

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU INSISTED ON COMING ALL THE WAY OUT HERE TO WRITE IN YOUR STUPID PROTEST VOTE! ...EVEN IF MICKEY MOUSE WON, HE WOULDN'T ACCEPT THE JOB!



Dave Woodell

HERE'S TO PUBS! THEY'RE WONDERFUL.

I promised there'd be no more columns about England. This one won't be, but it will be about people we met there.

Half the fun of travelling is the people you meet. That's why I wouldn't be too keen on taking one of those tours, where you go everywhere with the same forty or so people, and are stuck with them for three or four weeks, and don't meet anyone fresh.

For example, while we were in London, I found it pleasant to stroll down to the bar for a pre-luncheon pint while my wife was muddling around in the room, worrying about washing her hair or something.

For several days, we formed a congenial group there. A far-flung group. There was old Jack from South Africa, with one aluminum arm and one ditto leg. He'd whack his artificial leg with his cane to emphasize a point. There was Ron, an Australian dealer in stamps. There was a Highland Scot. There was an Irish bartender. And there was your blue-eyed boy from Canada. English, Yanks and Canadians were excluded. Other Canadians, that is.

We got along first-rate, and there was an easy tolerance that I noticed during the war when there might be bodies of ten different nations on one squadron.

I didn't go after Jack about apartheid or Ron about Australian treatment of aborigines and nobody went after me about our Eskimos. The Irishman and the Scot were a bit hostile, but only about the English.

Rather, we talked about the important things in life: heating bills (about \$50 a year in S.A. and less in Sydney); housing costs (about the same everywhere); wives

Bill Smiley



(about the same everywhere); rotten kids (ditto); income tax (ditto).

Not very enlightening, you'll say, but comfortable, easy conversation, with no strain or stridency. Then our wives would arrive and the commonwealth conference would break up until next day at noon.

We met dozens of interesting people like this, easily and amiably. The pub is the great leveler.

In Canada, people in a bar sit in their own tight little groups at a table, a waiter serves them, and they are like an island, no contact with anybody else. Or if they are alone, they sit at the bar and glower into the mirror or into their drink, gloomily.

In Britain, it's just the opposite. If you're at a table, you fetch your own drinks, and anyone is liable to sit down with you. Very casual. First thing you know, you're chatting. Next thing you know, you're bosom chums.

Example. One night after a show, we went into a pub for a drink and a steak-and-kidney pie. Three people sat down at our table, chattering in what sounded like German. It was Dutch. A girl, newly married and living in London, and her parents, first time in England. Father spoke a little English, mother had a big smile.

In five minutes we were chatting away like old friends. Father fetched his wife a gin. Came back looking ruefully into his three-quarters of an ounce. Said, "Here dey just vet de bottom of de glass. In Holland," and he held up thumb and forefinger about four inches apart. We parted in half an hour, but only after the girl insisted we come and see her in London, and gave us address and phone number.

It couldn't happen here. Our watering establishments are built for masochists or people who have good night vision and can see in the dark. They're not for companionship and friendliness.

Example. We were having lunch in a pub in North Wales, at the bar. Four brawny, dirty Welshmen came in and started hooting and hollering at a tremendous volume, teasing the barmaid, downing pints and drowning out any attempt at conversation.

My old lady, who is not noted for her prudence, modesty or reserve, turned around and snapped, "Shut up!" Their jaws fell. The barmaid silently applauded.

I thought one of them was going to wipe her off the stool with a backhand. He was only a little guy, about six-two and 220 pounds.

That cost me four fast pints while I babbled that she was only kidding and was really a delightful, charming girl at heart.

Twenty minutes later, they were complaining that we'd missed the great Eisteddfod in Llangollen, an annual competition of choirs from all over the world, held right there. Because the bus service was slow, one of them packed us into his van, and drove us twenty miles to Wrexham, a forty-mile round trip for him.

It may sound like a glorified pub-crawl. It wasn't. There are 800 pubs in Greater London, and we missed most of them. But if you want to meet people, no better way.

Back Issues of The Free Press

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 13, 1953. Funeral service was held this afternoon at the Victor B. Humley funeral home for Ernest Sweeney, who died in a motor accident Monday evening. Two were killed when a truck, driven by Mr. Sigworth, and a car with six teen-aged girls and boys collided on No. 24 highway at the Belvidere sideroad Cynthia McKee of Momo Centre died also. The Home and School executive held its first meeting; president J. W. Wolfe, vice-president Mrs. H. Elliott; secretary Mrs. S. Eisen; treasurer C. Taylor, committee Mrs. D. Price, Mrs. H. Cripps, Mrs. J. Hurst, Mrs. R. Bean, Mrs. G. Barbeau, G. Caodler, G. McKenzie, E. Smith. Plans were made for the kindergarten tea today with Mrs. H. Bean as convener.

Over 60 heard plans for the season ahead from Y secretary Dick Schmill at the opening night of the Y last Friday. Both children and adults inspected the alterations and renovations. The Y's Men donated \$800 toward renovations. The group with the largest registration is junior boys.

Mary Irene Evans and Victor Donald Masters were married by Rev. E. A. Currey, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hollinger were their attendants.

Rena Braida became the bride of Raymond Arbic at St. Joseph's church. Attendants were Miss Elma Braida, Mrs. Norman Braida, Linda Braida, Norman Braida, Russell Arbic, Nino Braida and Wayne Arbic.

Campbellville went wild on Saturday to welcome home their conquering heroes with their first provincial title, the O.B.A. Intermediate C. championship. There was a giant bonfire in the park when the bus returned from Bloomfield about midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Ironside announce the birth of their fifth child, a son; Beverly Brunelle is happy to announce the arrival of her sister Christine Marie.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 4, 1923. Acton Fair on Tuesday and yesterday scored another fine success. The exhibits in the hall were away above average. The

exhibit of butter was the best seen in many years. Another section which surprised directors and visitors alike was the splendid display of plants and flowers and cut flowers. It was the best ever seen at Acton fair.

The entries in ladies' work, useful and fancy, were very numerous. There was a gratifying volume of fine and decorative arts and children's work. The fruit department had fine apples and pears but the entries of barrels and bag lots were rather meagre.

Messrs. Johnstone and Co. made an attractive exhibit of furniture and pianos and other musical instruments were shown by C. W. Kelly and Son, Mason and Hirsch of Guelph, and A. Martin of Brampton.

Acton Citizens Band did its full share in providing excellent music the evening of the first day and all afternoon yesterday. The midway had varied attractions which were properly supervised by the town and provincial police.

The purses for the races were increased to \$750 but the attendance was not increased thereby. It would seem to be the fair thing now to try some features other than horse races which may be secured at one-half the cost.

Attendance was estimated at 3,500. Mr. A. T. Brown had a radio tent and Claude Precious had a radio booth and their outlets were quite attractive. Each pupil paraded carrying a flag. Chief McPherson guarded the peace of the town with splendid success. The neatly executed frework of Alfred Hishop was very much admired.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, September 29, 1898. No important business was transacted at council meeting. Only three members were present. Considerable discussion was gone into over the new drain on Mill St.

Crewsons Corners correspondence: We believe that Crewsons Corners will give a substantial vote in favor of prohibition on the 29th inst. and we hope and believe that the Dominion of Canada will do the same. It is high time that the curse that has ruined so many homes in this fair Canada of ours should be abolished forever. The ants are making a great shout about direct taxation but anyone with common sense knows that they are doing this as a last hope. Would it

The hills of home

No, Halton Hills isn't a golf course. It's home.

The name that came as a recommendation from Georgetown is going to be with us for a long time.

North Halton was Acton's choice, taking 634 votes in town to Halton Hill's 605. And the old traditionalists who favored Esquing trailed in Acton with 403.

Joe Hurst had put it eloquently at the Meet the Candidates night when he stirred the placid audience with his hopes that the region would keep its fine old Indian name. Esquing—land of the tall pines—had two calamities befall it in course of its history, Mr. Hurst told his audience emotionally.

First, Georgetown left to become a village in its own right. Second, Acton did the same darn thing.

He liked the thought of the region back again as one, under the old name.

But there weren't enough voters there to be awayed by Mr. Hurst's well-known eloquence. Only comfort the dyed-in-the-wool opponents of this name can take is that 1,008 didn't choose Halton Hills compared to the 6,038 who did! But after all it's the same in all elections. A number of good people offer themselves for public office and the talents of the losers are lost.

The most pedestrian of the choices, North Halton, missed out.

100. Halton Hills does have a certain style.

And how will people write a letter to us here after January 1? Some say the name Acton will disappear. Not likely, with duplicate street names in Acton and Georgetown to contend with. What Ontario town doesn't have a Main St., Mill St., John St., Church St., Queen St., River St—some of the names we towns share now.

As long as the federal government has jurisdiction, the post office for Acton will still be here. If we had a railway station, its sign would read "Acton" as Georgetown's continues to name the stop.

In Acton we'll remain, but in Acton, Halton Hills, Halton Region, Ontario. Doesn't sound bad!

Halton Hillians together

Parochialism, which voters were warned against is apparent in voting results, to no one's surprise.

Certainly Esquing polled loud and clear for their own reeve, with Acton echoing the call.

More surprising is Georgetown's support for an outside candidate, especially in their ward three where six polls of 16 marked him the victor. Georgetown residents didn't seem to have any particular local issue that had pointed them away from their own

townsmen. Certainly they couldn't be blamed for parochialism there.

First results in were all from Georgetown and Smith was ahead at some times during the tense evening.

But the man in the middle of the area pulled ahead. He had indicated at the Meet the Candidates night that accommodation would be available for area organizational meetings in the Esquing township hall.

The good wishes of all the

Halton Hillians (and the apprehensions of many) are with this charter council as they begin their deliberations.

They'll be groping for a while; there are many questions still unanswered.

It'll likely take the full three year term before we know whether the system works properly. And then we trust, as we've been assured, things will be better than ever. We'll be just one small step from Utopia.

Mini-Comment . . .

According to the Fergus-Elora-News-Express future historians of Ontario will decide that the 1970's inhabitants were preoccupied with sewage. For instance, in New Hamburg there are people eager to build apartments and others to live in them but the sewage lagoon is overloaded. Elmira is approaching its limit of 6,600 people. Fergus and Elora have but a few years to go and Rockwood seems to be being dragged kicking and screaming into expensive sewage works. The paper could have added Acton also is approaching the peak load of its 7,500 people plant. "By the time history takes over we will have had to invent better techniques or, like the Chinese, learned to use our sewage," the paper comments.

A wife yelled at her husband: "There are more than 100 empty whiskey bottles in the cellar. Where did they all come from?" Husband's reply: "Don't ask me. I never bought an empty whiskey bottle in my life."

A poster distributed in England shows a small child in a high chair puffing at a cigarette and bears the legend "How many cigarettes a day does your child smoke?" The poster goes on to explain that when a child breathes air filled with cigarette smoke it can be as bad as if he or she actually smoked the cigarette! Also, it sets a bad example to the child.

Dr. Osler, the great Canadian-born physician, said "Alcohol does not make people do things better, it makes them less ashamed of doing them badly."

General Motors of Canada has come up with a device to further frustrate auto thieves—a key that unlocks only the vehicle's ignition. It will be introduced on all 1974 GM cars and trucks. We hope this is the "key" to the problem but quite likely will just be another key to lose.

Two Free Press phones rang constantly till after midnight Monday. Adding up totals as nearly 60 polls reported one by one was a

horrendous task for the man with the adding machine. Some say they called in 15 times, then quit. We must remember to arrange for another phone line, three years from now.

Our readers write

The school for retarded children, Sunshine school, located in Hornby needs people to help its pupils to gain confidence and to teach its students how to play games, how to engage in conversation, and how to make things with their hands. These students require a great deal of personal attention.

Acton High School has a group of interested students, who would like to donate one half day per week of their time to Sunshine School. These high school students are prepared to keep up with their high school work while involved with the school for retarded children.

The students at Hornby benefit by receiving individual attention and instruction in their regular activities, plus an opportunity for a swimming program at the Ontario School for the Deaf's swimming pool on Friday afternoons.

We have a problem getting our students to and from Sunshine school. We need cars and volunteer drivers, who would be willing to transport the high school students. If you feel you could help on either a regular or non regular basis, please call Acton High School 833-2920.

Thank you Sincerely yours, K. Black

THE ACTON FREE PRESS PHONE 853-2010 Business and Editorial Office. Includes logo for Canadian Community Newspaper Association (CCNA) and contact information for David R. Dill, Publisher, and Don Ryder, Advertising Manager. Copyright 1973.



SECOND PLACE entry in the Free Press photography contest at the fall fair was this pleasing study of two youngsters entitled Sisterly Kiss. It was photographed by H. Haslett, R.R. 2, Acton.