

Free Press Editorial Page

Support for band

It will be disappointing to Actonians to read today that the grant to Acton Citizens' Band was by no means unanimous. The band made a fine presentation to Halton Hills committee meeting Monday night, and the final recommendation is that their request for \$4,860 should be approved.

But Councillor Peter Morris warned the bandspeople attending they should not expect the same next year.

And two councillors, Pat Patterson and Roy Booth, opposed the motion.

The matter goes to full council now.

It was councillor Pat Patterson who suggested at the last committee meeting that Acton band and Georgetown Girls' Pipe Band should receive the same amount, \$1,000.

Acton Band's presentation, printed in full for the benefit of our readers, appears elsewhere.

It does appear likely now that the band will be given enough money to carry on as it has.

But the suggestion of a decrease, the lack of understanding and the lack of interest will continue to rankle with the many people in town and district who are fans of our band.

Support for many areas of recreation is given without a thought. In other town in fact, the local band is a division of the town's recreation department.

Here, our band has been an integral part of the town for an amazing 106 years.

Over all these years, they have had community support. A town plebiscite granted them an annual sum, which in fact would amount to considerably more than their request this year.

Bandmaster Dr. George Elliott was named Acton Citizen of the Year when his devotion to the band and its fine training program was outlined.

We are sure we speak for many when we say Acton would certainly want its band properly supported financially by the town.



Up the creek

ALMOST TRAPPED IN the ice, early season canoeists push their way through frozen slush. Bob Dye took this picture on the weekend. There were still patches of ice on the pond Tuesday despite the welcome warm spell.

Weeklies popular

Do you know that more people read community weeklies—like this one—than read daily papers? And many people only take weeklies? In a community newspapers survey, it was learned that 57 per cent of subscribers do not read dailies while weeklies are found in 86 per cent of Canadian

homes. And all across the country, weekly newspaper circulation is increasing by 10 per cent each year.

Advertisers find that their messages stay in homes a full week, at the price of one issue.

Raindrops

Did you miss Dental Health Week? It was April 9-15.

In Ridgetown, the fair board is setting out to raise \$100,000 for a grandstand for the park. Acton hasn't had outdoor seating at the park for many years.

Provincial lottery money - over three million of it - will be used for health research. Grand idea...but how did people manage to part so easily with so much money in the first place? Think how all the local campaigns would benefit if people gave their money directly! But the chance of winning of course adds a little fun to the whole thing.

It's good to see several renovation projects underway along the main streets this spring. They will encourage others to improve their business premises, too.

When, oh when, will the Senior Citizens' apartments appear?

Not even councillors talk about wards one, two, three and four any more. It's always Acton and Georgetown—everywhere. Except on the highway signs! Isn't it time the signs on Highway 401 were changed to read Acton and Georgetown, instead of Halton Hills at both exits. Campbellville is just a part of Milton, yet it has its own proper name on 401. Not us. It's ridiculous.

This spring's tree cutting program has left some gaping holes along the streets. The corner of Church and Main in particular seems sadly missing its big old trees. New young trees can be requested from the town, and will be planted by town men on town property.



Sugar and spice by Bill Smiley

Once upon a time I spent the best part of a year in a prison camp. The days went by very slowly.

Later, I spent a year in bed in a sanatorium, and the days dragged even more slowly. A week seemed like a month.

Recently, I spent only two weeks in another situation, and the time snailed so slowly that it seemed longer than prison camp and san put together. We had our grandboys for two weeks.

Migawd, the days seemed endless. I'm sure you'll say: "Nonsense. Dear little chaps. I'll bet they were a lot of fun. How can he say that?"

Sure they were a lot of fun. Or let's switch that to they had a lot of fun. But who wants fun for 16 to 18 hours a day? Not a middle-aged couple, one with a bad back, the other with jangled nerves to the point of screaming when the toast pops up in the toaster.

We weren't like that when they arrived, but we were close to stretcher cases by the time they left. And I'm not exaggerating one whit.

It all started when my wife got sentimental and decided to help our daughter, who is in the final throes of studying to become a teacher, and was getting behind in her work.

"Bill, we're going to take the kids for two weeks and give Kim a break. It won't hurt us and it might even be fun. We may never have the chance to have them like this, all to ourselves, again."

Well, I've got news for her. We not only might not. We will not. Not unless it's over my dead corpse. That's a lot of no's, but I'm in a rather negative mood. It doesn't help that I get a pain like a knife in the back when I reach for a fag or a beer. Yep, they've sprung my discs again.

Just for example, as I write, the TV repairman is working behind me. My wife got a terrible scare today. The littlest tad, who is as destructive as a bull elephant at a quilling bee, got in behind the TV when her back was turned for a second. There was a hiss and a terrible stench of something burning.

She snatched him away, tore the plug out of the wall, and, much to their disgust, pushed the two of them out of the room.

They weren't a bit scared, as older kids might be, but kept trying to push her to see the fun.

Right now, Tom the TV man looked up, grinning, and holding a half-scorched piece of Canadian cheddar. The little boy had tossed this afternoon snack, which had been purloined long knows where, into the innards of the machine.

Ever dropped some cheese on to a burner on the stove? It stinks. No wonder the old lady panicked.

That's just a sample. Here are some miscellaneous items. One floor lamp with dangling crystals, replacement value about \$160, flattened with a great clanging of chandelier-like glass. Frame bent, shade broken. We sat with a bare light burning, as though we lived in a cheap hotel room.

One Indian rug, recently cleaned at considerable outlay, looking as though a tribe of baboons had been playing football. One chesterfield suite, smeared with jam, honey, toothpaste, and various other indescribable but sticky substances.

One hardwood floor, recently refinished, looking as though the Canadiens hockey team had been practising on it. I could go on and on, but it makes me mad, and it makes my wife cry.

And that's not to mention all the little stuff, broken, bent out of shape, rendered hors de combat by jumping on it or hitting someone over the head with it.

The day begins about 6.30, with the sound of one small boy babbling happily to himself. A few minutes later, there is a thump as he hits the floor, the padding of bare feet, and you look up to find the tiny turkey by your bedside grinning hugely, probably with your shaving cream in one hand, top off, something dangerous, like a log off a stool, in the other, and his diapers hanging down to his knees, ready for some action.

From there on it's sheer horror, as the biting and the fighting and the dancing and the shouting commence. Try to iron, one of them is attempting to pull the iron on his head. Try to vacuum, and they pull it apart in the middle and use it as a voice tube. Try to sew and the smaller one is stuffing his mouth with pins. Try to read a paper and a body comes hurtling across the room and leaps on to your groin, scattering the newspaper.

Even worse than the racket are the silences. If there isn't any sound, you leap to your feet and run to where the silence is. They are inevitably pulling the knobs off the TV, tearing up a manuscript, or stuffing their mouths with pennies they found in some forgotten drawer.

Small boys should be treated like monkeys. They should be kept in cages containing lots of things to climb on, sawdust on the floor, and lots of peanuts lying around for the picking.

It's not really what the boys are doing to us or the house. It's what they're doing to our marriage. We're so exhausted and rattled that we're recommitting.

"I was up with that child at 6.15."

"Yeah, but who changed his diapers?"

"Who got them their breakfast?"

"Sure, but who took them out for a walk and broke up three fights?" And we start to shout. And the kids wink at each other and grin.

Our readers write

Change our attitudes

Dear Mrs. Dills, As I sit here thinking about what has happened to my country I can only come up with one main thing. In the last 10 years our country has had a change of attitude.

Our society is such now that no one wants to strive for anything more than is necessary to get by.

Our workers want more money but are unwilling to do more work. In fact they would like less hours.

Our children no longer strive for higher grades, a passing mark will do.

What of privileges? The privilege to drive, the privilege of fishing, the privilege of just being a Canadian?

These, to a great number of us, are no longer considered privileges. They are now thought of as rights. A great attitude change.

Well, I would have to say that it is our

right to work, but to-day with unemployment so high I feel it is a privilege to be working.

Our attitude in 10 years has caused most of the problems of this once great nation. We can't blame an inept government for it all. We played the biggest role ourselves. But the government of Pierre Trudeau has not discouraged this attitude change. It has in fact kindled it with higher spending on social programs that take away our incentive to do better.

Fortunately, all is not lost. We have an opportunity to change our attitude again.

Maybe if we all did our share and even a little more we could save our dying country and once more be proud of our attitudes as Canadians.

R. Maddeaux
Acton

Tribute to Canada

by Sheila O'Hourke
She gave us of her bounty, when first we sought her shore
She taught us love and laughter, and then she gave us more.
She gave us beauty of her landscape, her wild geese in their flight
She took away the terrors, that used to haunt our nights.
And not content to rest at that, she took us to her heart
She blessed her new-found children, and played a mother's part.
Canada, Canada.

She taught us love of freedom, to trust the outstretched hand
Offered us in friendship, in this, our chosen land
She showed us of her beauty, from sea to shining sea
From Breton's craggy coastline, to the mountains of B.C.
She flaunts the glory of her face, in winter, spring and fall.
When summer blooms upon her breast, she

smiles the most of all.
Canada, Canada.

She feeds the nations of the world, with tons of golden grain
And herbs of fat, sleek cattle graze on her sunny plains
Her forests, streams and rivers, nestle on her breast
And everyone, in this great land, calls his own home the best.
She shelters all her children, in cities great and small.
Or lets them wander, where they will, with freedom for them all.
Canada, Canada.

How sad 't would be, should we forget, how much she's let us grow
And turn our backs, like hypocrites, and never ever show.
How much we love, this sweet dear land that look us long ago?
God bless our country, Canada, as through this life we go.
Canada, Canada.

The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, April 17, 1968

Slashing at the general purpose rate in a midnight oil burning session last night, (Tuesday) Acton council almost held the line on the 1968 mill rate which will be hiked one mill on residential property and 2.2 mills for commercial and industrial. The modest hike, a move council tried to avert by various stratagems brings the residential rate to 77 mills and industrial and commercial to 87 mills respectively.

On Wednesday, April 3 at the Ninth annual meeting of the Salvation Army House of Concord, Dr. Robert Buckner was singularly honored. He was the recipient of the Order of Distinguished Service scroll, the Distinguished Service Cross which is the insignia of the Order, from International Headquarters of the Salvation Army, London, England.

Credit Card, a five year old pacer belonging to Dave Lindsay of Acton made his first appearance of the season at the Mohawk Raceway last week, finishing in the money. Trainer-driver Bill Wellwood said Credit Card qualified for the race with a time of 2:10 1

A traffic safety conference was held Tuesday in Hamilton and Cons. Bruce McArthur and Peter Campbell attended from the Acton OPP detachment.

Miss Florence Wilkin has returned from an extended visit in Florida.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 1, 1958

A \$1,045,000 expansion program of three high schools will be presented to the five municipal councils for approval, members of the North Halton high school District board decided at a meeting in Milton on Monday, after having received tentative approval from the department of education. The program at Acton would include construction of an additional four classrooms with gymnasium assembly and additional cost of the plan for Acton is \$200,000.

Children playing with fireworks are believed to have been the cause of a fire that almost totally destroyed the Roxby Theatre in Georgetown on Saturday, April 26. Georgetown firemen battled the blaze for several hours before bringing the fire under control.

Next season's night school courses will revert to 12 evenings, rather than 14 due to a small operating deficit this year. The decision was made at the annual meeting of the night school committee held in the high school on Tuesday evening. Mrs. E. Leyland was re-elected president of the group. Other officers are: vice president, Roy Gatenby; recording secretary, Mrs. J. Creighton; treasurer, Mrs. Florence Wilkin; publicity, Mrs. David Dills; general committee, George Bowman, Mrs. John Chapman, Miss Bella-Maye Roszell, Mrs. W. Toth; Mrs. W. Coon; Mrs. H. Helwig and Mrs. J. Inglis.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 26, 1928

The committee appointed to arrange the details of a new covered rink in Acton have secured petitions largely signed by reliable persons who are willing to back up their desires by assuming financial obligations.

When will Canada learn that her forests must be "cropped," not "mined"?
Orrie Lamb's specials: minced beef 15c, blade roast 18c, pork chops 25c, peanut butter 18c lb.

Acton Co-Operative store: 2 lb. lard 25c, 2 lb. ginger snaps 25c, 2 tins asparagus 45c, 10 lb. sugar 67c.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 25, 1878

On Monday Walker Lodge entertained Messrs. Geo. Smith, Adam Winlow, John Keith, Wm. McDonald, Robt. Waldie and Joseph Brown who are to leave for Manitoba. The supper was given in Campbell's Hotel and was gotten up in Mr. Campbell's best style. A large crowd assembled at the station Tuesday to witness their departure.

We would direct the attention of the proper authorities to the disgraceful condition of our cemetery at present. The fence around it is very rickety and cows and pigs seem to make it a favorite resort.

A new kettle drum has been added to the band.

On Friday 11 members of the Guelph Checker club played an equal number of draughtsmen of this county in Matthew's Hall. (Hochen's Bakery). The hall was crowded to excess with spectators and quite an excitement was manifest. Halton was victorious.

W. H. Storey, James Moore and Edward Moore have dissolved partnership as tanners and kid dressers.

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AUTOGRAPHED PICTURES OF THE TOWN HALL... AMAZING!