

P.O. is social institution

As far as we know, Acton people are accepting house-to-house mail delivery without protest.

Some are saying they'll miss the daily trip to the post office and the inevitable chat with friends. However, the Free Press survey found most people willing to have house delivery.

Not so in Yellowknife, North West Territories. There the residents are demanding an end to Ottawa's plans to abolish post office boxes and start home delivery at the end of September.

They say there will be no delivery on Saturday and that much of their mail will be delivered

a day later.

And they declare that their present system with its 2,000 post office boxes and general delivery wickets is a social institution.

Home delivery is due to start in Acton Sept. 9. Does anybody here agree with the people of Yellowknife?

Free Press Editorial Page

4 The Acton Free Press, Wed., August 28, 1974

Smaller churches remain

Several candidates for the honour of the smallest United Church congregation in Canada are listed in the current issue of The United Church Observer.

One is Tahsis Inlet, on Vancouver Island, which has a lay minister, an official structure and three congregations with a total of 13 members—but only eight of them are still residents. Another is Bamfield, on the west coast of

Vancouver Island, which has a minister and an organization, but is part of a larger official charge. Its local membership has recently climbed from seven to 12.

Baldwin's Mills, in Quebec's Eastern Townships, has eight members and an organization, but only a summer student as minister. Upsala, in northwestern Ontario, has only four members, but no minister or organization.

To count officially as a pastoral charge, a congregation must have an officially recognized organization and a valid ministry.

The article makes us wonder again why the church hierarchy insisted Churchill congregation should dissolve and join with Acton. The community church there was the happy result of the controversy.

Our readers write

Swimmer blows her stack

Editor, Acton Free Press:

If this letter had been written last week, I might have been minus a typewriter as the result of a resounding explosion. Temper! Temper!—and all because I was informed by a kid young enough to be my grandchild (she should be so unlucky!) that I could not swim in the beach area of old Fairy Lake. I have dog-paddled in Acton's pond for 50 years, and never before have I been warned to stay out of the water.

Reason for the edict? There was a swimming class in progress, on a warm morning, involving three instructors and no more than half a dozen young bodies for whose learning welfare, the whole beach area was cordoned off with buoy ropes.

This area happens to provide the only safe access to dunking water on the park side. Elsewhere, a water baby encounters mud, stones or weeds and gunk.

Before last Tuesday's confrontation, Georgetown teenager versus Old Battle-Axe, the latter had heard rumors to the effect that the general public, kids and adults, were banned from the sandy section of Fairy Lake, in the interest of something called "a water safety program" — quote from Halton Hills recreation department. Cynical and all as I am about regional government, I found this rumor hard to credit, despite reports from an irate mother of a 15-year-old boy, and a browned-off husband whose spouse was more or less told to hang her clothes on the hickory limb, but don't go in the water.

The mom, a hard-working citizen, had dispatched son and younger daughters to the park for lunch and a swim, a family custom since the youngsters grew old enough to look after themselves. Boy-in-charge tangled verbally with one of the instructors. As a result the LAW was called. Mom decided that was that; no more a.m. park outing for her kids.

Last Tuesday, I learned for myself about the out-of-bounds rule. I admit freely—to use a corny expression—I over-reacted. In plain English, I blew my stack. When the young spokesman for regional bureaucracy informed me politely that the class would soon be over, and you can go in then, this relic of a less privileged generation announced bluntly: that she was going into the water—now. Which she did, while the instructor twittered: "We can't allow it. We can't allow it."

It would be cosy to report that the girl's frantic injunctions caused me to repent and conform to the image of a nice, old lady. Alas, this senior citizen sometimes known as OLD BAG, and worse, ran true to form. "Try and stop me," she snarled, and plunged into the drink, while budding Officialdom figuratively pranced with frustration and lamented aloud, her protest inaudible to the rebel swimmer, whose thick skull was encased in a tight bathing cap.

Brief swim over, I hailed an Acton lifeguard and quizzed her about 'this idiotic rule and who dreamed it up.' She explained extra bodies in the swim area distracted learners, and besides because of weeds it was unsafe to swim outside the buoy line. "Sorry you feel this way, but we just can't allow it."

Still boiling, the OLD BAG served notice that "no chit of a teenager is going to tell me when and where to swim. I've been swimming in this pond for 50 years, and will continue to do so, regardless of rules."

A call later to the Recreation office, Georgetown (natch) Halton Hills (har dar) confirmed that the park instructors were enforcing a rule hatched at top level. Therefore, although the out-of-bounds restriction is in my opinion unfair to the general public, the girls were within their rights to shoo Old Meanie away.

Mr. Collison (Doug) recreation chief explained the lake was programmed mornings for water safety, a.m. hours being the least desirable of the day. The Acton caller wanted to know how come—as some people consider mornings the best time for daily dips. Furthermore, everyone is not free for various reasons to trip down to Fairy Lake afternoons.

Why, continued Ancient Baby Snooks, was the park wading pool getting only limited use this summer? Mr. Collison

reminded Old Actonite who did not need reminding, that the shallow pool was designed for wading rather than swimming. Yet before pre-regional togetherness, it was used continuously for swim lessons.

I would like to clarify one point: I do not fault the teenage water safety instructors for the job they have done this summer. If passing observation counts for anything, they are a credit to the 'Rec' department. Polite, helpful and patient with their young charges.

My gripe is against a rule that penalizes the general public for the benefit of a few youngsters. It should not be necessary to rope off the entire beach area for swim lessons. For one thing, the morning sun drives pre-teen kids to the opposite side of the pond where they jump from piled-up picnic tables into 15-foot depths. The other morning I asked a ten-year-old: "Not very safe here, is it?"

Her reply: "No, it's kind of deep. But we can't swim on the other side."

"Poor little girl" replies

Dear Editor: I wish to correct the letter from Anna and John Coniglio because I am "the poor little girl" who bought the jeans.

The poor excuse of a bill which I received was merely an old business card of Milady Hairstyling with prices of the purchased articles on the back. These prices were not itemized according to the articles bought. Other stores say the price cannot be raised on old stock unless clearly marked or the customer is informed. A & J's did neither. The original price tags were taken off by the

I concede readily that unrestricted swimming in the beach area would pose problems for instructors and learners. There are always a few clowns who spoil things for the majority. A total ban, though, is carrying recreation authority too far.

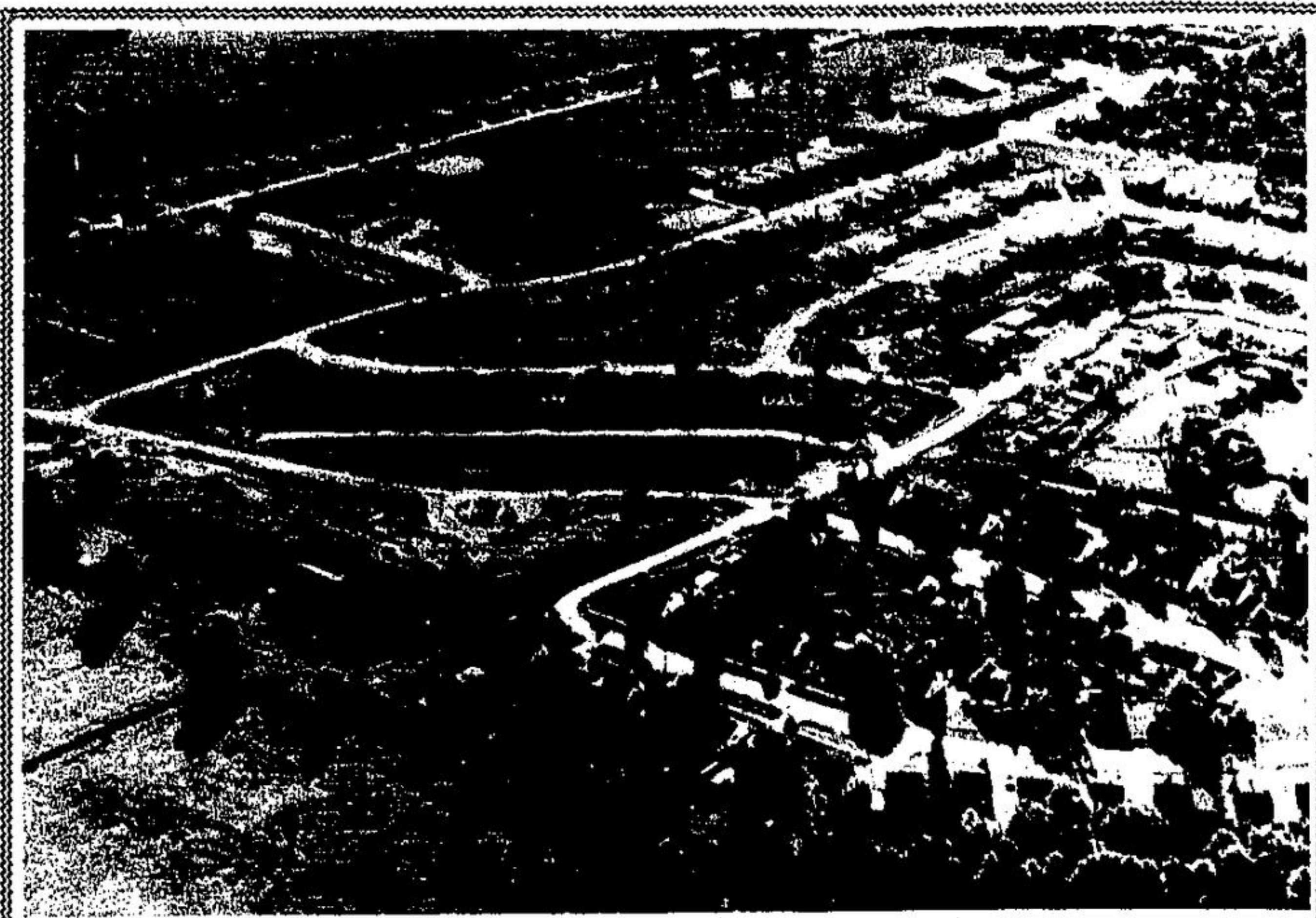
Under normal circumstances, I consider myself a law-abiding citizen, who minds her own business. Only two sets of circumstances make me violent: cruelty to birds and critters and being pushed around.

Before regional government, bureaucracy was reaching the stage of calling for a license to blow one's nose. Being bedded down with Georgetown and Esquesing is certainly not increasing the individual freedom of Actonites.

At 59 almost, and well over the hill, I don't skate, bowl, curl, ride, golf or knock around a badminton birdie. My only sport is summer swimming in Fairy Lake. Hence, I fiercely resent being told by a Georgetown young'un that I can't go into home waters, when the spirit moves me.

Esther Taylor

store owners as I bought my clothing. I agree with you on one point, John, "it's been a long hot summer" but we spend our time doing jobs for the "Senior Citizen's of Acton, house painting mostly. I am sure they would not approve of us being called "scabs" instead of S.C.A.P. You stand on the sidewalk and shout at us walking by. Have you run out of ways to amuse yourself during the long hot summer? We are giving to the people, not taking. "Try it, you'll like it." Mary Ann Dehaan



AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH shows houses under construction in Bovis subdivision. The photograph was taken August 14 by Steven Dills. Churchill Rd. runs across the top of the picture and new subdivision roads extend east (left) to it. The new swimming pool at the high school may be seen at the top right corner of the picture, with Warren Grove (wartime housing) at the bottom.

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I don't know about you, but we've had a real whizzer of a summer. Just a mad, gay, The Great Gatsby sort of thing.

You know what I mean. You've been through it. Loitering by the pool with an extra-dry martini and the golden girls undulating past with so little on that your eyeballs pop out and splinter your sun glasses.

Enchanting evenings on the beach, waves lapping, the fire glowing embers, and just the twenty-four of you. Night, and mystery, and romance. (By the way, did you ever try to glow an ember?) It's quite a feat.

And speaking of feat, the only lapping I've heard this summer is our abysmally stupid cat lapping the sweat off my feet. He seems to like it — probably has a salt deficiency problem — and I must admit it gives me a strange, perverse thrill.

Perhaps by now you realize that in my own far from subtle way, I am suggesting that we've had a bummer of a summer.

And you are absolutely, without qualification, one hundred and twenty-four per cent right.

Oh, don't think it's been a complete waste of time. We've aged two years in two months, which is quite a feat. There's that word again. Feet?

We haven't just been lying around, watching the grass grow. This would, in any case, be difficult, since it does not grow after about the 20th of June. But the dandelions are pretty, though short-lived, and the wild clover has a certain charm.

No. We've been quite active socially. It all started after Commencement, last June. One of the teachers had a party.

Bill Smiley



Teachers, after Commencement, are somewhat similar to Magellan's sailors, who after battling six months to round Cape Horn, find themselves a Pacific Ocean and a tropical island.

It was a good party, as parties go, and they go too long. However, as we say in the game when we don't quite know what else to say, we accepted a ride home with our resident artist, who came in for some hot chocolate and burned a hole in one of the end-tables as big as your eye, when no one was looking, in the process of putting out a cigarette.

I think that started the summer on the wrong foot. I seem to have a fetish about feet and feet today but don't let it bother you.

Well, to get back to our swinging summer social life, it's been something. We've been to a funeral and a wedding. I've never had so much kissing in my life.

While the funeral was sad, in a sense, it was also a family reunion, in another. Nephews and nieces I haven't seen in years. And four of the five Smileys all together at once, for the first time in a couple of decades. The wee Colonel was in Germany. And the wake had a good touch of Irish in it, if you follow me.

And the wedding was a pretty good shot, too, even though we discovered the happy couple had been married several hours before, due to some stupid, ridiculous statute. I got to kiss not only the bride, but her four older sisters, all of them former students of mine. And their mother.

Also, as it was a Ba-hai wedding, quite a few of the guests, ranging from suckling babes to grandmothers, were former students.

I like to see them and talk to them. John H. is an artist who gave me, I think, a lucid explanation of how he is trying to combine the purely visual, the abstract, and his own consciousness. John M., on the other hand, was about to head for the west coast, but someone was trying to talk him into going to Germany instead.

Margaret sang some songs that make the ripples go up and down your spine. She has granny glasses and a great grin.

Len is a grave-digger. Gets twenty-five bucks a day whether he has to dig a grave or not. He offered me a special deal, on some wasteland behind the cemetery. In September he's off to England to study how to teach in a special school whose theme is Awakeness. We should call our schools Assleepness.

Ah! Great to be young.

Nonetheless, somebody must carry the blasted torch. I've been swimming twice. I have driven past the golf club once. I've been fishing once and caught three crappies. My wife just broke three ribs. We've been waiting for the roofer for three weeks. And tomorrow, we have our third big social occasion of the summer. My daughter and her husband are arriving with twenty retarded adults whom they've been retraining, for a picnic in the back yard.

The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of September 2, 1854

Thomas Yateman, Acton, escaped injury early Friday evening when the 1934 Terraplane model car he was driving rolled into a ditch about two miles west of town on No. 7 Highway and was damaged to the extent of about \$300.

According to provincial police officer George Moore, the car's steering mechanism became defective while Yateman was driving, causing him to lose control and plow into the ditch where the vehicle rolled over.

Born: Marcoux, To Mr. and Mrs. Jean Marcoux, Acton, a daughter in St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, on September 1, 1954. Mother and baby are well.

On Thursday, August 26, a shower was held in honor of Lorraine (Stover) Gibbs at the home of Mrs. Audrey McLean in Acton. Many useful gifts were received.

The employees of Smith and Stone of Georgetown presented her with a pair of blankets, a bedspread and an electric kettle.

Members of the Acton Music Study group gathered Thursday evening last week at the home of Mrs. C. Heller. While meetings are not held during the summer, the group wished to honor two of the members who are leaving Acton before the September meeting.

Cups and saucers were presented to Mrs. Ralph Price and Mrs. E. Hards. Mrs. Price is moving this month to Fonthill and Mrs. Hards to Massachusetts.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of August 28, 1924

The first threshing of fall wheat in Halton county this season took place Tuesday on the farms of J. C. Alton and Walker Gunby, Nelson township, and Jonathan Vansickle, Trafalgar township. The wheat is a fine sample, and is yielding 28 to 30 bushels to the acre, which is highly satisfactory. The wheat is a little above the average, and so far no sprouts have been found.

Councillor Nicol has been engaged this week in cleaning up the old cemetery and making it presentable. This is very worthy work and if sufficient support is given the work Mr. Nicol will see these premises, which should be regarded with hallowed feelings, put into the condition which should always prevail there. Subscriptions toward this work have been made as follows: W. A. Storey, \$5; Samuel McLam, Point Edward \$5; A. T. Brown \$5; Mrs. Charles Atkins, of Toronto, \$5; Andrew Murray, \$5; previously acknowledged, \$20.

Coasting on a bicycle while hanging onto the back of a truck proceeding along the Toronto-Hamilton Highway last Sunday night, James DeMelo, 18 years of age, a section hand employed by the Canadian National Railways at Bronte, was instantly killed when a passing touring car swerved to the left of the truck to clear it, but knocked the boy under the wheels of the truck. Both motors came to a stop. The occupants of the automobile walked over and viewed the body, but let it lie there, it is reported, and hastily drove off in their car. The truck is owned by the Oakville Basket Company. Chief of Police Kerr states that action will be taken to arrest the occupants of the passenger car in the event of their not returning.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of August 24, 1899

In the recent annual plowing matches at Cartwright, Man., Mr. Alex Waldie, Jr., son of Mr. Alex Waldie, Acton, won the first prize, a silver cup valued at \$25 awarded by Lord Strathcona. Another son, William, also won a prize for best team and Mr. William Waldie's son won a valuable prize. Last week some twenty young men left Acton for the Rainy River District, and on Tuesday of this week some eighteen more took their departure for the Northwest. Most of them are probably regarded as making temporary visits during the harvest, but there is nevertheless the feeling that if their position they will become permanent residents of the Northwest, and

be lost as residents of Acton. Tuesday's list included Messrs. William McPhail, John S. Coleman, Allan Mann, Horace Cook, David Elliott, William Forsyth and John Moffat, to Brandon; John McNabb to Crystal City Wm. Perryman and his son Robert, to Russell; Alex Campbell and Angus Keith, to Dauphin; Andrew McAlpine, Thomas Bell, Allan Leichman, Alex Burns and Mrs. Haggarty to Arden, and Miss Hales, to Winnipeg. It is especially hoped that the property owning citizens among them will not leave Acton permanently. Mr. McPhail is superintendent of Knox Church Sunday School and an active worker in the Endeavor Society, while Mr. J. S. Coleman is a teacher in the Methodist Sunday School and an ex-president of the Epworth League. The best wishes of the community go with the company.

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Pet of the week



LIGHTNING AND HER FOAL, Sunshine, are practically of royal descent, as far as horses go, anyway. Lightning is 19-years old and the half sister of Trigger, that famous steed belonging to Roy Rogers. She originally came from Maryland, but now lives on the Cuthbert farm, in retirement. On Lightning's back is Donny Cuthbert, who is very fond of both horses.