

Free Press Editorial Page

90 per cent not heard from

Complaints, complaints. A national pastime.

"Why don't they do something?" A common question.

Yet when M.P. Dr. Frank Philbrook sent out a questionnaire asking for his constituents' opinions, only 10 percent bothered to reply - about 3,000 households.

In his booklet mailed to all homes last week, Dr. Philbrook said he thought 10 percent is a good level of response for any survey.

Maybe media people say that's a good level, but it seems a very poor level indeed for such a direct mailing and such important questions.

How is our Member of Parliament to vote unless he knows what we are thinking?

Telling him our thinking was made as simple as possible. But 90 per cent of the people with questionnaires apparently threw them out in the garbage.

He asked about gun control, capital punishment, favored tax position for Time and Readers Digest, civil service strikes, and left room for more opinions.

We don't believe that 90 per cent had no opinion. When people get together to talk there are always plenty of lively and thoughtful opinions.

Sure, it took two minutes of your time. But Dr. Philbrook is giving his time—plenty of it—to help decide the way to run the country. He deserves our help.

Summer marches on

August is here, and there are just two more weeks of playground program planned! As always, it's difficult to believe summer is pacing along so swiftly. The playground program has been outstandingly good this year, with good attendance and much enthusiasm for the trips and special programs.

The season will end with a

parade, but due to Rams recent victories, game dates in the arena will have to be considered before the night is set.

The Y board is making plans for fall programs these days, and the fall and winter catalogues are out. The stores have sales on, to make room for fall merchandise.

Summer marches on.

"Family Only" camping

Both the Credit Valley Authority and the Grand River Authority have introduced the policy of "family only" camping in their parks.

Both Authorities find general public support for the new system.

Many Acton people enjoy camping and continue to camp, but there are some surprising stories of all-night rowdyism, 24-hour drinking days, and motorcycle madness. Those to blame aren't all the single campers, of course.

But the Credit Authority is finding attendance increasing. Families are returning, since the new policy was implemented.

Terra Cotta, Belfountain, Meadowvale, and Monora all have increased the number of campers.

The Grand River officials say there may well be a better way to curb rowdyism, but they haven't been able to come up with it.

A campground is in an unusually vulnerable situation, where a few people can spoil things for many.

Keep our dump open

Next thing Acton is to lose is its dump. The extra miles involved in hauling to Georgetown will add up to many, starting the end of August.

Halton Hills has objected, but what else can be done? Could the

Chamber of Commerce try to make a plea for our own dump to remain here?

Suddenly, with a closing sign at its entrance, our dump looks pretty good.

Of this and that

A full-page ad in a Toronto paper advertises Rockwood Village, which turns out to be a planned community of 2,800 homes in Mississauga, not that pretty village in Eramosa township.

Perhaps, like the village of Durham, the village of Rockwood will be complaining about the use

of THEIR name by another group.

Something new to worry about: somebody tells us it's a good idea to warn parents not to let children cut open golf balls. The centres could contain zinc sulphide or sulphuric acid. Why? She didn't know. Well — live and learn.

Our readers write

On headquarters location

R.R. 2, Rockwood, July 31, 1975.

To the Editor,
Dear Sir:

I disagree with Councillor Ric Morrow of Halton Hills' reasons for locating the new regional headquarters in the southern part of Halton Region.

With the present disparity of representation at Region (the South outnumbering the North) we of the North seem only to qualify as recipients for the South's garbage, and for paying exorbitant taxes to sustain Regionalism. (Which to date has proven of little benefit to us.)

Councillor Morrow's reference to Oakville-Burlington's 400,000 population by the year 2001, is exactly the reason why the regional headquarters should not add to congestion. Furthermore, the location of the headquarters in the Milton area would mean staff would locate in the area could be encouraged to do so.

We Canadians often cry about culture.

The fact Milton has been the county seat for 100 years should be of consideration. Councillor Morrow strengthens the argument for the location of the H.Q. when he states "In days gone by Toronto had no influence in Halton."

Today Toronto obviously has much influence in Halton and what better access is there to Halton from Toronto than by Highway 401 to Milton.

I am disturbed at the fact that whenever a North-South issue comes before Region we of the North have lost before the count is taken, and it distresses me to find one of our elected representatives from the North supporting the parochial attitudes of the South.

It distresses me further to find that three Councillors were absent when this very important issue was discussed (Councillors always seem to be present when they vote themselves an increase in pay).

William A. Johnson.



SUNSET AFTER A BLISTERING HOT DAY shot by Peter McCusker, staff photog, at 1-60 of a second on Ilford Pan F rated at 100 ASA using a red filter and a cross screen filter on a 105 mm medium telephoto Nikkor lens on a 35mm Nikon F2. The shot was taken around 8.30 Sunday evening from the tennis courts behind the Community Centre.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Summer in the country.

Sitting here writing a column in Granddad's office, a pair of shorts, and nothing else, I would have to work very hard at it to be anything but peaceful, and I'm not about to.

Back home, my lawn is burning to a crisp, my roses are dying for lack of water, my cat, with any luck, has left for good, and some junkie has probably broken into the house and stolen the color TV. I don't care.

Out there somewhere, people are hurtling along hot asphalt in the heat, cursing the obstreperous kids in the back seat, and wishing they'd never started this stupid trip.

Elsewhere, guys and dolls all over the world are hustling and sweating and trying to impress each other, and pursuing the ever-swimming buck with maniacal intensity of purpose.

Everywhere, politicians are cooking up new clouts for the next session, or thinking up new ways of saying: "Maybe yes, and maybe no, and maybe maybe."

Somewhere, Arabs are killing Jews, and Jews are killing Arabs, and Christians, in time-honored custom, are killing other Christians.

Somebody is winning \$30,000 in the Something-Or-Other Open with a 24 foot putt, and somebody else is losing it by missing a four foot putt.

People are earnestly taking virtually useless summer courses which will fit them for practically nothing.

Unexpected and unwelcome visitors are piling in on "old friends". The visitors unload two surly kids, one ill-mannered dog, and announce heartily: "Can't stay morena couple days. Thought about gettin' a motel room, but knew you'd be hurt 'f we didn't stay 'thyou.'" (Sound of old friends' eyes rolling.)

My son is in Paraguay, South America, swimming a piranha-infested river, or slouching through the jungle, kicking poisonous snakes out of the way, or lying in a native hut, wracked by malaria.

My only daughter is trapped in a box on the ninth floor of an apartment building, in the heat, with an 18-month hell-on-wheels boy clutching her sawed-off jeans, and a little sister in the oven, ready to join him just about on his second birthday and oh,

dear, isn't it awful. Imagine having two babies in two years in these times. (Sound of Gran, gnashing teeth).

And about all of these things, all the hurly and the burly, all the muss and the fuss, all the higgie and piggle, all of the ever-lasting human struggle to prove that God's in His heaven and all's wrong with the world, or the opposite, I don't care.

I just don't give a diddley-dam. Why not? Because, at this time and in this place, I have irrefutable proof that He is in His heaven, and there ain't nobody who could improve on the world just as it is, right now.

It's a cool-hot perfect Canadian day. Hot sun, cool breeze. Whatever your thermometer says, it's about 83 Fahrenheit here.

I raise my head from the typewriter, and roses lean toward me, a big, matronly maple ruffles her bustles in the breeze, like a lady caught in a body-rub parlor.

On the top rail of the fence, 10 feet away, two retarded robins are singing, and making overtures. A denuded lilac bush is whispering: "Yes, but wait 'til next year."

Along the back fence, the hollyhocks stand, not row on row, but in little groups, muttering together, tossing their heads in the breeze and looking down their long, cool shoulders at the upstart blue delphiniums, which bear a gleam of miscegenation in their eyes.

Just beyond them is a field of uncut, late, late hay, bowing and tossing and rippling like a blonde teenager who has just

The blessed plumber

I am now a family plumber, I get lots of leaky chores. But, I'm all wet, with honest sweat. Inside my shirt and drawers.

I'm thankful I'm a tradesman. Since inflation hit this spot, When my pipes all drip, I let 'em rip. And catch it in the pot.

When our washtub's running over, Like taxes down the drain, I drill a hole near the toilet bowl Let the water out again.

My wife just wears a helmet, When the upstairs leaks get bad, When she is knelt in my plumbing belt, She gets so hopping mad.

After we have paid our income tax

discovered she just might be a beautiful woman.

Raise the eyes but one more degree, and there, framed in green foliage, is the deep-blue beauty of the two-mile-wide bay, with the high, rolling shoreline on the other side, and the cottages so tiny that you can't see the squalling, grunting, sweaty humans in and around them.

Ah, but it's lovely. And peaceful. And lonely. Not lonesome, but the good kind of lonely, when you don't want another human being, even a loved one, to spoil the mood.

Maybe that's it. My Loved One is away down the gravel road, exchanging hysterical tales about their children with an old school friend.

Grandad, an incorrigible 83-year-old, is out belting around his 40-mile mail route.

This morning, I saw a hawk. When I was little, the chickens, who were all psyched up, would scuttle, the kids would all scream with delight: "A hawk! A hawk!" and the farmer would run in for his shotgun.

Nobody even noticed this guy. He looked like a skinny, ancient kite, peering down for the dead body of a Roman legionnaire, perhaps. No chickens. No legionnaires (I haven't paid my dues). It was kind of sad.

Down in the Bay, there is a big rainbow trout just waiting to show me some tricks. Yesterday, I saw two partridge flush just outside Grandad's "office" window. Tomorrow I'll see three deer standing up by the fence, looking curious.

Tomorrow I'll care about the world again, and all the bad things and good things happening in it.

But right now, at this time, in this place, I don't care. God may be out to lunch, as I frequently suspect. But whoever is filling in for him at this moment is doing one helluva job, if you'll pardon the expression.

The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the Free Press August 11, 1955

Crows will be flocking from far and near to attend the Centennial reunion of No. 3 school Nassugaweyn, this weekend. Over 500 invitations have been sent out.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Oakes celebrated their golden anniversary since being married August 16 1905 in Joliette Quebec. They have been residents of Acton since 1938 when they moved from their Eramosa farm.

Fourth place in the Junior Olympiad in Guelph was copied by the Acton Y track team, Bob Coke, Bruce Andrews, Frank Marincak, Wayne Wilson, Emmerson Baxter, Bill (now Ed) Molody, Ken Dods, Jack Fastna, Betty Allonby, Bill Denny and Bob Allonby.

Mrs. Gwendolyn Clarke has returned from Britain and will continue writing her column, Pages of the Past.

Honored at Eden Mills for their efforts to create a community park were Duncan MacDougall, William Cole and Norman Marshall Sr. They were presented with scrolls after the floodlights were turned on in the new park during the evening ceremony and festivities. Nearly 500 filled the park.

G. W. McKenzie received a plaque as one of six outstanding district governors at the 31st International Y's Men's conference in Philadelphia. Mr. McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Smith made the trip.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press August 13, 1925

Mr. John Taylor, of the Acton Chamber of Commerce, was more amused than pained to hear that several members of the Town Council consider that he has a bee in his bonnet over the illumination of the Parish Church clock. His retort is that members of the Town Council are liable to get bees in their cocked hats, in which connection it may be remembered that but for him, they would not be wearing their cocked hats — Acton, England Gazette. An officer of the Acton Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Taylor has the reputation of doing things, and he is a Canadian too, a native of Peterborough.

Rev. W. M. Kannawin, D.D. of Hamilton, preached able sermons in Knox church last Sunday in the absence of Rev. Mr. Stewart, who is enjoying holidays. Mr. Kannawin is always welcome in the church where he spent his boyhood. Many friends of former days here greeted him on Sunday.

A card from Rev. J. Culp dated July 31 says: "Arrived safely in California and had a nice trip, excepting for one hot day while going through Nebraska. Cool nights gave us relief. Californians are very proud of their state. Have motored nearly 300 miles through Santa Clara Valley and never saw such extensive and beautiful orchards. The scenery of the mountains skirting the valley is beautiful beyond description. Kind regards to all."

Miss Laura Gray held an enjoyable tennis tea on Saturday afternoon.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press August 9, 1900

Last Saturday, while hauling in peas for his neighbor, Mr. Robert Sprawl, Mr. Wm. Thompson, who is the lessee of Mrs. Alex Brown's farm, had the misfortune to fall from the load, and in the fall sustained a fracture of his right collar bone. The fracture was promptly reduced and Mr. Thompson is getting along very well. The accident happened in the midst of harvest is very trying, but the neighbors are kindly giving assistance in housing his crop.

The people of this section haven't had much cause to complain on account of excessively hot weather this summer, but Sunday, Monday and Tuesday they got it to the sweltering stage. These days were the hottest of the year, thermometers whose veracity have never been questioned, telling that it was 90 in the shade before noon each day, and four or five degrees warmer at the hottest part of the afternoon. The observatory at Toronto reports Monday's heat as the hottest registered in 46 years.

Three special trains with Toronto Civic Holiday excursionists went west through Acton Monday morning.

For a beautiful bouquet of sweet peas left at the office Tuesday evening Mrs. Henry Grindell has the thanks of the Free Press.

The leading players of the Aetna Lacrosse Club came up from Georgetown on Monday evening to have a practice with the local players.

Some of the boys who bathe in Henderson's pond during daylight will have to get bathing trunks or suits or they may get into trouble.

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