

Want police here

It is distressing to Actonians to read, in accounts of meetings, the suggestion that the police office might not remain in Acton.

Again this week, when police commission discussed the lease for the office in the Y, moving the office out was considered.

Presumably, the thought is that the men who police Acton would work out of the office in Georgetown.

Why should Acton be short changed that way? There is no doubt that a town of 7,000 needs its own police force, and its own office right here. Add the district to their responsibilities, and the case be-

comes even stronger. We urge the councillors and police commissioners to ensure Acton has its own office, with an officer here in charge full-time. Presently, our officer in charge is not here long each day. He can be reached in Georgetown.

The need to have men patrolling the streets, and visible at public functions, has been debated ever since the regional force came to town.

Merchants in particular wish the men would walk the streets, rather than drive.

We want our police force here, and visible.

Free Press Editorial Page

4 The Acton Free Press, Wednesday, Aug. 9, 1978

Scottish roots

Scottish roots are claimed by many proud Canadians. This was evident at the opening of the Commonwealth Games last week, and in the number of Highland Games in this district every summer.

While we know the names of our Scottish ancestors, probably not many know the plant sprig that should be properly worn in our clan's bonnet.

The program for the Fergus Highland Games this Saturday tells about this tradition. Apparently plant badges were pinned to the bonnets of clansmen in battle. Montrose's troops, during the sack of Aberdeen, wore sprigs of ripe oats, of instance.

The distinctive tartan only came into use after 1745, so these sprigs would be used in battle to distinguish the two sides.

Some authorities claim the plant badges have a very subtle origin in the primitive "race plant" beginnings of the Highland tribes.

The plant badges are worn as a sprig attached behind the strap and buckle crest badge, affixed to the bonnet. The ladies wear them attached to the tartan sash at the shoulder.

Is the plant badge of your clan here?

Brodie—periwinkle. Bruce—rosemary. Buchan—sunflower. Buchanan—bilberry (blueberry). oak, birch. Campbell—fir club moss, wild (or bog), myrtle. Chisholm—fern. Clan Chatten—red whortleberry. Drummond—holly. Farquharson—Scots fir, red whortleberry. Ferguson—pine. Forbes—broom. Fraser—yew. Gordon—ivy. Graham—spurge laurel. Grant—pine (scots fir). Gunn—juniper, rose root. Hay—mistletoe. Henderson—cotton grass. Home—broom. Innes—great bulrush. Johnston—red hawthorn. Kennedy—oak. Lamont—crab-apple tree. Leslie—rue. Lindsay—lime tree (linden). Logan—furze.

MacAlister—common heath. MacAlpin—pine (scots fir), wild myrtle. MacArthur—wild thyme.

MacAulay—pine (scots fir), cranberry. MacBean—boxwood, red whortleberry. MacDonald (Clan Donald)—common heath (scots heather). MacDonald of Clanranald—common heath (scots heather). MacDonell, Glengarry—common heath. MacDonell of Keppoch—common heath (scots heather) white heather. MacDougall—bell heather. MacDuff—boxwood, red whortleberry, holly. MacFarlane—cranberry, cloudberry. Macfie—pine (scots fir), oak crowberry. MacGillivray—boxwood, red whortleberry. MacGregor—pine (scots fir). MacInnes—holly. Macintyre—common heath. Mackay—great bulrush. MacKenzie—variegated holly, deer's grass. Mackinnon—pine (scots fir). St. John's wort (St. Columba's flower). Mackintosh—red whortleberry, bearberry. MacLachlan—Rowan (mountain ash). MacLaine of Lachbue—bilberry (blueberry), bramble. MacLaren—laurel. Maclean of Duart—crowberry. MacLennan—furze. MacLeod of MacLeod—juniper. Macleod of Lewis—red whortleberry. Macmillan—holly. Macnab—stone-ramble. MacNaughten—trailing azalea. MacNeil of Barra—seaweed. McNeill of Gigha—drysas. Macpherson—white heather. Macquarrie—pine (scots fir). Macqueen—boxwood, red whortleberry. Macrae—club moss. Malcolm—rowan berries. Matheson—broom, holly. Menzies—menzies' heath. Morrison—driftwood. Munro—common club moss. Murray—broom, cotton sedge, juniper.

Nicholson—juniper. Ogilvie—whitethron. Robertson—bracken. Rose—wild rosemary. Ross—juniper, bearberry. Seton—yew. Sinclair—furze (whin), white clover. Stewart (Royal)—thistle. Stewart (clan)—oak. Sutherland—butter-cherry's broom, cotton sedge. Urquhart—wallflower.

When the first snow flies in November, we are as delighted as a Bible-thumping, soul-saving minister dumped into a community of arant sinners.

We start building up our personal library of short stories and novels, entitled such as: "Snow" and "To Build a Fire" and "Lost in the Barrens" and "Christmas Eve at Eighty Below", each designed to make us chuckle as we sit there with the oil furnace waiting up the tropic temperatures from below.

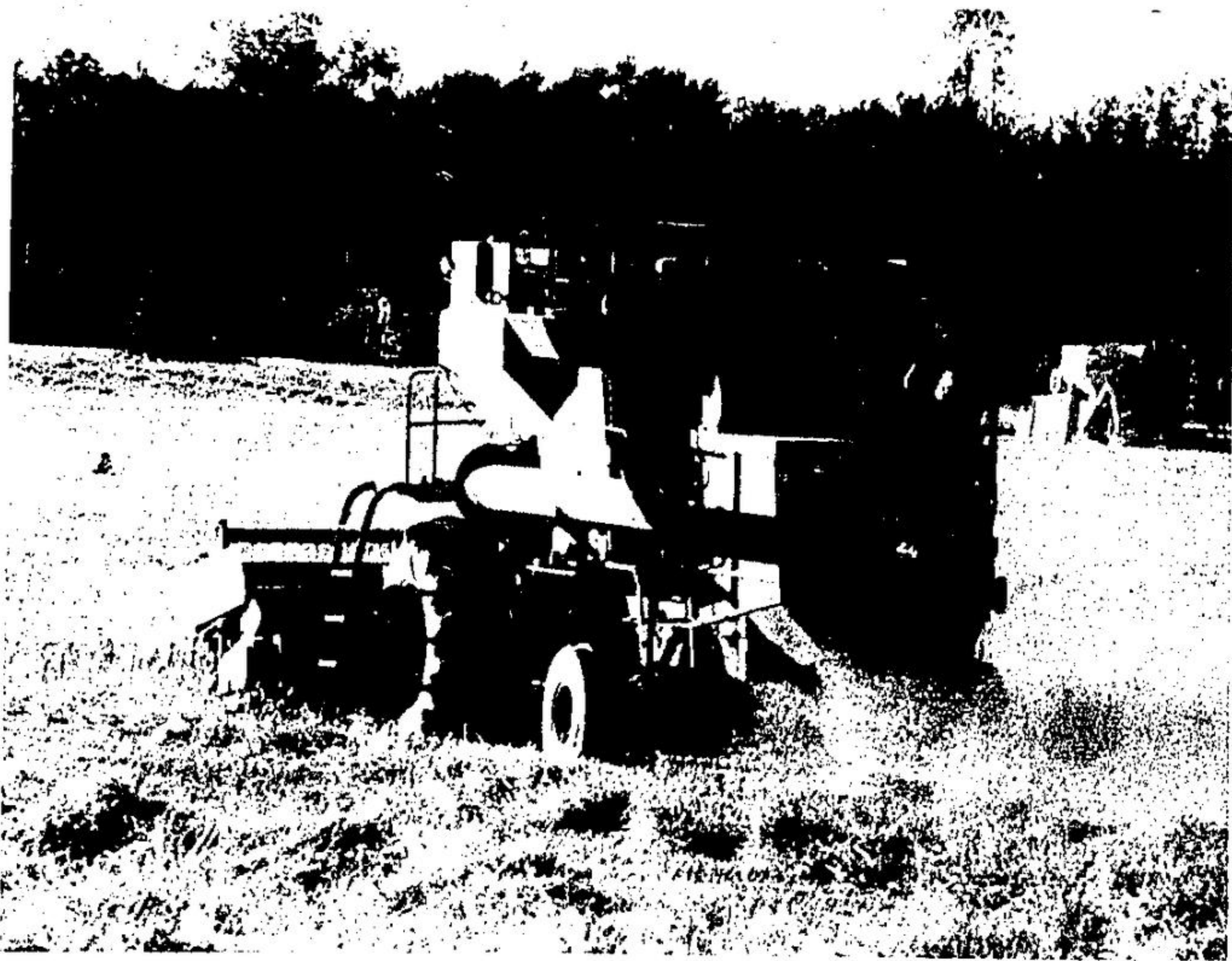
For the next four or five months, we spin our wheels on the ice and snuffle through the snow, happy as pigs in poop, complimenting each other on the facts that "There's a terrible lotta 'flu around" and that "She's a long way from over yet", even though it's the end of February and it hasn't snowed for three weeks.

From the first of March to the middle of May, regardless of the mist of green sprouting everywhere, the ice gone out of, in the summer, making use of the facilities at the Ukrainian camp on the Fourth Line.

Does anybody else think the police communications tower behind Speyside school is slanting to the north?

Where have all the postcards gone? We notice a lack of picture postcard messages from holidayers the last couple of years. Have others had the same experience? We used to tack the cards up with pleasure each summer, as we heard from vacationers. Not any more. It seems likely that slow mail delivery has resulted in tourists' discouragement.

The flowers in the planters downtown are doing exceptionally well this year. The tale about Ted Tyler planting them at 3 a.m. was carried on the Neighbourly News radio broadcast recently.



Summer humming



Sugar and spice by Bill Smiley

There's only one thing wrong with this country—aside from too many politicians, too much winter, too much inflation, too little employment—and that is its summer.

A Canadian summer is sneaky, seductive, and even sinister. That may sound like a paradox, when the sky is as blue as John Turner's eyes, day after day, and the sun is as hot as Rene Levesque's tongue, day after day. But it's a fact. Canada's summer is deteriorating, debilitating and eventually destroying our normally sturdy national character. At least it is mine. And as I look about me, I know I'm not alone.

During the other seasons, we know where we are—or are not—going. We know where we are at. Through our magnificent autumns, our basic pessimism prevails. We greet with little harsh barks of sardonic laughter, and a knowing wagging of heads, every doomsday prophet, from ancient Indian sages to the Farmers' Almanac, who tells us that it's going to be a long, tough winter.

When the first snow flies in November, we are as delighted as a Bible-thumping, soul-saving minister dumped into a community of arant sinners.

We start building up our personal library of short stories and novels, entitled such as: "Snow" and "To Build a Fire" and "Lost in the Barrens" and "Christmas Eve at Eighty Below", each designed to make us chuckle as we sit there with the oil furnace waiting up the tropic temperatures from below.

For the next four or five months, we spin our wheels on the ice and snuffle through the snow, happy as pigs in poop, complimenting each other on the facts that "There's a terrible lotta 'flu around" and that "She's a long way from over yet", even though it's the end of February and it hasn't snowed for three weeks.

From the first of March to the middle of May, regardless of the mist of green sprouting everywhere, the ice gone out of,

the bay, and the thermometer rising to the gasping point, the boys in the coffee shop and the girls at the hair-dresser's keep reminding each other merrily of the year we had eighteen inches on April 12th, and the time we had a killing frost on the 24th of May.

Suddenly it's June. Lilac scent. Strawberries. Flowers popping. Mosquitoes humming. Temperatures soaring. But we don't give up. We still know the score: "We'll likely have a cold, wet summer", or "The dam' grass is growin' too fast. Hadda cut her twice this week", or "Too many squirrels. That means a long, hard winter".

And then, without our even realizing it, we've slid into the miracle of July and August, and our four national natures are completely fragmented, alienated. We don't know who we are, where we are going, or where we are at. We go to pieces.

We forget all about our ten-month love affair with Survival and begin acting as human and normal as those despised Mediterraneans we want to keep out of the country.

Elderly gentlemen with legs like grasshoppers and guts like a member of the Hell's Angels, go sauntering along the beach in shorts and shades, shameless.

Grandmothers, who the rest of the year preach probity, purity and good posture, slip into bikinis, grease themselves all over, and be around like starlets at the Riviera, soaking up the sun and any glances that come their way.

Young executives, normally suited, shirted and tied, wander about backyard barbecues, corsets abandoned, bare bellies hanging over slovenly shorts, downing gin and tonic as though it were the medicine to end all ailments.

Male teenagers suddenly emerge with more macho than a Mexican, chests bared, shorts cut right back to the pubic hair line, swaggering, bare-footed, constantly brushing or combing their other well-shaped hair, saying in effect, "Here I am, girls. Ain't I gorgeous? Better grab before someone else does."

Young ladies who would not be caught dead in anything but jeans the other ten months of the year, stroll down main street in outfits that would have been considered scandalous a couple of decades ago in a hootchikotch couple. "If you don't know what that is, ask your dad."

And tiny children are probably the worst, because they don't know or care anything about that Other Ten Months. They go ape, pointing at birds, plucking leaves, chasing squirrels, splashing, running in the sun, and tearing off their clothes the moment no one is looking.

I guess we're a bit like the Swedes. They're the most sensual, sun-loving, sexy people in the world when they get south of the Straits of Saggeack. The rest of the year, they're too busy committing suicide.

We're not much for the latter, we Canadians. At least, not physically. We do it mentally and emotionally.

But just the other day, I noticed the acorns falling in great quantities. We all know what that means. All together, now, and let's have some harmony. "It's going to be a LONG, TOUGH WINTER."

OUR READERS WRITE:

When will they learn?

R.R. 1, Limchouse
Where have all the wild flowers gone?
Gone by spraying every one.
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the insects gone?
Gone by spraying every one.
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the song birds gone?
Gone by starving every one.
When will we ever learn?
When will we ever learn?

Joan Denny

RCAF reunion

For the past 32 years, Royal Canadian Air Force personnel who were stationed at No. 6 SFTS during the war have gathered in Dunnville to celebrate their station reunion. This year marks their 33rd get-together, which will take place September 22, 23, 24. All Veterans of No. 6, and their spouses, are invited. If not now on their mailing list, contact Frank Schellfield, Box 107, Dunnville, Ontario, N1A 2X5, or call him at the municipal offices, 774-7595.

The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of August 7, 1968
Esquering council delayed making a decision on a proposed \$411,700 10 room addition to Pineview school at Tuesday night's meeting.

Colin MacColl Jr. has decided that life in the Canadian wilderness is for him. After three years in Acton, he returned to the wilds in April to take up residence in Stanley Mission, 330 miles out of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

Summer playground winds up another season on Thursday night with a giant parade through town, a program of skits in the park, a candlelight ceremony and special bed-time snacks before it's all over.

A two-storey stone and cement block house owned by R. Dudnik of R.R. 1, Moffat was completely gutted by fire around 2 a.m. Sunday. The building was devoid of furniture at the time, but in the process of renovation to apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Joque and family enjoyed a motor trip to the north last week.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of August 7, 1958

Hundreds of people turned out to see Acton Minor Sports first three day Civic Holiday program last weekend from the crowning of Miss Popularity Queen on Saturday to the Calithumpian parade on Monday, road races and soap boxes.

Judy Morton, 16-year-old Acton High School girl, chosen from among ten contestants, was crowned Miss Popularity Queen during the hand tattoo Saturday evening in the park.

An estimated 2000 citizens and visitors lined the streets for the Calithumpian parade on Monday, August 4 to see over 20 floats, bands, decorated doll buggies, bicycles, tricycles, cars and clowns pass in the final day of the three day Legion Minor Sports program.

The return of Harold Townsley to the Merchants lineup spurred Acton's intermediate baseball entry to victory last night in the local park when they downed Bronte 9-2 as he hit a double and a homer. Mr. and Mrs. H. Ollerbein and Brian and Mrs. E. Mooney are vacationing this week at Maple Lake, Haliburton.

Mr. and Mrs. Gib Jordan and family are holidaying at Wasaga.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of August 9, 1928

The Gala Day events scheduled for Monday Civic Holiday proved a big success despite rain at the start. The many athletic events drew many entries from Hamilton, Toronto, Guelph and Peterborough. The band played a concert. The five-mile handicap road race was the highlight with 60 starters from all over the province. The three Acton runners who finished but did not win prizes were Messrs. G. Masales, Bert Hinton and C. Byrne.

The garden party in the evening had a splendid crowd. The block on Main St. between Mill and Church was arranged for a dance. Mr. Bert Davidson was the floor manager.

Employees and proprietors of the Acton Machine Co.—Messrs. C.W. Harrison and F. S. Blow—and their wives and families had a merry picnic at Edgewood Park, Eden Mills.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of August 8, 1928

Ballinafad: From our own correspondent. Times are much better here. Farmers are in expectation of good returns for their labor this fall, as wheat seems to be above average. There is one principal store here consisting of groceries, dry goods, boots and shoes etc. there is a smaller one opposite the tavern, and dressmaking is carried on next door to the Post Office General Store. Mr. Huffman, the new wagon maker, is doing a good business. There are two blacksmith shops, Methodist church and a new Presbyterian one, which will soon be completed. Mr. Adam Eckert, pump-maker is doing a steady good business and it seems from the constant employment on hand, that his services are much appreciated in every part of the country. A shoemaker and a tailor are much wanted in this village. It is in contemplation that a branch of the Toronto Telegraph will be conducted to this Post Office.

The ice at the ice cream parlor was finished on Tuesday last. Consequently there will be no more ice cream this season. Mr. J. Matthews and wife left Acton for Bayfield where they intend rustication for a few days.

Where have all the wild flowers gone?
Gone by spraying every one.
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the insects gone?
Gone by spraying every one.
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the song birds gone?
Gone by starving every one.
When will we ever learn?
When will we ever learn?

Joan Denny

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

PHONE 853-2010

Business and Editorial Office

CHCA BLUE RIBBON AWARD 1978

Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 59 W. Low Street, Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, the Canadian Community News Papers Association and the Ontario Weekly News Papers Association. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions (payable in advance) \$7.50 in Canada, \$8.00 in the United States. Single copies 15 cents. Carriage charges on Acton 15 cents per week. Second class mail Registration Number 0515. Advertisements are accepted on the condition that in the event of a change of ownership the advertiser will be held responsible for the payment of the advertising charges. Advertisements are accepted on the condition that in the event of a change of ownership the advertiser will be held responsible for the payment of the advertising charges. Advertisements are accepted on the condition that in the event of a change of ownership the advertiser will be held responsible for the payment of the advertising charges.

Dale Printing & Publishing Co. Ltd.
144-146 Dufferin St., Acton, Ont.

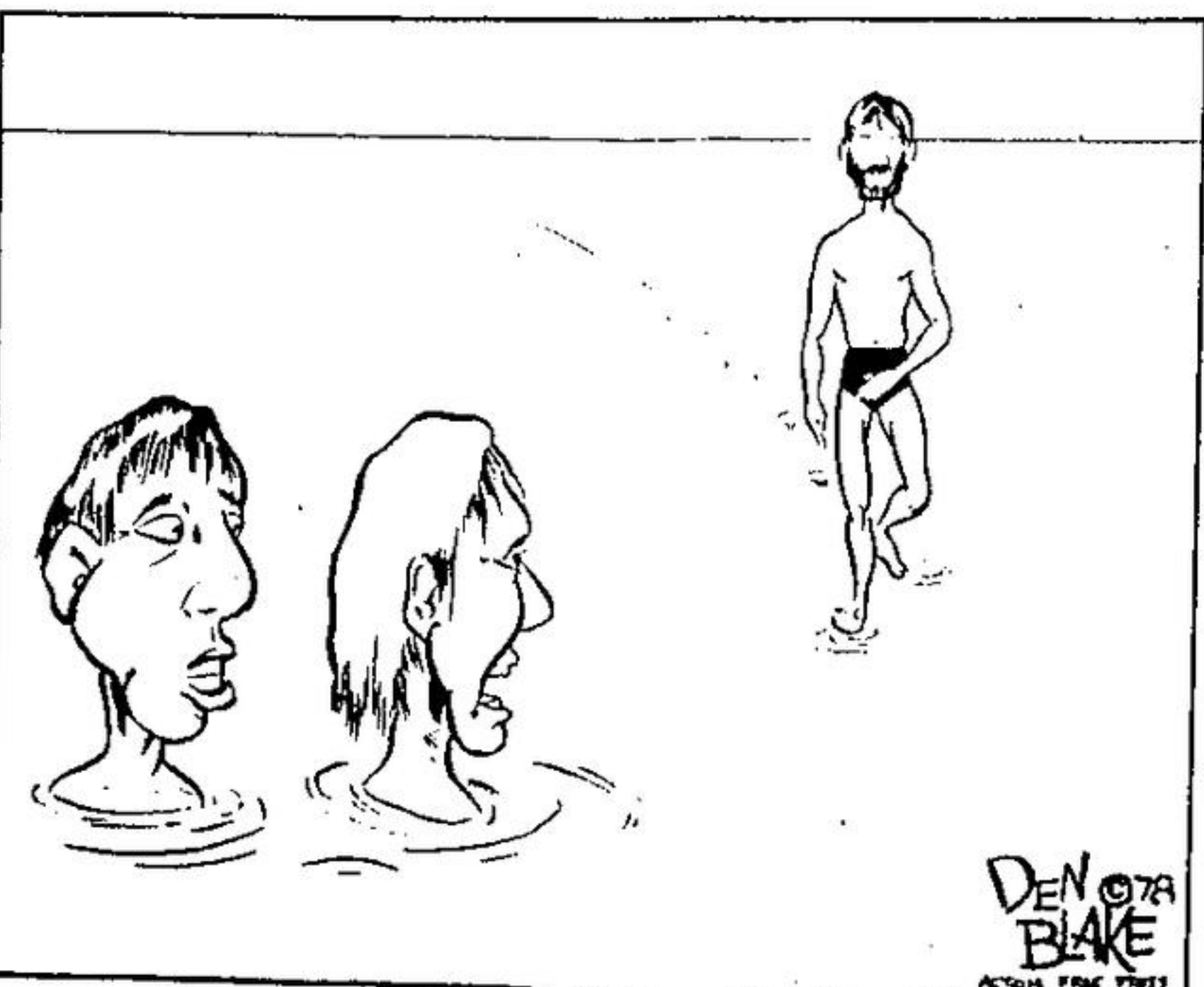
Copyright 1978

Lazy, hazy days

A long-time resident, seeing the old picture of Soper's store in last week's Free Press, says we have the name of the lodge rooms upstairs wrong. These rooms were used by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, not the Foresters. He has pictures to prove it. The gentleman pictured in front of the store is Mr. Soper himself, he says.

Anyone who writes to our Member of Parliament, Dr. Frank Philbrook, as suggested in last week's paper, will receive a prompt reply from his secretary. Dr. Philbrook is in Sri Lanka, but will be catching up on his mail when he returns home.

There is to be a chair of Ukrainian studies at the University of Toronto. The grant of \$300,000 was announced by the government this spring. There are over half a million members of the Ukrainian community in Canada, with over a quarter of them in Ontario. A good many of them are our neighbours



An example of the weed problem at Fairy Lake . . . either that or the second coming.