

Thanks to two citizens

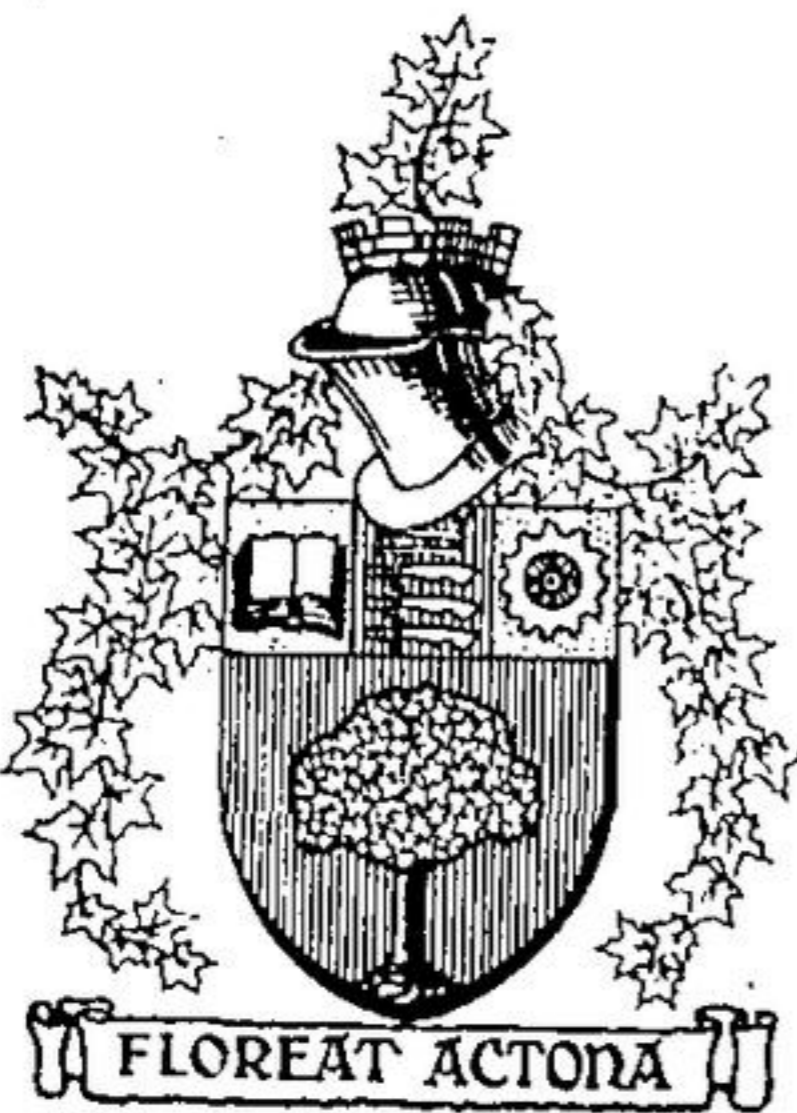
The thanks of the community must go to Mrs. Sandra Marzo and her daughter Mrs. Theresa Lockerbie, who put everyone's thoughts into action a week ago, and energetically started taking up a petition.

The Marzos are just ordinary people who decided to do something for their town. Many other ordinary people agreed with them. And council had no trouble agreeing, too.

Free Press Editorial Page

Anniversary of crest

The Free Press files show us that the town of Acton crest was approved exactly 50 years ago. It was adapted from the crest of Acton, England, substituting maple leaves for the English oak leaves. Heraldry expert Dorothy Stone will be glad to learn it was duly registered at the time with the College of Heraldry.



A large painted replica of the crest was presented to the town by Sir Harry Brittain when he visited here. It hangs in the town hall lobby, between the senior citizens' drop-in centre and the police office.

Route of the Overlanders

An ambitious couple from Port Moody, B.C. called in to the Free Press office this week to read through our copy of Acton's Early Days. Richard and Rochelle Wright are writing a book about the

Overlanders of 1862, a group of about 200 people who went west to the gold rush. Among them are about 10 people from Acton, and a couple of them are mentioned in Acton's Early Days.

They are researching men by the names of Kelso, Hall and Warren as well as others, as yet unknown.

They will be coming back to see people and look through the Free Press files, hunting for the obituaries of these ten men. If anyone can help them in their research, would you let the Free Press know?

They have already written a book called Yellowhead Mileposts, a guide book listing all the places along the route of the Overlanders from Winnipeg to Kamloops. This book is a guide for tourists with information about each town along the way.

Their next book will be the story of the men involved. Many of them remained in B.C. and were never back home to Ontario again.



OUR READERS WRITE:

On "Suicide Corners"

Dear Sir: On August 31, 1976, I was involved in a car accident at the corner of the Sixth Line and Derry Road. I was heading in a northerly direction when I was accosted by an M.S.O. gravel truck. Never having travelled this road before, with caution I proceeded, inching my way out to see the road clearer and where I could see it was all clear. When from out of nowhere this truck was upon us. Actually, we felt him before we ever saw him. Going over the scene later, I realized the blind spot in the road. The investigating officer and I discussed this and I could hardly believe so busy a road could have such a BLIND CORNER and that nothing had been done about it as yet.

Upon checking further I also found out that the people in the district have tried to have something done about it, and the best they accomplished was a "BLIND INTERSECTION" sign on Derry Road, which I understand is reasonably respected by cars travelling this road, but certainly not trucks, who know they have the right of

way and seem to be the ones involved most of the time in accidents here.

Apparently the accident rate at the intersection is quite frequent, according to the residents and was also confirmed by the police officer. Most people who know this corner refer to it as "SUICIDE CORNERS".

Surely with all the modern methods and engineering techniques something better could be done to this curve hidden by telephone poles and bush.

Are the lives of families having to use this road—never mind the people who run across it only on occasion or accident—important?

At the high cost and great promise of regional government could a minimum amount of money and energy not be extended in this direction, or is it a must that numerous people must be killed before constructive action can be taken?

Yours truly,
Nettie Brown,
R.R. 2, Rockwood.

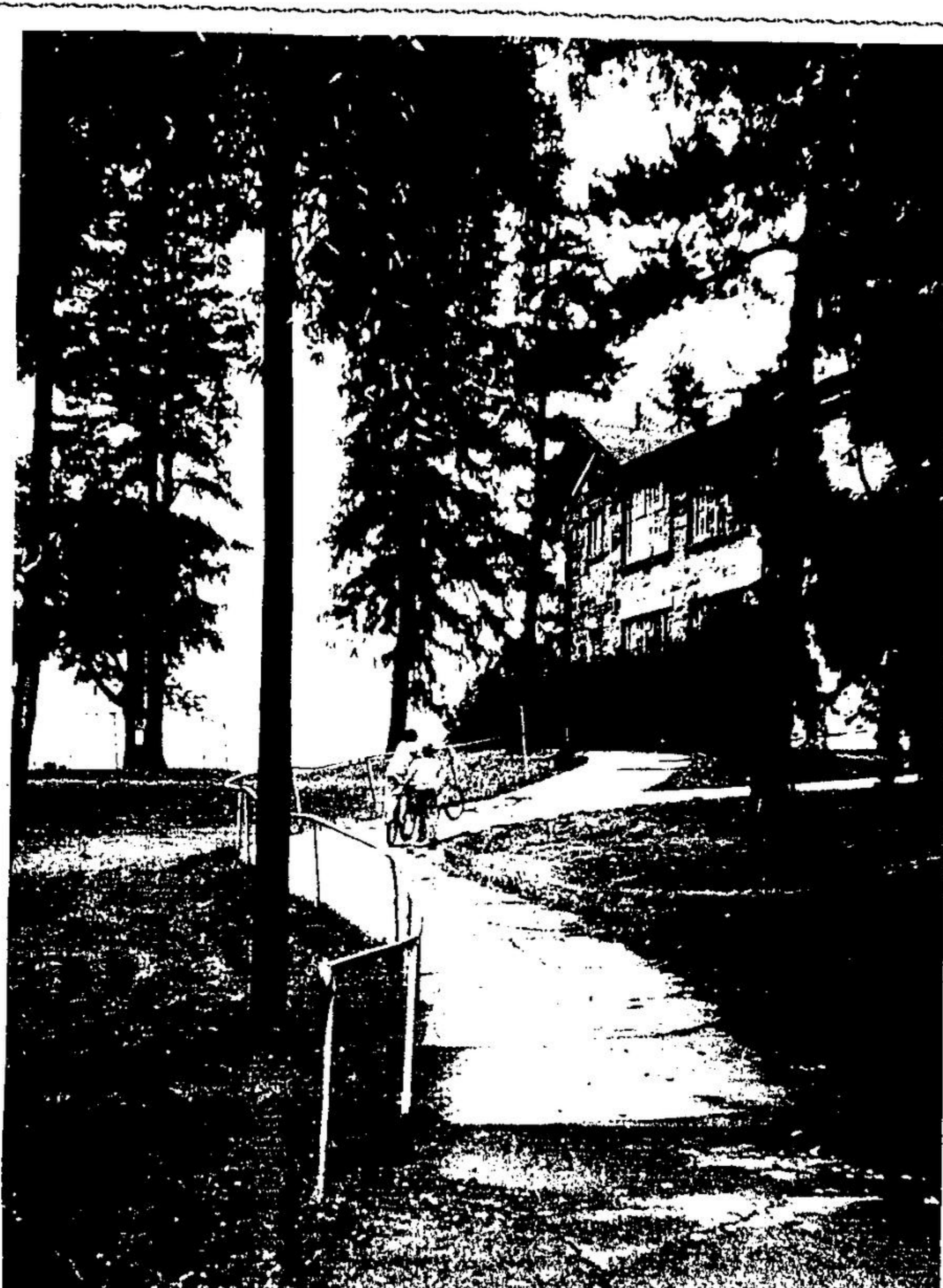
Seeking boys' brigade

In 1983, The Boys' Brigade will celebrate 100 years of service to Boys around the World. In this connection, the Boys' Brigade in Canada are most anxious to contact all former B.B. Officers, Leaders, Boys, and friends of The Boys' Brigade.

Therefore would anyone with any past connection with The Boys' Brigade in any part of the world, please write to me.

Thank you for your assistance with this request.

Yours sincerely,
Robert Carr,
Centennial Preparations Committee
The Boys' Brigade in Canada, Inc.
6 Angus Drive,
Willowdale, Ontario
M2J 2K1



The road to learning



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Last week I mentioned neighbors, and after I'd finished the column, I thought some more about mine

If you live in a city apartment, you'll probably never know your neighbor two doors down the hall, and will take two years before you are on nodding acquaintance with those next door

That's fine for some people. They actually like to retreat into their cells, and resent any encroachment on their so called privacy

But if you live in a small town, in a house, you have neighbors, for better or worse, and you might as well relax and enjoy it

Neighbors are not an unmixed blessing. They can be a terrible pain in the arm

When I was a kid, we spent our summers at a cottage. Next door was an old but who was the quintessence of a bad neighbor. Everybody else at the lake was part of a big, happy family. Not so this one. She sneered and snarled and caused endless trouble. Finally, she put up a fence between her property and ours, so we couldn't walk on her lawn, which was nothing but pine needles. We solved this by jumping the fence and walking across her pine needles; while she peered from behind the curtains, calling down curses on the brown, bare-footed vandals. That was a nasty one, and caused my mother, I'm sure, some anguish.

But there aren't many like that. Most neighbors, like yourself, are pretty fine people, if you treat them as you wish to be treated by others.

There is one thing about neighbors. They are like relatives. You can't pick and choose. You don't buy a house because of the neighbors, though it might be a good idea to think about it.

I've been lucky all my life, and I've been lucky in my neighbors. In the last town we lived in, they were the salt of the earth. One of them was even decent enough to have his house burn down one night, in a spectacular fire, which I got my kids out of bed to watch. Something they'll never forget.

I don't expect that kind of service from all my neighbors, mind you. That was being neighborly to the point of no return

But we've been in this house going on 20 years, and I couldn't have done better for neighbors if I'd handpicked them

On one side lives a carpenter and contractor. For a guy like me, who can't hammer two boards together without making a hairy godmother. He is the soul of generosity when it comes to lending advice and nails. And when I'm standing looking stupidly at some project that would take me a week, he comes over, does it in eight minutes, and when offered pay, says: "Forget it."

He also has a warm and pleasant wife and a son who has grown into a dandy snow shoveller and lawncutter

On another side, my neighbor is a sailor. Don't see much of him in the summer, but in the spring, he whistles over the fence and holds out a big newspaperful of fresh smelt or perch filets. Had to cut down one of my oaks the other day that was threatening to fall on his house. It cost me \$300. But who in his right mind wouldn't trade mere money for a painful of fried smelt, and the spirit behind them?

Up the street a couple of houses lives Gabe. He is a former plumber, and still has the tools and the skills of his craft. When you have guests arriving, and the sink is plugged, and the regular plumbers are having their four-day weekend, Gabe comes to the rescue. In 10 minutes the sink is shurping water again. And Gabe doesn't want an arm, a leg, and your liver.

Across the way lives John, a teacher, a mathematical whiz, and a delight in the solving of problems. For example, My wife is away for a week. I want to do a washing. I can't get the washing machine going, Call John. He whips across the street, through the snow, and in five minutes the washing is thumping away. And when my wife is away, his wife nips across and puts a jar of home-made soup inside my back door.

When we go away for a few days, the neighbors keep an eye on the place, as though it were their own; pick up the newspapers, feed the cat, make sure the doors are locked, cut the grass if it needs it.

Perhaps best of all is the knowledge that they are there, if you need them. A sudden emergency, a minor calamity, and they'll

be there to drive you, phone a doctor, bring food, whatever

This closeness might seem appalling to city folk, with their preoccupation with privacy. But good neighbors don't live in each other's laps. They have their families, we have ours

We don't encroach on their lives; they don't on ours. They have their friends; we have ours, and they're not necessarily the same

Poet Robert Frost summed it up, as poets so often do, when he intoned: "Good fences make good neighbors." And he wasn't just talking about fences.

So there you are chaps. Let's see you come up with a fisherman, a carpenter, a plumber, and a troublesooter, and I'd say you're as lucky as I am, when it comes to neighbors.

Of this and that

Local people driving through Muskoka find a nice coincidence: The Rockwood motel is located just a couple of miles from Acton Island.

The sign informing people not to feed the ducks has been knocked down. A personal comment?

Every government likes to spend. None wants the blame for raising taxes. But there's only one tax-payer. Look in the mirror!

The more remote the government, the more it spends. So when Ottawa, which set the pace for the present inflationary spending, tries to economize, it must cut down on its cost-sharing with the provinces. At their level, the provinces myst do the same. The pressure is then on the municipalities, where the taxes start.

The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, September 13, 1956. John Price of Waterloo was hired by council this week for the newly-created position of assistant to the Clerk-treasurer. Mr. Price, hired at a salary of \$3,200 on recommendation of the finance committee of council and the P.U.C. started work here Wednesday.

Spring his here. At least one plant thinks so. Mrs. Don Cripps has a forsythia bush blooming for all the world like May. She brought a twig in to the Free Press office. It's in the front window—in curious contrast to those leaves turning brown outside.

Girl Guides will be able to resume their activities in Acton this fall as the Scout and Guide Mothers Association has found a leader. Mrs. Lenore Wright of Wilbur St. will be in charge of the blue-uniformed girls for their valuable program.

Application by local hydro employees for certification with the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers was revealed at a meeting of the P.U.C. last week. Hearing for this application has been set by the Department of Labor for September 19.

Acton's proposed new public school likely to see a construction start shortly after tenders are opened September 25, will be known as the M. Z. Bennett School. It was reported at a School Board meeting last week that Miss Bennett, former principal and long time teacher here had consented to the use of her name for the new school.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, September 2, 1926.

Mr. H. P. Moore J.P. addressed the council on Tuesday evening, suggesting the adoption of a suitable crest for the municipality of Acton. He explained that while visiting in Acton, England, the matter had come up and when the crest of that town had been exhibited to him by Sir Harry Brittain, the member of the British House of Commons for Acton Borough, he had prepared the crest and arranged for its registration in the College of Heraldry.

Mr. Moore said that inasmuch as his native town was the daughter of, and had been named for, the English Acton, and had not yet adopted a crest, it might be a matter of further pleasant relationship between the two towns if Acton, Canada, would adopt a crest similar to that of Acton, England. Sir Harry suggested substituting the English oak with the Canadian sugar maple leaf and he arranged to secure permission.

Mr. Moore proposed that as he had occupied the position of clerk and treasurer of Acton 30 years ago and having sat at the council board for 45 years as a representative of the Free Press, he would like to have the pleasure of giving the necessary engraving. A bylaw approving the crest request will be presented at the next meeting.

The members were especially pleased to adopt the motto of the crest: Floreat Actona. Let Acton Prosper.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 7, 1876.

The Whiteside Murder Coroner's Inquest Resumed. The Suspicion Strengthened by Further Evidence, but the Mystery Not Yet Cleared Up

William Joyce, a magistrate residing in Georgetown, testified the deceased came to him and wanted to get some authority to keep his son Henry (the accused) of coming about his premises, saying that the boy would not work and that he was an annoyance to him. The deceased said he would give him just enough in his will to cut him out

Mary Whiteside, daughter of the deceased, told of finding a will. It left \$5 each to the girls and divided the property between the accused and his brother. She said her mother did some sewing and sold chickens to raise some money. The inquest continues.

The cornerstone of the New Congregational Church was laid yesterday by Mr. James Barber of Georgetown. The site is a very convenient one on Church St. between John and Elgin in the immediate vicinity of the Methodist and Disciples churches. After the service a picnic was held in Mr. Armstrong's grove which was numerously attended. A public meeting was held in the evening in the drill shed addressed by several ministers present, and subscriptions were received toward the church building fund.

Sitting Bull is reported to have been killed in the battle in which Custer met his fate. The town of Ste. Hyacinthe, Quebec, was almost totally destroyed by fire.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS
PHONE 853-2010
Business and Editorial Office

Founded in 1873 and published every Wednesday at 59 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the Canadian Community Newspaper Association and the Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance. \$7.50 in Canada; single copies 15 cents; carrier delivery in Acton 13 cents per week. Second class mail registration number 0513. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate. In the event of a typographical error, advertising goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is made an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.
David R. Dills, Publisher
Kay Dills, Editor
Don Ryder, Advertising Manager
Copyright 1976