

Free Press Editorial Page

We won — we lost

The Canadian Community Newspapers Association challenged the post office last week, and we won. But we're all losers.

Here's what happened. The weekly newspapers people planning last week's convention in Winnipeg arranged a challenge delivery of newspapers. They organized a pony express which would relay newspapers along a 200 mile route from Melita to Morris, Manitoba. They started out right after publishing times and headed for a gathering of newspaper people at the Morris rodeo last Thursday.

The post office, it was assumed, would simply follow its usual procedure of delivering the papers to post offices by truck.

However the post office brass

decided to enter a team of bicyclists, delivering papers along the same route as the pony express. Why? Don't ask us. To throw us off the scent. A red herring, maybe?

The bicyclists won the race. The ponies came second. Four hours later the post office delivered its papers the regular way.

The post office officials said they won. We said we won.

And the people who subscribe to weeklies all over the country lose again.

While in Winnipeg, we talked to Oral and Stan Norton, who were visiting her sister Peg and her husband John Valby. They had just received the July 6 and 13 issues on the same day, over a week after the mailing of the second.

On the same subject

Winnipeg is a beautiful city and over 350 people from the weekly paper business enjoyed being together. There were business meetings, seminars on special aspects and speakers.

Special events included a cruise with dinner and dancing along the Red River, and attending a rehearsal of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

Our sister papers received awards—the Georgetown Independent firsts and seconds and the Canadian Champion of Milton seconds. The Free Press was entered in a huge class with 36 other weeklies in this circulation category, and we placed seventh, so there are no certificates to put up on the wall this year.

It's not the real us

Elected president of the newspapers association is Lynn Lashbrook, publisher of the Rodney, Ontario, Mercury and West Lorne Sun. There are 550 members in the association all across Canada.

Although Lynn Lashbrook has the age-old one-man type of operation in his town, he has the most up-to-date office equipment in his plant. And his papers have won over 35 awards.

The weeklies are all striving for a good product. Doing a job for the area is important to them.

If it weren't, we would all just put out free distribution advertising sheets, and quit work every weekday at 6 p.m. and take weekends off. It would sure be a lot easier.

That's why everyone was less than impressed when they saw an episode from a new television show about a weekly newspaperman, set in the Maritimes. The codger, played by Henry Beckman who was in Winnipeg to meet us, has

antiquated equipment, and does a bumbling job that was downright embarrassing. It's supposed to be funny.

Newspaper people couldn't help but think it could be funny without putting such a bad face on the industry.

Weeklies are in the forefront with modern equipment, centralized printing plants, good picture reproduction, imaginative ads and papers filled up with strictly local news, not easy-to-come-by columns and general features. Studies have shown us weeklies are better read than dailies.

People who watch a lot of television get a distorted view of police, doctors and housewives. We hate to see newspaper people added to the list!

One blessing: the show is to be on television on Tuesday nights. The lights here burn late Mondays and Tuesdays in the newsroom, make-up department and press room. So none of us will ever see it anyway!

Honor for a friend

A good friend Gerry Craven of Ridgetown was named an honorary life member of the Canadian Community Newspaper Association. We were very happy for him.

His wife, Edna Howard, lived here many years back when her father was the minister of the Baptist church. Their son is named Howard.

Their newspaper, the Ridgetown Dominion, is now owned and operated by Murray and Doris

Scoyne, formerly of Acton. Their lively son Gary was in Winnipeg with them.

Bill Adsett, publisher of the Drayton Advance and the reeve of Eramosa township, was at the convention to accept his second place award for best-all-round in his circulation category.

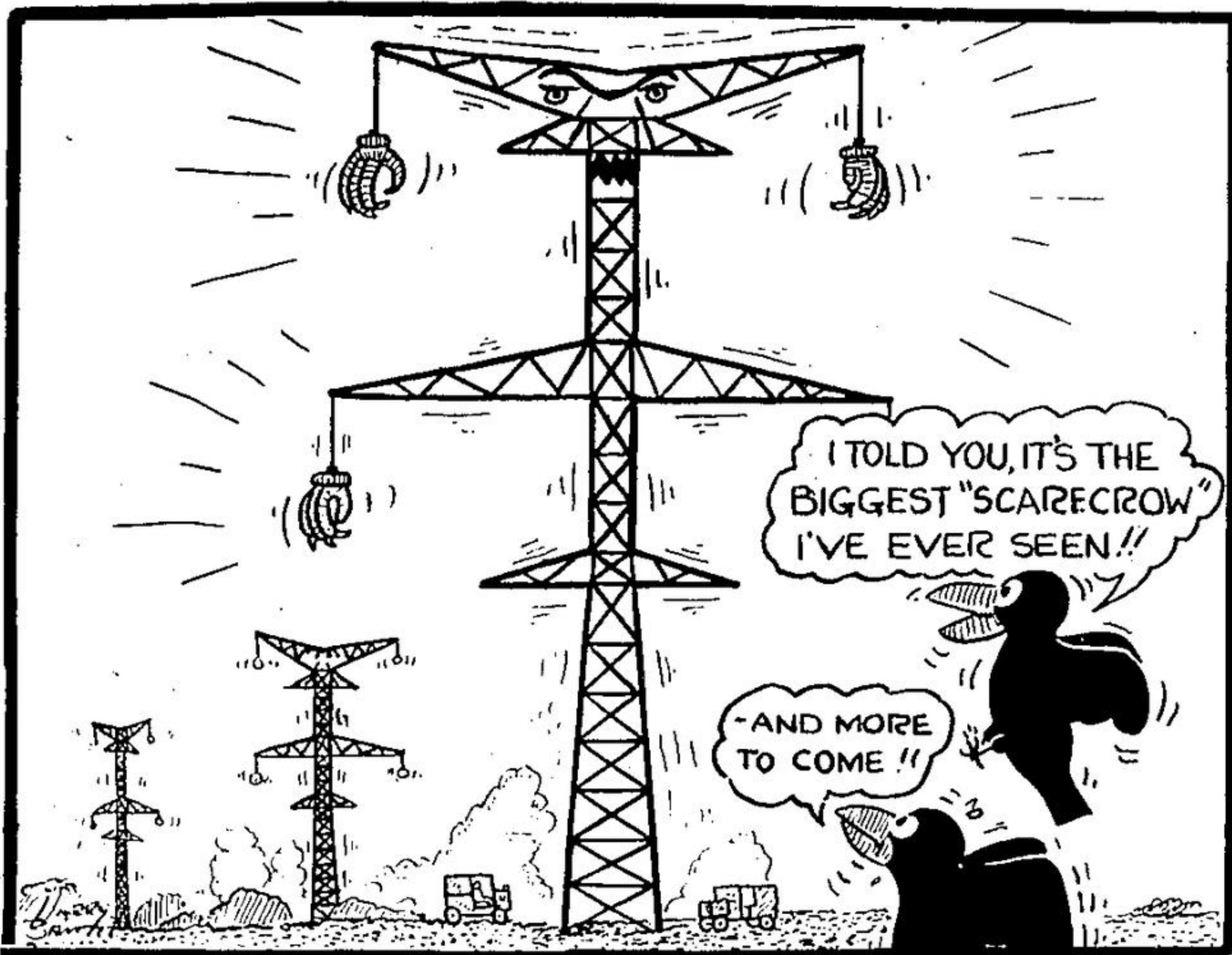
Court news

Something that's always talked about when weekly people get together is whether or not to cover court news. Some papers carry lists every week of every single charge — parking, speeding, liquor offenses — the works. Everybody agrees people adore reading it. But should we print it? In our case, we have never covered court for routine cases, just special ones.

We think that kind of reporting verges on gossip, and makes many people unhappy.

Others say printing the lists is a deterrent. People would hate seeing their name in the paper for being stopped for a breathalyzer more than they'd hate the resulting fine.

People's own common sense will have to act as a deterrent around Acton for a while yet. We aren't going to take on the job.



The Free Press Back Issues 10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, July 28, 1967

A farewell party of Lake and Park Avenue neighbors was held for Miss M.Z. Bennett at the home of Mrs. Clark Armstrong recently, with a fitting address and parting gift of a leather writing case. Miss Bennett thanked everyone very sincerely.

Visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Ron Lewis over the weekend were two Rotarians and their wives from Walthamstow, England. Mr. and Mrs. Ted Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Glendenning are visiting in Canada, mainly to see Expo but also intend touring Eastern Canada. They also intend to visit with Mr. and Mrs. Mike Bevan of Kleinberg. When in England earlier this year, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis visited these friends in Walthamstow.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Krapek, Jimmy and Jennifer have been holidaying with Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Bray and family formerly of Guelph St., Acton, at Glenmoore, Pa., the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wallace and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Anderson attended a family gathering of Williamson clan at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Williamson in Stratford on Sunday. Other relatives from Burlington were also present.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 1, 1957

Corporal Ray Mason of the local OPP detachment on Wednesday marked 20 years with the provincial police. Before joining the Acton detachment in 1949, the corporal served with the Oakville detachment for five years, with the Hutton county detachment for five years and with the Brantford detachment for some time. He moved to Acton in 1942 while serving on the County detachment.

A.E. "Fred" Anderson of Hornby, one of Ontario's largest bee keepers, reports this year's honey crop as fair to good—with excellent quality honey scheduled to appear on the store stands sometime this week.

Basement excavation of the local Scout Hall is now proceeding since the installation of well-points to drain the area and allow the digging in the sandy soil. The hall is resting on steel beams supported by posts in the centre and the outside banks. Addition of the full depth basement is necessary to allow additional meeting areas to accommodate the growing Scout, Cub, Guide and Brownie groups.

A call to extinguish a burning motorcycle near Crewson's Corners was not answered by the local firefighters on Sunday Chief J. Newton pointed out there was no agreement with the rural area to cover fires in any of the townships and the brigade was unable to attend.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, July 26, 1877

Zion Congregational church is completed with the entire cost provided for, following a five-hour meeting. Services commenced at 10.30 a.m. and Dr. Ives made an earnest appeal for subscriptions to cover the balance of the debt. The entire cost of the edifice was \$7,000. He suggested that ten persons subscribe \$200 each. The task was a hard one but it was fully accomplished. The church was then formally dedicated.

On Sunday afternoon a terrible accident happened to a noted female in Guelph. She was riding in a phaeton with a young man when they commenced to smoke cigars. Shortly afterwards flames broke out from the back of her dress. The flames burned off her clothing leaving only her corsets and boots. A bed was placed on a wagon and she was conveyed from Lehman's Hotel to Guelph General Hospital.

At Caledonia, an infant was left on the church steps during a service. It was taken in charge by one of the citizens of the village.

Acton Division Sons of Temperance are arranging a picnic for Civic Holiday to Burlington Beach. Round trip fare 75 cents.

Coal oil applied with a cloth to stoves will keep them from rusting during the summer.



Sugar and spice by Bill Smiley

There is one type among the species Man that puzzles and saddens me.

In an age that congratulates itself on its openness, its honesty, its "let it all hang out" attitude, the hypocrite is still very much with us.

Some people might think the 19th century was the golden age of hypocrisy. Certainly, it set some high standards in this line.

There were the manufacturers who preached enlightenment and progress on the one hand, and on the other worked children 60 hours a week in their factories.

There were the men who brayed of chastity as one of the prime virtues, and dalled with prostitutes. There were the men who spoke glowingly of a gentler way of life, and set savage fighting dogs on one another. The list is endless.

And the women! Oh, but weren't they the hypocrites too? Just as tough and voracious as any woman of today, they hid these traits behind a facade of gentility, humility, helplessness and fainting fits.

It was an era in which the public mouthing of the Christian virtues was only exceeded by the private materialism, corruption, and sometimes downright viciousness of the middle and upper classes.

Well, then, have we got rid of this particularly obnoxious type, well into the second half of the 20th century? Not bloody likely!

Perhaps we're not quite as hypocritical as the Victorians, but I wouldn't want to bet on it. All that's changed is the terms of reference.

No manufacturer today could get away with hiring children. But don't think they're any less heartless than their forebears. At least, in the 19th century, you knew the boss was a bastard. Today, a company can "reorganize" and turn half a dozen middle-aged men into the street by an "executive decision."

Many men in today's society still practice a double standard, one for themselves, one for their wives. A man who gets drunk has had "a few too many." A woman who gets drunk is "disgusting." A man can go to a business convention and take in every restricted movie in town, laughing when there is bloodshed on the screen, and a couple of naked bodies start squirming on the celluloid strip.

ingly against a fine novel like The Diviners by Margaret Laurence.

They are the type who don't want anything racier than "The Bobbsey Twins" taught in school, but will shout with ribald laughter at smut on television and take in every restricted movie in town, laughing when there is bloodshed on the screen, and a couple of naked bodies start squirming on the celluloid strip.

What about today's women? Are they less hypocritical than their great-grandmothers? On the whole, I'd say yes. They're just as blasted irritating as ever, but they're more honest. They still cry for no apparent reason, but they know there's no percentage in pulling a faint. They'd

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My metric clock

Grandad isn't here today. To hear his old "Tick Tock". Although it's sad, I'm kind of glad. He can't see his favorite clock.

They have modernized the dial. It can't strike twelve again. In the metric way, ten hours a day. Its pendulum swings in pain.

It must hurry on the minutes. For now there's none to spare. In this metric haste, it must not waste. Its seconds in despair.

So, the tiny mouse of yesteryear. From the story "Dickery-Dock". Must run like hell, for a breathing spell. Inside my grandad's clock.

It measured out my grandad's life. Sixty seconds to the minute. In this age of space, it now must race. If it wants to stay within it.

From Fahrenheit to Celsius Now miles to meters past. It is no shock, that grandad's clock. Now runs two hours fast.

Victor Smith R.R. 2, Rockwood.



The cure for loneliness

Rev. Gordon C. Smyth The United Church of Canada

Loneliness attracts all—men and women, those of status and derelicts, adolescents and old people, the single and the married, the learned and the illiterate. Is there any remedy?

Some look for release in work. It can fill the time but not the void. Others turn to leisure. It has the same effect since leisure is merely a substitute for work.

Why not frequent a bar? That is to exchange boredom for oblivion. What about sex? Nobody can really find his own identity in apother, least of all in the body of another.

See a psychiatrist? Maybe, if you search yourself and your biography with a doctor's patience, you can find something or someone to blame. At least, you can explain your anxieties to him. To the degree that he helps, you will realize with greater clarity life's loneliness!

On the face of the Gospel narrative is the lonely Christ. In his birth he was sought as an earthly ruler. He suffered the rebuke of Mary and Joseph when, as a youth, he was found in the temple in discourse with the teachers.

When he entered his ministry, both the sick and the well mistook his power. Israel, which has boasted about his coming, found him subversive when he came. Rome was

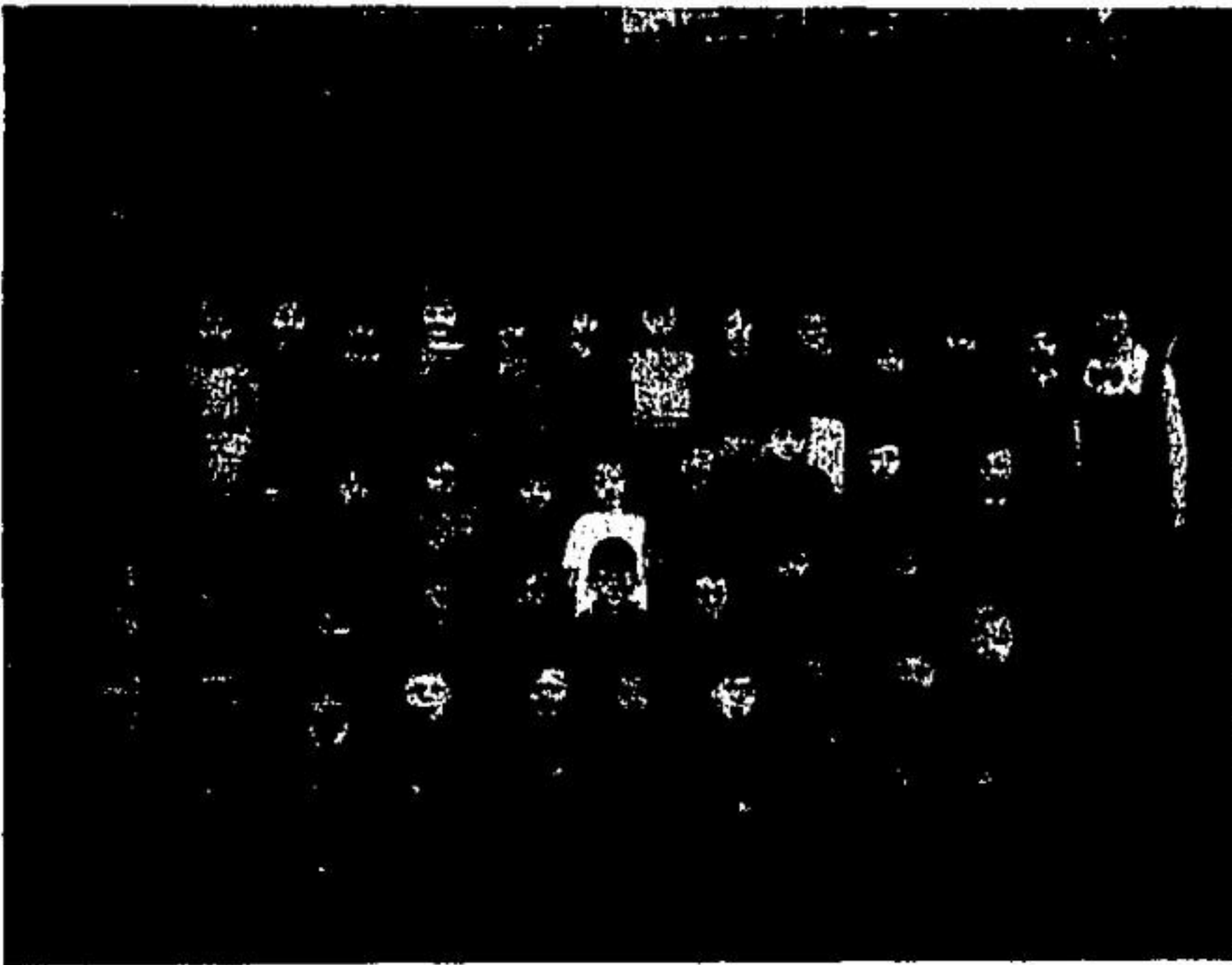
an accomplice in his condemnation. Judas betrayed him, Peter denied him, the others fled. Unwelcome, misunderstood, rejected, unloved and misloved, he was delivered to death as if he were alone.

However, anyone who looks beneath the surface of the Gospel narrative must be impressed by the fact that Christ went about unaware of loneliness. Indeed, on the eve of Calvary he asserted, "I am not alone, for the Father is with me" (John 16:32). Communion with God was his constant resort.

Then, why do most of us tend to regard prayer as a last resort? Nothing else dispels loneliness. But how does one do it? That is just the trouble. Prayer is nothing you do. Prayer is about being.

Prayer is being so consciously alone in God's presence that loneliness is incompatible with this experience. Thus you learn the secret of Christ's very next words, "I have said this to you, that in me you may have peace. In the world you have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world" (John 16:33).

Written for this newspaper by the Reverend Gordon C. Smyth, minister of Central Lanark United Parish. His address is: Stonecrest Farm, R.R. 3, Lanark, Ontario, K0G 1K0.



ERNIE BROUGHTON made a special trip from Bracebridge to bring this and other pictures to the Free Press office for our readers to peruse. This photo was taken in 1923 and shows a kindergarten class in the Old Town Hall. The teacher is Miss Gardener. The picture belongs to his wife, who only knew a few names. Perhaps this paper's readers can help in identifying more names. In the front row, Frank Jones is fourth from left and Cecil Gibbons is eighth from left. In the third row, Gwen Marsh (in white) is fifth from left, (and wife of Ernie Broughton). In the top row, fifth from the left is Olive Rookes. Second from the right is Isobel Lantz, and right is Annie Holmes. The rest of the people are unknown.

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