

See you next week  
... next year

## A clean slate - maybe

There was a trip to Nassau promotion in town last Christmas, but Chamber of Commerce members felt (happily?) they were too busy to undertake it this year.

The Free Press made a boo-boo in reporting it's been two years since there was a promotion.

And last week's paper reported banks would be open to 4.30 p.m. Christmas Eve. Alas, they closed

up tight at 3, leaving some customers peering pitifully in through the locked doors.

And Earl Steckley is the manager of the Bank of Montreal of course. This was the bank whose window was broken during snow plowing operations.

Mistakes are always with us, but we hope three little token corrections today might give us a clean slate for the New Year!

## Free Press Editorial Page

## An ecumenical note

The Christmas season had a happy ecumenical note when the Rev. A. H. McKenzie of Knox church took part in the annual Christmas eve carol and candle-light service at the United church.

The church is awaiting the arrival of its new minister.

This service has been held for 20 years now and the collection goes toward the needs of the choir.

## Snow falls metrically now

Not one inch of snow will ever fall again on Acton—says the government.

That doesn't mean we won't get our annual share of the fluffy white stuff this winter.

What it does mean is that now, the accumulation forecasts and reports will be officially given in centimetres.

Measurement of precipitation (snow in centimetres, rain in millimetres) began in Canada September 1. It's yet another step on the country's march to metric conversion.

To explain, 1 cm is approximately the width of a person's little finger nail. Five centimetres is up to a person's ankles, fifty would be up to the knees. One hundred centimetres, or one metre, would be about waist level, and an awful lot of snow.

To look at it another way, the Metric Commission suggests that a snowfall of three centimetres can be swept off the driveway with a broom.

With thirty centimetres, a shovel is needed, traffic is snarled up, and the highway plows are called out to clear thoroughfares.

Except for the Pacific Coast, snowfall in Canada is lightest in the

Arctic. Its heaviest, averaging about 300 cm annually, in Newfoundland, central New Brunswick and Parts of Labrador, Quebec and Ontario.

Highest average snowfall in Canada is 326 cm at Knob Lake, Quebec, followed by average falls of 314 cm at Kapuskasing, Ontario and Quebec City. Victoria has the lowest average snowfall with 25 cm. Montreal's average is 256 cm, well ahead of Toronto's 138 cm.

Greatest recorded snowfall was at Kemano, B. C. a hydro power station site 400 miles northwest of Vancouver, which had a fall of 1,135 centimetres in the winter of 1956-57.

The 1974 edition of the Guinness Book of World Records lists the greatest snowfall in a 24 hour period as 193 cm, which fell on Silver Lake, Colorado, in April 14-15, 1921.

Other records cited by Guinness are for the greatest twelve-month accumulation, 2,804 cm at Tide Lake, Steward, B.C., between May 16, 1971 and May 15, 1972, and the greatest single snowstorm which dropped 445.5 cm on Thompson Pass, Alaska, December 26-31, 1955.

And snow on.

## Of this and that

At a recent meeting with Prime Minister Trudeau, the president of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business remarked that Canada's small business community would gladly trade the

whole Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce, together with its palatially housed army of bureaucrats, for some sensible changes in the Unemployment Insurance Act.

## Will it be "Happy 1984"?

We are only eight years away from that fateful year depicted by the English novelist, George Orwell, who saw the forces of technology exerting full control and authority over our minds by 1984. Indeed, some people would say that 1984 is upon us and that the fundamental processes of our society have broken down already.

That may be. We have not achieved a very good record in dealing with human goals and most people in the industrial west feel threatened and powerless in the face of major computer networks, genetic engineering and nuclear age technology. Underdeveloped nations are almost equally hopeless in their attempts to catch up to the industrial west.

But, without for a moment diminishing the extent of the technological-flood, it may well be that we use this new science to hide our inability to understand the essential human dimension of society's needs.

It is just possible that the application of the best, we have in

technology could help us solve over-population, inadequate food supplies and energy resource depletion. Technology could probably deal with these if we had the will to look at the new concepts. Conservation rather than consumption, demands that need not be always fulfilled, ethics about supply and pricing are human decisions that can make technology work for us.

But it means we must recognize that Orwellian chaos faces us if we are unwilling to accept social responsibility now. Technology can either dominate or serve society. Naturally most of us would choose service but then we must be prepared to change, to plan and above all to place technology at the service of humanity.

To hide from or try to destroy technology is pure ignorance of the human problem and will undoubtedly push our society closer to 1984 than any computer program yet devised.

—Contributed



## The Free Press Back Issues 20 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press January 5, 1956

Acton friends were pleased to note that heading the list of Ontario's new Queen's Counsel announced Monday was Charles Leatherland of Acton. He is the first man from Acton to receive this honor and citizens are not only delighted with the personal honor accorded Mr. Leatherland, but the honor it brings to the town.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Tyler, who have been visiting for two weeks with their families, returned to Phoenix, Arizona, this week, accompanied by Mrs. Tyler's mother, Mrs. Agnes Jocke. Miss Anna Olson also returned with them after visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Olson, R. R. 4, Acton.

Tenders were called this week by County Clerk Wm. Deans for the erection of a staff residence and alterations to the Halton tennis Manor at Milton. The construction of a staff residence will increase accommodation.

## 50 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 31, 1925

A social evening in the form of a farewell party was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gibbons, Main St., prior to their daughter Deliene entering St. Michael's Hospital, as a nurse-in-training. The members of St. Joseph's choir to which Miss Gibbons belonged and Rev. Father McReavy met there to show their appreciation for her help in the choir. A silver nurse's watch was presented by Miss Irene Mulholland.

Rarely if ever before has Christmas afforded the dual pleasure so far as country roads are concerned of excellent roads for sleighing and motoring. The cutters with their jingling bells seemed to have preference.

There were no known homes in Acton and vicinity devoid of Christmas cheer this year. The various societies, severe active and numerous generous-hearted individuals sought out all the places where circumstances gave evidence that help would be acceptable. Numerous baskets of food and Christmas good things were distributed.

Municipal elections. Esauencing townships: Reeve W. G. Appleby acclamation, deputy-reeve T. Leslie acclamation, council W. Gowdy, M. J. Carlton, T. Bird, W. Lawson, G. Currie and R. Cleaver.

Nassagaweya—Reeve H. T. Foster acclamation, councillors Donald Campbell, W. T. Near, W. W. Dredge, Frank McNeven acclamation.

Erin—Reeve David Sinclair, deputy-reeve George Bryan, councillors James McKinnon, Wm. Barber and James Cree.

Eramosa Reeve Arch McNabb acclamation, council W. Swanson, H. E. Alton, Jos. Rutherford, Frank Day acclamation.

## 100 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 23, 1875

We presume it is pretty generally known that the voting in the approaching general election will be done by ballot. We fancy the ballot system will be found to work admirably and it will prove a valuable means of securing a better class of men in our town and township. Under the old system many an elector cast his vote for an inferior man rather than give offense to a friend or neighbor but with the ballot he may vote for whom he sees fit.

In view of the very defective state of the travelled roads in this county, we think it is the duty of the electors to see they are represented by men who will endeavor to have the evil remedied. There is nothing so detrimental to the interests of any community as bad roads to travel on. That the old settled county of Halton is so far behind in this matter has no reasonable excuse. It is disgraceful to the extreme.

A company of colored folks gave a concert of sacred music in Matthews Hall.

On New Year's Day a grand soiree and literary entertainment will be given by Acton Division Sons of Temperance.

Our village barber levanted last Monday morning, leaving an unrecipited rent bill to trouble his conscience. A few trusting friends also mourn his early flight. There is a barber shop to rent.

A Christmas tree will be prepared at the Methodist church at 3 o'clock tomorrow on which the public is invited to hand presents. Stores will be closed on Saturday.

THE CHILLING WINDS carved their own patterns amid the roadside banks of snow that add to the seasonal beauty. Eddying and swirling they gouge

and ripple, touching first with a roughness, then with feather touch to draw patterns in the symmetry hard to copy.



## Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

It's a pretty cock-eyed world we live in these days. Everything my generation was brought up to respect and admire has become a subject of derision. Everything we were taught to despise has become an object of veneration. Or so it seems to these rather glassy eyes.

There's no denying it's an interesting time to be an inhabitant of the world. Just as it must have been an interesting time in about 600 A.D. to be a Roman citizen. Raging inflation, vandals at the gates, but free bread and a new smash hit at the Colosseum, bill changed every Thursday.

Perhaps the only thing for the sage or the cynic to do, in order to retain his sanity, is to stand on the sidelines and chuckle. The alternative is to stand on the sidelines and sob.

I prefer to chuckle, with only the occasional, quickly choked sob.

I'm chuckling with about the same amount of hilarity as Cassandra, the Trojan princess. She was given by the gods the gift of prophecy with the proviso (the gods always had a catch in it) that nobody would ever believe her glimpses into the future.

Right now, I'm chuckling merrily about the Olympics about two years ago, and again last year. I spelled it out loud and clear, right in this very space. We were going to be taken as we have never been taken before.

Just recently, we entered Phase 2 of my predictions. That outstanding Canadian, that huge frog in the big puddle, Mayor Duroop of Montreal, was right on schedule.

He dropped out, and turned over a debt of about half a billion (not million, billion) dollars to an even bigger frog in an even bigger puddle, M. Barassa. The name itself is prophetic; that's the way we're all going to wind up.

Phase 3 consists of M. Barassa handing over the middle to Pierre Fudde-Duddle, the biggest frog in the biggest puddle of all.

And I don't think I have to tell you what Phase 4 consists of. If you can't see the handwriting on the wall, either you have a reading disability or you are not a taxpayer.

Let me assure my readers, my assistant department head, Miss Sauve, and my shuffleboard partner, Mr. Chentier, that the foregoing remarks are not racist. I am not even a Zionist.

I don't care whether I'm conned by a Jew or an Arab, a Chinaman or a Texan, a Presbyterian, Ukrainian or a black Catholic. All I care about is the fact that I'm being conned.

In fact, my liberal and unprejudiced views are known far and wide, with the exception of one Walter Somebody, a Jap in Alberta. One of my best friends in the air force was an American. One of my favorite students is an Australian. I mean, how broad-minded can you get!

Well, that dispensed with, let's turn to other examples of our crazy, mixed up world. Everything is either backwards, or upside down.

A friend told me this. She is a highly qualified teacher, who quit to have some babies. Recently, she was offered a part-time job, teaching, and was interested, as her babies are past the stage where they require 28 hours of care a day.

Her potential employer told her: "We are told you are an excellent teacher. But there is one serious criticism of you. They say you are a disciplinarian."

Ten or 15 years ago, a principal who

## OUR READERS WRITE:

### Anybody from Victoria?

December 19, 1975

Dear Editor:

May I, through the letters column of your publication, make an appeal to all former students and staff of Victoria High School in Victoria, B. C.

In 1976, Victoria High School, the oldest Canadian public high school west of the Great Lakes, will celebrate the 100th anniversary of its establishment. A Committee has been formed to plan suitable centennial celebrations, and we are now attempting to locate all who attended V.H.S., either as a

student or a member of the staff.

Many events are being planned for the Homecoming Weekend, May 7, 8 and 9. Anyone eligible to register should write to P. O. Box 1976, Victoria, B. C., for further information.

Thank you for your assistance.

Yours very truly,  
L. J. Wallace,  
General Chairman  
Victoria High School Centennial  
Celebrations Committee

### Rockwood is looking up

Dear Sir:

This time I am impelled to write about two "sounds" in Rockwood. Instead of grumbling, I am smiling.

The first noise on Main St. is so loud and grinding, you cannot hear yourself speak. Powerful machines are digging trenches for village water and sewers. At long last, our Eramosa Council and village Trustees have decided to befriend us in our hour of need, and we are certainly grateful.

You would never guess what the other sound is. It is an almost silent art sound in

the basement of the house where long ago the G. H. Pearen family dwelt.

There you can see the potter's wheel revolving, as the woman artist shapes her handmade pottery.

Needless to say, I am proud of both these operations in Rockwood made by men with big machines, and the woman with her potter's wheel.

Rockwood is looking up and forward.

Yours truly,  
Millicent Milroy.

### Make world a better place

R. R. 1, Limehouse

Dear Editor:

From time to time I feel inclined to bring to at least a small portion of humanity my views and comment on the latest news we hear on the life of an honorable gentleman whom we would look up to as a humble and courageous leader, who was assassinated. A short time after he was laid to rest historical sights were dedicated to his name to pay him a memorable respect.

If he was worthy of all this why should his personal life become a scandalous issue

after 12 years in his grave?

As we approach this holy festival of the birth of Christ we have an honest duty to God and our fellow man in our life on earth. Deeds of wicked men and women will come to naught in the end, like the war in Viet Nam.

So what do we learn from these allegations?

We can all help make this fair land a better place to live in and an example for the rest of the world to follow.

Yours sincerely,  
G. Graham

IF YOU DRINK  
DON'T  
DRIVE



## THE ACTON FREE PRESS

PHONE 853 2010

Business and Editorial Office



Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 35 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the CNA and the OWNA. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance, \$1.50 in Canada, \$1.00 in all countries other than Canada; single copies 15 cents, carrier delivery in Acton 15 cents per week. Second class mail Registration Number 0533. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate. In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.

David R. Dills, Publisher

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