

# Free Press Editorial Page

## Meeting worthwhile

You couldn't call it election fever, certainly, but there was attentive interest and thoughtful questions at the Meet the Candidates night last week. Organizers were pleased with the crowd of nearly 200.

Committed supporters always turn out to a meeting like this, and few of them are ever going to change their vote.

However it's likely many were ready to be convinced about points that came up during the evening. Few had heard Bill Johnson or Julian Reed speak before, although they've known the Acton candidate

for years. Personalities and facts both count for a good deal when you're attending a meeting like this one.

All the candidates, and crisp moderator Paul Nielsen, did their part well.

Organizers often have misgivings over the usefulness of such meetings. The people of this district appreciate the Chamber's organizing the evening and the candidates' cheerful willingness to include it in their list of seven such pre-election meetings.

Those who attended will certainly have a clearer reason for their vote Sept. 18.

## Too worrisome to ignore

The editor of the magazine The Journal, put out by The Addiction Research Foundation, finds it strange that hardly a voice has been raised during the election campaign to demand some action to curb the growing problem of alcohol abuse. Health and social costs of alcoholism in Ontario are \$135 million, alcohol-involved

traffic accidents account for \$130 million and alcohol has been implicated in 40 per cent of boat drownings, and one of every two car accidents.

Lowering of the drinking age to 18 has increased the problem by plenty.

Certainly it's too worrisome an area to ignore.

## Need some new faces

Unfortunate to see Brendan Ahearne and Gil Malcolm have left the recreation advisory committee, following Diane Spielvogel's suit. They have given many hours to the committee and to the running of recreation programs here.

The method of operation has changed with regional govern-

ment, and they feel it's time for a change. Mr. Ahearne's main interest was parks, no longer in this jurisdiction.

It is important that new people with new ideas volunteer for this board, which could be of assistance and even perhaps importance again.

## Of this and that

Newspaper reporters aren't mind readers! Tell us about it.

So there's more talk of strikes. And Canada in the last decade has reached a new record—the second to the top country in the world with the most hours of work lost due to strikes. The winner is Italy. (Nothing to be proud of.)

Astronomical wage increases during the last year or two have promoted a major question for Canadian breadwinners. Which groups have improved their positions and which have fallen behind? To size up what's happening The Financial Post sampled organizations across Canada to determine the salaries that will be earned this year in a variety of occupations.

The conclusions: the differentials are probably still as wide as ever, although the pecking order may have changed, thanks in large part to the bargaining power of key union groups. Least affected, perhaps, are the big earners who have had little trouble coping with inflation. Most affected are the low-income or fixed-income earners who have little bargaining strength, reports The Post.

Also, the vast army of nonunion office workers have lost ground to their union colleagues.

Overall, wages and salaries have risen substantially in the past 10 years. Dollar incomes have gone up 124 per cent to an average weekly wage today of \$204 as against \$91 in 1965. But inflation has wiped out three quarters of the gain for a net increase of 31 per cent in real wages.

Dr. Arthur Kenney gave the Free Press some old photographs from his sister's house, before returning west last week. We have cartons full of them, and always welcome more.

Miss Nora Kenney and Dr. Bill Kenney both gave special family articles to the county museum, too.

The pictures are of a 1913 school class, another undated class of the same era, and the village band.

The person who can't lead and won't follow makes a dandy road-block.

I am a great believer in luck and I find the harder I work, the more I have of it. (Stephen Leacock)



Raspberry bushes entwine unneeded farm equipment in this peaceful portrait, photographed by Wendy Thomson



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

"Boy, dat's wan big cuntry" was my bilingual thought as I winged across the Great Lakes, over the wild lake-and-rock terrain of Northwestern Ontario, and then high above the prairies, as I headed for the weekly newspaper convention in Saskatoon.

That's about the essence of Canada. It's so big, so beautiful, and so varied that it's almost frightening. Perhaps only a well-traveled Russian could feel the sense of awe that I felt, after a brief look at just a small piece of this fantastic land of ours.

In seven days I covered about 40,000 miles by almost every mode of transportation except ox-train, and I saw only the most veritable nook, the smallest cranny of this vast, fascinating country.

It's quite an age. At 6.30 on one of those wickedly hot days for which the past

summer has been notorious, I'm kissing my tearful wife goodbye. She was crying because we were going to be separated for a whole week, and because I might fall among evil companions, which I did.

At about 11.30 the same morning, with a couple of time changes thrown in, I'm walking into the Bessborough Hotel, some 1,500 miles away on a lovely, cool, Septemberish day.

A week later, after a reunion (we were almost shy with each other) in a Toronto hotel, we are pounding up the three-lane highway in my old road-schooner, headed for home.

The hours between the departure and the homecoming seemed to flash by, and yet I felt that I'd been away for a month. I'd seen so much and covered so much ground, not to mention air and water.

I had eaten everything from those awful, frozen airline meals, where you almost rupture yourself trying to get the plastic top off the pat of butter, to haute cuisine, fowl stuffed with wild rice, to fresh pickerel filets straight out of the frying pan at a shore dinner.

I'd heard some good speeches. John Diefenbaker, on home ground, with no need to politic, is unbeatable as an entertainer. Otto Lang, also in his home province, gave me some assurance that at least one of our federal ministries is in cool hands. And most amazing of all was the high official from the postal service, standing up there and trying to tell weekly editors that we have a good postal service, and will have a great one. It's a wonder he wasn't stoned to death. But his homework had been done, and his footwork was excellent. He almost convinced me. Essence of his message was to get that postal code on your mail.

When it comes to holding a convention, those Saskatchewan weekly editors don't have to play second fiddle to anyone. This convention was well organized, varied and colorful.

It included a side trip to the battlefield of Batoche, where Gabriel Dumont's Metis took on the regular army and gave it a bloody nose, during the Riel Rebellion.

Another exceptionally interesting evening included a visit to Pioneer. If you are ever in Saskatoon, don't miss it. There is a complete reconstruction of a pioneer village, containing everything from a barber-shop to a bank. Along with this goes a huge exhibition of old machinery, used in the early days, and a display of handsome old automobiles that would make an antique car buff burst into tears of joy.

Another colorful bit was the piping in of the colors at one of the banquets, and their formal presentation to the new President, Ernie Neufeld of Weyburn, Sask.

And as an added filip, there was a post-convention fishing trip into Northern Saskatchewan, one of the greatest fishing areas of the world. More about that later.

For me, the best part of the convention was meeting old friends and making new ones. To the old ones, I am here to testify that you never looked better. To the new ones, I can only say there are some mighty nice people in this country, and you are among them.

One thing that warmed my heart was the number of families in which the children are involved in their parents' newspapers. In this age, most young people, for some reason, spurn the occupation of their parents, and want to strike out on their own. This is understandable. But the number of second, and even third-generation people sticking with the business shows that running a weekly newspaper still holds a lot of attraction for young, bright people. Some of them are the Derksens of Estevan, the Cadogans of New Brunswick, the Dills of Milton, the McConnells of Tilbury. There are many others.

On the other side of the coin, of course, weekly editors and their wives are just like other people. Some of their offspring disturb them deeply. I must have a national reputation as an expert on "rotten kids," because I had both ears bent badly out of shape by mothers and fathers who would corner me and tell me, almost in tears, of the latest "terrible" things their youngsters were up to.

After my own experience in raising kids, nothing can even raise one of my eyebrows, but I hope I brought some comfort to the afflicted. Don't worry, chaps. Your kids will turn out all right, or all wrong, or somewhere in the middle, like most of us, and there's not a darn thing you can do about it, except to bite off the umbilical cord.

A good convention. And next year it's off to Halifax and into the sea food. Already I can feel the juices dripping down my chin.



## Grandma's chilli sauce

Of all the smells around this place, Including Mary's horse, With all the rest, the one that's best, Is Grandma's Chilli Sauce.

It makes everybody start to drool, Including Uncle Bill, He grabs a spoon, then sings a tune, And washes down his pill.

Aunt Marie cannot crochet, For holding up her nose, It's hard to tell, how this new smell, Makes Grandad bite his toes.

When Dad comes home and parks the car, He dashes in to sniff, Nose in the stew, of this famous brew, Ma say's he might get stiff.

This tantalizing odor,

Seems to hang around the place, It's just because of chilli sauce And the smile on Grandma's face.

The good Lord gave his blessing To the spices, fruit and meat, So we thank God for the verdant sod, When we sit down to eat.

When we gather round the table, And our blessing has been said, Brother Joe, and sister Flo, Wants chilli on their bread.

When everyone has had a fill With the smell still in the house, No one could miss but give a kiss, To grandad and his spouse.

Victor Smith

R. R. 2, Rockwood.

(note: Thanks for the bottle of it, Vic!)

## The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of September 15, 1955

Detailed plans for the So-Ed sessions at the Y were discussed at a meeting of the committee.

A fashion show of fashion of former years was the highlight of the September meeting of the Lakeside chapter of the I.O.D.E. Mrs. Iva West was commentator.

The scouts and cubes presented their best amount of waste paper ever in their day-long collection last Saturday. Nine tons, 900 pounds were taken to Guelph.

Residents of Glenlea subdivision enjoyed a corn, Weiner and marshmallows roast on Saturday evening. Despite heavy downpours of rain the event was held outdoors under the car port of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Lacey's new home. The roasting afforded an opportunity for the new home owners to get acquainted. Some 30 families are now residing in the subdivision.

The Milton and District Association for Retarded Children set Sept. 21 as the opening date for their school. The name has been picked for the school as yet. Only two students have been enrolled but more are expected. Mrs. Buckner of Acton, will teach music there.

Five cases of poliomyelitis have been reported so far this year. This is considerably below the number anticipated. Hopes that constructed high school classes would be able to spread out into the new wing were disappointed as workmen continued undisturbed.

Olga Lecker and Frank Thompson were married Saturday.

Neil Benton will be reporting the high school news this year. There are 130 students with 10 classrooms. The grade 11's will be moving out of an office into a classroom at last. There are five new teachers Miss Gruber, Mrs. Valerota, and Messrs. Gryber, Puellich and Rustman.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of September 10, 1925

W. F. Mooney has sold his tin-smithing and plumbing business to W. R. E. Blair. Mr. Chalmers, Mr. Mooney's assistant, will continue on with Mr. Blair. Mr. Mooney expects to occupy a responsible position with the Bradford Roofing Co. J. A. Smith conducted the above sale.

While at work on a scaffold about 12 feet from the ground last Thursday afternoon at the Beardmore and Co. Works, the plank upon which Mr. W. T. Burt was standing broke. In falling Mr. Burt landed in a pile of scrap iron on the floor on his back. He is now making favourable recovery at his home on Lake Avenue.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in St. Joseph's church, Acton, on Monday morning, when Kathleen Ellen, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Gibbons, second line, Esquimes was united in marriage to Mr. Richard J. Brady, of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McCreavy, assisted by Rev. Dean Cassidy.

The annual Show of Asters by the pupils of Acton Public School was held in the Parish Hall on Saturday of last week. The weather was not all that could be desired, but this did not stop the children from coming and bringing their flowers.

Scoutmaster Ferris, who left town about two months ago to go to his mother, who was seriously ill in Winnipeg, returned Tuesday evening.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, September 13, 1900

Acton Coronet Band discoursed sweet music to a large concourse of people at the town hall band stand on Monday evening.

Fall millinery openings are looming up.

The Misses Nelson have had electric light installed in their residence.

A tournament in connection with the golf club is in progress. A dozen members of the club have been paired and are playing off games.

The baptistry in the new Baptist church was brought into requisition for the first time last Sunday afternoon. Three candidates were immersed by the pastor Rev. McAlpine.

A caravan of genuine gypsies created quite a furor in town Tuesday morning. Many young fellows in town had their fortune told to their entire satisfaction. They are all soon to be married to pretty girls and acquire large fortunes.

Mr. W. R. Kenney has added a neat porch to his pretty residence on Church St.

A band of thieves is going around robbing clotheslines in the Ballinafad area.

Boots and Shoes for Fall Wear—Kenny Bros. Excellent lines of school boots 75 cents and up. Our customers know when we publish bargains they can be sure of securing them. Repairing always carefully attended to. Main St., Acton.

## THE ACTON FREE PRESS

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Business and Editorial Office



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THIS DRAMATIC study of shadow and sunshine was photographed by Bob Dyc at Wasaga Beach this summer.