There's hope for Canada

The recent Canada Cup series did more than prove we have the best hockey players in the world. It provided the missing link this country needed to make us a country "Glorious and Free". By the end of the series, . Canadians were so proud of their homeland, they were happily singing the national anthem, something in the past

regarded as silly or embarassing. Besides the fact that we achieved international respect in the hockey world, the fans' attitude at the end of the final game may also have shown the world we are good sports when we win as well as lose. The standing ovation given Vladmir Zdurilla, the Czech goalie for the action-packed final game when Team Canada squeaked through with the all important win, showed we recognize a good athlete when we see one, no matter what nationality or team.

The unity in Canadians in the final games against Russia and then Czechoslovakia all across the country showed there is hope for

with people all day Saturday and

again all day Sunday and

attendance records fell again this

Crowds and sunshine abounded

as happy crowds meandered

through the exhibits, watched the

many special events and shows and

enjoyed seeing the animals at close

But there were many hours at the

Those were the many hours when

the men and women involved in

producing a fair were working at

the grounds before and after the

Thursday night, for instance,

people were still at work in the hall

A gigantic task for Saturday

morning was the arranging for the

drying out of the sodden track. A

sump pump was speedily arranged

for and the ground dragged. Then

came a packer with stone. By noon,

when sun and breeze were assured,

the track was at last in decent

The women in the hall who spent

shape for the afternoon classes.

park when there was no sunshine.

No crowds. Np photographers.

regular hours of admission.

quarters.

at 4 a.m.

No sunshine, no crowds

The fairgrounds were packed hours setting up and decorating

themselves!

this nation. When 87 per cent of the populace is watching the game on television, one could not help but feel the national ties. Fans in the audience in Toronto on Monday night and in Montreal on Wednesday sang O Canada with emotion and pride. It may take a long time to get Canadians singing their national anthem again, and to get them to be proud of their homeland, but the seed is planted.

Probably by now most have forgotten their pride of the past few weeks, and it will take another Canadian championship to set the vocal cords in tune again. But, if we did it once, we can do it again and again. Maybe someday, we will be as good at singing our anthem as our neighbors are.

Perhaps it was because Team Canada players came from all over Canada, which tied the country together, or the excitement of winning. Whatever it was, it worked. We should be just as proud of the fans as the actual players.

then manned the hall for one

of good cheer Sunday at 5 as the

exhibitors swarmed in to take out

Some of those women even found

The organization and pre-

planning was an enormous task.

The parade, listing of judges,

preparing of pens and ties,

allocating of space, building of

booths and showcases, decorating,

assigning, putting up chairs and

taking them down again for the

dance, listing, lighting, sound

systems, entry form writing. . . . all

those aspects that the contented

fairgoers never see, take many

man hours and woman hours of

Several men on the board of

directors took their holidays before

the fair, there was so much work to

It is to the president and board of

directors, genial secretary-

treasurer, ladies' and men's board

members and all their assistants

we say "Thanks. . . you did a great

these dedicated people.

be done.

a few spare hours to enter baking

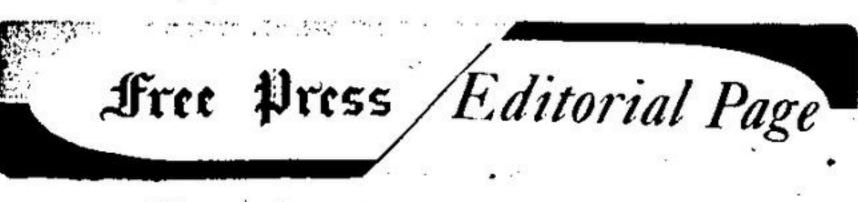
their exhibits and their ribbons.

evening and two full days, still full



WASHED OUT Friday, the midway ended up a huge success Saturday and Sunday. Rides for children and adults operated at full tilt all day, making up for the

discouraging quiet here on Friday, when nothing was heard but pelting rain. Midway organizers were well satisfied with their share of the days' profits.



B2 The Acton Free Press, Wed., September 22, 1976

In defense of agriculture

G. P. Branch submits this letter to the Ontario Tax Reform Commission as a Letter to the Editor of the Free Press.

August 26, 1976 Chairman and Members. Ontario Tax Reform Commission, Brampton, Ontario.

Thank you for the opportunity to appear before this hearing and to be granted the privilege of speaking on my own behalf. May I say that the remarks I am about to make are my own opinion, made as a resident and farm land owner with a 50 per cent interest in a farm property. My comments should not be interpreted as being, in any way, the views of others, and are made without prejudice.

The property is located on Lots 1 and 2. Concession 10, Town of Halton Hills, Region of Halton.

The property in question comprises a ten room house, located in a typical rural setting, approximately 120 acres of workable land with a cluster of five barns and two drive sheds. The farming operation is some fifty head of beef cattle-cow calf to finishing-with an annual production of about 30 head of cattle per year. In addition, there is a sheep operation with a current operation of over 200 sheep. All feed is

raised on the home farm or on rented land. I find myself in disagreement, concerned and mystified by the proposal to apply a market value to farm land. What is market value as applied to agricultural land? Is it realistic market value derived from the economics of any particular farming enterprise? If so, then individual farms will have different assessments, depending on the

nature of the operation. I suggest that market value be removed from the recommendation and substituted by the term "productivity Value", which would more truly reflect the true worth of the farm and the ability of the farmer to pay the taxes in relation to his income

I am skeptical that the farm assessment-whatever it may be called-will be used by other agencies to arrive at their particular tax base-one example might be capital gains.

If society deems it advisable to continue

culture, either through direct taxes on land and buildings, or through capital gains or capital taxing on death or retirement, then I can see a disenchantment with society and its leaders which would increase my view that farming is not worth the effort to continue as a way of making a living.

We have availed ourselves of the farm tax rebate since its inception; the conditions under which it was paid seemed not unreasonable.

However, having experienced the efforts of various agencies to freeze farm land permanently into agriculture, without exceptions and without consideration for the farm owner's views and the effects it would have on his financial position, I am opposed to having any agency pay my share of the municipal taxes because of possible implications. This gives me a feeling, reading between the lines, that the organization that pays my taxes places me under some form of obligation which could amount to a lien on my property.

I feel that placing the onus on the farmer to repay the taxes plus interest should a property which he has sold go out of farming, is most unfair and unjust. Where else does society impose a condition which may be beyond the owner's control, and yet he has to pay. Consideration and exceptions must be made for forced sales due to health, age or economical considerations.

I desire the right to continue to pay my own taxes without being forced to reject a grant because I believe in freedom and freedom of choice.

In general it is not the principle of the Reform of Property Taxation and its legislation that I am in disagreement with, it is the conditions and its administration that concerns me. It is the procedures that come later to which I believe I and my elected representative will have very little opportunity to review before they become a fact of life.

Let me say-from my own personal experience and observations—that it is my concern that farming and its production of food and fibre has reached the epitome of frustration for those engaged in actively working the land.

If Ontario farmers are to continue to produce an abundance of high quality cheap food, at times below a realistic cost of production, then I feel greater concern must be shown for the problems he facesin this case, taxation.

Though no fault of the individual farmer, the voice of agriculture is weak, his needs are misunderstood, his feelings and desire for freedom from controls are often ignored, he is not kept informed of changes that may affect him, and meetings take place at the worst possible time.

I believe that the simplest and most easily administered system is to assess farm tax on the productivity of the enterprise, through an income tax or business tax rather than a fixed land and buildings value tax base. This would be completely fair to young and old, rich and poor, healthy and sick farmers. In good production years it would increase the taxes and form a reserve, and in poor years give some relief to the farmer by lowering his tax payment.

Unfortunately the agricultural problems, of which taxation is just one, are shared by four levels of governments, and several hundred groups within governments. As long as the farmer and/or his organizations have to settle each issue with a different agency and sub group, the issue of agriculture will never be settled. Agriculture in Ontario and Canada needs one policy and one agency.

G. P. Branch R. R. No. 1, Norval, Ont.,

Sign indicates Acton

Dear Editor:

Many people travelling to and from Acton have noticed on highway 401 the signs indicating the turn-off to highway 25 North to

Halton Hills. Many of Acton's citizens are quite displeased due to the lack on consideration to motorits travelling this route for there is no indication as to whether Acton is in this direction or not.

Granted, most people taking this route are well aware of this fact, but what of others? There have been quite a few cases that we personally are aware of and certainly there would be more experiences than we have knowledge of. Was this due to a lack of correct directions or a lack of proper signs?

Because we feel that it is more the fault of - missing signs than directions we have taken the law into our own hands and put up a sign indicating Acton on the 25 north Halton Hills sign on Westbound 401.

That's fine for westbound travellers but we would like to make a request to the Ministry of Transportation and Communications to do likewise and construct a sign of the same nature for eastbound motorists.

Yours sincerely Names withheld

Smarties

Here's some smart origina.

sayings. Peter Piper picked 8.81 litres of

pickled peppers. A miss is as good as 1.609 kilometers.

All wool and 91.3 centimeters

Beat him within 2.54 centimeters of his life. It hit me like 907 kilograms of

+++++

The mind is like the stomachit's not how much we put into it but how much we digest that counts.

The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Sept. 27, 1956 J. M. McNabb, 41 Queen Street, Acton, won a 1956 Ford Fairline Tudor at a garden party in Bronte. The car was given by St.

Dominic's church.

Over 20 candidates were presented to the Rt. Rev. W. E. Bagnall, D. D., for the laying on of hands Sunday evening at St. Alban's church. The Lord Bishhop of the diocese gave the sermon during the Confirmation service and later spoke to the confirmees at the reception in the parish hall. Those who were confirmed are George Ware, John Leatherland, John Hinton, Terence Taylor, George Harris, William Henry, Elaine Bradley, Marjorie Jank, Pauline Lazenby, Lesley Anne Duby, Betty Allonby, Arleen Leib, Audrey Quee, Rose Marie Flatt, Carole Barratt, Rona Hagget, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Tyler Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George Barbeau, Mr. Walter Cook, Mr. Hamilton Pealand Mr. John Rose.

Out-of-town guests at the Duby-Johnson, wedding in the First Baptist Church, Guelph, were Mr. and Mrs. Leo Synnott, Mr. and Mrs. Alf Duby, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Duby of Acton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Duby, Mr.; and Mrs. E. Duby, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cox, Mr. Leon Ayles of Rockwood,

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Sept. 16, 1926

The contractors commenced the work of paving Main St. from the Canadian National Electric Railway tracks to the intersection of the highway near the C. N. R. crossing. It is expected the work will be completed in about two or three weeks.

The first volume by L. M. Montgomery, Mrs. (Rev.) McDonald, since she and her husband settled in Norval, appeared in the book stores last week. It is entitled The Blue Castle and is a most readable love story.

The Meighen government was defeated Tuesday and the Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King will form a new Liberal administration. In Acton 464 voted for Anderson and 449 for. Hampshire showing party sentiment is

pretty evenly divided. School board was given permission by; council to use the small committee room at the town hall for the present as an additional room for the school. The school board was also given permission to use the shed at the town hall to store their fuel.

An interesting session of Acton W.C.T.U. will be held this evening. Mrs. H. Caldwell! of Limehouse will address the meeting at . the home of Mrs. J. Symon

The Beardmore and Co. tug of war team won first place at the competitions at the Exhibition. They were defeated by Mimico in the Dominion Day championship. The Beardmore team is composed of A. Malozzi, J. Dorman, P. Taggart, J. Lambert, H. Thompson, Garfield McFadden, J. Scriven and A. Leitinen. The beautiful cup and medals are on display in the window of Acton Co-operative store.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the

Free Press of Thurs. Sept. 14, 1876 The Whiteside Murder. Mrs. Whiteside,. the wife of the late Robert Whiteside, who was arrested at the instance of Detective-Murray, on the charge of murdering herhusband, resulted in her Honorable acquittal. The ground of her arrest was a sum of money hidden in the house but itonly amounted to \$10 found in an old pocket

book in a trunk. Last Friday was observed as a general holiday in Acton and a large number of our people took advantage of the cheap excursion to Toronto and the Humber Bay. We: learn that 285 tickets were sold at this station. The trip was a very enjoyable one, the weather being pleasant, and the company agreeable. Some disappointment was expressed at the picnic grounds not being quite equal to the high anticipation that had been formed of it; nevertheless there was nothing to complain of to mar the pleasure of the "outing". The half hour's ride on the lake was pleasant enough to put everybodyin good humor and give them appetites forthe lunch. Dancing, swinging and other amusements, were indulged in during the afternoon.

Six more sheep have been worried to. death by dogs, this time at the property of Mr. Jas. Dunn, near Speyside.

The rate of assessment for Acton is only a fraction over one cent on the dollar for all

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

PHONE 853-2010

Business and Editorial Office



Founded in 1875 and aublished every Wednesday at 59 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circutation, the Canadian Community Newspapers Association and the Ontario Wrekly Newspapers Association, Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance, \$7.50 in Canada, \$25.00 in all countries other than Canada; single copies 15 cents; car rier delivery in Acton 15 cents per week. Second class mall Registration Number 0515. Advert-ising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous tern, 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 edvertising goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at

Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.

David R. Ditts, Publisher

Key Dills Don Ryder Advertising Manager Copyright 1976

Of this and that Another name has been suggested for the new middle

school to open here next fall in the former high school. "The Dr. Frank Oakes school" is the latest suggestion.

Supporters signed sheets favoring "McKenzie-Smith school" at the fair, and a previous suggestion was the "W.H. Stewart school," recalling a principal of many years ago.

Water bills mailed from Georgetown to Acton all had to be corrected by hand this week. Under

End of summer, and it's piggy time in

most of Canada. You know what I mean.

Don't tell me you haven't laid a cob of corn,

slathered in butter, across your face

For most of the year, in this northern

climate, we must content ourselves with

produce grown either in greenhouses or in

the States, and it's about as tasty as an old

Oh, it looks great on the supermarket

stands. Sock the sprinkler to it several

times a day, and the junk looks crisp and

fresh. But the celery tastes much like the

lettuce, the turnips much like the potatoes,

the oranges, picked green, much like the

grapefruit. And those pale pink tomatoes,

in their neat cellophane packages, taste like

But for one glorious, short burst,

First come those slim green onions, fresh

out of the soil. They are so crisp and zingy

they don't even seem to be distant relatives

of the limp bunches we buy in the winter.

Then the trickle turns to a stream as the

baby potatoes appear, and the fat, juicy

strawberries, and 'the mouthwatering

raspberries a bit later, and right along, the

crunchy green and yellow beans, fresh-

And then, perhaps the greatest treasure

of them all, real tomatoes, plump and firm

and sun-kissed, with a flavor surely

designed by the gods themselves. They are

no more like that imported trash than a

sexy kiss is like a pat on the back.

Canadians can live like gourmets, gour-

mands, or gluttons, as they choose.

recently.

rubber boot.

nothing at all.

picked.

"This bill may be paid...the writers laboriously changed Thanks, girls.

Don't it sound simple? So how come it doesn't make sense, and most people have to look at their old Fahrenheit thermometers to

know what's going on outside?

Anders Celsius developed a therdegrees in boiling water. Six years after his death the scale was inverted to read 0 degrees in ice

and 100 degrees in boiling water.

"Georgetown" to "Acton". mometer which registered 100 degrees in melting ice and 0

to raise funding at the expense of agri-Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Had I the talent, I would write an ode to the lowly tomato. A friend of ours who has a small farm brought a basket of his beauties around the other day. I put them in the kitchen, went out to his truck to chat for a minute. Came back in and caught my wife leaning over the kitchen sink, slobbering as she wolfed them down, a tomato in one hand, salt shaker in the other. I had to lock

have cleaned up the whole basket. And then, of course, there are the cucumbers, so fresh they almost snap back

at you when you bite into a slice.

her in the basement for a while, or she'd

Into August and the piece de resistance car to ear sweet corn. It must be freshpicked, and not boiled too long. Lather it with butter, get your head down, nose out of

the way, and go to it. My heart goes out to those people whose teeth are so worn down or so insecure that they can't eat corn off the cob. The only thing worse would be to be impotent.

Some of my most treasured memories are connected with corn. When I was a kid. we used to steal it. Over the fence into somebody's garden, stuff the shirts with corn, and back over the fence, hearts pounding, waiting for the shout or the shotgun. Then off to the sand-pit, build a fire, and gorge. We didn't use a knife to spread the butler on. One of the gang would have filehed a pound of butter from the family fridge. Put the butter in an empty can, melt it over the fire, then just stick the whole cob into the can.

Another memory is of swiping corn from

our own gardens, and taking it down to the "jungle" by the railway tracks, where the hobos lived in summer. Then a royal feast, lying back afterwards and choking over the handrolled smokes the unemployed railriders would give us kids.

As a skinny 13- year-old, I set a family record by going through 13 cobs of corn at a single sitting. In those days, you didn't fool around with corn, using it as a side-dish, along with cold meat, you had corn-until it was coming out your cars. The only thing that interfered with the eating was having to come up for air once in a while.

Before this column gets too corny, ha ha, let's get back to that cornucopla of succulence the average Canadian can slurp through for a couple of ineffably delirious months of gluttony.

Right along with the corn come the peaches. I just had three for breakfast, peeled, sliced, sugared and covered with cream. My wife worked as a peach-picker when she was a student, and she has an

eagle eye for the best, firm, ripe, juicespirting.

And what is more delectable than a fresh, ripe pear? You need a bib to eat them, and I say "them" advisably. Anyone who eats only one pear at a time is not a true Canadian.

Plums. Buttered beets. Boiled new

notatoes. Butternut squash. If you see a few

stains on the paper as you read this, don't

be alarmed. It is just drool, You can take your grapes and squash them. You can take your bananas and stuff

Just set me down at a table, preferably the picnic table in the backyard, with the sun slanting in from the west. Then set before me a plate of new potatoes, bolled in their skins, and half a dozen cobs of just-

shucked corn, and a pound of butter.

them. Who needs meat?

On a side plate, one ripe tomato, cut in thick slices, half a young cucumber, cut in thin slices, six or eight slim green onions, the whole resting on a bed of that darkgreen lettuce fresh from the garden. Sait and pepper and a little vinegar within

Then stand well back. Or better still, don your sou'-wester. There is going to be a lot of juice flying.

Show me a dinner of Canada's finest produce about the end of August, and I wouldn't trade it for the most exotic meal in the most elegant restaurant in Paris.

Even the mind slobbers a little, in retrospect.