

# Free Press Editorial Page

## Big welcome for Santa

Congratulations, marchers and organizers of the Santa Claus parade!

Sunshine beamed down for the first time in weeks for the delightful parade, all the more enjoyed for being a surprise success.

Mike Kinal, the sparkplug behind Saturday's effort, looked so proud you'd think he'd invented Santa Claus single-handed.

Main effort came from the Scouts and Cubs and Beavers, who made a terrific showing on short notice.

Parents decorated Santa's headquarters and served refreshments to the chilly marchers.

One suggestion of Mr. Kinal's has a certain appeal. Next year, he'd like to see the churches enter floats in the Santa Claus parade.

After all, that's what it's all about, isn't it?

## We'll all help

Christmas decorations are making their appearance already. And glittering Christmas lights are an integral part of Christmas. It's too bad to see the hydro discontinue its annual best-decorated house contest.

However, if energy conservation is to be a reality, that's a reasonable place to begin. There will still be plenty of lighting, without the encouragement of a contest and prize.

Acton people have already proven they are more than willing to think about conservation, in their regular contribution to the Outers club at the high school. Many now save newspapers and glass regularly for the first-Saturday pickup.

Certainly most people are aware of the world's problems and are willing to help in their own small way.

## Walkway is a vision

A walkway for everyone around Fairy Lake and along the creeks. It's been a dream of Brendan Ahearn's for years.

Now that the Acton advisory committee on recreation is apparently going to meet again, with co-operation from the Halton Hills recreation department, Mr. Ahearn has brought the matter up again.

He is very right in thinking this is a long-range vision that requires active thinking every year. He's sorry to see the Legion owning land right down to the lake on their new property.

But subdivisions would thwart his plan much more, with private gardens right down to the shore. He's an able and willing watchdog for the public.

## More than a media matters

Canada's newsstands are flooded with foreign magazines, mostly from the United States.

Playboy, for instance, collects about as much money selling its magazine in Canada as do the 17 largest English-language consumer magazines combined, the Special Senate Committee on Mass Media reported.

Two U.S. Magazines—Time "Canada" and Reader's Digest—have special privileges under the Canadian Income Tax, the big break that has enabled Time and Digest to become so rich and powerful that the pair now scoop up between 50 and 60 per cent of all Canadian magazine advertising revenue.

Truly Canadian magazines are squeezed out of advertising, are squeezed off the newsstands and—with few exceptions—pay much higher postal costs than the two

U.S. giants, who received postal subsidies amounting to \$2.9-million in 1971.

Is this situation of interest only to advertisers, printers, publishers, writers, editors, artists and photographers? No.

The Time-Digest issue is every bit as important as the energy issue. It is through the pages of journals such as Time "Canada" that we perceive what the energy situation is. A false perception will lead to false action. Time's interests are, finally, U.S. interests.

The federal cabinet is reported to be ready to remove the special privileges. Powerful interests oppose such action. Whether the cabinet acts will be important to every Canadian. Canadian magazines are waiting in the wings to take their rightful place in their own country.

—Unchurched Editorials

## Of this and that

If Canadians ate one less hamburger a week, one million tons of grain would become available to feed an additional five million people.

Neighboring townships are gearing for elections. Halton is out of it, this time.

### OUR READERS WRITE:

#### Let humans clean up first

Dear sir: I am only partly in agreement with your editorial entitled "Dogs and Schoolyards." (Free Press, 13 Nov. 74.)

Of course, dogs in Acton should not be running at large. Unfortunately, a great many dog owners are just too lazy to walk their dogs and turn them out on the street in defiance of the by-law. I realize that some people have no alternative, for reasons of age or health, but to let their dogs run loose sometimes, but these are exceptions.

It is unfortunate that dogs trained to go on regular walks on a leash will never litter their own backyards. Only those dogs who are never allowed out of the yard will foul their own area and I really feel sorry for those poor animals. The difficulty with walking a dog regularly is that the owner cannot control the dog's bowel movements. However, the droppings are usually at the side of the road and not on somebody's prized garden.

But—it disappears. Unpleasant, smelly, whatever—it does disappear. Just consider, animals have been on earth for millions of years but we aren't over our heads in animal droppings. Contrast the mess a dog makes with the

mess a human makes. Things like beer and liquor bottles and beer cans thrown out of car windows by idiots who, if they really make an effort, could graduate to half-wits. Think of the hazard to children and animals—and tires—caused by broken bottle shards on our own roads and in our ditches. That stuff doesn't disappear.

Then there is garbage dropped from badly loaded trucks and cars on their way to the dump, left for weeks at the side of the road. And the appalling litter outside our candy stores. Wrappers and coke cans and plastic popsicle sticks. And litter from garbage bags left out overnight and ripped open by those same dogs let out to roam the streets by those same so-called dog lovers.

No, Mr. Editor, unpleasant as dog litter may be, it cannot compare either in quantity or in sheer filth with human litter. I'll tell you what. When humans stop burying this world in bottles and cans and wrappers etc. then I'll carry around on my walks a "super duper pooper scooper" and clean up after my dogs.

Sincerely  
Chas. E. Wright  
183 Churchill Rd. S.  
Acton



TOMORROW'S STARS are practising today. Participating in a wild, fast game of road hockey are Allen and Doug Bennett, Rick and Randy Turkosz, Richard Hobart, Bob and Don Brouillard. He scored!



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Let's see. Where am I? I know I was going to make a pointed, telling attack this week on one of the great evils of our society. But I can't remember what it was.

Maybe that's because I have three exams to set, eleven-four essays to mark, my bricks are falling out, along with my fillings, and my wife, who has just given me a thrilling account of how she couldn't get the car started, is going to the hospital tomorrow.

Ah, well, c'est la vie, as the Chinese say. You can't have everything running like clockwork in a world in which the most sensible creatures seem to be cockroaches.

I also have forty-four letters to answer, six vital telephone calls to make, a speech to write, and a granddaddy to bring up.

Then there are about seven thousand pounds of oak leaves to rake and bag. I think I'll send them to Bangla-Desh. Surely somebody there knows how to make oak leaf and acorn soup. Don't think I'm being hard and cynical. There's a lot of protein in those acorns. And I have 28 squirrels, not counting children, in my attic to prove it.

Maybe you think this is just the whining of a middle-aged man, who can't cope with life. Well, you're right.

My bricks are falling out. Or they are being sucked out, by the gentle vines of this old Georgian house, which are about as gentle as a giant squid. The roofer said, "Gez, Bill, your bricks are loose." It

sounds sort of obscene, like, "You have rocks in your head." But it's not. They're falling out. (Or being knocked out by the clumsy roofers and painters. Sh-h-h-h.)

And my fillings are falling out as fast as I can, or my dentist can, put them in. He's a nice guy, and the most painless dentist I have ever had, for which I will cling to him until teeth do us depart, but you can't build pine trees out of stumps.

And then there's my granddaddy. You'd think I would not worry about him when he's a hundred miles away. But I do.

How do I know those young sillies in the daycare centre are teaching him the right things. Do they know how to ride him on a jiggling foot to the tune of, "Did You Ever Go Into An Irishman's Shanty, Where Money Is Scarce and Whiskey Is Plenty?"

Do they know how to let him chew their thumb while at the same time whistling in his belly and waving his bare foot in the air to the tune of "Kneez Up, Mother Brown"?

Well, maybe the young sillies aren't doing too badly, as long as there are three of them to one of him. At least they're not trying to unteach him the good things he's learned from his gramps.

Had a call from his mother last Sunday. She made it from a phone booth, as Mother Bell has not smiled on them yet. Asked her where the baby was. She responded coolly that he was on her knee, tearing pages out of the telephone directory.

He loves tearing up books, especially those of sacred institutes, like the Bell. I started him off with the mane coloured sections of the Saturday papers. He seemed to thrive on it, ripping them apart with gusto, relish, and any ketchup that happened to be around.

I thought it wise to move him up to telephone books, police reports, politicians' speeches, beer labels and such examples of Canadian culture. Turns out he's a boy after my own heart.

Go to it, Pokey. His real name is Nicov Chen, but I tacked Pokey on him, and it has stuck. He pokes into everything that is moving, or still. If it's moving, he stops it; if it's still, he makes it move, grinning fiendishly all the time.

I tell you, it's a gray, mad whirl around here. Just now I was interrupted by two pretty girls at the front door, rakes in hand. I'd forgotten about them. They'd come to rake my leaves. For money, of course. Couldn't get any boys.

In the past week I have also dealt with sixteen students who are obvious flunkers, one irate parent, several disgruntled teachers, and one invitation to judge a beauty contest.

To top it off, in today's mail came an election flyer, from Ray Argyle, who syndicates this column, announcing his run for school trustee. He must be out of his nut.

Everybody seems to be going a bit mad these days, but I'll lay odds that I get there before the rest of you.

## Children's Aid: Not an ogre

### "I am glad they are there"

"People think you must have done something really awful, for your kids to be in the Children's Aid," was the comment of one mother about her experience with the Society after her children were committed to care. Explaining to the neighbors was the greatest difficulty in the situation, according to six mothers who met recently in a Children's Aid Society office to tell the social workers what they really thought of the service.

The Society arranged the meeting to help social workers to have a greater insight into the feelings of clients. The mothers, who were aged 18 to 38, were selected only on the basis their children had been or were in foster homes and they were willing to participate in a discussion.

#### Hate, suspicion

All spoke of the resentment they had felt in not having their own children with them and how this created hatred and suspicion of foster parents. Later, on meeting the foster parents, these feelings changed, especially when foster parents had helped the children to understand that their mother still loved them but was unable to care for them at the time.

Next to the questions of neighbors, the hardest thing was visiting the children. There were always mixed feelings—wanting to see the child and dreading the separation again. (A recent two-year study in London, Ontario, tends to show that frequent contacts with the natural parents actually helps the child to adjust to foster parents in nearly every case.)

All the mothers felt highly motivated by the separation to work with the social worker to get the children back again. A temporary separation can be the means of repairing family relationships. When the children came home again, most felt that there had been a real change in themselves, their husbands and the children. One reported

that her teenager had been in a temporary "cooling off" setting and had done just that. He was more appreciative of his home than formerly where he now felt that he had more freedom.

#### Glad it's there

"I used to see the Children's Aid as a real ogre," one mother said. "Now I am glad they are there to help when I need them."

This kind of session illustrates a new trend in Children's Aid Societies to offer short-term crisis care, keeping in close touch with the families so that the situation does not become permanent. Between 1969 and 1974 there was an 18 per cent reduction in the number of children remaining in care at year's end, down from 18,430 to 15,144. This is in spite of the fact that there was an 8.9 per cent increase in the number of children

taken into care by the CAS in the same five-year period. The number of children returned to their homes each year as compared to those removed is on a ratio of six to seven.

"We are not out to snatch children from their own parents," Dr. Gordon K. Askwith, Director of the CAS said. "On the contrary, we want to help families over the rough spots and keep them together wherever possible. This kind of service requires intensive work by the staff, good community resources and able, flexible foster homes."

In fact, while Children's Aid Societies in Ontario saw 31,223 families, involving 82,318 children last year, only 6,960 were taken into care—a ratio of one in 12. Slightly over one in 10 are returned home after a few months' time.

## Little birds

I was talking to my "Blue-Jay" About this box of feed Inflation's roar and prices soar. On everything we need.

So, he promised that he'd diet, And live on cheaper seed, Not make a mess and eat far less, To satisfy his greed.

Then I promised him I'd do the same, I'd make do with much less, With out my waste and sweeter taste, We could make it a success.

We Winter birds who have to stay, Must regulate our mouth, We'll daily go, endure the snow, 'Cause we can't afford the south.

At our hardworking Politicians, We'll promise not to Curse, We will abide, 'cause Nationwide, We all could be much worse.

We all must live from "Profit", It's not a dirty word, For my Blue-Jay I'll have to pay, Like every other bird.

Victor Smith  
R.R. 2, Rockwood.

## The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, November 18, 1951.

Termination of Acton's twice adjourned annexation hearing in acquire 566 Paqueton township area came Tuesday afternoon in the town hall, but the case isn't closed yet. Testimony from over 30 witnesses has been heard but summation and argument which must precede the Municipal Board's decision, will not be submitted in Toronto by the two opposing counsels until some time next month.

While no official decision will be handed down until that time or later, it was evident this week Acton will likely gain the area and possibly another now in the township.

Continuing studies were promised members of the North Halton Urban Board by Bell Telephone officials on the possibilities of extended area service when the group met in Georgetown on Wednesday evening.

Construction started this week on the largest planning subdivision to be developed, to date, in Acton.

The 200-lot Glenlea subdivision, on property formerly owned by E. Brajda in the eastern section of town, will be developed on approximately 58 acres of land. Under the original agreement of service extension made by the subdivider, Thomas and Thomas Construction Company of Cookville, 10 homes are scheduled for erection in the first phase of development.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, November 20, 1924.

When the trial of the 303 Chemical Company of Toronto took place here on the 6th inst., the counsel for the company requested that judgment be reserved to allow for a certain paper to be put in evidence. The court waited until the 4th inst. As no document was received at this date judgment was given by Police Magistrate Moore on the 14th inst. He concluded that the evidence clearly proved that a violation of the Ontario Temperance Act by the sale and delivery to S. J. 303, part of which purchase was delivered after the firm had been notified that this liquor had been banned by the Ontario License Commission. A penalty of \$1,000 and costs was imposed.

Before Magistrate Crawford, Hampton, last Wednesday, J. Benham, who took over the Streetsville Hotel from W. A. Robins, was fined \$10 and costs of \$12.50 for using improper language to a constable on duty. Inspector Reeveley, in company with Constable Alexander Hammond, of Streetsville, told Benham that they wanted to have a look around the premises. Benham refused the privilege, using profane and improper language.

When one wheel of the buggy in which he was driving was carried away by a motor car driven by Mr. Ford of Acton, Jack Bedford, Liverpool Street, was successful in keeping a firm grip on the reins, after he had been thrown from the buggy, on the Eramosa Hill near the Bullfrog Pond, early Saturday evening. He had been driving down the hill and the car, meeting him, shaved off the front wheel, throwing him to the road, but he is now little the worse for his experiences.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, November 23, 1859.

Mr. W. G. Gamble has rented his farm to Mr. Edward Cleaves who will work it in connection with his own.

A change was made this week in the arrival of the evening trains. The train going east is now due at Acton at 6:24—ten minutes later than formerly, and the train going west is due at 7:04—eleven minutes. Mr. James Mathews has secured the patent papers for his newly-invented rein holder and is now ready to put the new device on the market.

Mr. David Mills, who is about to move on a farm on the seventh line, has sold his property at the corner of Agnes and Frederick Streets, to Mr. Wm. Cook for \$550.

While experimenting with a toy cannon in company with a number of other boys at the Park on Saturday afternoon, Master Willie Taylor had the flesh and nail of the first joint of his right thumb painfully lacerated. A premature explosion did it.

The five teachers of the Acton public school have been re-engaged for next year.

Miss S. L. Schram, late teacher of music in Haverlog College, Toronto, has taken rooms in Acton and is prepared to give thorough instruction in both vocal and instrumental music—piano or organ. Miss Schram is an experienced and successful teacher and her pupils here will no doubt make satisfactory progress.

## THE ACTON FREE PRESS

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Business and Editorial Office



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