

## Drama in the pressroom!

A roundabout involvement in the Progressive-Conservative leadership campaign proved interesting here at the Free Press plant.

Issues of a special newspaper for Flora MacDonald were printed here the week of the convention, at the suggestion of her campaign manager, our former M.P. Terry O'Connor.

Production of the last issue was the most dramatic of all. It had to be in Ottawa Sunday morning.

Ross Colquhoun of Flora's staff flew back to Toronto Saturday afternoon, his flight changed because of snow and fog. The plane missed the runway at Malton, and another half-hour of his precious time was eaten up before the pilot got another turn. Friends rushed him up to Acton — and left him.

He had sent up the news stories on a facsimile transmitter that relayed the editorial copy through the telephone. Reta Rowsell had them all set and ready Saturday by 3 p.m. Alex Chidley waited for the crucial pictures which had to be rushed through processing for printing. The pages were put together by a bunch of willing hands. John Cunningham was

ready to run the press and that took 20 minutes. Alex volunteered to drive Ross back to Malton and with three mailbags containing 5,000 papers they set off in the fog and drenching rain after 7 p.m.

They had checked — the 10 o'clock flight would likely go. Otherwise Ross would get the night train.

Ross had only had a muffin to eat all day so they tried a good restaurant as they neared the airport. Rejected . . . clothes not suitable! Worst news of the day.

The airport accepted them—jeans were OK in the dining room, the freight was OK, the plane left. The delegates received Flora's paper, with the text of her speech, on time!

By the time the leadership race was over we realized Flora had lost—despite our printing efforts—and Joe Clark was in. And that he must be the son of the family which published the High River, Alta., Times. We think the Clark trophy, named for his grandfather, has been won by the Free Press.

We were happy to meet the fine people working for Flora, and to play a small part in the campaign.



WIDE-ANGLE VIEW of the Civic Centre convention floor shows retiring PC leader Robert Stanfield addressing the crowd gathered to choose his successor. More pictures and stories on page 5.

## The Free Press Back Issues

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press March 1, 1956

Clothing was burned and some damage caused to a closet and bedroom in the home of Joe Massey, Guelph St., Sunday afternoon when firemen answered a call there. Cause of the blaze, brought under control before more extensive damage occurred, is not known. The call was rung in about 3:30 p.m.

Acton Public School's older pupils delighted a crowded auditorium last night (Wednesday) with a well performed operetta, "The White Gypsy", while younger pupils staged dances and songs that caught auditorium-wide appreciation and applause.

About 50 friends, relatives, and former neighbors of Mrs. A. T. Brown met in the classroom of Acton United Church Sunday afternoon to renew friendships, to reminisce and to offer birthday greetings to Mrs. Brown.

In recent examinations by the Royal Conservatory of Music in Guelph, Acton music pupils passed with honors in various grades. Following is a partial list: Grade 1 piano, Mary Kobylka, Steven Wolfe, Paul Wolfe; grade 7 piano, Ruth Landsborough; grade 6 piano, Elly Jany; grade 4 piano, Katherine Kirkness, Peter Wolfe.

Mrs. Herbert Baker of Owen Sound is visiting with Mrs. and Mrs. Mac Symon and family.

Johanne Krapek with a group of workers from A.V. Roe plant, enjoyed the weekend at St. Jovite in the Laurentians, a popular ski resort.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 25, 1926.

The Ontario Motor League is proposing a speed limit of 35 miles an hour.

The C.G.I.T. had full charge of the United Church Young People's meeting with Miss Rita McNabb occupying the chair. Miss Clara Savage took the devotional part of the program and Miss Jean Wedge sang a solo. Miss Bennett, the president of the League, congratulated the girls on their success.

The lime works at Dolly Varden keep busy for this time of year.

Rockwood Snow Shoe club had a good outing Friday evening. Members met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Guild and went down the river.

Gasoline climbed up another cent last week. That's all right, as long as it goes down again to the lower price when motors begin to run.

The motor cars and trucks had a few days of enforced holiday after last week's abnormal fall of snow.

The former Methodist church at Eden Mills, which was purchased some time ago by the Unionists of the community, has been renovated and improved. The re-opening of the premises as a United church will be held next Sunday.

The Electric Railways excursion to Toronto last Friday evening was well attended, about 150 from Acton making the trip.

Miss Lucy Edwards had a serious fall while on her way to work Thursday.

Mrs. George Somerville was elected regent of Lakeside chapter of the I.O.D.E.

### 100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 17, 1876

The committee who had charge of the management of the supper last Thursday evening find that after disposing of the broken packages and paying the net cost of the provisions, the receipts barely meet the actual outlay. There was therefore no surplus money to distribute amongst the poor. A few loaves and broken provisions were all that was distributed.

Mr. Robert Dickie, who is about retiring from the hotel business in Acton, announces an auction sale of his furniture, implements, livestock etc. at the Royal Exchange Hotel on the 25th inst.

Mr. D. Galloway has built a new oven in the premises adjoining Morrow's drug store and he requests us to announce that he will remove his baking establishment there on Monday or Tuesday next. His superior bread will be delivered daily at the houses in the village and vicinity.

The Canadian display at the centennial exhibition promises to be creditable to the Dominion. Every foot of the space allotted to us will be occupied.

Sherrif McKellar is making preparation for the execution of McConnell, the assassin of Mr. Nelson Mills, in Hamilton. It is rumored there are no hopes of a reprieve.

A breach of promise case, in which over three hundred letters have been received, is coming up for trial in St. John, N.B.

The excess over expenditure of the postal service of the Dominion is now over \$300,000. During the fiscal year 1874-75 42,000,000 letters and 31,300,000 papers passed through the post.

## THE ACTON FREE PRESS

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Business and Editorial Office



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## Free Press Editorial Page

### Committee frustrated

Only time will tell if the steps to bridge the communications gap between the Acton and Esqueving Recreation Advisory Committee, the Recreation Department and the General Administration Committee have done any good.

Councillor Les Duby has sympathetically labelled the members "frustrated" because they sit on the committee, discuss items, make recommendations to council, and then often feel their time was wasted.

For several months the committee has explored various directions of recreation in the town,

attended two meetings a month, gone to some general administration committee meetings, and given what they feel is the general public's opinions, feelings and needs. The members are unpaid, hard-working individuals. They are average people, sitting on the committee on their own time, to represent the residents of Wards one and two.

They talk over hopes and opinions and make decisions. But they seldom see results. Whatever they decide must be approved by the recreation department, then GAC and then, if it gets that far, by the committee of the whole of council.

### Those old village names

Street names are part of a town's history, and it would be sad to have them changed.

Long-time Acton resident, Trimmer Coleman has written back from Toronto to tell the origin of some of the street names.

From members of the pioneer Adams family come the names John, Wilbur, Frederick, Agnes, Ransom and Maria. Mill St. is named for the Adam's mill, and Main St. was obviously the first street. Church St. signifies the first church.

Bower was the lane to the Adam's farms.

Young St. is named for surveyor George Young, Wellington St. for the Duke of Wellington, Arthur St. for the Governor-General, the Duke of Connaught, Peel St. for Lord Peel, the British Prime Minister.

Scene St. was once called Prouttown, for Thomas Prout. (A letter to the editor about the Caswell family house on Scene St. referred mysteriously to Prouttown a couple of weeks ago.)

### Health costs and Wintario

While the moves by various Governments toward restraint in spending may be quite commendable in most instances, not many will agree with the price cutting tactics very much in evidence with regard to expenditures by the Provincial Government in the field of health care. To put it bluntly, "If you have not your health you have absolutely nothing", in a very real sense.

Queen's Park will very speedily discover, if such is not already the case, that they are treading on very spongy, treacherous ground indeed when they attempt to cut too many corners, too drastically, in connection with health care as now available to the tax-payers of this Province.

While most of us would agree that some pruning and primming might be reasonable, the wholesale closures of bed spaces and in some cases, entire hospital operations, is bound to result in the greatest up-roar this Province has yet witnessed.

We cannot help but wonder who is leading government officials so far down the garden path that the profits from this very popular Wintario draw every two weeks are still going, presumably, to something called cultural and recrea-

tional development. When the chips are down, health care we cannot do without, but cultural and recreational development we can struggle along very nicely in the absence of.

Far be it from us to offer carping criticism without offering any possible solution to the financial crunch said to be behind the proposed abd actual hospital, laboratory and so-forth closures. One financial bonanza which we contend would meet with great popular support is the diversion of the Wintario profits into paying for health costs. If this is what is needed, here is a life-line.

What is more, we believe that the general public would actively support Wintario on a weekly basis if funds were devoted to hospitals and similar institutions. Wintario is fun for a buck in that the anticipation of what one could do with such a prize is well worth the relatively small cost of the ticket.

Let's have our small-time gambling fun, every week, and put the profits where they are needed. In the places that look after you and I when we get sick. Can you think of anything more important than your health? Ask anybody who happens to be sick!!

—St. Marys Journal-Argus



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

This seems to be of those winters that simply must be "got through", like a serious illness, or a bad marriage.

Now, as a Canadian of a couple of score years and then some, I know there's no use whining. We have to pay a price for living in the finest country in the world, and winter is the price.

But there is, surely, a limit to the inflation of that price. This time around, it's getting a bit ridiculous. Whoever is in charge of the weather up there has got to the point where he's just showing off, trying to dazzle us with the virtuosity of his (or her) performance.

One day you are running around mopping up water because the pipes have frozen and burst. The next day the temperature has soared 40 degrees and you are down in the basement mopping up the melted snow that has run in.

A third day you start walking to work in sunshine, are caught in a blizzard howling down from the Pole, get hopelessly lost, and wind up in a supermarket or funeral parlor instead of your place of work.

We don't have any in our town, but I'm told that in the city, some guys have been so badly lost in some of our storms that they have wandered inadvertently into one of them there massage parlors.

As I write this, at school, we have just sent the kids home early on the buses because the roads were blocking in quickly. As soon as the buses left, out came the sun, down dropped the wind, it's a perfect winter day, and we're sitting here with egg on our face, and no students.

But just the other day, we kept the kids in school for the full day, even though it was storming, and wound up with two busloads of students on our hands for overnight.

I was batching it, had lots of room at home, and offered to take five girls for a pyjama party, or five boys for a poker party. They turned me down. The administration, not the kids.

This week, some of our history students are going to be involved in a live-in at Fort St. Marie, a replica of a 17th century Jesuit settlement. Theoretically, they will experience the actual winter living conditions of those times. No modern aids to beat the cold, such as oil furnace, pocket heaters or booze. Just lots of clothes, lots of proximity (it's a mixed group), and open fires.

Good luck to them. They should have taken a dog team. They'll probably bring out the frozen bodies in the spring.

On the other hand, knowing students and the precocity of youth, I'll venture to say it will be one big party, and an experience to be savored for life. But I'm glad I'm not chaperoning.

From son Hugh, in the desert-like Chaco country of Paraguay, comes a cry from the other end of the stick, "Oh, for one, just one, white, cold Canadian winter day! The temperature here ranges from about 100 to 130 and just to keep yourself clean sweat and dust requires almost all the energy you can summon." I wish I could trade him one of ours for one of his.

In the midst of this wild winter, my second grandson chose to make his appearance at the usual hour, 3:30 a.m. He was a healthy eight-pounder and resembles quite a bit, so the ladies say, his big brother Pokey. I can't really tell at that age. To me, they all look like tiny orang-outangs.

I hope, for my own sake, that he has a little less energy than his older brother. The Poke burns up more steam in a day than Ali Muhammad does in a 15-round title fight. And when I try to keep up with him for an hour, I come out feeling like Joe Frazier.

The kid is a week old, and they don't even have a name for him yet. Maybe it's just as well. Maybe this time reason will prevail.

Last time, my daughter was reading Dostoevski, a Russian novelist, and my son-in-law was dabbling in I Ching, a Chinese pseudophilosophy. Poor little kid was named Nikov Chen. That's why I called him Pokey.

This time, my daughter is studying music and my son-in-law architecture. Don't be surprised if I announce, one of these days, that the latest addition to the family has been named Ludwig Johann Sebastian Arthur Lloyd Wright Sieber. Poor little fellow.

Or Sibelius Kaarinen Sieber. That would put the Finishing touch to his future. Imagine going through life being called Sibby Sieber.

If they commit any such abomination, I'll revenge myself in the usual way. Remember that silly old song-dance, "Doing the Cokey-Okey"?

I'll nickname this one Okey. And he and his brother and I will join hands, dance around in a ring, and sing to his disgusted parents. "We're doing the Pokey-Okey, and that's what it's all about." That'll fix them.

Aside from all the rigors of the weather, January and February are going to be expensive months in the future. Two grandsons' birthdays in January, wife and daughter's birthdays in February. All that on top of the fuel bills.

However. However. Let it snow, let it blow. What nicer midwinter gift could a fellow get than a fine, healthy grandson? Maybe a granddaughter? Nothing less.

## OUR READERS WRITE:

### A highlight of his ministry

Please accept from my wife and me our most sincere appreciation of the very excellent coverage given by your paper to the event which took place in Churchill Community Church on Sunday, February 15th. As always in the past, we found your report of the devotion of the Churchill folk to their church and minister to be just as indicated in the news item which had to do with our "rest retirement." Our six-and-a-half year pastorate at Churchill was rewarding in more ways than one to us. A visiting lady at the service expressed the feeling which has been mine from the start of our ministry at Churchill, when she said to me, "I feel that you were really sent to this Church on the hill."

Gratefully yours,  
A. Walter Fosbury

### Praise for the doctors

I think it is about time that the people of Acton acknowledge the superb medical services that this community offers. I wish to submit the following for publication on behalf of the many thankful, yet busy, people who like myself seldom stop to realize our fortune. This letter is itself about six years late in its writing.

Therefore, I offer - The people of Acton community can thank their lucky stars! Based upon previous experiences I believe that this community has one of the best possible medical care services that any group of people could ask for.

I have found the medical practitioners here to be friendly, concerned, efficient, available and willing to call upon specialized help the moment it is needed. I have nothing but praise to say about these dedicated professionals whom we just take for granted; so much so that we can pick up the phone on a Sunday afternoon or even Christmas morning, obtain immediate personal medical assistance and for many never have to think about it again—not even to pay a bill.

In this day and age when the working class share in pocket size computers, summer retreats, country homes, expensive pastimes, three thousand calorie a day diets, expensive cars and on and on, I for one will be one of the first to back our doctors for a raise they so well deserve. I think it is just about time that society place these community dedicated family men back into the pinnacle of the community. They, and their families seek whatever remuneration they desire—especially for their "after hours" attention and the constant mental awareness that their job demands of them.

In summary I would like to say "Hats off

Your editorial dealing with our retirement is also greatly appreciated. My wife and I have been encouraged many times in the past by the interest shown in the continuance of the cause at Churchill, not only by our people there, but also by many others in the sister churches of our community and elsewhere. Your paper has played a part in this, too.

Sunday, February 15th, 1976, will be remembered by us as one of many highlights in our nearly 44 years of ordained ministry. Thankyou for your contribution toward making it so.

to the doctors in Acton for doing a job so well.

Yours truly,  
E. M. McGeerlge

## Of this and that

Rotarians are beaming about one aspect of the P.C. leadership campaign. Joe Clark's father Charles told one of the reporters that his son first became interested in politics when he visited Ottawa as a boy, picked by the Rotary club for the annual Adventure in Citizenship.

Acton Rotarians are proud to be part of this project. They have sent an Acton student to Ottawa every year but two since 1968. Future prime ministers?

Seeing the paperworkers return to work was a bright spot last week. We didn't miss any issues during the long work stoppage in the province's paper mills but there were some weeks our supply of paper was very marginal and we were worried indeed.