

Mini-Comment

According to information enclosed in income tax documents the federal government's largest slice of the tax melon - 24 per cent - goes to health and social welfare programs, while 14 per cent goes to economic development and support, another 14 per cent for interest on the public debt, 13 per cent for defence, eight per cent to transfer payments to provincial governments, seven per cent to transport and communications, six per cent to internal overhead, five per cent to general government services, four per cent to education assistance, three per cent to foreign affairs and two per cent to support of recreational and cultural programs. It is easy to see the present administration's main thrust is in efforts to improve the lot of the underprivileged, but one wonders how much of the money is transferred from one pocket to another one in similar circumstances.

Bears are making real pests of themselves this summer in the parks and along canoe routes in many of Ontario's vacation lands, so it is advisable for campers to pay special attention to housekeeping habits. Place all garbage in plastic bags securely fastened and put them out daily for pick-up trucks. Bears can smell food even in an insulated and tightly closed ice box. Never leave food or an ice box in your sleeping tent - it's just asking for trouble in the form of Herr Bruin invading the tent.

Twelve year-old Richard Minden shows there is much concerned thinking about possible pollution in this poem called Our Earth:

Our earth is good on the inside
But growing bad on the shell.
And if we don't do something
We'll all end up in hell.
If we clean the air and water
And kill the wars that are fought
Then we'll all be better off
And kidding you I'm not.
If we plant more greens and flowers
And let nature take its course
Then our backyards, parks and cities
Will all be one resource.
If this dream of mine comes true
And I have no doubt it could,
Then we'll all be better off
And the world will be as it should.

Patricia had a little shed,
Attended by his spouse.
The "Shamrock" grew and no one knew,
He kept a puppy house.

They bathed the little animal,
With perfume from the dell.
The neighbors never even knew,
Where came the fragrant smell.

One day a big black car drove up,
Inspectors from the town.
They were looking round for taxes,
They came to track 'em down.

While measuring the little shed,
They heard a funny sound.
They took a peek, the door did creak,
Their Paddy turned around.

She grunted with displeasure,
At the dirty city men.
With her perturbed snout, she pushed them out,
Then cleaned the perfume "Pen."

Now Paddy's lost his future sweet,
They've taken her away.
She's washed and dressed, and hung to rest,
And Paddy got some pay.

Now Paddy has to buy her back,
Like little bits of gold,
Her tender lips are bacon strips,
He wished he had not sold.

Victor Smith
R.R.2 Rockwood.

Free Press Editorial Page

The Acton Free Press, Wednesday, August 2, 1972



JULIE TOWNSLEY, of Cameron Ave. finds herself some different pets from time to time, and this year is no exception. Her father Harold, Parks manager, had to give this little duckling a helping hand into life recently, and Julie took it out for a stroll later that evening. Little Donald has since been returned to his mother at the nest near the arena.

Counting your chickens

The Glengarry News recently carried this little gem which came from Chitty's Law Journal:

There was a man who was in the business of raising chickens. However, he raised no corn to feed the birds and the hens refused to lay eggs until they were fed. Nearby there was a farmer who grew large quantities of corn, so the chicken farmer went to him and offered to work one day each week for a wage of \$5.00.

The agreement was made. The chicken farmer went to work each week, earned \$5.00 and gave the money back to the farmer in return for five bushels of corn. For a time everyone was happy. The hens got their corn, their owner earned \$5.00 a week and the farmer had the labor of the chicken farmer one day each week.

Then one day the chicken farmer went to the farmer and said, "The price of everything is going up so much that I cannot work for less than \$7.50 a day."

The farmer agreed that seemed fair enough, but added, "I agree that prices are going up and that you should get \$7.50 a day, but prices have gone up for me too and I can't sell you a bushel of corn for less than \$1.50.

The chicken farmer agreed that was fair so he worked for \$7.50 a day and paid \$7.50 for five bushels of corn. Finally he got \$10.00 a day and paid \$2.00 a bushel for corn.

And the farmer was happy and said to his wife, "Things are good. I get \$2.00 a bushel for my corn."

And the chicken farmer said to his wife, "Things are good. I get \$10.00 a day for my labor."

And the statistician said, "Isn't this wonderful. National incomes are at new high levels."

And the politicians bragged about it and said, "It was our party that did this for you."

Everybody felt so good about it that they voted for the politicians.

OUR READERS WRITE:

Sad response by people of Acton

Dear Sir:
I am writing with regard to the Acton Country Market run by nine students on a grant from Opportunities For Youth.

The market has been running seven weeks now, every Saturday, 8:30 to 2, in downtown Acton.

The market has been fairly successful but we lack support and spirit from the citizens of Acton.

With a population of nearly 5,000, only 100 or so people show up to visit the market on Saturday.

This is a sad response for a town of our size.

As a student and a youth I have heard a lot of criticism from adults about the younger generation being lazy and lacking initiative, but when we try to do something, even something for the community we receive no support.

This is a sad place to live when so many residents are quick to criticize, yet when all we want is a bit of spirit and involvement they turn their backs.

I never realized people could be so terribly stuck up.

Sincerely yours,
Karen Pierce
Acton Country Market.

We'll miss Corp. Ray Mason

The sudden death of Corporal Ray Mason last week came as a shock to this community. Somehow the policeman is thought of as being immune to the afflictions that plague us ordinary mortals. When it is revealed they must do a trying job subject to the same frailties that afflict us all, it somehow comes as a surprise.

Ray Mason moved to Acton over 20 years ago and immediately became involved in the community.

We remember the years Acton had excellent intermediate baseball and softball teams in which Ray Mason was one of the sparkplugs, along with Fred Dawkins and Jack Royston, who owned the Dominion Hotel.

We can remember when he coached

Legion minor hockey at the arena and the encouragement he used to give budding hockey players. When hockey was revived in Acton after a long famine, it was Ray Mason who was picked to head the new version of the Acton Tanners.

We know of many funeral corteges that were guided past the town's traffic lights by an officer of the law in full salute, that never failed to impress visitors. It was Ray Mason.

We expect police officers to be friendly, kind and courteous even when one of us crawls intoxicated from behind the wheel of a car. We expect them to let us get away with minor things. We expect them to catch thieves, look after our children, keep traffic laws to a minimum with strong enforcement of the laws.

We expect them to look after the town and its citizens on a 24 hour, seven day a week basis, something none of us are prepared to do at our own jobs.

We expected Ray Mason would be with us for some time yet as head of the local detachment of the Ontario Provincial Police. We expected he would be able to retire among us to enjoy the fruits of almost 35 years as a policeman, serving others, an often arduous and demanding task.

He is only going to be with us in spirit.

We'll miss Ray Mason both as a person who commanded respect for the law and as a friendly policeman who would put turned out if he felt he could help.

No more nomination meetings?

Few people are aware that the Ontario Legislature has given two readings to a Bill that when passed will put an end to nomination meetings for municipal election purposes.

Apparently Queens Park feels the nomination meeting has outlived its usefulness. Few towns, villages or cities really have had a successful meeting for many years. Attendance has been poor at most, and at times dismal.

The changes to the Election Act, if we have been informed correctly, could mean that nominations for office will be done merely by submitting a name at the town office with 10 signatures attached, indicating a candidate will run for office.

The editor of the Stratford Tribune, commenting on the revised Act, says: "Good. The custom has outlived its day."

We are not so positive. The municipality will in all likelihood be able to call a public meeting prior to the election to acquaint the electorate with the candidates but we doubt this will achieve any more success than the old-fashioned nomination meeting.

We would like to know when retiring councillors will give an account of their stewardship.

Are we expected to wade through lengthy financial reports to study the town's position? How can we assess the worth of an individual running for office when we have no means of

knowing how well he has done the previous term?

These are questions we would like to see asked in the revised Election Act.

Although participation in nomination meetings has often been lethargic and the privilege misused, there are still many people who want a personal answer to questions about the operation of the municipality.

It is easy to see we are heading for a time when the personal touch will disappear. Many of the decisions that relate to a municipality are often made in Toronto, rather than at the local level, and until the advent of regional governments that trend will continue.

Bill Smiley



Somehow I can't get too excited these days about Senator McGovern or Bobby Hull playing against the Russians, or any of the other hysterical events in the press. Trouble is, we're staying for a week at Grandad's, which is not conducive to getting excited about anything.

There's a radio and television set and a party-line telephone, but nobody pays much attention to any of them. On the other hand, there is no roar of traffic, no paper-boy ringing the door-bell at 7:00 a.m., demanding his week's pay, no honking of horns or squealing of tires, no raucous sputtering of lawnmowers.

Nor is there any reek of exhaust fumes, factory smoke, melting asphalt, rancid fish-and-chips, or polluted water.

The reason is simple enough. Grandad lives in a handsome stone house about 60 yards from a quiet country road, which you can barely see from the house, hidden as it is behind trees and hedge and shrubs. About four cars and me, a couple of small trucks and one tractor go by each day.

No blatting motorcycles, snarling buses and grinding big trucks. The nearest lawnmower, and nearest neighbors, are 200 yards down the road, out of sight and sound. No daily paper, so no cheeky paper-boy ringing and ringing.

No blotting motorcycles, snarling buses and grinding big trucks. The nearest lawnmower, and nearest neighbors, are 200 yards down the road, out of sight and sound. No daily paper, so no cheeky paper-boy ringing and ringing.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 14, 1952.

A rare stone formed by nature about a million years ago is pictured in the latest issue of the Family Herald with its owner Edgar Harris of Rockwood. The stone is a roundhead that was whirled round and round on and into softer rock to form one of the potholes in the Rockwood area. Mr. Harris is sure it is a genuine roundhead. "You can tell them easily enough for they'll spin," he explained. These stones used to be found frequently but they have been carried off by people visiting the potholes. The stone weighs over 100 pounds.

Upper school marks are announced for Yvonne Brunelle, Douglas Davidson, Jane Elliott, Carolyn Oakes, Lorene Roszel, Shirley Thompson, Dorothy Warne.

Prominent builder and businessman of Acton, John R. Leishman died Monday in his 75th year. He built many of the buildings in Acton and opened up the Leishman survey at the east end of town which has 40 or 50 fine homes on Queen, Peel and Arthur Sts. Two routes between Acton and Milton for the new Windsor-Toronto highway have now been surveyed. The first route is about a mile north of Milton. The second has now been surveyed about three miles south of Acton. Completion of the project may take 7 to 10 years.

Winner of a leather overnight case at the draw at the tennis club was little Beverly Brunelle. The dance was held on the tennis court Wednesday with dancing to the Debonaires.

The first case of polio in town this season has been reported. There is fortunately no paralysis involved.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 3, 1922.

Rev. J. R. Brown, B.A. of Veteran, Alta., addressed the Methodist Sunday School of which his brother Mr. A. T. Brown is Superintendent, on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Brown was for many years pianist for the Sunday school orchestra.

Last week Mann Bros. on the Acton crossroad sold to Sir Adam Beck one of their fine hackney horses for his stables. Needless to say the animal was a very fine one that suited the tastes of Sir Adam and the figure paid was a fancy one.

Miss Margaret Bennett, who has been teaching in the schools of London, Eng., the past year, will sail for home on the 11th inst.

Prior to leaving Bracebridge for Acton the people of that town tendered Mr. and Mrs. Peter Smith and family a public farewell. This took the form of a trip on the lake accompanied by the citizens' band and many citizens participated. Mr. Smith has resigned as mayor of Bracebridge. They are now comfortably settled in their home at Hill Hall.

The eldest son of the home of Mrs. John Orr, Bower Ave., John, 29, passed away last Wednesday with pitiful suddenness. When his father died he had been left the head of the family and with a view to betterment of their fortunes the family decided to move from Ireland to Canada in 1911.

Among his other good qualities the new Methodist minister Rev. Hackett is appreciated for his 20 minute sermons.

Out of respect for the memory of Alexander Graham Bell every telephone on this continent was silent for one minute on Saturday during the funeral service.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 12, 1897.

Dr. A. L. McLaren of Port Huron is a genius and has invented many surgical instruments of value. The most wonderful is one to save the eyesight of women. With a slot in a thimble he threads needles with lightning rapidity. The doctor holds that no lady should look at a needle while threading it. Stigmatisms of the eye is an affection that leads to wearing glasses and is largely caused by straining eyes while threading needles. Dr. McLaren was born and brought up at Campbellville.

The friends of Mr. John Milhousen who has been on night duty at the G.T.R. depot the past two years are much pleased he has been appointed day ticket agent.

The government is considering the appointment of an administrator for the Yukon gold fields. Civil and criminal courts will be set up immediately and extra detachments of the Mounted Police are going up with a couple of Maxim guns.

Died—Mary Duff, Nassagaweya, aged 29; infant daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Hollinrake; Sarah Jane Smith, widow of the late Hanson Smith, age 54; Nora May Ryder, three months and 14 days.

Though as vehicles of pleasure bicycles are fine and fleet; as a vehicle of courtship the old top buggy can't be beat.

If the council cannot have the brass and nickel portions of the fire engine hauled away any other way they had better have a tree to accomplish it. And that unsightly pile of cedar slabs which has been resting against the side of the town hall does not give the town an aesthetic appearance.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

PHONE 853-2010

Business and Editorial Office



Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 35 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Acton Bureau of Circulation, the C.W.N.A. and the C.W.N.A. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance. \$6.00 in Canada, \$7.00 in all countries other than Canada. Single copies 15 cents. Second class mail registration number 0315. 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. Advertisements for goods or services at a reduced price, or for a limited time, will not be accepted unless they are paid for in advance. Advertising is not an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

Printed and Published by David R. Dills, Publisher, Hartley Cole, Editor, Don Ryder, Advertising Manager.

Copyright 1972