

The Acton Free Press

Founded in 1876

Don McDonald, Publisher

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Another energy source

In days of abundance, the average Canadian gave little thought to the key role energy played in daily life.

The impending shortage has come as a rude shock.

The energy shortfall has overshadowed other potential trouble spots not yet so obvious. Ugly racial incidents, reports of violence in schools, and charges of police over-reaction have shattered our tranquility.

We assumed Canada escaped the social unrest that has erupted in other societies. We took for granted the existence of a reservoir of goodwill to bind people together with a national adhesive.

We also fail to recognize that social upheaval is the outcome of another energy crisis.

A nation's social wellbeing and outward harmony stem from deep, inner spiritual resources. As long as that reservoir of spiritual energy exists, society functions smoothly. Take it away and

the beginnings of disorder appear. We are witnessing symptoms of that spiritual energy crisis in Canada today!

A materialistic, secular society, which owes its origin and affluence to spiritual sources, faces problems when it seeks to sever its links with its roots. It is threatened with an energy crisis of its own choosing.

No convenient solutions to the spiritual crisis are evident. Answers to profound social problems are not found in simplistic prescriptions.

It's a good time for Canadians to ponder our goals on this Sunday, December 9, proclaimed Bible Sunday. Many of the answers to our problems lie in the pages of a book, which has been the source of much of our spiritual energy. It has the answers to many of our problems and also to the massive apathy that seems to grip our nation.

Read the Bible. It can change your life and this nation's.



Breaking trail on one ski.

Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, December 3, 1969. An engineering report has warned that the arena foundations of both the east and west walls show signs of deteriorating. A new 23,000 foot addition to the Micro Plastics plant on Main N.J. is part of a \$2 million expansion program at Acton. It is expected the company will employ 20 more men when the addition is completed.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 10, 1959. Esqueing township reeve George Currie was defeated in his attempt to take his 31st term on township council Monday, when Deputy Reeve Campbell Sinclair ousted him from his reeve's seat. Newcomer Mac Sprawl and incumbent R.J. Cunningham and Clarence Coles led the school trustee vote, defeating Stanley Brown and Thomas Hill. Deputy reeve Wilfrid Bird and councillors Walter Linham, George Leslie and Wilfred Leslie were acclaimed to council.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 5, 1929. Mr. and Mrs. H.P. Moore celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary on Tuesday. Socially, the event was one of the functions of Acton's season. The big home, Moorecroft, which stands on the site of Judge Moore's family home, was filled afternoon and evening with the crowd that gave evidence to the place they occupy in the hearts of the folk of Acton. They were the first couple married in the Methodist church and have attended continuously since.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Dec. 4, 1879. Mr. H.P. Moore, editor of this journal, resolving that a holiday of a week or so would do him good, has taken it, and T. Albert Moore has assumed the role of editor pro tem.

New appreciation of life

New appreciation of life and the world is often expressed by those who have been given a short time to live. Rarely has it ever been better expressed than by Toronto surgeon Dr. John A. MacDonald, who died of cancer recently after spending his last years helping others face death.

Following is an excerpt from his book, "To Live With Cancer," recently published by McLelland and Stewart:

"When I became aware of my mortality, my attitudes and feelings changed. There was real meaning to the words "This is the first day of the rest of your life."

My appreciation of life increased. There was a heightened

awareness of each sunny day, of the beauty of flowers, of the song of bird.

"How often do we reflect on the joy of breathing easily without pain, of swallowing without effort and discomfort, of walking without pain, of a complete and peaceful night's sleep?

How often do we eat merely to satisfy hunger without appreciating the subtleties of taste and smell of a well-cooked meal?

How often do we complain of our work when we should be thankful for the great blessing of being able to work?

One soon realizes how precious life is, when it appears certain that it will be curtailed."

November blahs go on and on

WELL, I seem to be able to influence the weather merely by writing a column about it. So let's try it again.

Early in October, I wrote a column laudatory of those golden October days, with a sky of infinite blue, just a pleasant tinge of melancholy in the air, and a general sort of blah-along those lines.

Promptly, without even a decent interlude, October turned into a monster. One of my colleagues, in whom I place infinite trust because he is always wrong, and I got from there, told me that this October had had approximately one-third of the sunlight hours of a normal October. For once, I believed him.

November, surely the foulest month of the year in this country, with the possible exception of March, is living up to expectations. One day of watery sunshine, four days of rain and dark skies. That's why I'm writing this. By the time it appears in Print, the second half of November will have turned out to be a giddy adventure of belated Indian summer, with a touch of the deep south thrown in.

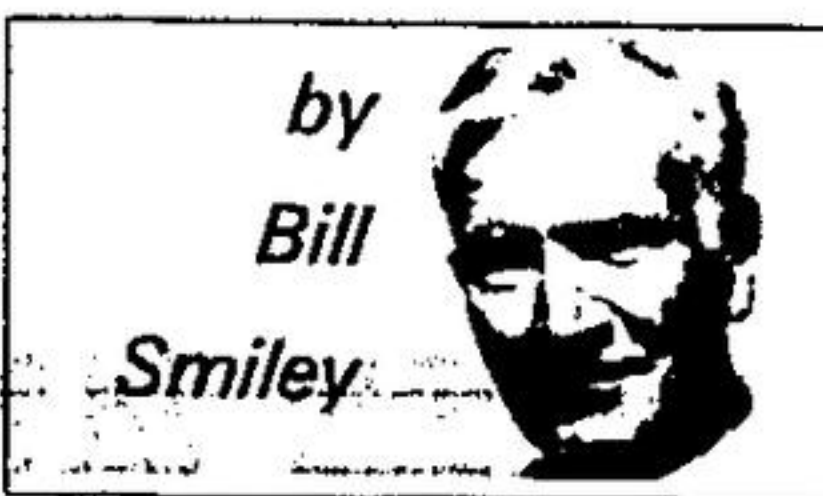
November is a nothing month. The leaves are all gone. In fact, they're lying on your lawn, if you're like me, dank and soggy and heavy.

The chap who's to put on your storm windows has gone into hiding, letting his phone ring its head off. And when he does come, the windows don't fit, because the sills have swelled through the inordinate rains. Or something.

The skiffs of snow become skiftier every time there is one, and any day you'll get up and it's midwinter.

November is darkness and depression. And one of the most depressing things in view is the proliferation of Santa Claus and the four-color advertisements for Christmas gifts, and the ridiculous beginning of Christmas, so-called, music.

There are snow tires to get on, and snow shovels, snow boots, and heavy clothing to



dig out, each one a dull, sickening thud on one's spirits.

This year, as in every other November, the government, whatever the shade of its coat, is waffling and indecisive and obtuse and strangely unaware of the real problems of the country.

This year, in November, you can go into a grocery store, spend ten dollars, and come out with your total possessions in the palm of one hand, in one smallish-paper bag.

You know the old car isn't going to make it through January, but you look in horror at prices of gas and a new car, and go on driving the coughing, belching old brute, hoping for a flood or holocaust to end it all and save you the decision.

This November, people are running wildly from one bank to another trust company, trying to take advantage of the ridiculous rates of interest. If they have any money.

And if they don't, they quietly cry in the dark and forget about building or buying a home, because there is no way they can ever pay for it, Joe Clark's silly mortgage deal or not.

And if people can't afford to build houses, because of cruel interest rates, what happens to the construction industry, and all the others that depend on it, from tiles to appliances to heating units.

And the blue-eyed sheiks are rattling their sabres in the west, and the chain-smoker is rattling his quill in Quebec, and

altogether, it looks like a long, dark, cold winter for this country, physically and spiritually.

However, brethren and sisters, do not go quiet into that good night. It's not all bad.

There's some great news on the sports pages. Toronto, at least, is maintaining its image. It has the worst baseball team in North America, in the big leagues. It has the worst football team in Eastern Canada. And the Maple Leafs are well on their way to being renamed the Cellar Dwellers. Doesn't all that cheer you up? At least there's some consistency in the country.

It's only a few weeks to the equinox. And even if you're so deep in snow by then that you don't know an equinox from a solstice, never fear. Spring is near. A mere four months off.

I feel like a sailor throwing lead life-belts to drowning souls, but I repeat the call "Press on, regardless." Maybe you'll hit a lottery winner. Maybe your wife isn't really pregnant. Maybe you can live on unemployment insurance and still get your Saturday night case of twenty-four. Maybe.

But I know it's hard to keep the faith in November. Even the ruddy birds, those with brains, have gone south. Those without are walking. It's too wet to fly.

Think of all the good things in life. Now keep on thinking. Think some more, and I'm sure you'll come up with one.

Let's see, I'm not dying of cancer. I don't think I can afford three squares a day. I hope. My five shares of CDC have dropped only \$28.00 a share on the market, and have rallied by one dollar. My wife hasn't left me, as she's threatened lately. Mixed blessing, that.

My grandboys are six hundred miles away and can't use me for a climbing tree every second weekend. My burstis is merely excruciating, not unbearable.

Good old November. Nothing like it. Now, change, weather!

Major changes for Children's Aid Soc.

Major changes announced recently in Provincial funding to Ontario's 50 Children's Aid Societies are very promising, according to Halton CAS president Michael Whyte. The Minister of Community and Social Services, Keith Norton, said Thursday the societies can expect an eight per cent increase in funding for 1980 and that each agency will be told earlier in the year how much money it will receive from the province. Unlike past years,

societies will have to operate within their provincial budgets and not expect supplementary funding during the year, Norton said. In 1981, new funds will be distributed according to the number of children in a region—an attempt by the ministry to reflect the movement of children. With the changes, the province will be placing more control in the hands of the CAS board of directors. Whyte commented, "It gives us more say in how we spend the money," he said, pointing out that the ministry is now taking more of a "global budgetting" approach to funding.

Whyte said Halton is reserving judgment on the eight per cent increase, but "We may be able to live within it." "We'll know better in December once our budget review is completed. At least we will go into next year knowing what our base is and we will know what we are working with," he continued. Regarding future funding on a child pop-

ulation basis, Whyte said the new policy will serve Halton better because it is a high population area and a continually growing area. "This is a definite improvement as far as we're concerned," he said in an interview Friday. One other change the ministry is encouraging is a move away from costly residential programs, according to spokesman Charles Wyatt. "This is an area where Halton has been particularly hard hit this year,"

Whyte said, and it may force the society to approach the ministry for further funding late this year, due to steadily rising costs for institutional care outside the region. Overall, the policy changes of the ministry indicate the province is trying to find a better way of doing things, Whyte said. "We now seem to be working towards a common goal which in the past sometimes didn't seem to be the case."

On the Leavell

With Helen



Saw former Free Press staffer Dave Pink's byline on a story in a Windsor newspaper recently. Dave was a reporter in Acton several years ago before becoming sports editor at the Milton Canadian Champion. He held that post for many years and then headed to the Georgian Bay area where he worked in Midland, and later was named editor of the Elmville Times. From there he went to Peterborough, and on out west. His itchy feet didn't stop him at Edmonton, as he came back to Ontario and got a job on the now defunct Kitchener Newday. He's been in Windsor for a while. For the sake of friends trying to keep tabs on him, maybe he will settle there for a while longer.

Christmas is a happy time of year for many as we pause to look through the commercial end of the season and remember the true meaning behind it all. However to many people Christmas is a sad season when they are reminded how little they have. Organizations in town, such as the IOOE and the Salvation Army will be delivering food hampers to needy local families. Major Toronto radio stations and newspapers have also set up funds to deliver goodies to make a few Christmas mornings a bit cheerier. Once the Acton people are taken care of, extend your generosity and help out the Toronto causes. An unhappy Christmas morning tear is just as sad on a Toronto face as a local one.

Earring found. It is here.