

Free Press Editorial Page

Not part of community

A recent survey conducted by High School teacher Boris Shean's first semester marketing class and the Free Press not only told us a lot about our readers, but also of our non-readers.

A certain part of the questionnaire asked those who did not receive the paper to give their reasons. The answers varied, but two particular responses were startling.

Some people said they did not work in the area and were not interested in Acton. This is indeed sad. How can they live in a community as small as Acton and not be interested in what is going on around them? Do they not care about rising taxes, board of education news, bargains in the stores, or even what their children are doing in schools? Do their out-of-town jobs mean so much to them they cannot develop a life away from their work and get to be part of a community they have made their home in?

Another aptly phrased reason is "Can't be bothered." Once again it boils down to apathetic people who are too busy watching cops and robbers on the boob tube to sit down for half an hour on a Wednesday

evening and read about their friends and perhaps their family. Is the world getting so impersonal that a \$60,000 home is nothing more than a place to bed down for the night, similar to a traveller who stops in a strange hotel late at night, not knowing or caring what town he is in?

Other reasons were more understandable than the two above. "No time" was one, but we'll bet dollars to doughnuts a few of the people who said this spend an hour watching Charlie's Angels, or listening to ABC news.

"Can't afford it," was another popular excuse, and who are we to deny this. If people save the 15 cents cost each week, in a year they would have enough to get half a tank of gas, provided the price doesn't rise twice in the year.

People having no time or money is understandable. People who are not interested in the community around them are less understandable.

Attempts to reach these people, through editorials such as this one, are completely fruitless, for they do not read the paper to read about themselves!

Are you an Easter person?

Spring is a good time for Easter, with its resurgence of life—life bursting from every patch of soil, every branch. Spring is a good symbol of Easter, when Christians celebrate the resurrection of Jesus and remember that the tomb could not hold Him; that He came alive for evermore. An important fact of faith.

Proof? It is not a matter of documents, of witnesses. Like most important things in life, the answers are not something you know, but something you live. Not something you discover, but what you have a part in creating.

The proof of the resurrection is in people living the resurrection, living their lives conscious of the

living God. People living for others, daily relying on the strength, the insight, the presence of the living God. They are Easter People.

Some Easter People are well known, like Mother Teresa in Calcutta, giving her life to the poor. Most are not famous. You can recognize them though! They are fresh, springlike, alive people, people with a touch of the eternal in them now. They've a great perspective on life, seeing beyond themselves, beyond today. Easter People are a breath of spring after a long winter, a light in a dark room. Easter is about being alive and living.

—Unchurched Editorials

Of this and that

The appointment of an industrial committee will reconvene a group like Acton's old development commission. Its dissolving left a gap which can be filled now. It was the commission which arranged for the blue signboards at the outskirts of town. They have been taken down within the last couple of weeks.

We have had a series of fund-raising campaigns in town again this winter, all for excellent causes. Each one seems to strike a chord, and people give generously each time.

It's good news that the middle school will be named the McKenzie-Smith school. The decision was unanimous, and one that finds popular acceptance.

Those sheets of Easter seals have dwindled down to just six per customer. No matter...it's the donation that counts.

One of the nicest things about conscience is—it's on your side. It never bothers you until you've had your fun."



SPRING HAS RETURNED FOR ANOTHER round, and Tammy Oakley, Gillian Fryers and Lisa Waterhouse are glad it did. The works department has just put up the playground equipment at the park.



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

It seems that everybody is trying to throw a scare into me these days. And I must admit it isn't too difficult.

We're going to run out of oil one of these days, trumpet the headlines. Not to mention gas, coal and practically everything else that provides heat. I have visions of self, 10 years from now, sitting in front of the fireplace, feeding the last bit of the grand piano into it, turning to the old lady asking, "What now, baby? Go fetch the cyanide pills."

Various ministers of health tell me menacingly that if I keep on smoking, I'm going to die a horrible death; if I don't give up the drink, I'll lose so many brain cells a day that there'll be nothing but a pack of putty behind my eyebrows.

Economists claim that if I don't save some money for my old age, I'll wind up eating tinned dog food. Other economists inform that if I do save some money for my old age, inflation will erode it to the point where I won't even be able to afford dog food.

From one of the revenue department's lackeys comes a stern warning that if I don't produce within 15 days some abstract document which I already sent them two years ago, something mysterious and dreadful will happen. They will "Make an adjustment." I wonder which part of me they will adjust, and how painful it will be. My nose could use some straightening.

If Quebec separates, according to the pundits all kinds of ghastly things will happen: my Bell bill will rise, along with my blood pressure; my arthritis will soar to new heights; I'll have trouble raising a few billion next time I try to float a bond issue in the States; my wife will probably

leave me, because I spent the first two years of my life in Quebec; I'll have to deal in funny money, with Saint Rene's picture on it; my roof will catch fire because of nationalized asbestos; and there won't be any French on the back of my cereal box. A fate worse than death.

Unemployment is rising, and I am assured that nobody is going to hire an old, lazy, highly-trained guy like me when there are all those young, lazy, highly-trained people around.

They tell me that when the anti-inflation controls come off, there's going to be such an almighty, all-Canadian grab for the buck that even God is going to wake up, grumbling, and wondering what's going on down there. And I'll be left in the lurch, because teachers, on the whole, will let themselves be dumped on rather than fight in the streets and be thrown in the paddy wagon.

Even worse things are threatened. George Chuvalo, Canadian heavyweight champ, having disposed at one sitting of a fat turkey called Pretty Boy Feldstein, might decide to start a comeback and demand a rematch with Muhammad Ali (at the age of 40).

And speaking of turkeys, I have another fear. Toronto, with one of the worst football teams in Canada, and an equally inept hockey team, has now acquired a major league baseball team. It will inevitably be "promising," "threatening," and "scrappy" for the first 10 years. After then, when it soars from last place in the league to second-last, it will instantly become the "pennant-bound Toronto Bluejays." So much for sports fears.

Advertisements constantly frighten me. They tell me I have dry skin, hemorrhoids, falling hair, crumbling teeth, bad breath, and high armpits. They suggest I am stupid if I don't rush right out, buy a lottery ticket, and become an instant millionaire.

And just the other day I read in the paper that the South African doctor who started the heart transplant game is prepared to

use baboon hearts, if there are no human ones available. No thanks, doc. You can give me the heart of a pig or a chicken. Either would suit my personality. But have you ever seen a baboon from the rear? Who wants a great, flaming, orange bum?

Newspapers tell me that the Canadian farmer is going down the drain. I go out for a quart of milk and it's gone up a nickel since yesterday. Some drain.

Everybody is talking about forthcoming elections. This scares me, too. I can't stand the politicians we have now. Why replace them with losers?

Well, today I decided that I've had enough. I'm sick of being frightened half to death.

If the human race, at least in the Northern Hemisphere, is going to perish for lack of heating, I'll move south.

I'm going to go on smoking, and will donate my lungs to a chef who will write a cookbook specializing on toast, with truffles. Maybe I'll get senile from drink, but it's a lot more fun than just getting senile.

If I'm going to die, why worry about my old age? I'll take a steak now and let the dog food look after itself.

Let the feds throw me in jail over my income tax. I'd enjoy eating at somebody else's expense for a change. And you get weekend leave, anyway.

If Quebec separates, I'll rip out the phone, which I'd love to do, and stop floating those billion-dollar loans, which I seldom do anyway.

If I can't get a job, I'll go on unemployment insurance, and laugh all the way to the poolroom, with the rest of the boys.

OUR READERS WRITE:

Vic puts his heart in it

60 Grant Blvd., Dundas, Ontario, March 21st, 1977.

To the Editor of the Acton Free Press, Box 120, 59 Willow St. Acton, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

Today, your reporter, Helen Murray kindly took a picture of our Acton Chairman, Mr. Victor Bristow presenting the Heart Foundation with a beautiful check for \$3,200 (\$500 over last year's total.) We are very grateful to your paper for their tremendous support.

Each year Vic really Puts His Heart Into doing an outstanding job raising money for research but when we try to praise his efforts, he quickly points out that he owes

his success to the many loyal canvassers who work so hard. Only through their unselfish help is he able to head up such a terrific drive.

When we know that 100,000 Canadians died last year from cardiovascular disease we realize that research is vital. This research money must come from concerned citizens who believe that they are all morally responsible for helping their fellow man.

We are proud of your Community, your citizens, your paper and particularly Vic. They were all behind this year's drive one hundred percent.

On behalf of all those afflicted with heart disease a great big thank you to one and all.

Sincerely,
Dave and Lenore Stewart
Hamilton & District co-ordinators.

The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 29, 1967

In a variety of projects, the Robert Little school has raised a total of \$192.17 for the Red Cross, Principal G.W. McKenzie announced this week.

Centennial Citizen of the Year will be honored at a special evening in the band hall on Saturday, April 29. The annual event is sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce. Although there has been a response already, director Orval Chapman would like to hear any more suggestions for Citizen of the Year.

Out-of-town students spending Easter weekend in Acton with their families included, Jill Hurst, Terry Waterhouse, Randy Lidka, Vivian Smith, Norman Smith, Bill Reed, Janet and Nancy Rognvaldson, Gwen Lauder, Vicki Newton, David Ryder, Jill Bagby, Paul and Gary Murr, Linda Braida, Carol Swackhamer, Sue Radford, Gay White, Don Long and Laurie Daby.

Linda Braida and Sue Radford, students at Lakeshore Teachers College, have been assigned to teach at the M.Z. Bennett and Robert Little schools in the month of April. Linda will teach grade five and Sue grade three and four.

The other Acton student at Lakeshore, Carol Swackhamer is assigned to Milton.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 28, 1957

Mrs. Marion Bauer, with a 10 per cent coupon, received \$16 and Douglas Price the \$5 award at the Saturday afternoon merchants draw March 23.

A car driven by Norma Wilks of 135 Main St., Acton proceeding south on Highway 25 towards Milton early Monday morning, went out of control and rolled over the west ditch. Estimated damage to the car was \$375, according to investigating officer Harold Youmans.

At approximately 1.25 p.m. on Saturday, a 1950 G.M.C. pick-up truck was found abandoned one mile east of Acton on No. 7 Highway. Constable Harold Youmans of the County O.P.P. detachment reported the vehicle had left the road, turning over and breaking part of a rail fence. The truck is alleged to be stolen and the driver has not been apprehended. Kitchener police are continuing the investigation.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 22, 1877

A little after seven o'clock last Thursday evening quite a lively interest was created by the marching down Mill Street from the station of what looked like a company of uniformed soldiers, with swords dangling by their sides, piloted by our town band and torch-lights. It soon became known that these were the representatives of the honorable order of the Knights of Pythias, and that a lodge of the same was to be organized in Acton. The doors were locked, and not even the Press admitted to report proceedings. Nevertheless, a little bird has whistled in our ear the particulars of how thirteen of our highly respectable young men were put through the trying ordeal of "riding the goat" and otherwise initiated into the sublime mysteries and mythical honors of knighthood. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing term: Z.A. Hall, P.C.; J.P. Secord, C.C.; J. Hill, V.C.; W. Smyth, P.; F.H. Storey, K. of R.; Geo. Yemens, M. of F.; C.S. Smith, M. of E.; Isaac Francis, M. at A.; J. Wilds, I.G.; J. Burns O.G.; P.C.J. Davidson, D.D.G.C.

Read the story on the first page of the Free Press headed "Living Too Fast." It is the confessions of a young man who had been robbing his employers in order to keep up the expenses of stylish living, and who was forced to escape from the country.

Of this and that

The teacher asked the class to name six great Canadians. All but Johnny promptly handed in their list. "Aren't you done yet, Johnny?" asked the teacher. "No," he replied. I can't decide who to put in goal."



REMEMBER? ACTON high school in 1928. Back row, Ivan Kirkness, Bill Wilson, Todd Henderson, Leslie Swackhamer, Allan Marshall, Cap Cook, Mac Stewart, Fred Day; third row unknown, Miss Frances Hurst teacher, Miss MacDonald Principal; Miss Bertha Nephew teacher; Margaret Brown, Blanche Smith, Grace Skilling; second row Marjorie Switzer,

Kathleen Kelly, Meryl Grindell, Gladys Scarrow, Hazel Cox, Doris MacDonald, Dorothy Campbell, Marjory Garden, Roberta Mickie, Kathleen McComb. Front row, Lorna McComb, Nellie Barber, Violet Currie, Sena McArthur, Isabel Young, Mildred Hollinger, Helen Ostrander. The picture is lent by Bert Hinton.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS
PHONE 853-2010
Business and Editorial Office

1976 award winner

Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 90 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the Canadian Community Newspapers Association and the Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance, \$7.50 in Canada, \$25.00 in all countries other than Canada, single copies 15 cents, carrier delivery in Acton 15 cents per week. Second class mail Registration Number 0515. 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. Dals Printing & Publishing Co. Ltd. David R. Dals, Publisher. Bill Cook Advertising Manager.

Copyright 1977