



THESE ARE NOT REALLY dog days. You can ask George, the Basset Hound belonging to the Harris family on Cobblehill Rd. Ian has to keep close ties on George who likes to stick his curious nose in just about everything.

Sunday he waited patiently outside the community centre while Ian watched the lacrosse finals and returned to give him an affectionate pat during periods.—(Staff Photo)

Where's Acton? . . .

Maybe this community should think seriously about a promotion campaign to make it well known through Ontario. On some of the writer's weekend trips this summer, beyond the town's borders but still well within provincial boundaries, the existence of Acton has been questioned by well educated and responsible people. They had no notion of where the town was or if it existed outside of our word for it. The standard question was; "Where's that?" The pat answer? Forty miles west of Toronto. Curiously all of the enquirers knew where Toronto is and our directions gave them a vague idea where Acton is

on the map. However, it was clear they hadn't the vaguest notion of what the town was all about or why it existed. You could put this down to a failure of the promotion departments like the Chamber of Commerce, service clubs, industrial development people, etc. but we believe the fault really lies with individuals. Everytime an Actonian steps outside the town gates he should be a walking or driving ambassador, a miniature Chamber of Commerce, who expounds all the town's good points, for unwary listeners. You can knock the old burgh all you want when your home, grouchy, when the taxes go up, the dogs are running

loose, or the weather is bad, but once you step out of the municipality it is time to adopt mercenary approach. There's lots of good things here, and many reasons for a soft sell. Try them on strangers and see how they react. After all, any community is only made up of the individuals who live there. If they are all out selling the town then that is all that's needed to make it the greatest promotion the province has ever known. On the other hand, if we are all out to knock everything and anything, then don't expect strangers to be impressed. They've got enough problems in their own community.

Free Press Editorial Page

Demolishing straw men . . .

Sometimes subjects are scarce and editorial writers must set up straw men and demolish them in order to pad out the columns. The Milton Canadian Champion, sister paper to the Free Press, does this when it takes this journal to task for suggesting the 1,800 square foot minimum proposed for estate-type homes in the proposed Esquesing Official Plan would restrict the best parts of the township to the wealthy. The Champion applauds the entire official plan but puts the accent on some proposals about which no one is objecting. The Champion says rural townships in this part of Ontario have to learn the economic frailties of releasing quarter-acre of half-acre lots on country roads for low-cost subdivision homes. Such homes, the paper pontificates, don't usually cover the education taxes nor pay for other services. No one could dispute that, but where would you find a low-cost subdivision home?

residential subdivision type property has very high dollar volume, as do apartments and industrial buildings, and that the township has very few of them, so they should not be saddled with their present tax equalization figure. The Champion may also recall, took a plunge down this year while Nassagaweya's jumped 10 mills. The logical question to ask, of course, is how did Nassagaweya's restrictions help them? Comparisons are in Esquesing's favor. The Champion also claims, that it is not the present residents of Esquesing who want to build homes but city types who yearn for a country retreat (and can afford to build an 1,800 sq. ft. home) who want to put down roots in Esquesing.

who said Esquesing township was in the enviable position of being in excellent financial shape. Some trail to the poor house. Again the Champion says the board has the financial interest of ALL the township taxpayers at heart when it establishes high minimum standards for new houses on the rural roadways. Of course, that would have to be anyone who makes at least \$15,000 a year and up. No one else could afford it. Cheap homes strung out along the landscape on every country line and sideroad just don't pay their way and by encouraging estate-type development on a limited scale Esquesing is doing the right thing, the editorial concludes.

Next the Champion engages in township comparisons. However, it is unfortunate they chose Nassagaweya as an example of a township which has successfully put the brakes on random rural development, with a plan that allows a 2,000 foot minimum house in the rural areas of the township. Wasn't it only two months ago when representatives from Nassagaweya township met with the Minister of Education Robert Welch to present a brief complaining about the township's inequitable tax load? The brief pointed out that the sale of

We hadn't heard that the residents of Esquesing had forgotten about sex and babies, or the birds and the bees. (Maybe the Champion has a scoop) but we think the good burghers of the township have children who would like to stay in the township. And they will have children, no doubt. And so on. How about them? Do they have to go to the villages to build their homes or construct one worth over \$36,000? The Free Press appeal for a democratic decision, according to the Champion sounded like "we cherish our heritage and we'll stick together as we carry the township down the trail to the poor house." — An 1,800 sq. foot one, we presume. Wasn't it the official framer of the township's official plan, L. R. Keddy,

Now we haven't heard anyone disputing that, nor has anyone suggested continuing that type of development, to our knowledge. As a matter of fact, the Champion takes a swipe at many straw men. What the Free Press did suggest was that the 1,800 figure be reduced to one within the reach of people who live and work in Esquesing — so they and their descendants could continue to live there. It is people who live in houses, not tax figures, and it seems that township residents have been able to meet their obligations this far. We never at any time suggested there should be unlimited development. Why should the choicest parts of the township be reserved for those who can afford a \$36,000 house? That is exclusiveness, no matter what the Champion says.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, August 30, 1951
Tuesday morning about 535 children and teenagers start back to school in Acton. At the public school classes will be held beside the steadily-growing new addition. For grades one, two and three there will be one experimental room combining the three grades, following the recommendation of the Hope report. There is much inside work to be done on the new addition and principal McKenzie does not think any of the rooms will be in use this year. The new teachers are Miss Dorothy Capper, Stratford, Miss McKay, Norval, and Miss Dena Briada, Acton. The other teachers are Mrs. K. Alger, Mrs. Jane Gamble, Miss Isobel Anderson, Mrs. Anne Wilkinson, Miss Daisy Folster, W. D. E. Smith and G. W. McKenzie.

tailor and was engaged for years by the late Adam Dickson in his little tailor shop on Willow Street on the corner of the lot now owned by Mr. Murray MacDonald, Customs Officer. In time he went into partnership as Dickson and McNab, then Fyfe and McNab. Mr. McNab went home periodically to Scotland. Seven times he crossed the Atlantic. Mrs. D. Robertson, who has been in California the past two years, is in town the guest of Mrs. A. Lees. Mrs. Robertson is engaged in writing scenarios for the leading producers of moving picture films and has made a gratifying success of this profession. Wages of men engaged in road construction in Wentworth county have been reduced by council. The cuts are as follows: teams, from 80 cents to 70 cents an hour; foremen from 55 to 50 cents an hour; laborers from 40 to 35 cents an hour. There are many signs of an early autumn.

Blackbirds are assembling in flocks. Goldenrod is in bloom two weeks earlier than usual. A second bloom of buttercups is now on and almost a certainty of seed ripening. All weed seeds are about three-fourths matured. Elderberries, which will be a large crop, will ripen a fortnight earlier than usual. General Sir Sam Hughes, former minister of Militia, has died. Once more the time has come when a five dollar bill will buy a pile of groceries worth while.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, August 20, 1896

The Hillsburg Ladies' Band has been engaged to play at Toronto Exhibition. At about four o'clock last Thursday morning the alarming tones of the fire bell rang out on the morning air. It was soon ascertained that the small dwelling belonging to J. T. Halsted, near the G.T.R. track, was on fire. The alarm was given by the brakeman of a passing train. In a remarkably short space of time the hook and ladder truck and the hose reels were on the scene and in 11 minutes steam was up in the fire engine, which was stationed at the tank on Frederick St. and a stream playing. The fire was in the attic and could not be got at until the hooks had torn off a portion of the roof and siding. The firemen handled their splendid apparatus like veterans and in a few minutes the flames were under control. Loss about \$100. Without the fire apparatus the building would have been completely destroyed and the fire company suffered a loss of \$300, the amount of the policy. The fire was clearly the work of an incendiary. One of Acton's fairest maids, Lottie Hemstreet, was married at her home, Woodbine Cottage to Mr. John Bews, one of Milton's most popular young businessmen. The mystic words which united the happy couple were pronounced as the principals stood beneath a mammoth floral horseshoe. The bride was very prettily attired in a travelling suit of novelty cloth trimmed with Persian silk. Amid showers of rice they left on a trip down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. A civic holiday excursion to Penetanguishene is talked of. In Georgetown they excurt to the Falls.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

I don't know how you've fared, but so far it's been a rotten summer in these parts. Instead of the "sunny with scattered showers", it has been, day after day, "rainy with scattered sunshine".

Usually, by now, municipal councils are begging citizens to go easy with their lawn sprinklers, or flatly threatening householders with a fine if they use them at all.

Brown, burned-crisp lawns are common by mid-August. Not at our place this year. We haven't used our sprinkler since the first week in July and the lawn is alarmingly verdant and growing like weeds, which of course a good portion of ours is.

Not much one can do about it. But my heart goes out to the poor devils who are tenting.

Tenting is great fun under ideal conditions. It's about as close as we can come to really getting back to nature. There's the pleasure of finding that choice campsite with a mere 30-degree list, the solid satisfaction of getting the tent up on the fourth try, the adventure of exploring a new camp and its adjacent waters.

There's the long day of puttering about in the sun, fishing, swimming, gathering

firewood, relaxing. For the men and children, that is. There's the long day of puttering about with dishes, cooking meals, fooling with balky gas stoves, and administering first aid to sundry scrapes, cuts and bites, for the lady. Few women like tenting.

But even for them there are joyful aspects. When the last pot has had its black bottom cleaned with sand, when the last child has been tucked away, milady can perch her weary tailbone on a stump or a stone by the campfire, look into the blue-red-orange flames, and dream of the glorious day when this ghastly trip is over and she'll be back in her castle, with a proper stove, refrigerator and automatic washer. She sits there, counting on her fingers, with a dazed smile.

When the campfire is dying, Mom has her supreme moment of the day: She can crawl into her dampish flannellette pyjamas, crawl into the huddle of blankets on the camp cot which is tilted toward her head, and shudder for hours with a combination of cold and fear of the things that go bump in the night. What tops it all is that about 3 a.m. she discovers that she has to go to the bathroom. It's purely psychological, of course.

But it's quite an ordeal. The flashlight

doesn't work, and the little house with the facilities is 80 yards away, across ground that is crawling with snakes and spiders, with a bear behind every tree. This is where she gets her revenge.

Whining and whimpering, she rouses her spouse from a deep sweet slumber and issues an ultimatum: either he gets up and goes with her, holding her hand all the way, or she starts packing and they head for home right now. This is known in some circles as wedded bliss. But nothing could be better calculated to put another nail in the coffin of their marriage.

I've portrayed so far only the good side of tenting, when the weather is fine. But put yourself in the boots of the miserable male who has rented a tent for his two-weeks-with, takes the wife and three kids, and gets one half-sunny day, the rest cold or raining.

On the third day the guaranteed waterproof tent begins to leak. The firewood doesn't even smoulder. The kids are going hairy with boredom. There isn't a piece of dry clothing to be had. The wife has stopped speaking entirely. The tent is full of ants who are smart enough to get in out of the rain.

What to do? If he packs and goes home, it is obvious that the sky will clear and there'll be a heat wave. If he insists they stick it out, he will earn the undying hatred of his wife and the sullen contempt of his kids. Give me the tenting life any day: the sizzle of frying bacon, the scent of wood smoke, the clean, cool air for sleeping, the murmuring talk by the campfire.

But don't give me tenting on the cold, damp ground, as Stephen Foster didn't put it. I'd rather spend my holidays in jail.

Exactly what is credit union?

By John Last
Director Acton Community Credit Union

Some confusion still exists in the minds of many people regarding the function and ownership of a credit union—any credit union that is. I would like to take this opportunity to provide some enlightenment on the various points that appear to cause most of the confusion.

What is it? It is a group of people (yourself included) who agree to save together and lend each other money at a reasonable interest rate. It is a legal corporation, chartered under law as a non-profit organization to serve its members only.

Some misunderstanding exists regarding these "groups of people" and in particular the word "union" sends would-be members scurrying down the wrong path. It has been suggested to me that the credit unions are owned by the trade unions and in other instances that the Roman Catholic Church wields the power.

Neither are true; but you may discover a trade union which operates its own credit

union and a certain Catholic Parish whose members have formed their own credit union. It certainly does not apply to every trade union or every parish.

Look around and you will find that some trade unions and parish churches invest their money in one of the existing community credit unions.

You may on occasions hear the credit union referred to as a "Poor Man's Bank". Don't believe it—unless you think of yourself as a church mouse.

You own it and it is run by those elected to office by the membership at the annual general meeting. Officials are bonded and funds are protected by law.

As far back as 1848, Friedrich Wilhelm Raiffeisen mayor of Flammersfeld in Bavaria, developed a plan of self-help to help his people meet the hardships of famine and free themselves from the clutches of unscrupulous moneylenders. The idea of the credit union movement was born and Raiffeisen travelled throughout Germany organizing credit unions among the

farmers. Should you hail from Germany you must have heard of the Raiffeisen Bank or simply the Kasse.

In Italy in 1860 a similar movement was under way through the efforts of Luigi Luzzatti and Leone Wollemborg with some influential support of the Catholic Church, and by 1913 some 2,000 were successfully operating in Italy.

The year 1900 saw the credit union idea introduced to the Western Hemisphere by Alphonse Desjardins, a Canadian legislative reporter who successfully organized the first north American credit union at Levis, Quebec. His further efforts obtained legislation at home and the establishing of the first credit union on United States soil.

Take a vacation in Quebec sometime and you will notice the "Casse Populaire" in every town and hamlet.

The strength of the credit union movement in Ontario should be well-known to you, but if this is not the case then ask your Acton manager. There is a credit union in Acton which is expanding quite rapidly.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, August 25, 1921
One who has been a familiar figure on the streets of Acton for 65 years was laid to rest at Fairview cemetery, Peter McNab was born in Scotland in 1836, came to Canada in his 20th year and arrived in Acton in June, 1856, just two months after Mr. Charles T. Hill and family had settled here. He was a

THE ACTON FREE PRESS
PHONE 853-2010
Business and Editorial Office

Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 59 Willow St. Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the CNA and the CMAA. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance. \$4.00 in Canada, \$6.00 in all countries other than Canada. Single copies 15 cents. Second class mail Registration Number 0515. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for, but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate. In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.
David R. Dills, Publisher
Harley Coles, Editor
Don Ryder, Adv. Manager
Copyright 1971