### 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 for interest on the public debt, 13 per eest for defence, eight per cent to transfer payments in provincial governments, seven per cent to transport and communications. six per cent to internal overbead, 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 cance 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 is your sleeping tent—it's just asking for trouble in the form of Herr Bruin invacing the tent.

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

Our numb is good on the inside But crowing had on the shell. And if we don't do something We'll all end up in bell. 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 his nature take its course Then nor 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.

Paidy tad a little shed.

Attended by his spouse.

The "Shannrock" grew and no one knew.

He kept a piggy house.

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

One day a hig 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 furny sound. They took a peak, the door did creak. Then Porky turned around.

She grunted with displeasure, at the durty city men. With her periumed shout, she pushed them out

With her periumed shout, she pushed the out.

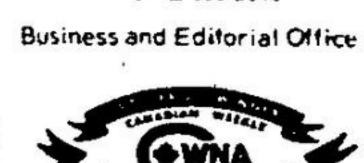
Then cleaned the periumed "Pen."

Now Puddy's lost his fiture 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 bad not sold

> Victor Smith R.R.2 Rockwood.

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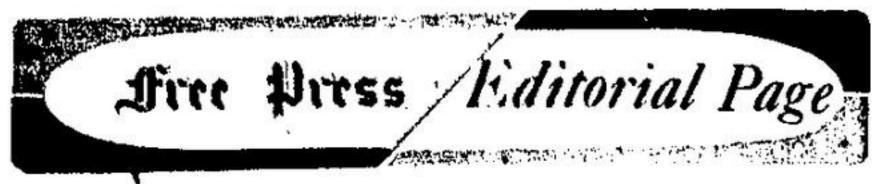


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The Active Free Press, Wednesday, August 2, 1972



JULIE TOWNSLEY, of Cameron Ave. finds herself some different pets from time to ume, 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.

—(Photo by J. Jennings)

# 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 be 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.

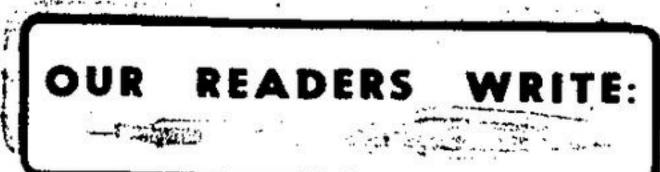
And the farmer was happy and said to his wife, "Things are good. I get \$2.00 a bushel for my corn."

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.



# 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.

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

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 hasis, something none of us are prepared to do at our own jobs.

We expected Bay Mason would be with us for some time yet as head of the local detachment of the Ontario Provincial Prime. We expected he would be title to retire among us to apply the fruits of almost 25 years as a policement, surving others, an often irration and demanding task.

the us andy gaing to be with us in spirat.

Mell truss Pay Mason both as a jairous wisocommanded respect for the law and as a friendly policeman who would put humanifour if he felt he could bull.

# 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 Straffville Tribute, commenting on the revised Act, \$275-"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 electionste with the candidates but we don't 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 PROVING NOW WELL has done the

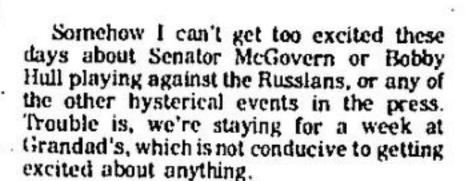
Track are questions we would like inconsent indice we go out on any limb to endorse the recised Election Act.

Aircraft participation in continuion meetings has often been letharge and the prolonge minimed, there are still many people who want a personal anamer to questions about the operation of the minimpality

It is easy to see we are readily bearing to 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 this trend will continue.

THE THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY O

## Bill Smiley



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 reck of exhaust fumes, factory smoke, melting asphalt, rancid fishand-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 make a couple of small trucks and one tractor go by each day.

No blatting motorcycles, snarling buses and grinding big trucks. The nearest lawn-mower, 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.



The only sounds are the breeze in the trees, the somehow comforting mutter of a farmer mowing his hay, birdsongs, the buzz of an odd fly, and my wife talking incessantly to her father.

The only smells are roses, fresh-mown hay and what's cooking for dinner. Along with the cleanest air this side of heaven. The road is gravel, so there's no stink of asphalt. The nearest fish-and-chips are four miles away. The nearest factory is 20 miles away. And the nearest water is a huge bay, deep, clean, cold and unpolluted.

I'm sitting typing this at Grandad's desk, with a window right in front of me. Looking out, I see nearest a magnificent bed of roses, red and white. Beyond that a huge maple tree. Beside it an old apple tree with a swing dangling for the grandchildren. And beyond these the solid green of other trees.

Looking out the other window, to my right, there's a mass of flowers, then a white fence, then a huge hay-field, often with kids riding horses, then a line of trees and beyond and below that, a vast expanse of blue, blue water, with white cliffs on the other side of the hay Three bundred yards down the road, there is a cold, fast-flowing stream, with a real waterfall. I've taken some nice

specialed and rambow trout out of there. In

the spring the rainbow come up it to spawn.

Half a mile away, where the stream flows into the bay, the rainbow trout fishing would bring tears to the eyes of a city boy who has never caught anything but a perch. Hundreds of rainbow are taken there in the spring and fall, and the fishing is improving, because the local anglers have done a lot to preserve the spawning females.

Across the road from the house, there is a pasture and beyond it a wild apple orchard where the partridge like to feed.

A couple of years ago, I was looking that way. Out of the orchard, across the pusture and right up to the fence came a buck and a doe. They were perhaps 70 yards from me. We stared at each other in mutual admiration (at least on my side) for about five minutes until they turned, flipped their white tails and gazelled back into the woods without panic. A memorable experience.

A friend of mine, who runs cattle on the adjacent property, was out counting his beasts one day when he saw a black bear amble across the property south of this, stroll up the fence line and disappear.

the fence line and disapped (Continued on Page Five)

## 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,

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

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 Super-intendent, 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 regrees.

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. Sugmatisms 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 Dulf, Nassagaweya, aged 29; infant daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Hollinrake; Sarah Jane Smith, widow of the late Hannon 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 best.

if the council cannot have the brass and nickel portions of the fire engine burnished any other way they had better have a bee 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.