

Free Press Editorial Page

An insight for voters

The Chamber of Commerce again brought the election candidates to Acton for a well-organized Meet the Candidates night. It has become a Chamber tradition that is an important one.

regional government. Again, the answers were predictable. Not all answers immediately satisfied the audience and there were a few heckling remarks.

The case for Hotchen's

The determination of four town businessmen to provide downtown parking has resulted in their taking it upon themselves to purchase Hotchen's Bakery property.

If Hotchen's is removed and a new revenue-producing building erected on the lot, it would be too late to dream of parking there.

Hydro misled Queen's Park

The Ontario Court of Appeals, highest court in the province has finally shown to doubters what area people have been saying for several years—that Dr. Ormond Solandt did not study certain Ontario Hydro corridor proposals in any substantial way for the route between the transformer station east of Milton and the Bruce nuclear generating plant.

roller its way through private property without just cause. Residents along the route have contended this was the reason for enactment of the Expropriation Act while Ontario Hydro, through its lawyer Tom Marshall, has maintained the purpose of expropriation hearings was to deal with specific proposals from land owners along the route and move transmission towers to avoid obstacles such as swimming pools or sugar bush.

Of this and that

Next Sunday would have been Decoration Day. The service is not being held this year, due to dwindling interest the past couple of years. No doubt many people will go to Fairview, St. Joseph's and even Pioneer cemetery as usual, and tend the graves of their loved ones.

time it had been hoped that Mill would be completed by the end of May. The disruption continues. With just over a week until balloting for a provincial representative, there is still a great deal of apathy evident among the voters.



THE CHORALIARS entertained on the lawn behind St. Joseph's church Sunday during the At Home held in conjunction with the 120th year of the parish. Refreshments were served inside the church.



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

One of my colleagues remarked jovially the other day that I was beeping again in my column. Another bystander chimed in: "Yeah! A gripe a week, that's Smiley!"

Recently a lady wrote from Alberta and suggested she'd noticed a note of cynicism creeping into this weekly epistle.

Party of the first part had some justification. For about three weeks in a row I was bitching about my sore back, my dire rear, and my rotten car.

Party of the second part was reading things that were not there. I am not, never have been, and hope I will never be a cynic. A skeptic, yes. I am about as deeply skeptical as can be any man who has been through a depression, a war, a marriage, and several decades of political bullroar.

Perhaps there was a sharper edge to my bleating there for a few weeks. But despite the flailing blows of life, I am not downcast, dejected, or depressed, which I'll prove by giving you a lot of good news this week.

I don't have either cancer or tuberculosis in my back. All I have is a little problem called "disintegrating discs". It's not at all serious. It merely means you are falling apart in the transmission system, like an old car that looks pretty good but will crumble into a heap of rust if you give it a good kick.

Anyway, I think my d.d.'s began quite a few years ago, on a deer-hunting trip, when I carried for half a mile a huge hound that some idiot in another party had shot and badly wounded. The dog was almost as big as I was and was twisting and yelping in pain. I had a sore back for a couple of years after that.

Whatever, I've got the d.d.'s (better than having the d.f.'s) and it's not without its advantages. I'm not supposed to life anything too heavy. The Old Lady has been putting out the garbage since I learned about it, something I've been trying to engineer for years. When she decides to move the furniture around, I give a little groan and point to my back. It makes her furious, and she's thinking of trading me in on a later year's model.

As for my dire rear, it's completely ended, no pun intended.

Some service station people weren't radiant after reading my remarks about mechanics. But a number of friends and readers who have suffered severely at the hands of the modern-day highwaymen assured me I was right on.

Some other good things have happened. I got my income tax return into the post office three hours before the deadline, a new record. It cleaned me out of every spare nickel I had, but that's an annual occasion. So we eat bread and beans for a month. They're good for you.

By the time this appears, I'll have been through the annual agony of going through a hundred eager applications for one English teacher's job, and the nauseating business of playing God with young people's lives will be over again.

I've practically caught up on my marking, by ignoring the hockey playoffs and sitting at the kitchen counter with a pencil

in one hand and coffee in the other. I counted today, and there are only 112 essays, short stories and bits of drama to mark. That's almost home free.

But perhaps the best thing that's happened to me in a coon's age occurred last Friday. I had foolishly made an appointment with a nose specialist in a neighboring city.

I don't know why. I must be getting dotey. That's a perfectly good nose. It's rather badly bent here and there, and I can't smell anything. But if I ever have to resort to spectacles, it will be an excellent nose on which to rest them.

Well, as soon as the word got around, the horror stories began coming at me. One guy swore they used an electric drill to bore through the bone and gristle of noses like mine.

Another, who'd had a nose job for sinus trouble, contributed, "Worst pain I've ever gone through in my life. He (the butcher) didn't go up the nose from outside. He slashed through my cheeks, inside my mouth, and went up from there. Dreadful!"

Two other birds who'd had nose jobs just

shook their heads gravely and winced, when I pressed them for details.

Needless to say, I was a bit white and skittering when the old girl and I got in the car and headed off last Friday. I was hoping the car would break down, as usual. Dam' thing ran like a top.

X-rays under my arm, I crept up the reception desk and announced myself, so faintly the young lady made me repeat it.

"Oh, Mr. Smiley, the doctor's out of town for the day. You were supposed to be here yesterday."

Seems that the local doctor's office, when my wife called to check on the appointment time, made a beautiful boo-boo.

We stood there in front of the nose man's receptionist with vastly different visages. My wife was furious, mouthing at me silently. "You coward, I'll bet you're glad."

I don't know why she'd think that, unless it was because I was grinning like an idiot child.

We made another appointment, but it's not for a month. I'll think of something.

OUR READERS WRITE:

Celebration "At Home"

Behind the red brick building, Where kind folk go to pray, And receive Almighty blessings In the old conventional way.

The friendly folk have gathered, With the "Acton Choraliars" To do their thing, and help to sing, To celebrate the years.

There were smiles of friendly welcome, For everyone to see, Where the yellow coats, did ease their throats, With the "At home" cup of tea.

Father welcomed all the folk

While "Folk-music" floated round, He made the call, "At Home" to all, To come and join the sound.

A few happy fleeting moments, For friends to say Hello, And meet the folk they live with, And the folk they've learned to know.

God gave each one his blessing, To calm their many fears, And give them needed courage, To face the coming years.

Victor Smith R. R. 2, Rockwood.

History of post office

Dear Editor: The national board of the Canadian Postmasters and Assistants Association has asked me to compile the history of our organization. For this reason, I am asking your readers to contribute items of interest such as amusing anecdotes, photographs, clippings

of important postal events, and stories from the pioneer days of mail handling in Canada.

Sincerely yours, Bettl Michael, C.P.A.A. Historian, Port Robinson, Ontario. LOS 1KO

Researching Boer war

It is seventy-five years since the Peace of Vereeniging brought the Anglo-Boer War to a close. The Boer War was the occasion of Canada's first major overseas military campaign, and relatively little has been written about the participation of the Canadian contingents. I am engaged in researching the role of the Canadian forces in this conflict, and I am anxious to get it touch with surviving

veterans or with relatives or friends of veterans, doctors, nurses, priests or doctors. I will be travelling and researching throughout Ontario during the next few months and I would be most grateful if readers could assist me in this project. Hugh Robertson, 224 Springfield Road Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0K9

The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 31, 1967

Terry Waterhouse graduated in Business Administration from Mohawk College of Applied Arts and Technology at convocation held at McMaster University, Hamilton, May 12. Rev. Father V. J. Morgan, pastor of St. Joseph's church, Acton, will celebrate the 45th anniversary of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood on Saturday, June 10, 1967. During Father Morgan's priesthood, he has served as pastor at Macton, Linwood, Georgetown and Acton. Thirty dollars damage was caused in a minor accident on Victoria Ave., at 12:30 a.m. Saturday, May 27. A car owned by Murray Rody, Nelson Court, was damaged while the second vehicle driven by Keith Massey, R.R. 4, Rockwood was the second vehicle. Police said the Rody car was parked. Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Force have returned from a trip to Europe. A series of flights took them to several countries including Portugal, the south of France, Italy, Switzerland and Holland. Firefighters were called to extinguish a blaze in a car owned by John Thomas Lazenby of R.R. 1, Acton at 6:35 p.m. Saturday evening. Police said \$500 damage was caused by the fire which occurred after the vehicle backfired, stopped and burst into flames at the corner of Eastern Ave. and Church St. It was proceeding east on Church St.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Free Press of Thursday, June 6, 1957

The future of the Wool Combing Industry in Acton is uncertain at press time today. Robert Markon, in an interview with the Free Press at one p.m. today revealed a decision would be announced Monday. At present, an estimated 100 employees are affected, representing approximately a quarter million dollar annual payroll. An enrolment of 80 is reported by Principal G. McKenzie for the kindergarten class for the coming season. It has been suggested by him that any mothers wishing to enrol their children contact the school as soon as possible. Mayor Tyler will greet a town crier and stage coach at the steps of the YMCA next Thursday at 9:30 a.m. He will be greeting the Mayor of Milton, who begins an extensive stage coach run, complete with four horse team, coachmen, town crier, and four beautiful girls decked out in gay costumes of the 1850-1860 era. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Deveau visited with Dr. Neville and Mrs. Harrop and Joanne and Rose Marie of Toronto last weekend.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 31, 1877

The 59th anniversary of the Birthday of our beloved sovereign was celebrated in Acton in the customary manner. Games and sports continued in animated style for about four hours. About five o'clock the Knights of Pythias assembled in their rooms above the post office and having clothed themselves in their uniforms formed in procession and marched through the principal streets headed by the Acton Brass Band. They attracted a large crowd. In the evening the grand centre of entertainment was the dramatic presentation in the Drill Shed. A large number of extra chairs and other seats had to be procured. The professionals had instructed the amateurs very well and the drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin was remarkably well done. The entertainment was one of the most successful ever held in Acton. The dance afterward was also a success. The potato bugs as well as the caterpillars are on the warpath. A liberal coat of good gravel is being put on Mill St. A drunken Frenchman fell down a hotel stairs in Hamilton Friday and was killed. The rumors concerning the dissolution of the present government are probably without foundation. We have come through the ordeal of hard times and a hopeful aspect of business affairs now exists.

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Business and Editorial Office



1976 award winner

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