

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 16, 1953.

Y's Men's district governor Emory Knill installed the new executive under president J. Groer, secretary J. McGeachie and treasurer T. Jones. Three new members Ralph McKeown, Jim Moles and Doug McPherson joined.

An impressive dedication service was held at Eden Mills Presbyterian church when Rev. D. Crawford Smith of Guelph dedicated the new communion table which was presented to the congregation by the young people.

Construction of a new fire exit from the social room of the Y is being done this week.

Bert Mason passed away in his 79th year. He was an esteemed resident and employee of Mason Knitting Co. until retirement. He was bandmaster of Acton Citizens' Band, leader of the choir in Acton United church and a choir member for many years.

Halton's Member of Parliament since 1935, Hughes Cleaver bid farewell in a radio broadcast from Parliament Hill.

Made life members of Acton Women's Institute on their 50th anniversary were Mrs. Geo. Lantz, Mrs. F. J. Wilds, Mrs. Fred Anderson and Mrs. R. L. Davidson.

Fred Wright is visiting in England and writes he has visited Acton Rotary club and he expects to go to Scotland to visit Scotty Burton. He reads the Free Press at the home of his mother-in-law Mrs. Walker at Kendal, Westmorland.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 12, 1923.

The new Beginners' Room of the Public School was opened in the Council Chamber on Monday morning. Mrs. William Munroe is the teacher in charge. On Monday the first day this new school was opened 34 children under the age of seven years and who had never been in school previously were registered. The room is furnished with kindergarten seats and desks and is comfortable and well lighted.

Reeve Hampshire of Esquesing delivered a very interesting address at the meeting of the Young People's Guild on Canada, and What are we going to do with it? All present felt that Canada is a country worth feeling proud of and for whose development our best endeavors should be put forth.

At the council meeting councillor Harrison brought up the matter of having a public celebration to celebrate the town's fifty years of incorporation. The general feeling was that July 1st should be designated as the time for the official celebration.

Council received the report from the Provincial Board of Health on the sanitary survey of the wells of Acton. Of the 107 wells tested in Acton, 65 showed gross pollution, 20 showed pollution and only 2 were fit for condition for the water to be used for drinking purposes. Samples taken from the taps in town and at the reservoir showed the water to be of excellent quality, and a sample taken at the spring was found to be absolutely pure.

The big snow banks have been the bane of motorists the past few weeks. Maple syrup, \$2.50 a gallon now.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 14, 1898.

One of the largest funerals ever witnessed at Everton gathered on Sunday afternoon when the late Joseph Martin of Coningsby, formerly of Everton, was buried. The Orangemen and Workmen headed the procession and it is said there were over 200 vehicles, beside the greater part of our residents who walked to the cemetery to meet them.

While hot words were passing between the Irish and Scotch at Speyside over a road contract the other evening, a young gent from the Black passing along at the time sang "There's a hot time in our town tonight."

The new sweet-toned bell from the foundry of the Blymer Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, pealed forth the hours of service at St. Alban's church on Easter morning for the first time. The bell is a present to the congregation, the entire cost being borne by subscriptions given by personal friends of Rev. Mr. Godden. It is a much appreciated addition to the sacred edifice.

Crewson's Corners column—On Good Friday two of Acton's best crokinole players played with two of our boys. The result was a crowning victory to our players. So far this year our players have not suffered defeat and they are willing to meet all comers.

Principal T. T. Moore lost his fine Jersey family cow last week from inflammation. She was worth \$60.

The Piano Committee of the Crokinole Club has purchased from Mr. C. W. Kelly the fine cabinet grand Bell piano.

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Business and Editorial Office



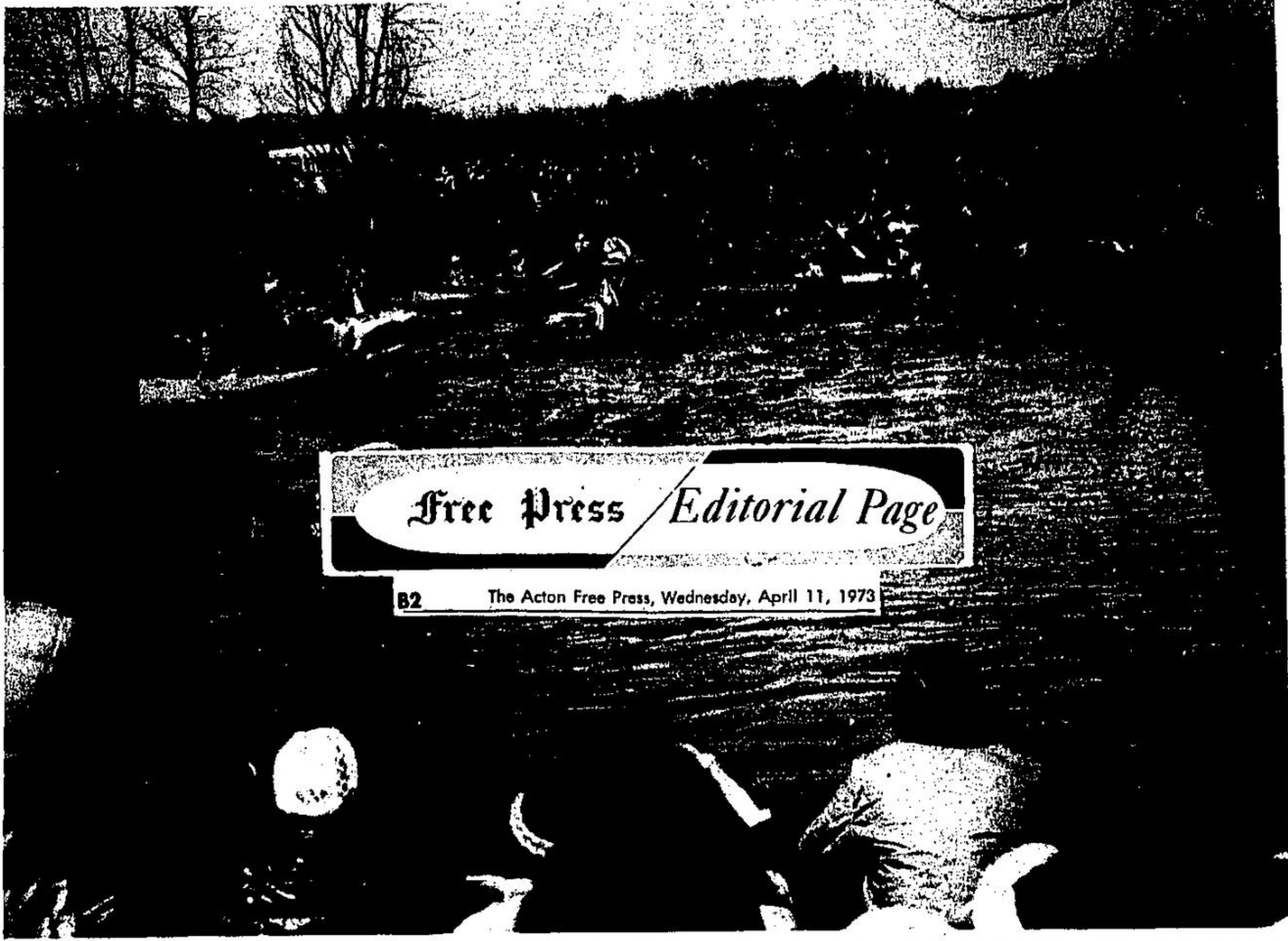
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Free Press Editorial Page

B2 The Acton Free Press, Wednesday, April 11, 1973

CRAZY BOAT RACES SPONSORED BY THE Georgetown Junior Chamber of Commerce drew thousands of spectators to the banks of the Credit River Saturday afternoon for the annual contest from the 10th Line bridge, north of Glen Williams, downriver to Norval over rapids, dams and guffaws from the sidelines. This year 53 canoes entered in the two man canoe race shown starting out. Crazy boat entries were as crazy and numerous as ever but the river was considerably less angry than last year when many ended the contest early underwater as craft upset.

County raises more than adequate

Considering the modest honorariums members of Acton council receive for their services, the recent \$1,000 increases county council voted themselves seem more than adequate.

Reeve Ric Morrow of Georgetown, noting county salaries have gone from \$19,500 in 1970 to \$32,000 under the new scale, claims he will not accept the most recent \$1,000 and might donate it back to his own municipality.

It is unfortunate Mr. Morrow chose to be spokesman for those who felt the present salaries were adequate. He, apparently, attends only a few of the many county council meetings and this disqualifies him as a responsible spokesman.

Under the new pay scale, county councillors will receive \$4,000 per year as well as the remuneration they

receive from their own municipality, which varies from town to township. The affluent south, of course, leads the way, the Burlington reeve and deputy-reeve receiving \$6,500 a year.

Oakville's reeve and deputy reeve receive \$4,500 and \$4,250 respectively, while Georgetown's two representatives on county council receive \$2,500 per annum, Milton's \$2,000.

Esquesing council recently raised their remuneration to \$2,000 per annum, except for the reeve who receives an additional fee for his added headaches. Nassagaweya pays its reeve \$1,500 per year, and the deputy gets \$1,250.

Acton paid its reeve and deputy on the \$20 a meeting scale set for all members of council with the mayor's salary set at \$3,000. This will likely be changed by the time this newspaper

goes to press, with an increase in line with what other councils have been getting.

So, on order of pay, The Burlington members of county council will receive \$10,500 a year, Oakville's representatives will receive \$8,500 and \$8,250 respectively, Georgetown's \$6,500 and Milton \$6,000. Esquesing's two representatives will receive approximately \$6,700 and \$6,000. Nassagaweya's reeve, since she is also warden, will receive the \$11,500 salary for warden and the modest \$1,500 she will collect as reeve of the township, for a total of \$13,000.

Acton's two representatives will receive their \$4,000 from county council in addition to the remuneration set at last night's budget meeting of council.

It is obvious from the scale of salaries most municipalities have set,

and the additional increment from county council; that our municipal representatives are in no danger of starving. By the same token it is not fair to insinuate county councillors are getting overpaid unless there is full awareness of the number of meetings they attend and the duties they perform.

However, we would feel easier about municipal council pay hikes if they would not be so backward about stating reasons for the raises. We agree with the editor of the Georgetown Herald who says it is time some of the less significant decisions were handled by the municipal staff instead of at council committee meetings where every request "to fix a pothole, decide on the location of an advertising sign or arrange details of a remembrance day parade" is made.

Community colleges confer benefits

The success of the Community College experiment in Ontario is best exemplified by results such as came out of a recent Sheridan College report.

The report shows 77 per cent of Sheridan's 1972 graduates are "on the job market" and of these 95 per cent are employed. This compares favorably with 1971 when 75 per cent were on the market and 91 per cent employed.

The 23 per cent not on the job market consists of 19 per cent who are continuing their education and four per cent who are not seeking employment for reasons of travel, marriage, illness or family obligations.

Of the total 613 surveyed it was interesting to note that 84 per cent have jobs relating to their Sheridan training

and 92 per cent are satisfied with their jobs.

Those surveyed who are not on the job market indicated 13 per cent had returned to Sheridan for advanced study in their particular field or in another program of interest to them. Another six per cent are attending other post-secondary institutions.

How about the four per cent unemployed, a figure which runs slightly lower than official unemployment figures for the province?

According to Dean Bromley, one-third of the unemployed have refused employment opportunities or have left employment. "There is no reason why students can't get jobs if they want to," he said. "In fact, there are more jobs than graduates."

In the welter of conflicting reports about the unemployment situation in Canada and the province, it is refreshing to receive reports such as came out of Sheridan College. The report shows students who have no desire to continue on to university should seriously consider enrolling in the province's community colleges where graduates' job opportunities are better and more satisfying than stopping for those content with high school background only.

In a world which becomes increasingly complex it is important that students should have special training in a particular field if they are going to make their mark. It is true this can be achieved in a number of other

ways, but the community colleges are filling in the gap which once faced those who did not want to, or could not afford to go on to university, and at the same time were eager to enlarge their skills and training in other areas previously not open to them.

This is Education week across Ontario and despite all the criticism directed at education in this province, it is generally acknowledged the system of education is among the best on the continent. There are flaws, of course, as there are flaws in any areas of public instruction or learning, but this is a good time to sit down and review some of the successes of the system on which we depend to educate those who will one day lead this province — and nation.



Coles' Slaw

There's nothing more depressing than a fire such as the one which almost completely destroyed the stately century-old home of Eramosa deputy reeve Duncan McPhedran last week.

Fire started in the kitchen of the stone farm home and spread through the entire structure, despite the best efforts of the Rockwood-Eramosa brigade to stem its course. At one point in the early part of the fire, the brigade ran out of water just when it seemed they had it under control. By the time they had arrived with more water, flames had crept through into the large front section and created an inferno.

Burned were bedrooms and the work of generations of the family which can never be replaced. Flames fed on the tinder-dry

timbers, many of them probably hand hewn when the first part of the building was erected.

Few houses in this area exist which can be traced back as far as 1874. Fewer still have the fine lines and clean architectural look of the McPhedran home. Although loss was estimated at \$70,000 it is impossible to put a price tag on a home, any home. There is too much sentiment, laughter, tears, toil and family memories associated with rooms where a family has lived for generations.

Fortunately the chilly spring wind was blowing in the opposite direction and the barn on the farm was never threatened by flames, which were visible for miles.

The McPhedran farm is one of the finest in the township, always a pleasant sight to see with its tree lined lane stretching back to house and barn.

As with most fires in the rural area, neighbors and friends were there to assist the fire brigade, speak comforting words to the family and assist in any way they could.

Tragedy in the country is always allayed by the kind actions of those who come to the aid of neighbors and friends.

I am always hesitant to approach the family of those who suffer fire losses to offer my sympathy, especially when flames are still eating away at a home which has housed a family for generations, but it is part of a newspaperman's job to ask questions and write a story which communicates some of the loss which is suffered without being trite.

This is often difficult to do when you know those who bear the loss, respect and like them, as is the case with the McPhedran family. I have run into Duncan at many township and other functions to which he gives much of his time and like him I find it hard to believe a stone home could vanish in one nightmare full of flames.

Recently the family made many improvements to the home, which makes the loss harder to bear.

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Due to the pressure of events and the fact Denis Gibbons had left for sunny Spain the previous week, I was not able to accompany Ken Hulford, manager of the Acton Bowling Lanes to the annual awards dinner of the Bowling proprietors of Ontario last week. However, Ken kindly sent along the program and the menu with roast prime rib of beef au jus and all the trimmings just so I could drool over it. He's been a director of BPAO for several years and a going concern in the bowling industry as anyone who has been associated with him in any way is aware. Say, Ken, how did the Consomme Celestine taste? Sounds like it was made in heaven.

Speaking of eating the Weight Watchers of Canada have proclaimed this Weight Watchers' week, not to be confused with Waist Watchers' week, although it is all aimed in the same direction. To help honor the observance, the Weight Watchers, who have a thriving chapter in Acton, have produced Ten Commandments they ask club members to observe.

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(Continued on Page B4)

Bill Smiley

Any day now it will be cheaper to fly to Europe and back than it is to spend a couple of days in the city.

Air fares are coming down as rapidly as city prices are taking off. This was borne home to me, as they say, during a recent brief visit to the Big Smoke. And I don't mean New York. Just an ordinary Canadian city in the true north, strong but far from free.

Our relatives always kindly invite us to stay with them, but we visit the bright lights so seldom that we throw caution to the wind, let ourselves go deliberately decadent, and plunge for the hotel room and all the extras.

It used to be a grand feeling: checking in at the hotel just like the rich people; tossing the bell hop half a dollar as though you did it every day; walking into the luxurious room and turning up the heat and to hell with the fuel bill; picking up the phone to call room service; and loftily asking the Old Lady, "Wonder what the poor people are doing today?"

But that semi-annual plunge is no longer into a warm bath of unaccustomed luxury and service. It's more like a dive off the town dock just after the ice has gone out of the bay. Not refreshing; just numbing.

Things have changed. Now there's a car jockey to park your car. He can open the door with one hand and hold out the other like a professional beggar in Calcutta.

Next is the doorman: If you have one small bag, he's right there, taking it from you with one hand, and holding out the other. If you have four heavy bags, he's busy whistling up a cab for a blonde.

You totter across the capacious lobby, and the bellhop relieves you of your bags just before you collapse in front of the desk.

There's one thing that hasn't changed: the room clerk. He's as snotty as he was 20 years ago in every city and every country. You'd think he owned the place as he looks down his nose at your overcoat with the frayed cuffs and your big rubber boots which you wore from the country.

And beware the poor innocent who doesn't have a reservation. He is the dessert for the meal of this particular type of hyena.

Some day, when I am old enough and crochety enough, and I haven't had any kicks for a long time, and I've driven a hundred miles, and a room clerk smirks at me, "Sorry, we haven't a thing." I'm going to pull a gun and shoot him right between his cold, mean little eyes. And I think a good lawyer, with an understanding jury, would get me off scot free.

Next in the gauntlet is the bellboy. He doesn't lug your bags and sweat any more. He slings them onto a cart. Don't hand him, with a flourish, the old-time half-dollar. He's liable to hand it back, with a bigger flourish, and snarl. "Here, Mac, I think you need it more than I do."

And he's probably right. He's no "boy". He's 38 years old and he owns three depieses.

Well, anyway, you've made it to the room. But before you flop on the bed, don't check the room rates on the back of the door or you won't flop, you'll swoon.

Holy Old Nelly: You must be in the wrong room, or they've given you the Trudeau suite. Shake your head, look around the room: make sure that lady isn't Margaret. Same old room you swear you paid \$18 for last time. Same woman and the price tag is \$36.

This is not the time to say, "Oh well. In for a penny, in for a pound." You know what happened to the pound. Your dollar is suffering the same abject agonies.

Dazedly, you call room service, order some ice, and if you're smart, you'll tell them you don't want it transported by air from the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, (U.S.S.R.) even though it will take as long and cost as much.

Don't order any glasses. They'll cost you more than a new pair at your favorite optometrist's. Drink out of your hands, as you did when you were a boy.

If your wife has a yen for something sweet when you get back from the theatre or whatever, don't call room service and order French pastry and coffee. Two sad little pieces of stale Christmas cake or something and a jug of coffee will set you back four bucks, plus tip. Take a chocolate bar with you instead.

Don't go to the theatre in the first place. We took our daughter and her husband to a show. Four tickets, \$44. New York wouldn't have the nerve.

Don't eat out. Dinner for four, at a "moderate" restaurant, with one cocktail, can run from \$25 to \$50. Plus the inevitable you-know-what. The only result is a nagging feeling which may be either gastritis, or your pioneer ancestors' ghosts haunting you in the stomach.

Final disillusion. I always spring for a shoe-shine. It seems a reasonable luxury, as it's one of the two or three times a year my brogues get a brush. Went for it this time. Halfway through, I realized the poor devil shining my shoes was retarded.

I decided to help, in my small way. I had my quarter ready, but changed it for a fifty-cent piece. Gave it to him, feeling sort of warm inside. He pointed to a sign behind my head.

It read, "Shoeshines, 50c." It was then I realized which of us was retarded, as I fished for another two bits.