

## The Acton Free Press.

Ninety-Fifth Year. — No. 4 ACTON, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1969 Second Section.

### Plan new venture at Beetle Market

Rockwood Rockery's first and third Sunday beetle market which is operated by Harvey Tuffin is taking a deep breath as

it plunges into another new venture with this coming Sunday as the starting date. Utilizing the beetle market set-up, extra canopies are being installed to make way for such antiques treasures as milk glassware, beautifully refinished pine rocking chairs and many very special pieces of odd early Canadian furniture. The displayed items will be on sale from one o'clock in the afternoon until nine o'clock in the evening with pony rides and a huge sandpile for the kiddies to scrunch around in.

The refreshment booth at the rockery is fast becoming a local spot to pick up snacks and

coffee for those people who like to pop out for a light eating fast and under the able guidance of Rockwood's Millie Bolton, it is open from one until ten o'clock every evening.

This presents another way of keeping in touch with local friends.

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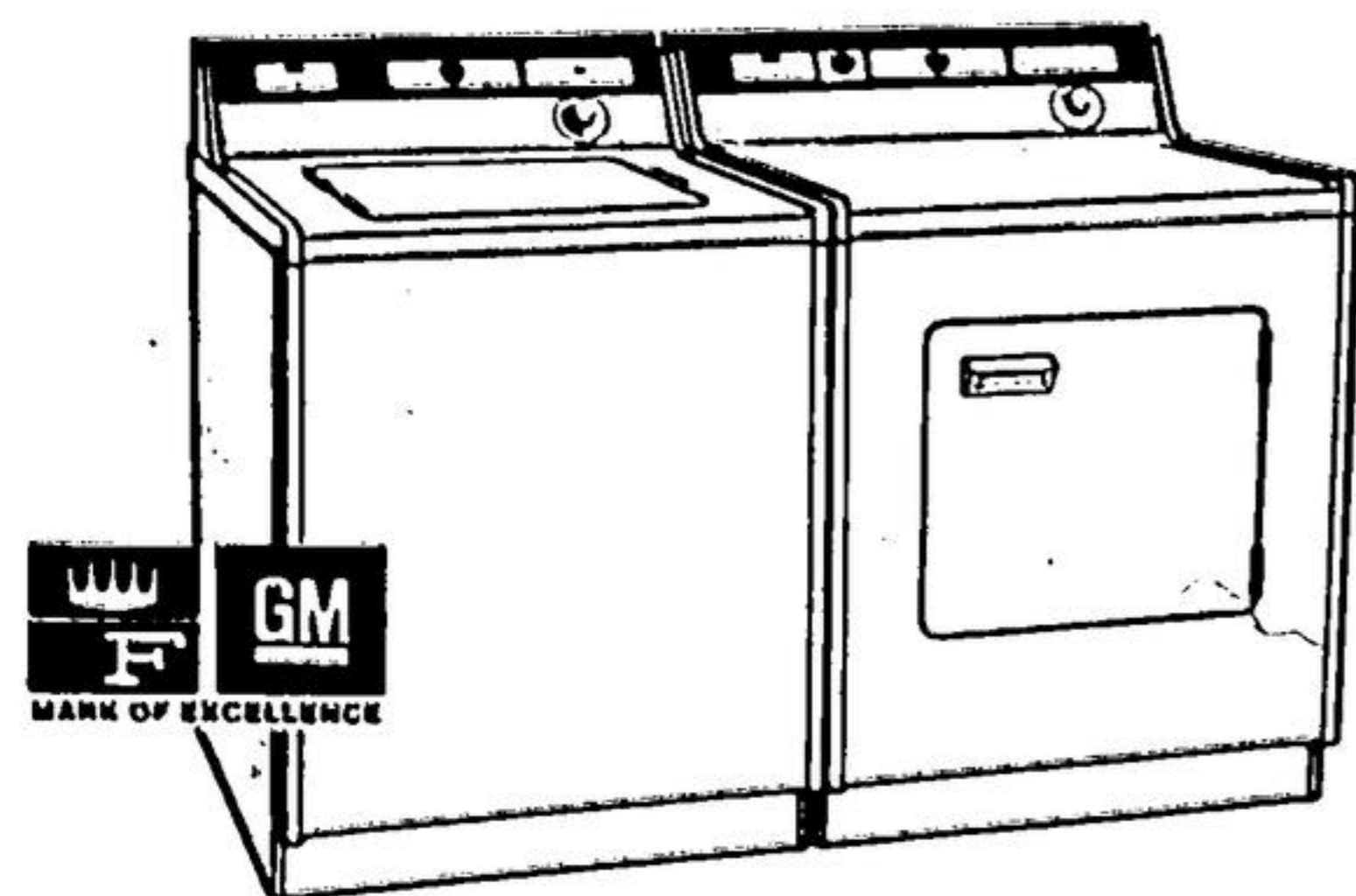
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MANNING ELECTRIC

## Country, Western Jamboree brings live show to village

A rootin', tootin' Country and Western Jamboree is slated to whet the appetites of all local and out-of-towner outdoor entertainment fans. Rockwood has finally hit the big time and, with the Royal City Kiwanis Club prevailing as sponsors, Bill Martyn and his Country Cowboys will be on hand on Sunday night, July 27, to blow us down with real live entertainment.

A tremendous evening is planned with Honey West's scintillating vocal messages

emoting from the trailer stage accompanied by the Country Cowboys. Brent Williams, a delightful ad lib comedian with a terrific repertoire of renditions of the violin, guitar, and vocal talent will astound everyone with his "off the cuff" performance. Guest star, Jimmy Simms, the well known singer, will make everyone melt with his renditions of "Shoes keep on walking". Such others as Art Essery, Tommy St. Dennis and Roy Feener, will all add to the colorful pleasures of the exciting

occasion. Bruce Simmons, president of the Kiwanis Club, refers to little Donna Moon as the gal performer with potential who is really terrific.

So once again, pull out your little black book and jot down Sunday, July 27 as the date to be on hand at the Rockery outdoor amphitheatre where a temporary trailer stage will represent what could be a permanent local fixture providing the venture shows sign of exuberant acceptance. The Kiwanis Club is even setting up an outside refreshment area where popcorn and other sundries can be purchased for the purpose of munching during the performance.

So, everybody, show up at the Rockery and have yourself a wonderful time at this continuous show which will begin at 8:00 to 10:30 p.m. Bring your own deck chairs or plan on taking a chance on available ones or even sit in your own car everything promises to be an evening of casual fun with great entertainment for everyone.

## Comin's and Goin's

Miss Margaret Crabtree and her parents are visiting relatives in England on their holidays this past week.

Master Bobby Hudson just returned from a vacation at the Anglican Church camp in Canterbury Hills near Hamilton. Upon his arrival home he whisked past his sister Jane who, accompanied by Miss Lindsay Jones of R. R. Rockwood, will also spend their holiday week at the same camp.

The St. John's Anglican Church and All Saints, Erin parishioners are sorry to learn that Mr. Ted Sewell will be leaving the parish in October to adapt himself to another Church in Hamilton.

Friends of the John Clark family in Rockwood will be

happy to know that Daniel Coon recuperated beautifully from his rabies shot which he was required to take before his sojourn to the family northern cabin where they will spend their holiday weeks.

Mrs. Kathleen Rhodes from Toronto, accompanied by her little granddaughter, Sharon Nugent from Morrisburg, will be home for a few days at the home of Mrs. Rose Oakes of Guelph Street, Rockwood.

The son, daughter-in-law, and family, of Mrs. A. Doby of Guelph Street, will be spending some time with her on a holiday visit this coming week.

Mrs. Frank Day, Rockwood, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Day of Ancaster left this week by plane for Friday Harbor, San Juan Island, Washington.



## Horse sense

by Pretty Fair



Oh de camp town rayצע sing dis song do-dah, doo-dah, tra-de-dah-deedaw-Wal, howdy again, folks! Glad to be back at the ole jazz but I shur am ashamed at wot all I got to tell you.

First of all that gol dang racin' woman down at Elmira had me stuck in all the events as an "also eligible". John Salmon was really boilin' about it and sez to how she's going to be real sorry if they start up their own track at Rockwood. For those of you who aint too well informed about the profeshun of racin' wal, down at Elmira they put seven horses in each race but they draw eight names and number eight horse is put down as "also eligible". The root is, though, that horses with number eight will automatically be given another number for the next race and then will be shoot of runnin', but that darn tootin' Mrs. Jackson got things all bawled up and here's me all steamed to move and I was pushed in as "also eligible" for three times in a row.

Old Dukie Ellis tries to tell me that I'm just jawin' 'cause I'm a poor loser but this aint so - it's plumb hard on a real racin' filly like me to have to get into condition to win and then be told she can't run. For a while there my morale was plumb busted out but Jim Thatcher gave me a good brushin' the other night and he said that he and the boys understood.

Gawsh, I came in first in Woodstock, won in Elmira, took a first and second in Hanover, had three "also eligibles" and so when I went back to Woodstock I came in sixth and seventh. Last week I only came in fourth in Elmira and I dang near bawled myself to sleep that night, but I couldn't even do that 'cause ole Jim Thatcher's putting a roof on his house and they're runnin' around hammerin' and mendin' like crazy till all hours of the night-gawsh, wish somebody'd put me in someday as Thatcher's landlora and I'd sure put him in a stall and roar around all night just to see how he'd like it. Wot with with me all tuckered out from no sleep, no wonder I didn't do so good at Woodstock.

much I can do about it I guess unless I can tawk Dick into spravin' some of that Stag Lubricant Bug Killer around and get rid of these flyin' insects. I tell you, they're drivin' me nuts, but right now Dick and Martene is up at Belwood with John and his wife havin' themselves a holiday so natcherly they ain't thinkin' about poor ole me stayin' at home never gettin' anywhere - just lookin' at these four walls day in, day out.

Guess some of you folks think I'm complainin' a lot and I shouldn't really 'cause achery I do have fun sometimes. Like when I get out on my jaunts down the road past the Thatcher farm here and pass Carl Malson's farm. That's the place where I used to do a lot of my trainin' on a hand-bilt track that the boys made to keep me fit and full of viggor but it's been dug up now to make way for Carl's new house which he just built. Boy, is he a ritzy cuss. He keeps guffawin' out loud like he's hopin' people'll notice his brand new home and that he's not livin' in his trailer no more.

Wal, you folks know me, I don't go for that show-off stuff, I'm just plain ole Pretty Fair to all my friends and no new house would ever turn my head. I do get kinda sentimental about it sometimes though when some of his race horse friends of mine which he raises still come down to the fence and pace along it to the next field when I trot up the roadway - at least they're not snooty about havin' a new house on that corner.

Holey Gee! You should get a load of the screamin' and shoutin' that goes on across the road from me. Remember me tawkin' about Eric Johnson, the guy with all the cute kids? Well, he just invested in one of those large three by four foot plastic pools and it's all filled up with water. By the sound of it all the kids in the whole dang country are over there laughin' and splashin' around. Now, wot's nicer than hearin' a bunch of merry kids enjoyin' the sunshine, tried to get close to the fence the other day so that they'd splash some of that cool water on me but they just lined up and kept gapin' and wonderin' what I was smilin' about—you'd think they hadn't seen a grinnin' nag before.

One of them got a little nasty said I had big yellow teeth and that made me feel kinda bad but Jim took me aside later and said's to how he'd buy me a tooth brush at the Stratton-Dupuy store and it should work pretty good on my ivories with a little dutch cleanser.

It shure was funny the other night, Jim had me down trottin' around the Glen Lea subdivision area in Acton last week and there were some females attin' out on their front lawns. Must have been blind as bats 'cause they couldn't even see me or hear me either 'cause they was talkin' so loud. Wal, being of their own sex I was kinda inter-ested in what they was sayin' so I listened in for a minute.

Seems one of those dames was down in Rockwood and went in to Root's Hardware store and was amazed at all the different and novel items they had on sale there. 'Couldn't get over it she said, all sorts of things she hadn't seen around her town and the people waitin' on her were, accordin' to wot she said, very, very friendly and courteous. Then, she kept right on tawkin' without stoppin' to breathe, sayin' she went in to that Mill End store next door and was pleased 'cause she could buy some kind of sheer material for curtains. She seemed to think Rockwood was quite a place to shop-heck, Roots is where Dick and the other guys get me all my harness gear and Di Duncan and all the Rockwood Trail Rider gang get all the speshul ridin' equipment they need there too.

Gawsh, Editor Coles is goin' to split a gutset when he sees how much tawkin' I've done this week-serves him right though for not gettin' someone else to get my stuff down to the Free Press last week instead of havin' to put two weeks chawin' into one column. Oh well, with him always smilin' like he does in the paper every week, I don't think he'll mind too much. Bye again folks, see you at the Western Jamboree at the Rockery next Saturday night!

Yore friend,  
Pretty Fair.

## Rockwood News

### News and views

By LORRAINE

"The greatest spectacle of accomplishment by mankind since the beginning of time" so said the telecasters, the newsmen, the radio announcers and just about everyone to whom I spoke.

On Sunday evening, July 20, 1969, when the lunar landing craft, Eagle, was maneuvered manually into position on the moon by astronaut Neil Armstrong accompanied by astronaut Edwin (Buzz) Aldrin, I would have wagered that the world's every man, woman, and child, capable of understanding and having access to a television screen, would have been on hand to witness the event that had captured the imaginations of so many people during the last few months.

The day immediately following the spectacular performance however, showed a less jubilant side of the coin. Controversy reigned supreme from every conceivable source and regarding every discernible aspect. Interviewed scientific experts were split into two categories: those who felt that the feat of the lunar landing alone, was the important factor and others who were of the decided opinion that the by-products and possibilities shown in the rock samples brought back by the moonwalkers were of the greater value.

Theologians showed tremendous apprehension and were concerned that they would have to consider new tactics in presenting their theories on creation, some worthy citizens were blasé and said, "I can see the moon anytime, why stay up all night to watch it? I would rather have seen less money spent on research and more on some local organization work to help people right here on earth."

Not to be forgotten were the two young people interviewed who were scornfully belligerent, expressing the attitude that once again the establishment was pushing another gimmick to show how fool proof their way of doing things is. Dr. Walter Hennigen touched home when, during a television symposium, he rather sadly said, "Millions are spent on lubricating machines to accomplish breathtaking achievements but mere pittance are spent on lubricating the needs of people!"

One brilliant Doctor of Theology listened respectfully to the various theories of how this accomplishment could not help but strengthen man's belief that the world could meet together mentally as a unit using one common denominator but the doctor quietly shook his head and expressed the view that the tragic assassinations of the Kennedy family and Martin Luther King had accomplished exactly the same thing.

Questions of morality played a tremendous role on one program to which I listened and there was voiced a consideration as to whether man's landing on the moon really was such a good thing and whether exploration would necessarily lead to peace and promise. A learned philosophy student suggested that Christopher Columbus's discovery of the Americas was hailed as the epitome of great accomplishment nearly five hundred years ago but that that highly renowned, historical venture had resulted ultimately in the death of some ten million Indians. I identified myself with one gentleman interviewee who said that he and his friends had literally flinched when just at the crucial moment with all the world mentally united and sharing its own special pride on being just a small part of the whole operation, that one jubilantly minute portion of time and prayerful hope that perchance the entire universe of human beings could work together as a unit without fear of top-dog priority; at that special time, the buoyant, moon-dancing astronauts reached into their kits and produced a piping new American flag with stars and stripes which they planted firmly on the moon's surface, thus deflecting the feat back from the entire universe to the United States of America.

I sniggled to myself querulously wondering if there could possibly be a small identification on the lower left corner of the flag with the words "Made in Japan".

This could quite conceivably present problems.

Well, I admit to being a four hour lead-up listener on the Sunday pre-moon broadcast. I too had followed the launching preparations along with some other 600 million of people over the past few months, and I also stayed up to the late hours watching the events. I can understand the scorners, sympathize with the attitudes of the economists, share the apprehension of the theologians, identify myself with the "so whatters" and yes, I can even concern myself with the unhappy plight of the "moon-ponies" poets, but I can also applaud my own good fortune in being born into this twentieth century of scientific advancements wherein, with a mere turn of a television dial I was able to witness what would have been considered twenty years ago an astronomically impossible feat, "Man's first step on the moon" I was there!



PAUL CLARK proudly shows the large mouth bass he caught in the Eramosa River adjacent to his home near Rockwood. The river has been producing many varieties of fish this season for anglers. (Staff Photo)