

Reeve leg pulling? . . .

News that there would be a three way race for the office of mayor this year from the present council alone, without counting other possible entries, will have a mixed reaction from voters here.

Three experienced men running for the same office means two of them are going to be eliminated, a hardship when council can use all the experience it can get. But it was inevitable that there would be a parting of the ways between the reeve and the mayor. Policies have differed widely in some cases, dating back to the date when they took office.

It was no surprise either, when Councillor Drinkwater announced his decision to run for mayor. He has taken issue with both the reeve and the mayor on several occasions. Now

he has exercised his prerogative to try for higher office.

We were surprised, however, when Reeve Hinton clearly stated that in his opinion the successful candidate's policies should be supported by the rest of council. This is tantamount to declaring councillors are merely a rubber stamp for the mayor.

Councillors will still have the option in this democracy to either uphold or disagree with the policies of the mayor or any other member of council. They are elected on their merits as well as the mayor and should be free to use their judgment on the issues as they may appear.

It is difficult to believe the reeve is not trying to pull our legs, since he certainly has never practiced the policy he advocates.

Free Press Editorial Page

It's Fall Fair time . . .

Only a few days remain until the 55th annual Acton Fair, an event which draws the town and district together at least once every year.

Fair Board officials and their helpers have been busy ever since last year's event preparing for a three day program which once again has lots of variety with "something for everyone" in the best tradition of fairs.

This year's event opens with a Friday night performance in the community centre. The Miss Acton Fair competition is again one of the highlights.

It will be interesting to see whether one of Erin township's beauties will wear the crown this year. Lassies from Erin have dominated the competition since it was first introduced, establishing a reputation for comeliness that each set of judges has embellished.

It looks like the entertainment committee has lined up some top talent for the variety concert, Friday evening, both from town and professional entertainers.

Saturday, the Junior horse show starts the program rolling at 10 a.m. and at 12 noon the parade to the fair grounds from the railway station is the signal for large crowds to enter the grounds, where there's something going on until midnight.

Following last year's pattern there will be a community religious service in the community centre Sunday with a special speaker, massed choirs from all the churches and music by Acton Citizens' Band.

The only thing needed now for a successful event is co-operation from the weather.

Acton Fair is a place to meet your friends from town and country, many of them visiting from out of town for the day.

We wish Fair president Wilmer Fryer and his officials success in every facet of the operation from exhibits to attendance and hope they can surpass every record Acton Fall Fair has built up in 55 years of operation.

Off the cuff . . .

Political bed fellows: those who live in the same bunk.

Safety is largely a matter of give and take, says The Ontario Safety League. GIVE thought, TAKE care.

One blessing in being poor, honest and hard working is that nobody envies you.

This weekend is the last one of the summer. Officially, Autumn follows on the tail of the Fall Fair.

The outlook for house buying has brightened as a result of steps taken by chartered banks to improve the availability and cost of mortgages. Several banks have increased their allocations of funds so that a rising swell of new money is entering the market.



LIGHTNING TRACED bright patterns across the rain-soaked skies during some of the summer season's severe thunderstorms. Rockwood photograph.

er Don Hills captured this bolt which lights up the pretty riverside park along the village main street.

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



Today the painters came. That sounds like the refrain or the last line of a modern poem. It isn't. Today the painters came.

And tomorrow the relatives come, with their dog and children. There doesn't seem to be much connection, but there is.

The painters took all the furniture out of one bedroom and put it in another. So that's two bedrooms unserviceable. That leaves one, for four adults, two children and a poodle. It's going to be cozy.

And last night I lay in the sand by a fire and looked at a star-flung, far-flung sky, and kept brushing aside beautiful women who offered me drinks and food. Mostly sandy hamburgers. And today I have a head full of sand, literally and figuratively.

And the other night I sat by a roaring cottage fireplace on a cool night and hotly debated with old friends such world issues as Rotten Kids, and Dutch Elm Disease. Until 4.30 a.m. Nothing was settled, except the state of my health the next day.

And the night before that, a lady phoned and told us Kim had been in an accident and was in the emergency ward at the hospital. All records were shattered, getting there. A bang on the forehead, two swollen knees, 84 bruises and a three-stitch cut is pretty lucky after a head-on collision.

And yesterday the same Kim took off, hitch-hiking with a friend, for Montreal. Her aunt was horrified that we let her go. Until my wife reminded her (aunt) that she had been married at that age.

And today, thank the powers, Kim phoned and said she was safe, if not sound. She was car-sick all the way, and has a sty on her eye. But she's having an exciting, interesting time, while her parents slowly but inexorably turn gray.

And the weeds in my flowerbed stand tall and reach for the sun, while the flowers peep between their knees like frightened children.

And I haven't been fishing once this summer. And I've played very little golf, all of it rotten. And I puff like a grampus when I swim. And my piles are acting up. And Summer is on the wane.

However, all is not lost. The hedge is clipped and the lawn mowed. They sky is blue and the sun beats down on my beady forehead and I set at the picnic table writing my column.

My elms are still sound. My washing is on the line, whiter than white. My daughter wasn't killed in that crash. My wife is charging around like a gazelle, after an operation which everyone told her it would take from six months to a year to get over. My banker hasn't got around to calling. And my bursitis is temporarily quiescent.

So what if summer is on the wane? Summer is for babies and bumblebees and baseball players and birds. It's merely demoralizing for us lovers of the spartan life, the hard work, the regular hours.

Tomorrow I'm going to beat my brother-in-law at golf for the first time in 20 years. And the day after, we're going sailing with a chap who tips over every time he's out. This time, he won't tip.

And tonight we'll have a barbecue and the kids and the dog will romp and get in and out of trouble and we'll all bed down on the living room floor, to avoid discrimination. It's either that or I sleep with the dog.

Come to think of it, I'm one of the lucky ones. Think of the farmers, slogging it out in the sun 18 hours a day, and worrying, worrying about the lack of rain or the excess of it. Think of the factory workers dripping sweat in one of those medieval plants. Think of the resort owner with a big mortgage who has just been through two weeks of cold, wet weather.

And think of all those poor devils in the concrete canyons of our cities, musing from one air conditioned bar to another, trying to retain their cool.

I take it all back. I'm having a great summer. Just great.

Salt and Pepper

by hartley coles



If you're wondering how this collection of words and ideas arrived on the editorial page of this newspaper for two weeks running and could keep going until the writer collapses, you will have to go back to the time of the postal strike.

Because Bill Smiley's humorous pillar was held up in the mills there had to be a substitute and fast. Hence the title Salt and Pepper, designed to throw you off the track.

The first column was greeted with general acclaim by my relatives and two friends who clipped it out and sent it overseas. Apparently so they wouldn't have to look at it as they skimmed through the paper.

After a well-earned (hoss, please note) rest I arrived home full of ideas and stories for at least two more columns. Now the well has run dry. Due to the pressure of other work we've decided the column can't last any more than another year or so.

Anyway, to fill in the time before its eventual demise, if you've got a better name for a zippy column than Salt and Pepper, get on the Bell blower, pronto - and let me know.

There hasn't been much to tell this week. All's quiet on the home front. Scuttle the dog hasn't been bothered too much with burrowing worms. Only pest at this moment is the Fairy Lake dredge. It's pumping silt out of Fairy Lake to one spot and large trucks roar around all day, taking it somewhere else.

This symphony of noise has a percussion section in the carpenters' hammers and stone masons' trowels, erecting houses along Elmore Drive. Now and again a blue jay blunders onto the site. He stops for a hasty squawk and then moves on to where his natural habitat is, not where it used to be.

"Progress," I guess, doesn't include the birds. We haven't seen hide nor hair of that big fat coon since construction started, either. I don't know who we'll get to clean out the bottom of the garbage can.

I'm the butt of some ill humor from my fellow workers since I claimed to see a U.F.O. recently. It happened at the hardball picnic.

The mayor, the president of the Lions and I were standing around looking at the grass grow when a large jet flew over. All

eyes looked up, including my hazel green orbs. Yes. It was a big one. But the sun glinting on something alongside the jet caught my eye.

Travelling in the opposite direction was a shiny sphere-shaped object. I pointed excitedly at it for the benefit of the mayor and Lion chief. Straining necks and shading eyes they looked hard - but didn't see it.

I thought my imagination was pulling tricks on me when I lost sight of it. But then I caught sight of it again. I pointed it out. By this time several others had joined the throng, looking up into the clear blue sky and seeing nothing! Along came a camera from another newspaper, escorted by a lady, and the expressions were recorded on film.

The flying saucer vanished in the east. My X-ray vision was unappreciated. Vague allusions were made as to the condition of my eyesight. The cruellest cut of all came the next day. A fellow employee asked "Did the saucer have a cup in it?"

In order to wind up on a humorous note we thought you would appreciate this letter Roy Downs received from his cousin and printed in last week's Milton Champion. It is self-explanatory.

Hazelnut Ridge

Dear Cousin:

Your uncle has a job at last. The first he has worked in over nine years.

We are rich now, \$17.25 every Thursday so we went up to T. Eaton's for one of them that new-fangled bathrooms like you people have in Montreal. It cum and we had her set and you should see her, she's real purty.

Over on one side of the room is a fly, long white thing like the pigs drink out of, only you can get in a take a bath all over at once. The gadget on the other side of the room is a little white thing hanging on the wall, called a zinc. This is for light washing, like hands and face. They also sends us a roller with writing paper, but, it's kind of cheap stuff, I'm thinking, 'cause it don't seem like very good paper. It would rip easy I'm thinking.

But over in the corner - Wow! They really got sumthin! It's a thing you just put one foot in and scrub till it gets clean, then you pull a chain and get fresh water for the other foot.

The lids came on the darn thing and we ain't got any use for them. So Ma is using one for a breadboard, and we framed Grandpa's picture in the other.

So long for now,
Cousin Clarence.

Free Press

back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 23, 1948.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. MacArthur and Mrs. J. C. Currie attended the Foster-King wedding in Toronto on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Ryder are happy to announce the birth of their son, David William, at Guelph General Hospital, on Saturday, September 18, 1948.

Mr. F. L. Wright, President of the Guelph Real Estate Board and Mr. Norman Wright were at Bigwin Inn, Lake of Bays, this week attending the convention of the Ontario Association of Real Estate Boards.

The Halton County Health Unit announces that a Child Health Clinic will be held in the Town Hall on the 1st and 3rd Friday of each month from 2-4 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard D. Coles are happy to announce the birth of their son, Stephen Howard, on Wednesday, September 22, 1948.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 26, 1918.

The news from all war fronts during the week has been exceptionally reassuring. The Allies on the western front are penetrating the Hindenburg line and pushing back the enemy in all sectors. General Allenby's forces have practically cleared out the Turks from Palestine and secured the railways and leading roads. Germany is having the greatest difficulty in endeavoring to keep up the spirits of her own soldiers and her allies.

Chairman Robert McPherson presided at a meeting of the Board of Education last Wednesday evening with all members present.

Upon motion of Messrs. John Kenney and C. C. Speight, Miss Isobel Anderson, Acton, was engaged as teacher. The salary is \$550, and the duties will commence on November 1st.

Miss Jessie MacGregor returned home on Wednesday after spending two weeks with her cousin Mrs. A. M. Campbell of Stevensville.

Ex-Warden and Mrs. George Havill, of Acton, were in Oakville yesterday attending the marriage of their son Frank Havill, to Miss Tena Bradbury.

Rev. I. M. Moyer, Mr. J. C. Matthews, Mr. C. E. Bailey, Mr. E. Beswick, Mrs. James Moore, and Mrs. Alice Fleury attended the September meeting of the Guelph District of the Methodist Church on Tuesday.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, September 21, 1893.

The bricklayers are busy at the new residence of Mr. Thos. C. Moore and plasterers at that of Councillor Corry.

Misses Henderson and Co. announce their fall millinery opening for Saturday next, 23 inst. Miss Stone, who has had wide experience in large towns, will have charge this season. The latest styles will be on exhibition.

Acton Temperance Union continues to enroll members at every meeting. The members were entertained last Friday by an interesting rehearsal of attractive features of the World's Fair by Rev. J. Edge.

J. A. Murray lost a valuable mare one day last week. The animal was quietly feeding when Mr. Murray went to dinner and he found it dead upon his return to the stable.

The dynamo of the Canada glove works was started for the first time last Wednesday evening and the big establishment was brilliantly illuminated throughout. Many of our citizens have visited the glove factory the last few days and Messrs W. H. Storey and Son have courteously shown them through.

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Photos from the past



PUPILS IN THIS photograph are all identified except for three. In the back row are the first unknown girl, then Margaret Brown, principal W. H. Stewart, Mrs. Humphreys and a Coles girl. In the next row toward the front are two unknown girls on the left, then a Muller, Daisy Folster, Besie Mullen, Ann McDonald, Nellie Williams, Mildred Matthews, Nora Kenney, Bertha Brown, Mary MacPherson. In

the short row at the left are Dorothy Nelson, Reta Coles, a Gibbons girl, Isobel Anderson, Edith Evans. In the short row to the right are Jane O'Brien, Margaret McDonald, Dora Harvey, Irma MacPherson. Boys seated at the front are Jimmy Gibbons, Jack Chapman, Perry Watson, Hubert Mann, Art Kenney, Fred Smith, Boyd Clark, Ethelred White, Andy O'Brien and Ern Brown.