



Hazel Murray is 90 years young

More than 105 friends and relatives were on hand in Knox church hall Sunday to bestow birthday greetings on Mrs. Hazel Murray, 92 Mill St. E. She celebrated her 90th birthday yesterday (Tuesday).

Mrs. Murray is the daughter of the late Harry Gibbons and Jennie Auld. She was born on November 29, 1887 in Esquesing township. On September 24, 1910, she married Andrew John Murray in Rockwood, at the church manse. The Rev. Douglas officiated at the ceremony.

The couple lived in rural Acton, or in town, their entire married life. Mr. Murray died on December 29, 1964. Together they raised three children, Ruby Hansen, Verna Smith and Harry

Murray, all of Acton. She now has five grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Murray was active in the church groups and still enjoys visits from friends and relatives at her Mill St. home.

An open house was held Sunday in A. C. Stewart Hall, put on by her grandchildren. Member of provincial parliament Julian Reed attended and presented Mrs. Murray with a plaque. Congratulations were also received from member of parliament Dr. Frank Philbrook and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

Guests attended the event from Acton, Rockwood, St. Catharines, Ariss, Guelph, Burlington, Toronto, Mississauga, Georgetown, Belwood, Unionville and New Jersey.

MRS. HAZEL MURRAY celebrated her 90th birthday Sunday at an open house in her honor in Knox Church A.C. Stewart Hall. Her actual birthday was yesterday (Tuesday).



Painted Box

by Wendy Thomson

When we left Alberta on vacation, I'd planned on making notes as we drove along, but once we reached Acton, our old stomping grounds, the great rush of activity swept us up and kept us whirling in circles for the next two weeks.

We drove straight to my mother's house in Rockwood first, and ran up a huge long-distance bill getting in touch with friends and relatives. In order to try to see everybody, we had to divide our days up and keep on the move.

One day we had breakfast and lunch with Beers, who'd lived down the Esquesing-Nassagaweya town line from us and are now in Port Credit; quick stops were made in Oakville, first to say hello to the guy who'd introduced Gord and me, then to have coffee with folks who'd visited with us here last year. Supper was in Bronte with Gord's oldest friend.

The next day we split up, Gord going to Oakville to hear all the news from where he

worked at Long Mfg. and the UAW, and me to Acton for the same reason.

After I disrupted the Free Press staff at their busiest hour, we all headed out for lunch. (Oh that wonton soup and egg roll I'd been waiting two years for!) I was quite touched by the welcome speech given, a long preamble ending with the ceremonial unrolling of a "scroll" of toilet paper, and two words "Welcome Wendy."

Later that day, time slipped back nine years as I walked into a Georgetown stable where I'd bought my mare so long ago, and found the scene exactly the same—same man, in the same spot, straightening up from saddling a (different) horse. I had to give myself a shake to bring me back to the present.

Nothing would do except I stay for dinner with the Ions, and then we headed for Snelgrove. What a way to spend an evening after travelling 2,300 miles to visit—watching sheep and goats! There was one small forlorn kid I was tempted to buy, just to give a good home to, but couldn't quite see it sitting on the front seat between Gord and I on the way home to Buck Creek.

So the weeks went. We saw people and we missed people. No matter how hard we tried to arrange our days, in an spite of the 800 miles we put on the truck visiting, we still didn't see everybody we'd hoped to.

Often the worst of it (or

maybe I should say "the best of it") was the meals. There we were, living the idle life, doing nothing more strenuous than putting away our seat-belts, being fed to the gills with all the best dishes our friends could think of. We had everything from Weiner schnitzel with Alice Hatfield in Guelph through spaghetti with the Maninas, now in Kitchener, to a boiled corned beef dinner in Bronte; from Egg McMuffin at McDonalds to Quiche Lorraine at Castle Harbor's Lighthouse Restaurant, revolving high above the Toronto Harbor.

I have never had so much wine and so much food in such a short time. It was almost a relief to see the end of our holiday in sight while we would still get into our clothes without too much problem.

The night before we left the Acton area, we visited the house we'd built down the town line. We had driven by once, but didn't stop as I'd been more than a little upset with all kinds of memories rushing at me from every direction, memories of people, animals, happenings, dreams, and disappointments, all revolving around that house.

However, two days later we returned and stopped. At first it was like coming home; so familiar was everything that as we walked around the house and down to the barn in the dark, I could close my eyes and not stumble, even on the rough path, just as though there was no two-year gap.

Then we went into the house. Although there was a moment of pain at the thought it no longer belonged to us, I'm glad we went. Now that I've seen other people's furniture in it and another family living there, I can consign it to the past and let it go.

All in all, it was a memorable holiday. It was great to hear I'd been thought of and missed, and I plan on returning every now and then just so I can bask in the attention.

Of course, there were moments that set me back on my heels, like when I went into the Bank of Montreal where I'd banked for 16 years. I wanted to cash a traveller's cheque and was asked "Do you have an account here?" I guess two years' absence is too long for banks.

But what struck me most was how, after the first five minutes of rapturous

greetings with friends, we could slide into place as though we'd never been gone. It was almost as though the spots had been saved for us.

So easy and natural was that reforming or reaffirming of ties, that on the way home to Buck Creek, I found myself getting muddled over which of our friends belonged to the east and which to our new life in the west. I had to stop and think before placing who we were leaving and whom we were returning to.

Now that I've seen everybody, I can stop thinking about them in the past and think of them in the present for awhile. And when they once again start sliding into the past, why—we'll just have to pack up and come back again.

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Executive has election for 1978

The November meeting of the L'Arche auxiliary for the mentally retarded was held at the home of Mrs. Linda Paul with eight members present. The meeting was chaired by Mrs. Julie Conroy.

With the Christmas season approaching it was arranged that gifts be sent to four local residents who come home to spend the Christmas with their families from Oaklands, Orillia Hospital and Huronia Regional Centre.

The annual Flowers of Hope Campaign was slightly down from last year's figure but a generous cheque will be forwarded to the N.H.A.M.R. for \$2285.00 and presented at their meeting on Dec. 5. A further donation of \$500 will be sent from the L'Arche auxiliary to the North Halton Association, from funds raised. The Cash for Life Lottery is going very well and to

date 2564 tickets have been sold in the North Halton area. Fifty cents from each ticket sold is kept for use by the local North Halton Association. The winning numbers are listed in the Star each Tuesday evening.

Elections for the 1978 season were made, and are as follows: president, Julie Conroy; vice president, Chris Steen; treasurer, Ruby Lausten; secretary, Linda Paul; correspondence, Pat Jackson; telephone convener and scrap book, Gail Beerman; membership and publicity, Bette Gardin.

Jenny Kuiken then adjourned the meeting and tea and coffee followed. The Auxiliary do not meet in December. The next meeting will be held Jan. 24, 1978. Anyone wishing to join please contact 853-2063 for more information.



SITTING AROUND the table eating their snacks are (clockwise) Katie Omera, Adam Frizzell, Tyler Noblett, Lisa Beaton, Tracey Hagen, Mark Reis and Holly Anne Rhyndard. They are among the 18 children who attend pre-school playshop in the Y once a week.

Mothers enjoy jamboree slides

The Scout and Guide Mothers' annual Christmas pot-luck dinner was held last Tuesday evening. The Scout Hall was beautifully decorated and a lovely crackling fire greeted the mothers. Glasses of punch were served to all by Juanita Lamarche.

This was an event all had looked forward to with anticipation. The 1st Acton Scouts had been invited to attend the dinner. Afterwards a slide presentation of their trip to the P.E.I. Jamboree this past summer was shown.

The mothers were very impressed and the Scouts were kept busy by many questions pertaining to their trip. Scout Leader Mark Rowe answered all questions in detail. Representations from all provinces were at the P.E.I. Jamboree. All methods of transportation were used to reach this Jamboree. Georgetown Venturers canoed to P.E.I. Their trip took 23 days.

The Scouts from Acton who attended this Jamboree will have fond memories of their trip for many years to come. After the Scout's presentation a draw was held for the poinsettia centerpiece. This was won by Marie Prueter.

The meeting was adjourned by the president Barbara Murchison. There will not be a December meeting of the Scout and Guide Mothers. The next meeting will be held the 4th Tuesday in January at 8 p.m. All mothers are welcome.

Until then, have a very Merry Christmas and a wonderful New Year, says secretary Leslie Johnston.

Quilt, craft outlet by CVCA

Women's non-profit service groups provide aid to churches, hospitals and community benefit projects and any of these groups interested in an outlet for hand-made quilts or crafts should contact the Information Officer at the Credit Valley Conservation Authority.

The Authority plans to celebrate spring with the Maple Syrup Festival at the Orangeville Reservoir Conservation Area, on March 25-26 and April 1-2, 1978. Space is available for quilt and for craft displays on these four days.

Free Press Family Page

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