph Turner as a bride with little Paul as flower girl and Ralph Turner as Miss Limehouse; children's winners Trudy Scott, Brian Lewis, Laura Young.