



St. Laurent statesman, gentleman

When Louis St. Laurent died during the past week it left only one living former prime minister—John Diefenbaker—to remind Canadians of the years when politics seemed a more dignified profession.

Mr. St. Laurent somehow never seemed to be cut out to be a politician. His dignity and quiet logic seemed to be fit more for an ambassador's role than cast as the Leader of the Liberal party at a time when Canada was experiencing growing pains and changing its face for the world.

And yet this man, who served

through a sense of duty, came into politics at a time when Canada experienced great peril to the success of the war effort. Half French and half of Irish descent, he liked to think he was a forerunner of a new Canada where those of French and other ethnic origins would discover their common heritage and work to preserve it.

It was considered political suicide for a Canadian of French descent to advocate conscription during the war years. But he did it and later received one of the greatest mandates ever from

Canada as a whole. It was during his term of office that Newfoundland entered Confederation. Political people of all stripes contend that his government was one of the best Canada ever had.

He was a man you could respect and above all, look up to as a model of decorum. He seemed like a father, not a stern patriarch but a kindly "gentleman" in the real sense of the word.

Louis St. Laurent is gone. We wonder if Canada took a lesson from his life and his times?

Free Press Editorial Page

6 The Acton Free Press, Wednesday, August 1, 1973

Blackout points out Hydro

The importance of electricity as a source of power was never more apparent than during the almost four hours Acton was without it last Wednesday afternoon.

We rely on electricity for everything from cooking to running the machines which provide the jobs that keep the economy of this town and district going. When we are without it, the town almost comes to a standstill.

Although Acton's lack of power Wednesday hardly compares with the blackout that hit the United States not many years ago, it gives some idea on a smaller scale on the amount of confusion which resulted on that occasion. We depend on electricity for so many things we take for granted we are almost impotent when it is shut off.

In this case it was a combination of contamination on insulators mixing with rain that caused a short circuit, which in turn burned cross arms on a single pole and dropped the high tension line onto secondary lines. Because it was a primary feeder line, power in the

entire town was cut off for four hours.

It gives us some insight into the problems Ontario Hydro faces when they construct a new power system to serve not one but hundreds of municipalities in the province. The system must operate so that no one emergency situation will leave any area without power for any sizable length of time.

Failure of the electric power supply for even a short time results in costly losses in time and production as well as personal hardship and inconvenience. Cost of the energy lost is only a small portion of the cost of production.

Reliability then is a major consideration in the design and operation of an electric power system. It gives us some insight into the care and planning which Ontario Hydro must put into the new 500 KV system proposed from Middleport to Pickering. The role Hydro plays in the new system affects our life style in a thousand different ways.

It is fine to take an impersonal

poke at the province's largest utility and accuse it of gross unconcern but it is also wise to remember the responsibility Hydro has to supply us with power. Between 1961 and 1971, Ontario's gross provincial product increased by 73 per cent and demands for electric power grew by 94 per cent. The new system hopefully will meet the demands of the province for "white coal" for the foreseeable future. The rub is that electrical energy cannot be stored. I must be generated and consumed by the user almost simultaneously.

When citizens' groups get actively involved in figuring out the best routes for hydro transmission corridors they are not dealing only with the concerns of a few. They are dealing with the future of the province. It may have short term objectives at first but as they get more involved the entire picture becomes clearer that the best route must be found for that new transmission corridor to ensure the province has a system which will meet the demands on it in the

future.

Teacher story must be told

We can't help but take issue with remarks attributed to Halton Director of Education Jim Singleton over statements which Tom Ramautarsingh, made to the press recently following his retirement as head of the Halton Secondary School Teachers' Federation.

Mr. Singleton found an obvious flaw in figures which Mr. Ramautarsingh presented to the press regarding the number of students in Halton classrooms. However, he wasn't satisfied with berating Mr. Ramautarsingh. He took a swipe at the press, too, for publishing the figures which purportedly showed over 1,000 classrooms in Halton have over 36 students. The actual figure, according to Mr. Singleton, was 334 classes with 36 or more students, not 1,000 as Ramautarsingh had indicated.

We think Mr. Singleton would have better spent his time telling us why there were 384 classes with over 36 students in them than berating Mr. Ramautarsingh for

telling us there were 1,000. Mr. Singleton felt it was significant there were also 367 classes with between one and 15 students, too, which he found somehow balanced the unwieldy classes on the education scales.

Mr. Singleton told the press they had not the right to take facts and quote them from that kind of source. Obviously suggesting Mr. Ramautarsingh was not worthy of that kind of respect. To our mind this also shows Mr. Singleton has scant regard for those who elected Mr. Ramautarsingh to the federation's highest post.

Is the director of education suggesting that all things from the board are true while all utterances from the teachers are suspect?

We think Mr. Ramautarsingh is entitled to have his side of the story told after two years at the head of

the teachers' federation. It is a listening post denied to those in authority and often a place where a true gauge of morale can be detected.

If Mr. Ramautarsingh's utterances to the press were wrong then they are there for all to see and for Mr. Singleton to correct. Freedom of the press is not a one way street for those in authority. We would find it more reprehensible if Mr. Ramautarsingh failed to point out inadequacies he felt existed in the system.

We have the greatest respect for Mr. Singleton's abilities and the job he has done in Halton County, molding the educational system into a showcase of the province, but we hope there are always people like Tom Ramautarsingh to keep educators and public alike on their toes.

OUR READERS WRITE:

Beautiful, poetic Indian names best

R. R. 2 Rockwood, July 28th, 1973

Dear Sir,

I am amazed at the lack of originality in the suggestions of names for the new regional area. I am also mystified at some of the reasons given.

This continent is supposedly starved of culture, and Americans and Canadians import or copy castles, bridges, names, etc. from Europe in an effort to acquire culture, not realizing that culture is developed, little can be imported. Traditions are imported and most Canadians and Americans frown on newcomers who wish to retain their language, or who do things the way they did in the old country; yet we do have a culture as old as, or older, than any in Europe—our Indian culture!

People in Europe that I have met envy our beautiful poetic Indian names such as Nagsaugawa, Esquesing, Chingusacousy, Missisauqua, etc. They also are fascinated at the translations. Unique names like Medicine Hat, Flin Flon, Thunder Bay, Cape Chin and Oompah

really send them; yet some of us would try to perpetuate common place names like Milton, Georgetown, Acton in preference to adopting existing township names, even though Milton, Georgetown, and Acton are already in abundance throughout the world.

To our west we have the new region of Cambridge, and the postal designation of Galt, Preston and Hespeler is Galt, Cambridge, Preston, Cambridge, and Hespeler, Cambridge.

If we adopt names such as Milton Georgetown or Acton, my address could conceivably be Rockwood, Milton. A person living in Milton would be Milton, Milton, and so on.

The names we choose will be with us for a long, long time. Let's have a competition for this excellent cause. Let the business community, unions and other organizations put a few dollars into the kitty, and give a substantial prize to the best three names suggested, and have these names put on the placard.

Yours truly, William A. Johnson.

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Idle noles for a hot summer day. Columnist Richard Needham, a modern Cassandra who is never happier than when he is crying disaster, prophesies with some glee the wiping out of the American dollar, and with it the Canadian, owing to inflation. He says to put your money in a Swiss bank, in Swiss francs.

Question: what money? Because of that same inflation he's talking about, 90 per cent of Canadians are lucky to make ends meet, let alone have anything to invest.

Needham also says he doesn't believe in stocks and bonds. Nor do I. When I was young and foolish, just out of the service, and had a couple of thousand dollars in back pay, I was twice bitten. Now I'm three shy.

Both "investments" were based on red hot tips. One thousand shares of a real gold called Anstey, a "gold mine" which turned out to be moose pasture. It rose three cents in a week, and I was counting my paper money and congratulating myself on my shrewdness. Seriously considered becoming a speculator and getting rich fast.

In two weeks Anstey was down to 12 cents. In two months it was off the board, as we wheeler-dealers say.

But the second tip was too good to pass up. It came from a friend who was not only an ex-P.O.W. and therefore to be trusted, but a stockbroker and therefore on the inside. He was sinking every nickel he could raise into Eldridge, another gold stock.

There really was a mine this time. So I went for 1,000 shares at 33 cents. Like the other, this stock immediately went up a few cents, no doubt due to heavy plungers like me. Then it began to slide, slowly and gracefully.

When it was close to bottom, there was an announcement to shareholders of a reorganization of the company. It would now be called Elder and we would get one share of Elder for each eight shares of Eldridge we possessed.

This was a little disappointing, but it was better than a goose egg. Each year came glowing company reports of the great future for the stock. The reports were all we got.

Then came another announcement. Elder was going to amalgamate with Peel and the outlook was roses all the way. Again there was a juggling of shares. I wound up with 12 shares. Not bad when I started out with a mere 1,000.

But hold. Peel-Elder actually did stagger through and is now a respectable stock, if the term is not automatically



Bill Smiley

contradictory. My 12 shares are now worth almost as much as the original 1,000. In 25 years I am down only about \$40. Except for that 1,000 shares of Anstey, which I've written off to experience. That's a pretty dang ept financial career, if you ask me. You thought this story was going to have a sad ending, didn't you?

This all seems to have very little bearing on anything, but it does. When the Smileys finally decide to go to England, the dollar is steadily slipping, and prices in Europe are rapidly increasing. Result, the trip costs a lot more than we figured on. Somehow, there is a parallel there to my career in the stock market.

"Why does anybody want to travel, anyway?" groaned my wife, as she contemplated the horrors of getting ready. "I'd much rather stay at home."

Take me in your arms

So now little man you've grown tired of grass, LSD, acid, cocaine, and hash. And someone pretending to be a true friend said "I'll introduce you to Miss Heroin". Well honey before you start fooling with me, just let me inform you how it will be. For I will seduce you and make you my slave. I've sent men much stronger than you to their graves. You think you can never become a disgrace. And end up addicted to poppy seed waste. So you'll start inhaling me one afternoon. You'll take me into your arms very soon. And once I have entered deep down in your veins. The craving will nearly drive you insane. You'll need lots of money (as you have been told). For darling I'm much more expensive than gold. You'll swindle your mother just for a buck. You'll turn into something vile and corrupt. You'll mug and you'll steal for my narcotic charm. And feel contentment when I'm in your

Her trouble is that she's a woman. I could throw a sweater, shirts, socks and underwear in a bag and be off, without a backward look. She says, "But the house is filthy," and goes into an orgy of vacuuming and scrubbing. The place looked all right to me.

"What am I going to wear? What shall we do with the cat? How can I be ready in time? What if it rains all the time? Who's going to mow the lawn?" And on and on.

I answer: "Just wear your swim suit. Then, if it rains, you'll be all set. You wouldn't be ready in time for your own funeral, and you wouldn't know what to wear. We'll put the cat on the back lawn and she can graze it, like a sheep." Like any wife, she truly appreciates understanding and help like this.

However, all these things can be ironed out. It's the financial aspect that's bad. After spending a small fortune getting ready to go, I think we have enough left for a one-way ticket.

We'll get home somehow. I have a rich niece in England. If she doesn't kick through with the home fores (and I think she would, with alacrity, after we'd visited her for a few weeks) we might have to swim.

I should have stayed in the stock market and bled to death slowly, with dignity.

arms. Then you'll realize the monster you've grown. You'll solemnly promise to leave me alone. If you think you've got the mystical knack. Then, sweetie, just try getting me off your back. The vomit, the cramps, your gut tied in a knot. The aching nerves screaming for just one more shot. The hot chills, the cold sweat, the withdrawal pains. Can only be saved by my little white grains. There's no other way and there's no need to look. For deep down inside, you will know you are hooked. You'll desperately run to the pusher and then you'll welcome me back to your arms once again. And when you return (just as I foretold) I know that you will give me your body and soul. You'll give up your morals, your conscience, your heart. And you will be mine 'til Death Do Us Part.

Back Issues of The Free Press

20 years ago

50 years ago

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 4, 1953

Edwin Watson of R.R. 1, Campbellville is opening a music store in Acton this week. He was on the staff of the Mitchener Conservatory of Music and taught music in schools for several years. The store at Mill and Wilbur was formerly McEachern's Electric.

Two Acton soldiers were in Korea when the truce was signed, as far as their relatives in Acton know. Pte. R. J. Fetterly and Pte. M. McCristall. Five Acton soldiers have been involved in the war in Korea altogether. Pte. Turkos returned recently. Pte. Marshall, who was burned overseas, is also back. Both are at Petawawa. A fifth from Acton, Pte. D. J. Gunn, is missing in action. According to the War Service League records there are five other Acton soldiers now overseas in Germany. Pte. Frank Spielvogel, Corp. Ron Hunter, Pte. Shepherd, Pte. Harold Oakley and Pte. O'Rourke.

The old gave way to the new this week at Acton public school as the 61-year-old school bell was lowered from its steeple. The bell is to be silenced and mounted on a cairn in the school grounds, according to school board officials. With the bell down came the steeple that housed it because of its rotten condition and also the front porch that had been on the school for so many years. A modern porch is planned for the front of the school. The school bell was put in the brick addition in 1922.

There were 68 cars at "The Breezes", Sonny Jaque's park, on Sunday. Work is progressing on Ross Ballentine's apartment on Queen St.

A prefab house is being built by Colin McNabb on Alice street near Baxter Labs.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 8, 1923.

Everybody is glad that the Jubilee Celebration of the town's incorporation materialized. When the Citizens Committee was formed the co-operation was an inspiration. As a result there were decorations, myriads of flags, welcoming mottoes, and an abundance of evergreen. In every respect the celebration was a success. Former citizens came home in large numbers.

In the wealth of pleasures and amusements, gratitude and thanksgiving to the Giver of all good was not overlooked. A gratifying feature of the Celebration is the fact that notwithstanding the large expenditures the Committee felt that it was necessary to make the receipts considerably more than met the outlay. The guarantee made by Council will not be required.

The 20 events listed for sports on Saturday afternoon attracted a large concourse of spectators. Winners in boys and girls races included V. White, J. Smith, H. Mooney, Gordon Cooper, Max Starkman, Melvin Dron, Stewart Lantz, Melvin Locker, Viola Masales, Marjorie Near, Phyllis Tyler, V. Murray; men's races D. Folster, F. Kentner, B. Merritt, Alfred Bishop, J. Kentner; boys' swimming Alfred Bishop, Stanley Mackie; ladies' tub race Jean Kennedy, J. Mowat.

The baseball matches on Saturday and Monday were an interesting feature that gave the fans full scope for vociferous ejaculations. In the Halton League fixture Jiggins and Gibbons were stars. Ladies' softball teams also played.

(Cont. next week)

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, July 28, 1898.

Threshing is the order of the day and once again we hear the shrill whistle of the engine calling the boys to work.

Grieve the Rockwood baker has reduced the price of bread to 10 cents.

While the laying of permanent pavement was in progress on Mill St. last week the job at John St., which renders the street from that point westward about six feet narrower, was freely commented upon.

The improvements to the Robert Little mansion, recently leased by the Messrs. Beardmore, are nearly completed.

A representative of that sturdy upright Highland stock who settled this section so largely about half a century ago in the person of Alexander McDonald Esq. of Esquesing entered into rest Wednesday. He had reached a good old age being in his 86th year. He settled on the farm in 1845. He was a member of the Presbyterian church in Scotland but never united with the church here preferring, owing to strong opinions on certain points of doctrine and usage, to be regarded as an adherent. His wife died in 1879. Eight children blessed the union.

Last Friday Malcolm McPherson of the Scotch Black cut ten acres of heavy fall wheat in five and a half hours with a Frost and Wood binder drawn by two horses. He thinks this beats the record.

Pedestrians to the cemetery find Wilds' hill almost impassable owing to the depth of sand there. A two plank walk should be put down at once. The convenience would far outweigh the small expense.

Guelph Humane Society has for adoption a girl of five and a baby boy. Any in this section interested should correspond with Mr. Sharp.