

Back Issues of The Free Press

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 19, 1952.

Lacrosse opened with a bang and a parade as the sport was revived after an absence of 50 years. Seated in places of honor in a convertible were old-time players E. Ryder and F. McIntosh, in B-Hive sweaters all set to greet the season. Acton Citizens' Band provided the music with decorated bikes and trikes and vehicles from Lorne Garner's, Masales Dairy, Thompson Dairy and Roy's Taxi. The lacrosse team was mounted on the Acton fire truck. Score of the opener against Brent-Norfolk was 19-6 for Acton.

B-Hive players were Norm Young, Tom Howell, John Haines, J. Beaumont, J. Krapek, J. Brunski, Zeke McCandless, Walt Alexander, Arnie Hazel, Bob Wilson, Larry Taillefer, Bill Louth, Doug Townsend, Red Howell.

Miss Margaret Garvin died suddenly last Thursday.

A recital by the piano pupils of Mrs. Mary Gowdy attracted a good crowd to Knox church Tuesday. Denise Coles and Linda Parker presented Mrs. Gowdy, who is leaving Acton, with a travelling clock and evening purse.

The Ruth Nelson Mission Band held its annual picnic on the United church lawn, honored by the presence of Mrs. Robert MacArthur's sister, Miss Ruth Nelson after whom the band is named. She is a missionary in western Canada. Marie Lambert won most points and was presented with a prize by Mrs. Orr.

The high school board will now supply books for students in grades 9 and 10.

Paving on Main St. is completed and Mill St. partly done.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 15, 1922.

The annual convention of Halton Women's Institute was held in the Methodist Sunday School room on Thursday. District president Miss Appleby of Stewarttown repeated the words of Lady Falconer when she expressed the desire to bring back to our women the joy in work that women used to have. In the afternoon Mrs. Parsons of the National Council of Women, Toronto, spoke on Mother's Allowances. Much credit is due Mrs. Parsons for the wonderful work she is doing.

The fans turned out in good numbers and journeyed to Milton with the Ball Club on Saturday. They were sadly disappointed. The Acton boys were completely off for the day. They threw wild, fielded badly, kicked the ball, and Kenney, the Milton pitcher, made them think they couldn't even bat. They were able to get just one run — a homer by Dr. Nelson — and that was only possible on account of the abundant hay crop on the outfield and the neglect of Milton park authorities to garner in the harvest of alfalfa.

Firemen from Acton, Brampton and Milton were called to a disastrous fire in Georgetown on Saturday that threatened to wipe out a complete block of Georgetown's main street.

The excavations for Mr. J. R. Leishman's new business block on Mill St. are now about complete.

Mr. Harold Mowat has passed his fourth year medical examinations.

Canada now has 463,000 motor vehicles and the number is increasing.

A four piece orchestra will play "The Four Horsemen" at the night performance.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 24, 1897.

No event has ever been carried out in Acton in which more genuine interest has been taken or which will be more memorable than the Public School's celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Throughout the proceedings the scholars were freighted with happy spirits. To them the occasion will remain as long as life lasts, marked with a white stone in the memory. Flags were waved, songs sung and the reins given to a happy abandon which no formal teacher tried to limit or suppress. (Names of all marching scholars were given including Ruby Clark, A. M. McPherson, Myrtle Dills, Hazel and Lottie Mason, Charlie Matthews, Willie Kenney, Ernest Perryman, Vida Folster, Lyle Grindell, Roy Arnold, Myrtle Matthews, Fred Wilds, Mary Harvey, Edith Nicklin, Ettie McDonald, Charlie Hynds, Nelson Ryder).

Over a quarter thousand of the registered students of the school gathered at the town hall.

An event of memorable interest was enacted in Palmerston on Jubilee Day when the nuptials of Miss Annie Laurie Forster, one of the town's best beloved maidens, and Rev. T. Albert Moore, pastor of the Methodist church were consummated at the residence of the bride's parents. Her wedding robes were of cream satin and lace trimmings. The bridal pair left by the evening train for the north and several hundreds of Palmerston's citizens assembled to extend congratulations.

Crowsons Corners correspondence: Jubilee Day was ushered in here with the booming of guns, ringing of bells and the flapping of the grand old Union Jack.

Queen Victoria began her Jubilee at the altar of her faith, dressed all in black with a white tuft of lace.



WATER SPORTS will play a prominent part in almost everyone's summer activities. These youngsters enjoy themselves at the Rockwood Conservation Park water and Momma duck and her little quackers on the placid waters of Fairy Lake. Have fun with the water this summer but observe the safety rules. Never swim alone — follow the example of the ducks. When boating, exercise caution.

Two important milestones . . .

Acton had the distinction of having two clergymen celebrating important milestones in the past two weeks.

Rev. Walter Fosbury observed 40 years as an ordained minister Sunday, June 4, when his congregation at Churchill Community Church honored him with a reception. Sunday, Father Vincent J. Morgan celebrated the 50th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood with a reception at the music centre.

Mr. Fosbury's 40 years as an ordained minister were preceded by another 10 as a lay preacher, two vocations which have been a storehouse of both spiritual and material knowledge for this respected and well liked minister of the gospel.

His active ministry was interrupted by two years in the military but he filled the vacancy when Churchill church needed a clergyman. He has done better in the post. His reasoned thought and clear thinking on many issues are well known. They have been presented in the pages of the Free Press in the *Churchy Speaks Out* column attracting much favorable comment.

Father Vincent Morgan is almost an institution in Acton, retiring here in 1911 after 30 years as pastor of St. Joseph's parish. His wit and concern for the spiritual side of man are well known both to his own parishioners and those of other faiths, among whom he has numerous friends.

It is those qualities which have made his presence with people of all creeds the most valued and serve God with all your heart, mind, and your strength and all your talent, and your neighbor as yourself, shall well be done for all of us.

The Free Press joins in the chorus of congratulations for the 100 years these two clergymen respectively have spent in the ministry. It is the citizens of Acton they are friends and leave their mark on this community.

An old-time song, the harvest indeed is plentiful, but the laborers are few. And the quality of the laborers often reflects in the harvest.

Return of pedal power . . .

Pedal power is "in". After playing second fiddle to the automobile for half a century, the bicycle is making a comeback that could return it to a place of eminence.

Entire families are investing in bicycles and hitting the open road for recreation, exercise and you name it. The result is the bicycle manufacturers and retailers are busy turning out two wheelers in all shapes and sizes. Pressure groups are lobbying for bicycle roadways in many towns and cities. Look for pressure on the provincial government to establish bike paths along the major highways.

The return to pedal power after decades of depending on the internal combustion engine can only be good.

Executives who once depended on a Bentley or Lincoln to drive to work can now take their CCM. Housewives can pedal to the supermarket or corner grocery, students can cycle their 10-speed to school. The bicycle has a hundred uses.

Cycling is also a form of preventive medicine, recreation for all, as well as being a means of getting fresh air. There is no pollution from a bicycle chain.

There are drawbacks. Cyclists can be a real menace to themselves on major roads where traffic is thick and the speed limit is high.

What driver hasn't overtaken a cyclist heedless of the huge machines

rolling along the road, and swung out to avoid him or her at his own peril?

Cycling, like any use of public roads, requires caution and strict adherence to safety rules. Cyclists are in a vulnerable position when the argument is with a car, truck or bus.

Despite pressure, it will be many years before cycling paths are constructed in this country. The great Canadian winter will discourage even the most enthusiastic cyclist.

Despite this, the swing back to bicycles will help to keep some cars off the roads, exercise muscles that have not been used for years and take Canadians to the outdoors.

We like it.

Life, as some sage put it, does have its ups and downs, does it not?

Item. I have a beloved aunt and a beloved uncle. She was widowed a couple of years ago, and he became a widower some years ago. They were very close. Each was living alone in a good-sized house. They finally decided to pool resources, sell their houses and live in an apartment, as company for each other. They went off to Florida this past winter. In the same mail I received news that she was ill with terminal cancer and he, at 80, was getting married.

Well, "Life is the life", as my daughter said when she was about five. We thought it a pretty philosophical statement, at that age. It covers a lot of ground.

Speaking of daughter, the bride. She and her husband made it to Vancouver and halfway back in a ten-year old car, which is about the same age as an 80-year-old man. (Coincidentally, my uncle is going to Vancouver for his honeymoon.)

Kim rolled the car over at Regina, on the way home. I haven't got the details, but, of course, it wasn't her fault. They got \$10 for the remains.

I hope my uncle makes it to Vancouver, and doesn't decide to roll himself over in Regina, unless for a very good reason.

This prelude, as usual, leads me directly into my theme: making speeches. My daughter hasn't made a speech, my uncle hasn't made a speech, and I haven't made a speech. And therein hangs a tail.

The tail hangs between the legs of a good friend of mine. Five weeks ago, he asked me if I'd make a speech, just three or four minutes, at a ceremony to mark the retirement of a dear friend and colleague.

Reluctantly, I agreed. I hate making speeches. However, this was a special occasion. The lady who is retiring is a fine teacher, a gracious person, beloved by her thousands of ex-students, of Irish descent, and a good Anglican. What more could a person have?



Two weeks later, my good friend, who was in charge of lining up the occasion, asked me if I would make a short speech at the ceremony. Rather puzzled, I told him he had already asked me. He assured me that the speeches would be short, there were only four speakers, and I would be last. This suited me. He who lasts last laughs last, or something.

Another member of the dough-headed committee in charge of the big event kept reminding me that I was to speak, and needing me about having the speech ready.

I replied with a certain hauteur that I never failed to deliver, and that the speech would be ready. And it was. At 11.45 a.m. on the morning of the ceremony, I sat down and wrote a light but loving tribute to the victim. The ceremony began at 2 p.m.

It was a huge success. The retiring lady was almost overwhelmed. She had expected a tea with perhaps forty or fifty people, and some kind of gift. Maybe a watch, or a brooch, or an oil painting.

By 3 p.m., there were over 500 people in the place, some of them from over 1,000 miles away. Then the speakers began. They ranged from her first principal, who plodded with kindly intent but size 12 brogans, through her early life, revealing her age and various other unmentionables.

He was followed by a couple of former students, a couple of former colleagues, the local member of parliament, for whom she wouldn't vote if it meant she was damned for eternity, and a temporary colleague.

The temperature in the cafeteria (how do you like that word?) was about 110. The acoustics were hopeless. A great groundswell of murmuring arose from the back of the hall, where people couldn't hear a word and started having a reunion.

The speakers were interspersed by the reading of telegrams from the Minister of Education, the Prime Minister of the province, and Pierre Elliott Trudeau, whoever he is.

I was sweating about a quart a minute, not from fear, but from humidity. My wife started to get hairy, as speaker after speaker mounted the podium. She shot looks and hisses at me, and murderous looks at the chairman. My speech rustled in my breast pocket.

The gifts were fabulous: an oil painting set, a French poodle, live, and an in-perpetuity scholarship, in her name, for students of French.

It ended, and the mob's murmur became a roar. My wife leaped up, went to the chairman, and said something probably not worth repeating. She came back to me, eyes blazing, and blurted, "I'm going home. Right this minute."

And she did. She stomped out, which, as a lady, she'd never have done. This is how you know your wife loves you. It didn't bother me much. I hate making speeches.

I gave my manuscript to Dear Grace. On Monday, she wrote me a note that can only be called by that old-fashioned adjective: beautiful. It meant much more to me than a thunderous ovation. And my good friend, who had fouled up, couldn't sleep all that night.

Before me, I have five invitations to speak at various affairs, right up to May, 1973. Should I burn them? Bury them? Accept them, and then find out I'm the speaker without a speech? Life is the life.

Mini-Comment

An egotist, says a friend, is one who is always me-deep in conversation.

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First issue of the Fergus-Elora News Express appeared last week. The paper is an amalgamation of the Fergus News Record with the Elora Express, under owner Margaret Cragg. A tabloid, the newspaper is "a hybrid name and probably a hybrid paper," explains the lead editorial. In plant culture hybrid connotes extra vitality and the News-Express expresses a wish that it will fulfil that role for both communities, as well as promoting understanding and co-operation. What is left unsaid is that the publisher also would probably like to heal some of the traditional ill will that exists between the two communities, long noted for their rivalry.

Some people are asking when the long talked about Bower Avenue improvements are going to be made. We do not know either, outside of council talk hoping to get it going early this year.

Secretary on phone: "Our automatic answering device is away for repairs. This is a person speaking."



LAST WEEK THE KNOX CHURCH orchestra was pictured in Portraits of the Past. Not to be outdone this week we have the Methodist Church Orchestra of 1917, in a photo lent by Rudolph Spielvogel. In the front row, left to right, are William Laird, George King, John Hill, Rudolph Spielvogel, Chester Matthews. Back row, Lottie Mason, Ernie Brown, Ethel Coleman, Nelson Moore, Hazel Mason, all well known names in Acton's musical circles.