

New direction for Chamber?

What's the difference between the retail section of the Chamber of Commerce and the proposed Business Association? A public meeting is being held March 8 to find out. The town could perhaps benefit greatly from having the two separate groups. Possibly the split would open up new areas for the Chamber

of Commerce and their change in direction could benefit us all. Certainly Acton needs a voice which is heard outside our own boundaries—as far away as the council meetings—on general issues, such as the upcoming town hall repairs and the concerns of the Actonians for Action committee.

Free Press Editorial Page

Outrageous suggestion

Actonians have been distressed to hear that Ontario Housing officials have been implying to our older people that their only hope for senior citizens' accommodation will be in Georgetown. Another unit had been expected on Elizabeth Dr. and that is where our people want to be—in town with their own rela-

tives, friends, doctors, churches and stores.

The whole story is not in yet; councillor Les Duby is finding it difficult to discover the reasoning behind this upsetting suggestion. Certainly on the surface the idea seems outrageous.

Thank you, Judy McLin!

Acton is a kind of pilot project with its unique Community Services Centre, and many people in the field of social services are keeping their eyes on us to see how it goes.

It goes well, and a good part of this is due to the first co-ordinator of the centre in the Y, Judy McLin. She created the atmosphere of the brand-new job around herself, and made that atmosphere one of quiet competence. She made many of the initial visits to groups and doctors and agencies which introduced them to the Centre.

She had a sympathetic ear for everyone who phoned and came in, even the many who thought they had phoned the arena and just wanted to know when the hockey game started!

She was able to assist many people with a quick answer. Others had more serious problems, and she would set up appointments with the various participating agencies or the counsellors in different areas. The new office and a meeting room right in Acton were a boon for these agency people; Acton is the only community in Halton without a Health Unit office or anything comparable.

Now we have provided these facilities for ourselves, and it is rewarding to see its role filled more and more successfully as the months go by, as general acceptance is gained.

Judy McLin has left her mark in our community and we thank her for it.

Back by popular demand

Back by popular demand . . . the 20 Years Ago column. Quite a few people missed this column when it was changed several weeks ago to 10 Years Ago. As a result of comments, we are now presenting weekly 10 Years Ago, 20 Years Ago, 50 Years Ago and 100 Years Ago. Each date seemed to have its devoted readers.

However, we've reached another snag. All the newspapers from 1895 to 1935 are currently away being microfilmed. Although a whole sheaf of 50 Years Ago columns had been done in advance, we've run out of them now and the books still aren't back. Everything should be straightened out in a couple of weeks!

Recognize firefighters

With the current trend of amalgamation with Georgetown, perhaps more appreciation should be shown for a special organization in town which cannot be taken from us. The name can be changed, but it will always remain in Acton.

The Acton Volunteer Fire Department is perhaps not receiving the attention it deserves. The 30 men on the crew, headed by chief Mick Holmes, are all highly skilled and prepared for situations ranging from house fires to respirator calls. They drop everything at the sound of the siren, and for their unselfish dedication to the town and surrounding area they should be commended.

To many in the town, especially the newcomers, the fire siren is probably a nuisance as it blares in the middle of the night, bringing them from dreamland. However to the firefighters it is their summons. They could be up the rest of the night fighting a fire and then have to go to work as soon as they get home.

Most of the people in town, fortunately, have not required the services of the volunteers. However the ones who do realize how invaluable the men are to the town and surrounding townships. Why must it take a fire for people to have more appreciation?

How can an individual express his or her appreciation? It would be silly to print up bumper stickers saying "Tell a firefighter you love him", but on the other hand, it is

wrong to just sit back and assume they will be there whenever needed.

Last month Fire Chief Mick Holmes made an appeal to the residents of Acton to clear the snow from the fire hydrants closest to their homes. This request was made only because fire can strike anywhere, at any time, and the hydrants are needed for water. A week after the appeal was made the firefighters spent a whole Saturday out in the cold with their shovels, locating the hydrants.

It was hardly fair that the firefighters had to do this in their spare time, when homeowners are sitting in a nice warm house, which could be the next victim of fire and in need of the emergency outlet.

What must the volunteers do to make some people in town realize they are made of flesh and blood, have families, and require some sleep? Does it seem to some people that when the fire siren blares, the men come out of the woodwork and crawl back in when the job is done, waiting for the next job?

The firefighters held their annual Appreciation Night Saturday evening and were "very disappointed" at the attendance of Halton Hills councillors. All were invited, but only the few local representatives made it there. Actually the firefighters should have been invited to an appreciation night, rather than putting one on.

Of this and that

The Kaye Shoppe and its proprietor will be remembered with fondness. Townspeople who have shopped there and enjoyed

the imaginative window displays in passing will wish a happy retirement for Kaye Roszell, after 45 remarkable years in business here.



THE BEE THAT COULDN'T BUZZ read by Eileen New delights children during the story hour held every Wednesday at 1 p.m. at the Acton public

library. The hour usually opens with some games and sing-songs, and the children finish up by colouring pictures of the story they heard.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

We have such a crazy climate in this country that by the time this appears in print some dingbat will have spotted the first crocus peeping its dainty head through the snow.

But right at the moment, any such crocus would have to come from the garden of King Kong.

This winter has been not a little unlike a sort of arctic King Kong—a vast, uncontrollable monster laughing with fiendish glee at the prospect of puny man trying to cope with his whistling, frigid breath, his frosty and fickle fingers, and his extremely bad case of dandruff.

Around these parts we've had 13 to 15 feet of snow, depending on whom you are conversing with. If you are talking to me, you'll learn that we've had 18 feet. My wife would say: "About twelve and a half feet," in that sickening, righteous tone of hers that has made me hurl the hatchet and the butcher knife deep in the 16 feet of snow right behind the kitchen door, to avoid temptation.

Though we have a pretty good running parry-and-thrust on everything from pea soup to politics, from golf to garbage, we just don't fight about the weather. Until this winter. Now it's hammer and tongs almost every day. And I seem to have wound up with the tongs.

I stagger out through the blizzard every morning, brush the snow off the car, scrape the ice off the windshield with my fingernails because she has lost the scraper, and sit there freezing my poorly padded bum for 10 minutes, warming the beast up.

Then I bomb the vehicle out of the driveway, risking my life every morning;

because I can't see anything coming, from any direction. I park it on the street.

On the odd occasion when she decides to shop, she mimes out to the car, heavily garbed, climbs into a warm wagon, parks behind the supermarket and walks 40 feet to the door. Every time she goes out, it has stopped snowing for one hour, the wind has doped for one hour, and the sun gleams palely for one hour.

She leaves the car out on the street when she comes home. I clean it off again, buck it through a drift into the driveway, climb through more snow that goes in over my boots, and totter breathless, and forlorn into the house.

"Why do you make such a fuss?" she queries. "It's been a beautiful winter day."

I don't mind her scoffing at my golf game, being able to ski twice as fast and far as I, this winter she's gone too far. One of us has to break: either the weather, or me.

She won't be so dam' smart when she wakes up on the first day of March break and finds a note pinned to her pillow: "Off to the Canary Isles for 10 days. Hear they're loaded with Scandinavian girls in bikinis or (gasp!) topless. Why don't you go and visit Granddad for a week or so. Love, Fahrenheit Bill." She's a Celsius and it drives me nuts.

But it's not only my wife who has helped, with the aid of this atrocious winter to depress me. It's the cost.

This is rough reckoning, but close enough. From last November the first, it has cost me, approximately: \$420 for fuel oil; \$120 for the driveway plowing; \$50 for

the kid next door, snow-shovelling; \$50 for battery boosts, tow trucks and other winter items for cars. That, my friends, is 650 bucks for the privilege of spending the winter in the true north, strong and freezing. Oh, Canada!

You can well say that I didn't need to spend all that. Well, I dang well did. I could have saved a bit on the oil bill by burning the furniture. And I could have saved a bit on the plowing and shovelling if I had been able to quit my job and shovel about four hours a day. But it seems rather a peculiar way to save money. And of course, by now I'd be dead of a heart attack, so where's the percentage?

Tell me, some of my friends who go south every winter. Does it cost more to eat down there? Less, you say. Does it cost more to drive a car down there? Less, you say. Does it cost more for accommodation? Less, you say, and you add that it can cost \$52 for an ordinary double room in Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver.

But don't you get sick of all that fresh orange juice, and those crispy salads twice a day? No, you say.

Don't you feel you are deserting the ship, somewhat, when your country needs you, when it is the duty of every man and woman to put his and/or her shoulder to the car that's stuck in the drift? No, you say.

Have you no thought, no slightest sympathy, for the pensioner who tries to peer through his frosted windows, who is scared to venture forth because he might bust his back in a foot-skid or freeze into a statue on his way to the liquor store? Definitely not, you say.

O.K., O.K. I haven't figured it out yet, but I'll devise some way of some day getting even with all you rotten rich who are loafing around in the sun while I battle with the Old Battleaxe about the windchill factor.

In the meantime, it's the least you could do, somebody, anybody, to ask me down for a long weekend. From about the fifteenth of February to the Ides of March would be just right.

Of this and that

It's the week for bouquets to the leaders and participants of those lively Scout, Cub, Beaver, Brownie and Guide groups. It's their week, and they're making the most of it.

"The way to happiness is to keep your heart free from hate, your mind free from worry. Live simply, expect little, give much. Fill your life with joy, scatter sunshine. Forget self, think of others. Do as you would be done by."

—Quoted by Dr. N. V. Peale, source unknown.

Bird watchers say there are very few small birds around this year. Scarce in numbers are the sparrows, chickadees, and starlings which usually flock around the backyard bird feeders.

The appointment of Len Marchand as Minister of State (Small Business) in the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce is a major advance for small business in Canada. Now the owner-managed sector, which employs 55 per cent of all working Canadians, has its own voice in the federal Cabinet.

The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, February 22, 1967. Real estate agents in Acton are optimistic about Acton's acute housing shortage being relieved this spring. It's expected 44 new houses will be erected as soon as weather permits in Lakeview subdivision. A 32-unit apartment building will also be built on property fronting on Church St. and Maria Streets. Additional housing units will be constructed by smaller concerns on existing lots elsewhere in town. Grade eight students Carol Patterson of Robert Little school in Acton and Rosemary Young won the public speaking honors in the contest for the Inspectorate of Halton 4, on Friday.

Bill McLaughlin scored his second goal from a scramble around the Acton net with less than four minutes to play to give Seaford Beavers a marginal 2-1 win over Acton Tanners last night in Seaford. Fire in a television set at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Reg Hoare, 291 Arthur St., was doused before firefighters arrived last Wednesday night in pouring rain and sleet. Fire chief Mick Holmes said smoke in the living room was so thick smoke ejectors were used to clear it out. The fire was confined to the TV set.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, February 21, 1957. There was only one winner at the Appreciation Day draw Saturday. The reason—Mrs. Harry Gordon won both the \$5.00 and the percentage draw! Two different coupons bearing her name were drawn. The Girl Guides held a successful tea in the United Church Saturday afternoon. Draw winners were Mrs. H. W. Hinton and Barbara McEachern. Mothers of Guides and everyone interested were invited to the meeting next Tuesday.

Observance of the 50th anniversary of the Boy Scout movement and the 100th anniversary of the birth of Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the Scout and Guide movement will include a church parade here Sunday.

Mrs. L. Fulton of Montreal is visiting with her daughter Mrs. Tom Watson, Mr. Watson and family.

Master Ronald McKnight is a patient in the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto. The Boston Bruins visited him and he got four of the autographs.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Landsborough, Misses Helen and Ruth attended the wedding of Miss Laura K. Reid and Orville Bogel in Trinity Baptist Church, Hamilton last Saturday. Miss Joanne Landsborough was flower girl.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, February 24, 1927. It was through the suggestion of Sir Harry Brittain, member of the British House of Commons for Acton Borough, that the Coat of Arms now in use by the municipality of Acton, Canada, in all its stationary and advertising, was conceived, executed and registered.

Sir Harry is now to forge another link in the chain of happy relationship between the town of Acton, Canada, and its municipal progenitor, Acton, England. A presentation is planned.

The Duke of Devonshire Chapter of the I.O.D.E. will hold their regular monthly meeting next Tuesday evening, March 1, at the home of Mrs. G. A. Dills, Frederick Street.

At the evening service in the United Church next Sunday the pastor will be assisted by Rev. Robert Grierson, M.D., a missionary on furlough from Korea. Dr. Grierson will tell the story of the great success of the Christian missionaries in that country in recent years. He is a forceful and inspiring speaker and should be heard by everyone who is interested in the missionary work of the church.

The Acton Glee Club concert last evening attracted an audience which crowded the Town Hall to the doors.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 8, 1877. (This issue of the Free Press contained an article on each of the town's industries. These will be summarized and included in this column in the coming couple of weeks.) Acton has six churches—Presbyterian, Methodist, Church of England, Baptist, Congregationalist and Disciples. Two hotels—The Dominion kept by Mrs. Robert Agnew and the Rossin House by Mr. Thos. H. Campbell. A Temperance Hall and a strong division of the Sons of Temperance.

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