

# EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

## Happy holidays

*"School days, school days  
Good old golden rule days."*

Some of us who are maybe long in the tooth can recall the last day of school at the old red brick Acton Public School on Education Lane. The school with its quaint tower and accompanying bell seemed like a virtual prison for 10 months.

When the last day before the "summer holidays" arrived, the air of expectancy was even shared by the teachers. They had managed to keep us at our desks from 9 a.m. each morning until four in the afternoon, with an hour and a half for "dinner."

Maybe the kids nowadays feel the same sense of freedom we experienced when that last day arrived. A giant whisper usually went around the school that the local school board had agreed to let us go at 2 p.m. instead of the usual 4 p.m. It was generally just that - a rumour.

Since most pupils and the teachers shared a feeling of being on the threshold of two glorious months of freedom and frivolity, it was difficult for anyone not to smile and get a bit giddy. The teachers organized such exercises as spelling bees to keep everyone in line before the doors were opened and hundreds of children (there were no "kids" in those days) burst out in a tremendous shout. Some daring enough to recite that old jingle:

*"No more pencils, no more books,  
No more teachers' dirty looks."*

The enthusiasm for the holidays was particularly felt by those who believed they had "passed." Before we wax nostalgically about those good old days, remember it was customary for those who failed their exams to spend another year in the same grade, if there was the room. No passing into the next grade.

Failure meant just that and it wasn't only classmates who would know because exam results were published in the Acton Free Press. The whole town knew who had the big "F" next to their name as well as everyone's marks. Some, it should be noted, were just above that F line.

Marks were not necessarily the measure of the student.

Some who experienced that F next to their names pulled up their school socks at the urging of parents and teachers and went in to become teachers, of all things. Later in life, some went on to business and commercial fame. And of course, some at the head of the class led a humdrum existence when they passed out into the world.

This week all across this country the kids will be let loose again for two months and few will wear the F horse collar. Let's hope they enjoy the experience of being young and carefree for the summer months because as everyone knows it won't be long before the summons to return to classes returns and it's back to routine.

Happy Holidays kids! And teachers, too.

## Strawberry Fields

A campaign to persuade people to buy more local produce when available instead of fruit and vegetables from distant lands, has been highlighted by the introduction of local strawberries to the marketplace. There's no comparison. Local strawberries are better by far, sweeter and riper than the imported berries. In addition, they don't require thousands of kilometres of travel to arrive in stores.

This week a friend and colleague gave this scribbler local berries just picked. Unlike the imported brands they needed no garnishments. They were delicious right off the plant, unlike imported berries which are picked green and ripen on their way to market.

So the message is- buy local if you can.

## Happy Canada Day

from the Publisher and Staff



**CANADIAN CUTIE:** Five-month-old Makayla Grace Potter wishes everyone a Happy Canada Day. - Submitted photo

## How many days in a year?

When summertime arrives, there are some things you can count on.

First, there are a lot of people who grumble about the heat. Those are usually the same people who, when it is winter time, grump about the cold.

The other thing that happens is people start dressing a little more scantily for the warmer temperatures. It's inevitable of course. However, it's starting to get a little extreme, especially for young ladies. At first, I thought it was just a handful of teenaged girls. I was wrong.

There was a group of girls running out in front of traffic at the Tanner office, as the kids do on a daily basis at lunch time. And as I drove by, my neck almost snapped as I turned in shock when I noticed how short about a half a dozen girls' skirts were. I know when I was younger, I too wore 'mini' skirts. But there was so little material on these 'skirts' that they really couldn't be classified as a skirt, more perhaps a scarf that they tied around their hip area.

It doesn't seem to matter if the young lady is a 'tween or a teenager, or if they are skinny or



By  
Angela Tyler

chubby, the skirts this season are way really short. I honestly don't even know how they can sit down without showing even more skin.

At the beginning of the week, I was in the line-up at Tim Horton's. In front of me were two high school girls, both wearing the micro-mini skirts. One had a somewhat suitable top, yet the other one - well, let's just say I was in shock once again. It was more than her micro-mini or her black tube top that exposed almost in full her apple-red bra. It was the conversation the two were having. The girls to me looked maybe about 15 or 16 years old.

The red bra girl was talking about how wonderful babies and children were and how she couldn't wait to have one. Their language was far from appropriate for impending motherhood, laced with lots of swearing and 'friggin's' being used as adjectives and adverbs.

Sometimes, the line-up at Tim Horton's just doesn't go fast enough and this was one of those times. The girl continued to talk about how kids are great and so cute, except when they are around the five-year-old age, which is when she would leave her upcoming offspring with its father. "Yeah, my kid is going to be retarded," she stated, adding, "That way I can love it more." I didn't know if she was joking around or if she was serious.

I keep hearing young girls say things that don't make any sense to me. For example, about a month ago, I heard a different couple of girls talking about how many days there are in a year. They were laughing about a friend who thought there were 367 days in the year. The one girl, laughing, stated quite adamantly that he was wrong and there were 360 days in a year. I wanted to tell her that she too was wrong, but I knew it wouldn't be welcome.

I think it's time we women work on young girls' ways of thinking now. We need to lengthen the skirts - even an inch would help - and start thinking before we speak out loud in public.



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