



Mill pond reflections

Free Press Editorial Page

B2 The Acton Free Press, Wed., Nov. 14, 1973

Canada Council doles out 70 grants

The Canada Council announced a first series of 70 grants worth \$304,922 in its new explorations program recently. The award winning people were chosen from 358 applications. Projects supported range from experiments in cultural animation to biographies of such well known personalities as Mart Kenney and His Western Gentlemen.

For information purposes we have selected a few of the Ontario awards to allow readers a chance to see where the Canada Council doles out its money. Results of a second competition, which closed in September, will be announced in January and the council is accepting applications for a third competition until December 1.

It is worth noting most projects will reach the public in the form of articles or books, broadcasts, film, theatre or videotape but most of us likely will never have an opportunity to see the results unless someone from this district is involved.

Here's a few examples of grants in Ontario:

Ross Brethour, Aurora, \$1,000 to write the story of the popular Canadian dance band, Mart Kenney and His Western Gentlemen, from 1930 to 1970.

George Burrett, Peterborough, \$4,000 to prepare a book on the development of organized labour in Peterborough since Confederation.

Graham Cotter, Toronto, \$2,900 to write two stories for children, using the geology, pre-history and history of the county of Northumberland in the development of the plots.

Donnelly Productions, Toronto, \$4,500 for the production of a play for rural audiences about the Donnelly murders which took place near Lucan, Ontario, in 1882.

Carolyn M. Gossage, Toronto, \$2,000 to complete a study of private schools in Canada from 1788 to 1973.

Elizabeth Inglofsrud, Toronto, \$2,080 to prepare a book on cabinet-makers in Ontario in the 19th century.

Pauline Jewett, Ottawa, \$3,300 to write a book on her experiences in politics.

Clyde C. Kennedy, Ottawa, \$2,000 to prepare an illustrated book of general interest on the archaeology of the Ottawa Valley.

John Lidolt, Toronto, \$5,000 to experiment on a method of adapting 16 mm. film for theatrical release.

Mark Manson and Stephen Markson, Toronto, \$4,700 for research on the relationship of Canadian art to technology,

leading to an experimental theatrical production based on the finding.

Jules Martel, Ottawa, \$4,500 to write a book on arts activities in Ottawa, up to the opening of the National Arts Centre in 1969.

Donald McWilliams, Dundas, \$4,000 to write a biography of Norman McLaren, the Canadian film-maker.

Romany Miller, Ottawa, \$10,000 to produce a children's program for television, in the creation of which children themselves would participate.

Native Arts Guild, London, \$2,500 to provide workshops for native Indian artists and craftsmen and to conduct interviews with them as part of a project to study and encourage native arts in Ontario.

Willem Poolman, Toronto, \$5,000 for a documentary film on an Indian "pow-wow" in Saskatchewan, showing its social and cultural significance.

Nicholas Prychodko, Toronto, \$2,000 to write a book on the experiences of a Ukrainian immigrant to Canada after World War II.

Richard Seligman and John Satterberg, Toronto, \$1,270 for a photographic study of the "corner store" as a social, economic and visual focus of residential neighbourhoods in Toronto.

James Stevens, Thunder Bay, \$2,000 to prepare an illustrated book on the life and work of Norval Morrisseau, a contemporary Ojibway artist.

Studio Lab Theatre Foundation, Toronto \$3,500 to stimulate community interest and involvement in theatre in several Ontario communities.

Morris Wolfe, Guelph, \$2,500 to compile a bibliographical guide to the major English periodicals published in Canada since its beginnings.

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Business and Editorial Office



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Old dogs still have a few tricks

Unchurched editorials, a service provided by the United Church for newspapers, points out that more than 84 per cent of the world's great achievements have been produced by people over 60, destroying the musty myth about old dogs never learning new tricks.

It is true. How many discoveries have been lost to the world, how many skills left useless because of policies which demand men and women retire at 65, or younger?

For the man or woman who wants to retire—all well and good. They have many years of toil behind them and are entitled to spend the rest of their days in leisure or as they see fit. But for those who have no desire to throw in the towel at that age, policies which call for early retirement are often more or less one-way tickets to oblivion.

Tests show the scope and range of life exposure enables the older worker to more easily avoid fads and pitfalls that entrap the young. A mature person's rich background of experience is also useful in solving creative problems.

The capacity to think, learn and innovate continues to grow after middle age. Learning rates don't slip until age 40 and then the rate shrinks only a minuscule one per cent a year until it reaches the level it was at age 16.

Contrast this with the short attention span, the preoccupation with status and advancement of the younger man or woman.

A Pittsburgh business executive has said the only thing holding people back is negative attitudes. Everyone expects them to retire, gradually fade away. The shame of it is they so often do.

And yet Jules Verne produced his most imaginative stories at age 70. George Bernard Shaw, the crusty Irish playwright, won the Nobel Peace Prize when he neared 70. Winston Churchill rallied the British and directed a war while in his 70's. Konrad Adenauer was chancellor of Germany from the age of 73 to 84, directing the amazing renaissance of the country from the ruins of war.

Locally think of George Currie, the Esqueving politician, who was still carrying on strong when he was nearing 80, his wit hardly dulled.

Old dogs can learn new tricks if the opportunity arises and shame on a society which thinks they should retire when their creative years might still be ahead.

Wedding accounts appreciated

Although some males are turned off by wedding stories and pictures until it actually concerns them, we hope readers note that the Free Press carries full accounts of all the nuptials from the area.

We are always glad to get them, unlike some newspapers where space is so tight they can only print the bare bones, and that usually for a fee.

Most people want to know what the bride and her attendants wore, etc., who attended and all the other details that go towards making the day a red letter day for all

concerned. However, the detail with which weddings are written in the Free Press can't compare to the following account which actually appeared in a weekly newspaper many years ago, and which the Seaforth Huron Expositor reminded us about last week:

"Miss Jennie Jones and Bob Henry were married at the Jones mansion last night. The bride is a daughter of Constable Jones who made a good officer and will undoubtedly be reelected this spring. He offers a fine horse for sale in another column of this issue.

"The groom runs a grocery

store on Main street and is a steady patron of our advertising columns. He has a good line of bargains in his ad this week. All summer he has paid two cents more for butter than any other store in town.

"They were married by Rev. Josiah Butterworth who last week called at this office and gave us a nice order for handbills. He is also going to give some time to the real estate business and will write fire insurance. So say the business cards we recently printed for him. Jennie and Bob left on the 10 o'clock train to visit the bride's uncle, who we understand has lots of money and a cancer."

Back Issues of The Free Press

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, November 19, 1953.

About 50 registered-Tuesday in the first Halton community night school classes to be held in Acton. Courses, government-sponsored, have been held in Milton the past few years. 18 registered in plastic which will be taught by H.A. Speers of Campbellville. The beginners' oil painting class will be taught by Miss Wilma Stull of Georgetown with 21 in the group. A retired artist from Toronto who lives in Georgetown, Frank Black is teaching the advanced oil painting class of 16. Several are still motoring to Milton for classes there.

June Gabriel and Douglas Davidson were married in Knox church chapel, Guelph.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wright have returned from Kendal, Westmoreland, England, where they have been visiting for the past year and attended the Coronation festivities.

Sunday evening approximately 500 attended the final service of the week-long preaching mission in Knox church.

Nassagaweya council has paid an alarming \$1600 livestock claims for damages this year. A resolution has been passed that the council will pay a bounty of \$25 for each wolf destroyed.

Over 160 attended the November Home and School meeting. TB films were shown and the Milton junior farmers square dance club performed. Grade mothers were introduced.

RCMP constable Clayton Fryer was best man for a wedding believed performed closest to the North Pole in Canadian history. Cons. Fryer and the groom have been stationed together at Ellesmere Island for two years, the only two white men with over a dozen Eskimos. Now he is married Cons. Johnson is moving 700 miles south to Baffin Island. The bride came on the government ice breaker and the wedding was performed on the ship.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, November 15, 1923.

Hundreds of citizens gathered at the town hall at ten o'clock on Monday morning to take part in the commemorative services on the fifth anniversary of the armistice. Alderman Jeremiah Bell took the platform accompanied by the ministers of the churches. Rev. Baugh gave a fitting address. The procession to the Soldiers' Monument included the officers of the Senior and Junior I.O.D.E.s with wreaths and flags, ministers of the town, Acton Citizens' Band, G.W.V.A. veterans in command of Major Kennedy, members of the I.O.D.E., fraternal societies, citizens. Rev. Hackett read the names of the soldiers and Rev. Howard gave the address. At eleven o'clock the two minutes' silence was most impressive. Never was there manifest a more impressive reverence.

Mr. Davis, the Toronto contractor who is building the three brick cottages on the Lasby property on Bower Ave., has finished. They are built on similar lines but with a different color of brick.

The ministers of the five churches in town are conducting a survey with a view of placing on record the entire population in reference to church affiliation.

Sir William Mackenzie is seriously ill at his home, Avenue Road, Toronto, from double pneumonia. When his daughter, Mrs. W. W. Beardmore, resided in Acton, Sir William was a frequent visitor here. Being a partner of Sir Donald Mann, one of Acton's sons, our citizens naturally have an interest in him.

Toronto motorists are now buying gasoline at 27c a gallon.

The thoughtful kindness of the Ospringle school trustees in having installed a new coal oil stove, to be used in serving hot lunches to the school children, is much appreciated.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, November 10, 1939.

There shall be light! So the people said at the ballot box last Friday by a large majority. Voting was at the town hall and at Speight's shop with 94 votes for the by-law and 41 against. There were 135 votes cast of which over a dozen were lady property owners. Council has been very active in inaugurating operations with a view to the erection of the power house and installation of the plant at the earliest possible date. They have completed negotiations with Mr. W. A. Storey for the three lots and water privileges on Willow and River Sts. until recently occupied by the planing mill of T. Ebbage and glove leather tannery of councillor Francis. By the town having control of water privileges in the pond the water level will never be reduced in the summer to the point where decaying vegetation is likely to breed malaria or other diseases.

Owing to the crowded conditions of the junior room at the school, there being over 90 names on the register, the board deems it advisable to open by the first of January a fifth room, the large room in the old school building now vacant. Next year's staff and salaries were determined, principal T. T. Moore \$600, Miss C. McPhail, 2nd Dept. \$300, Miss Ida Patterson 3rd Dept. \$275, Miss Rhoda Featherston 4th Dept. \$275, Miss Rhoda McQueen 5th Dept. \$200.

One of nature's noblemen Alexander Russell died at his home. He has been regarded as the mainstay of the Churchill Congregational church.

Cold weather impresses one of the needs of the times. Ladies' heavy ribbed underwear 25c, fine merino, shaped 50c, heavy wool 75c, misses' heavy ribbed union 25c; men's heavy double fronts plain knit 35c, imported Scotch underwear \$1.25; very fine fancy stripe \$1. Penman's finest make, natural \$1.25. Bollett and Co., Guelph.

Bill SMILEY



For years Canadians in small towns have watched the drying up of passenger train services. Community after community has had its rail services cut.

Passenger service in this country is now about on a par with that in Outer Mongolia.

Many communities fought hard to retain the train service, but the locals were no match for the railways, with their public relations men, lawyers, experts and the inevitable figures.

There is none of the romance and excitement of Canada's early railways in these figures. There is no sentiment. They show that the line is losing money, and that's all the railways care about.

They don't mention that there seemed to be a deliberate plan to let the tracks and the coaches fall into such disrepair and shabbiness that even an Outer Mongolian would prefer to travel by yak.

There was almost no attempt, except on the big transcontinental trains, to provide faster, more comfortable, reliable service.

The railways are perfectly happy to provide good service for cattle and hogs, but they just don't want people riding on their trains.

Is our postal service going the way of our passenger train service? Is there a secret conspiracy, high in the ranks of our postal department, to discourage Canadians from communicating by mail?

Are postal authorities being bribed by the Bell Telephone, the railways' telecom-

munications system, and other competitors to put the brakes on postal delivery to the point where it will diminish to a trickle, then halt completely? One would think so, on the evidence.

People in business who depend on the so-called postal service in this country, must be losing their hair, their minds, and even their businesses these days.

Last summer, when we were in England, I mailed two columns back to Canada. No problem. They were there right on time. My wife wrote some postcards. "Not much point", I observed. "We'll be home before the cards get there." We weren't.

But have you tried the Canadian mails lately?

Don't, unless there is no other way.

Last night, my wife came across an old love letter, from me, and read it to the accompaniment of my blushes and snorts. That letter travelled more than 200 miles, and took two days to get there, and cost four cents postage.

This week, we had a letter from our daughter. She lives the vast distance of 80 miles away. You could walk it in four days, hitch-hike it in two. Yet the post office, with its computers, its fancy codes and its fast, modern trucks, took the grand total of four days to get the letter from there to here.

That's really whippy service. Twenty miles a day. And it cost eight cents. Twice the cost for less than half the efficiency.

This column is mailed from here to the

city on Tuesday, for processing. It should be delivered next morning, the people here tell me. It isn't. Sometimes it gets there Friday. Sometimes it doesn't.

After some complaints from the city end, I took what I thought was drastic action. I sent the column by certified mail. That sounds impressive.

It consists of putting your envelope inside a special envelope, and paying forty cents for the privilege. "That'll do it", I thought comfortably.

It didn't. Three days later, the city was on the blower. No column. I explained what I'd done. They said they'd go to the post office.

They did. Nobody knew anything about it. After eight days, the whole sordid little, unimportant story came out.

Certified mail must be signed for. The elevator in the office building in the city was not working. The recipients of the column were on the third floor. No postie was going to walk up three flights of stairs.

So the "certified" letter was not delivered. Worse still was the fact that it was dumped somewhere in the post office and ignored.

Eight days after it was mailed, it turned up. Eight days, eighty miles. But by gosh, the price is right. Only forty cents.

I've no grudge with the local people. They are helpful and obliging. But somewhere out there . . .

Sending a letter these days is about as effective as writing a note, putting it in a bottle, and dropping it in the Pacific Ocean. Except that the latter is a lot cheaper, if you happen to have an empty bottle.

Next year, I'm going to hire a mule train for my mail.

