

Free Press Editorial Page

History in print

For many years, Acton's Early Days has been the only source of information about our town's history, other than the Free Press files. Copies of the books have been almost impossible to obtain.

During the demolition of our old building on Mill St., we located some printed sections of that old book. We decided to reprint the missing pages to create a limited number of copies of the book, which

are now for sale.

The book resulted from a series of columns in the Free Press written by publishers H. P. Moore and G. A. Dills. It was first published in 1929.

The book proceeds street by street and includes anecdotes about early people here. It's a constant source of reference for anyone trying to recreate the history of the town.

50 years in business

Hinton's store, a fixture on downtown Mill St. for over half a century, will be changing its name this fall. Bert Hinton is selling out his stock after so many years in business.

Probably Bert Hinton is one of the best-known people in Acton. He was usually in his store and happy to chat with customers.

As well, he has been interested in all levels of government and other Acton organizations and events.

He was on local council and went all the way up to hold the post of

warden of Halton county. He's been active with the P.C. party. He is presently Acton-Esqueving representative on the Halton Board of Education.

Sheridan college grew and developed while he was a member of the board of governors. He has been president of the fall fair, involved in the Chamber of Commerce.

We know that Bert will remain active and keenly interested in his town despite the sale of his business.

What can we do?

Our young people are wondering what they can do all summer, with jobs scarce.

Judge Phillip Gilliam of the Juvenile Court in Denver, Colorado, wrote this in response:

"Go home. Go home. Hang the storm windows, paint the woodwork. Rake the leaves. Mow the lawn. Shovel the walk. Wash the car. Learn to cook. Scrub some floors. Repair a sink. Build a boat. Get a job. Help the minister, priest or rabbi, the Red Cross or Salvation Army. Visit the sick and helpless. Assist the poor. Study your lessons. And then, when you're through and not too tired, read a book.

"Your parents do not owe you entertainment. Your city does not owe you recreational facilities. The world does not owe you a living. You owe the world something. You

owe it your time and your energy and your talents, so that no one will be at war or in poverty, or sick or lonely again.

"In plain simple words... grow up, quit being a crybaby; get out of your dream world; develop a backbone, not a wishbone, and start acting like a man or woman.

"It strikes fear to the very heart of me for the future of our country when I see these young people who are completely and utterly indifferent to their responsibilities toward others and toward society in general.

"I'm a parent. I'm tired of nursing, appealing, excusing, tolerating, denying myself needed comfort for your whim and fancy, just because your selfish ego, instead of common sense, dominates your personality, thinking and requests."

Of this and that

The Chamber of Commerce has produced an attractive folder about the town which includes a map. New maps of the town are often wanted.

The folder also lists all the town's businesses and industries, and contains other interesting information.

Preparation of the booklet took many hours. The Chamber project will be much appreciated.

The recent well-read account of one of the meetings of Knox Missionary Society has been republished in the Western Review of Drayton Valley. Wendy Thomson, formerly of Acton, included the article in her column. She concluded "It almost makes a person want to rush into town and ask to become a member of this fascinating group, does it? And think how eagerly that particular column will be read from now on!"

yesterday." Maxwell Henderson, former Auditor General of Canada.

Things are slow this time of year, but many happy events are occurring. How about a family gathering, a special trip, a visitor from afar, a wedding? Phone and let us know.

The Optimist creed, printed on the program of their charter presentation dinner:

Promise yourself—

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

To think only of the best, to work only for the best and expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

This week Town Hall tales recalls the days when the library was in the town hall. It later moved to the Y. Does anyone have a picture of the library as it was many years ago?



Summertime peacefulness



Sugar and spice by Bill Smiley

By the time this appears in print, I'll probably be flogging around Europe, irritable, exhausted and disgruntled, muttering, "What am I doing here, bucketing around on a bus, gawking at cathedrals, and listening to the yammering of a horde of people whose language I know eight words on a good day?"

And I'll go on. I know it. "What am I doing blowing half of my life's savings junketing around with a bunch of other middle-aged has-beens, when I could be back home right now, playing golf with a bunch of middle-aged has-beens?"

"I must be out of my mind, paying \$24 for two hamburgs and a bottle of wine, when I could be out at Foster's picking my own strawberries and going home to a great chicken dinner that costs about \$2 with tiny new boiled potatoes, green onions, new carrots and fresh green beans."

"I could be sitting in my own back yard right now, looking at the Lear-like oaks,

sniffing my neighbours' flowers, contemplating a late-afternoon swim, and sucking occasionally on a cold ale, instead of sitting in this ruddy bus, looking at the other turkeys who took this trip, inhaling the fumes of gasoline, contemplating the folly of trips to Europe, and knowing I'm going to pay \$1.25 for a Coke at our next stop, if we ever stop.

"We didn't go anywhere near Lille, so I couldn't look up Andree, but she's probably a fat old lady now, with a moustache. She was tending in that direction back then. And we didn't even go near Antwerp, so I missed seeing Tita. I wonder is she thought I'd stood her up that night, Friday the 13th of October, when I didn't show up? She'd have no way of knowing I'd been shot down that afternoon. Nice kid, and she said her old man had lots of money."

"I wonder if young Wilson, next door, is keeping the lawn cut. Thank the lord we had no cat to be fed this time. I wonder if Kim got a job. I wonder how The Boys are,

"That was some dump we stayed in last night. The mattress was so lumpy I had to sleep on the floor, and the Old Lady didn't get a wink, she was so excited at those young Italians whistling at her and pinching her bum. She made me take pictures of the bruises, to show the girls back home."

"It wasn't as bad, though, as the night we crossed the North Sea to Holland in that converted barge they called a cruise ship. She must've lost ten pounds that night. They should have called it a crew's ship. They were the only ones who weren't tossing their tripe with every roll."

"The Old Girl's been pretty decent though. She hasn't said more than four times a day, 'My God, I'll be glad when this is over.' And she insisted I'm not the most miserable man on the trip. She says I'm about one jump ahead of that mean old sod from Cleveland."

"About the only time she gets snarky is when I try my trilingualism out. I say to some young German blonde, 'Vie fil uhr ist es, bitte?' The blonde laughs heartily, even though I've only asked her for the time of day, because of my accent, but my wife thinks I've cracked a dirty joke or something."

"Thank goodness we have our tickets home paid for. I'm going to seek out and kiss Trudeau on both cheeks when I get home, even if it makes me throw up. Canadian inflation is peanuts compared to what they have over here. Buck and a half for a cup of coffee. Sold my watch in Vienna after they gave me my bill at the hier garden. Sold my other pair of shoes this morning to an Italian entrepreneur after I'd taken a taxi ride to a fountain to throw some coins in it. Next item to go on the block is my wife's travelling-iron. It weighed three pounds when we started out, and now weighs 14."

"That tour guide is a dandy. He'll be a millionaire when he's 30. In every city, he recommends a restaurant run by a cousin, at which the prices are way below average and the food way above. Whereas all the reverse is true. They all serve the same Something — stew and want an arm and a leg."

Our readers write

Bruce Trail code

Dear Editor:

In recent days there has been much controversy with respect to the Bruce Trail. Many people do not realize that a large portion of the Trail passes over private property. Instead they think that this footpath is owned by the Government and that, while on the Trail, they can behave as they like. Users of the Trail should realize that we can hike along the Bruce Trail only because kind property owners gave their permission to use their property.

In order to maintain this good rapport between landowners and hikers it is important that trail users follow the white blazes and do not stray from the trail. It will be helpful to know that the Bruce Trail Association publishes a Guidebook and that this book, with coloured maps, is available to non-members for a cost of \$7.00. The book can be obtained by writing the Bruce Trail Association, 33 Hardale Crescent, Hamilton, Ontario L8T 1X7.

The continued existence of the Trail will

depend on hikers respecting the rights of the public-spirited landowners by strictly adhering to the following Trail Users Code:

Hike only along marked routes.

Do not climb fences—use the stiles.

Carry out all garbage (if you can carry it in you can carry it out).

Light cooking fires at official campsites only (drench fires after use. (Better still, carry lightweight hikers stove.)

Leave flowers and plants for others to enjoy.

Never strip bark from trees.

Keep dogs on the leash, on or near farm land.

Walk around the edge of fields—not across them.

Protect and do not disturb wild life.

Leave only your thanks and take nothing but photographs.

Yours sincerely,
A. Matulewicz, President
Caledon Hills B.T.C.

Acts of kindness

Dear Sir:

During the past winter I enjoyed a holiday in Georgetown and Acton, (December to February). Unfortunately, on the second of February as I was due to return to the United Kingdom on the sixth, I experienced a fall and suffered personal injury.

Before my departure I left a letter of thanks for delivery to your paper in order that the various avenues of assistance be thanked. I did request the agent of delivery to ensure I received a cutting concerning the publication, assuming of course, it was published.

In view of the fact I have not received that cutting, may I say, I should be obliged if a) the letter was received and published or b) if not perhaps you will be sufficiently gracious to publish the below.

Whilst on holiday in Acton during the past winter I had a fall on Mill Street as a result of which I suffered personal injury.

In consequence I should like to thank and express my appreciation to those who assisted me. In particular, The Acton Medical Centre, the taxi service, Guelph General Hospital and not least the unknown gentleman who picked me up from the side-

walk.

To all I am fully recovered. Thank you. I am sure you will agree with me Mr. Editor, acts of kindness and thoughtfulness should be acknowledged.

Yours Faithfully,
Grace Wilson-Parr.

CWAC reunion

We still haven't located all our C.W.A.C. friends of those great service days of World War II.

The news media have helped a great deal in other years, so once again we call Canadian Women's Army Corps Veterans to Annual Reunion through the medium of this release.

For complete Reunion brochure write to: C.W.A.C. Veterans Reunion Chairman, Mrs. Shirley Wood Heesaker, 201 Niagara Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5V 1C9.

Letters welcome

The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of July 17, 1968

The Acton post office will be virtually closed up when the post office employees, along with fellow union members across Canada, go on strike tomorrow morning at 5 a.m.

K.C. Lindsay, clerk and treasurer of Esqueving Township, was honored Friday evening for 25 years of service when officials gathered for a dinner at the Caravan Restaurant in Milton.

Reeve, H. Hinton, Acton, gave notice to members of Halton County Council Tuesday he will propose that county appointed members to various organizations not be paid a per diem allowance.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Reed, Tiley Ave., celebrated their 45th wedding anniversary recently.

Amalgamation of Halton County Health Unit with Peel Health Unit was endorsed by county council Tuesday although there was no indication Peel was interested.

Thirsty beer drinkers received hope for the current hot spell today when it was announced the strike could be over and brewers' retail stores open this week.

First win of the season for Herb's Delivery came last Thursday night in town league softball—an extra inning battle with IGA that extended 11 innings before Herb's squeezed out a 10-9 decision.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of July 17, 1958

Thieves made their getaway with at least \$700 worth of watches and jewellery after smashing the window of Don Bexton's jewellery store in the pre-dawn hours Tuesday.

No word has been received at the Acton Station as yet concerning the royal train taking Princess Margaret to Stratford early next month. However, it is believed the train will pass through the town.

Rt. Wor. C.K. Browne, well known Acton Orangeman and a member of the Guelph Lodge No. 1331, attended his 80th parade on Saturday. Mr. Browne, who is 88, has been taking part in July 12 celebrations since his boyhood.

Mrs. E. Braida, Miss Alma Braida and Miss Linda Braida have taken a trip to Montreal.

With the situation in the Middle East growing worse, family and friends of Mrs. Kenneth Knox were glad to learn she has safely left Jordan.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of July 19, 1928

Mr. Miller, an employee of the Acton Tanning Co., is now using his leisure time training for the Wrigley marathon swim at the Canadian National Exhibition. Last weekend he journeyed to Toronto and did a 14 mile swim in the bay. Each weekend he does a training swim at Toronto and through the week he does his swimming in Fairy Lake here.

On Tuesday morning residents of the west end of Main Street were surprised to see a full grown deer in that vicinity.

The results for the Normal School examinations for qualifying as teachers were published this week. All the pupils from Acton writing the examinations have been successful.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press July 18, 1878

I think, Mr. Editor, you are not aware of the noise and racket late at night which residents of Mill St. have to put up with, or I am sure you would have mentioned it in your paper before this.

Some complaints are being made that the young boys are in the habit of bathing in Morrow's pond, in daylight. Boys, you had better stop, or a free ride to Milton may result.

If you hear your neighbor slam-bang a pillow against the wall such nights as these, and then utter a cuss word, you may be sure the mosquito escaped.

The great International Temperance Demonstration on the Grimsby camp grounds comes today.

The Quilt match between Mr. Hugh Cameron of Acton and Mr. George Gibbs, of Georgetown, for \$25 a side, comes off in Georgetown on Friday the 26th.

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