

Free Press Editorial Page

Need new signs

After five years of regional government, Acton is still called Acton and Georgetown is still called Georgetown. Out of whack with common usage are the signs directing motorists to the two towns, which create confusion by limiting themselves to "Halton Hills."

There's a common tale now about the driver who came from Toronto to Acton... via Guelph. It's when you get past the Halton Hills signs on Highway 401 and reach the Campbellville and Rockwood signs that you know you've

gone too far.

The signs at Acton's outskirts, almost all read Halton Hills.

One of two to tell people they are now in Acton is the pitiful old wooden signpost erected years ago by the development commission, to advertise municipally-owned land for sale for industries. The other is over five years old and bears the out-of-date population figure of 5,000.

It's time this sign was repaired, and the other signs changed to give our town its own name.



HARDLY THE BEST of welcomes, this sign is teetering and decrepit. It was originally installed by the development commission, which was eliminated by

regional government. However, it's one of only two signs at the town's outskirts that name Acton. All the other signs simply say Halton Hills.

Keep in touch

When your group starts up again this month, don't forget that the Free Press won't know what you're doing unless you let us know. Many groups of course have one special person designated to look after public relations.

In some towns, weekly newspapers have been replaced by advertising flyers. Obviously the cost to the advertiser was lower, since there were no reporters and

photographers to be paid.

Apparently page after page of full advertising was good enough for many readers, and these advertising sheets are delivered free to every door.

We haven't got that far yet here. We still aim for a half-an-hour balance of news and ads.

But we count on our readers to be part-time reporters, too, and let us know of anything special.

We pass on information

It is distressing to us people of the press to read the remark of Halton Medical Officer of Health Dr. Chamberlain in last week's paper:

"The newspapers bug the daylight out of you."

He was referring to phone calls from several reporters complaining about the difficulty of obtaining information during the polo scare.

For our part, we obtained initial needed information very

congenially from the Health Unit. During each week of the possibility and limitations of clinics, we naturally phoned for news to relay.

Indeed we're sorry Dr. Chamberlain feels "bugged" by the press.

Our purpose is to relay information to the public.

Obviously if information is relayed by the press his office would be spared many calls from private individuals.

Is the public shouldn't know about public health services, who should?

Beauty destroyed

It's distressing to hear of potted plants being stolen from porches in town during the nights recently. Fine old plants, heavy in their ornamental pots, have been hoisted away during the hours of darkness. Where can these big plants be going?

But the meanest thief of the summer has to be the one who took a heavy chair, left on the lawn of a man who has been ill and needed its

Save court jail

In Milton, a push is being made to save the old court house and jail building.

Region staff had recommended the building be torn down. Like Acton town hall, this was the cheapest and easiest route.

Some of the Legion members are

weight.

One of the beautiful boxes of planters was also badly mangled this week, the blossoms ripped off and thrown on the street.

How discouraging it is, when these isolated incidents occur.

Plants have made porches attractive for years, and most of the downtown planters remained beautiful all summer.

keen about restoring the fine old building and using it as their new Legion hall. Sounds like a great idea. It is a beautiful structure.

Milton councillors and especially the mayor are urging the preservation of the old building.

Of this and that

Probably a record of sorts was set on the weekend when an Acton team played hockey on Sunday, Sept. 3. The Sabres played an exhibition match in Georgetown, where there's ice year-round. It must be the earliest ever.

Have you been down to Beardmore's to see the peacocks and wild fowl there? They live by a small pond near the fence beside the main parking lot. It's a delightful sight.

We have had several calls concerning the ad in the paper about GO Transit buses to the Exhibition. Ask for details, it urges, and goes on to give two long distance phone numbers. Numbers beginning with 457 and 630 are out-of-area, wherever they are. And the ad's signed by a former Actonian, too—Cam McNab, the chairman of the Toronto Area Transit Operating Authority.

Life's a rather bad play, in which you're the hero or heroine for a while, then a supporting character, then a minor one, then an extra, following which you sit in the third row back, thinking it's rather a bad play.

Youth is... the first 50 years of your life or the first 20 of someone else's.

An antique is something too old to be anything but expensive.

Admirers of Dief the Chief had hoped for a while that his schedule would be arranged to include Acton fair. Now he's in hospital, and it seems probable his trip to China might be cancelled, too. The old campaigner has still been doing a great job for his party, despite his age.

The fall fair banners make a nice welcome to town.

For a super afternoon, visit the Halton region museum, which is located inside Kelso park. It's grown to be a truly marvellous place full of interesting exhibits. Curator Erla Brittain says the director of the national Marine Museum and of the Greenwich Village Museum in London visited this summer and commented this was the finest small museum he had ever seen. Acton people have made donations which are always on display, although not labelled as such.



Sugar and spice by Bill Smiley

If you have the constitution of a bull moose, the alimentary ability of an earthworm, the faculty of sleeping anytime, anywhere, like a cat, a cast-iron stomach, and a very friendly bank manager, by all means take a trip to Europe.

If, on the other hand, you have fallen arches, constipation, hemorrhoids, a trucky stomach, insomnia, an aversion to heights or public toilets or foreigners, and less than twice as much money as you think you'll need, by all means don't.

You start off eagerly to Europe to look at ancient ruins, and come home looking like one.

"They tell me there are 50 million little old ladies tearing around Europe taking notes and pictures, missing none of the sights, eating the most incredible food, and slogging down the vino when they wouldn't even take a sherry at Christmas, back home."

I believe it. I've seen them. But there's one less now. I set off in pretty good shape, in my prime. I came home feeling like a little old lady.

If you have a loathing for worms, don't go. You'll probably come back one year self. If you aren't prepared, don't like people, feel some kind of phobia in mobs, don't go. You'd be miserable.

If you tend to get sick on buses, air planes, trains, and boats, better stay home. You'd be sick all the time.

If you are going with a spouse or companion, you'll end your trip either full of deepest hatred, or with a new tolerance, love, whatever.

After these preliminary alarming notes, I'm forced to admit we had a trip that was nerve-racking, bellissima, fantastic and wonderful. See how travel broadens one?

It's not the only way travel is broaden-

ing. I can eat and drink anything and never gain an ounce. But I watched with growing horror as some of the ladies in our group, who began the trip fairly svelte, went up like balloons under a steady barrage of French pastries, Italian pasta, Dutch delights, Swiss chocolate, and a five-course dinner every night.

I mentioned our "group." Yes, we were bourgeois enough to take a guided tour. Many people, particularly the young, sneer at this. "That's no way to see the real Europe," they pontificate. To some extent, I agree. The best way to do it is with a back pack, a year to spend, and a sucker of a father back home, ready to bail you out.

But middle-aged couples who can hardly carry the garbage out aren't fit to slug around all day with a sixty pound pack on the back.

Most young couples with three weeks holidays haven't the time. And many other people, who have both the time and the strength, just don't want the grubbiest of hostels, and hitch hiking, suspect water, filthy toilets and the ever present danger of being ripped off or winding up in the local clink for some unknown reason.

Unless you are filthy rich, have a good working knowledge of several languages, and have plenty of time, take my word. Take a planned tour.

We were lucky. Lucky. We were a mixed bag of about 12 Americans, Australians and Canadians. There wasn't one sour apple in the barrel. Everybody was concerned when someone was lost, or sick, or a bag was missing. We shared picnic lunches on a train, bottles of wine on a boat, hair dryers and irons, kisses and hugs and jokes and waffles.

Everybody kept an eye on the ubiquitous Larry, 8, and game Granny, 75, both of whom came through with flying colors. We became a large family. Two sprightly

ladies from Texas insisted (and they weren't kidding) that we all have a reunion in that sovereign state at Christmas.

When we had our farewell party in Paris, it was a combination of New Year's Eve and the Mardi Gras. I was kissed and hugged and wept upon by so many ladies of various ages, shapes and accents that I was wishing the trip was starting all over again.

Perhaps that was the greatest thing we learned on the trip, although the whole thing was a tremendous educational experience in art and history—that almost all people have a warmth and decency and plain goodness in them, once the everyday facade is broken through.

There was another way in which we were extremely fortunate, as well. We had, and I say it without qualification, the best tour guide and the best bus driver in all of Europe, Annette and Giovanni.

For the first couple of days, I thought Annette, a blonde Dutch girl, was a relic of the Gestapo, as she bullied, pushed, pulled, urged, and rounded up stragglers like a sheep dog. I thought Giovanni was a rather surly Italian. How wrong one can be!

By day three, we all knew that Annette knew her way through Europe as we know our way around our own houses, that she knew how to get us, ahead of the mobs, to the best place to eat, to shop, to go to the toilet. By the time Giovanni had taken us through the hair-pin roads of the first Alps, and had helped every lady off the bus at every stop, with a smile, we knew he was prima. More later.

OUR READERS WRITE:

Boozey Bill strike decisions

We always called him Boozey Bill, 'Cause he made the best "home brew" It was worth our while, to see him smile, As he left one or two.

He came from the land of heather, Where he had learned a thing or two, It was no surprise that he was wise From the troubles he'd been through.

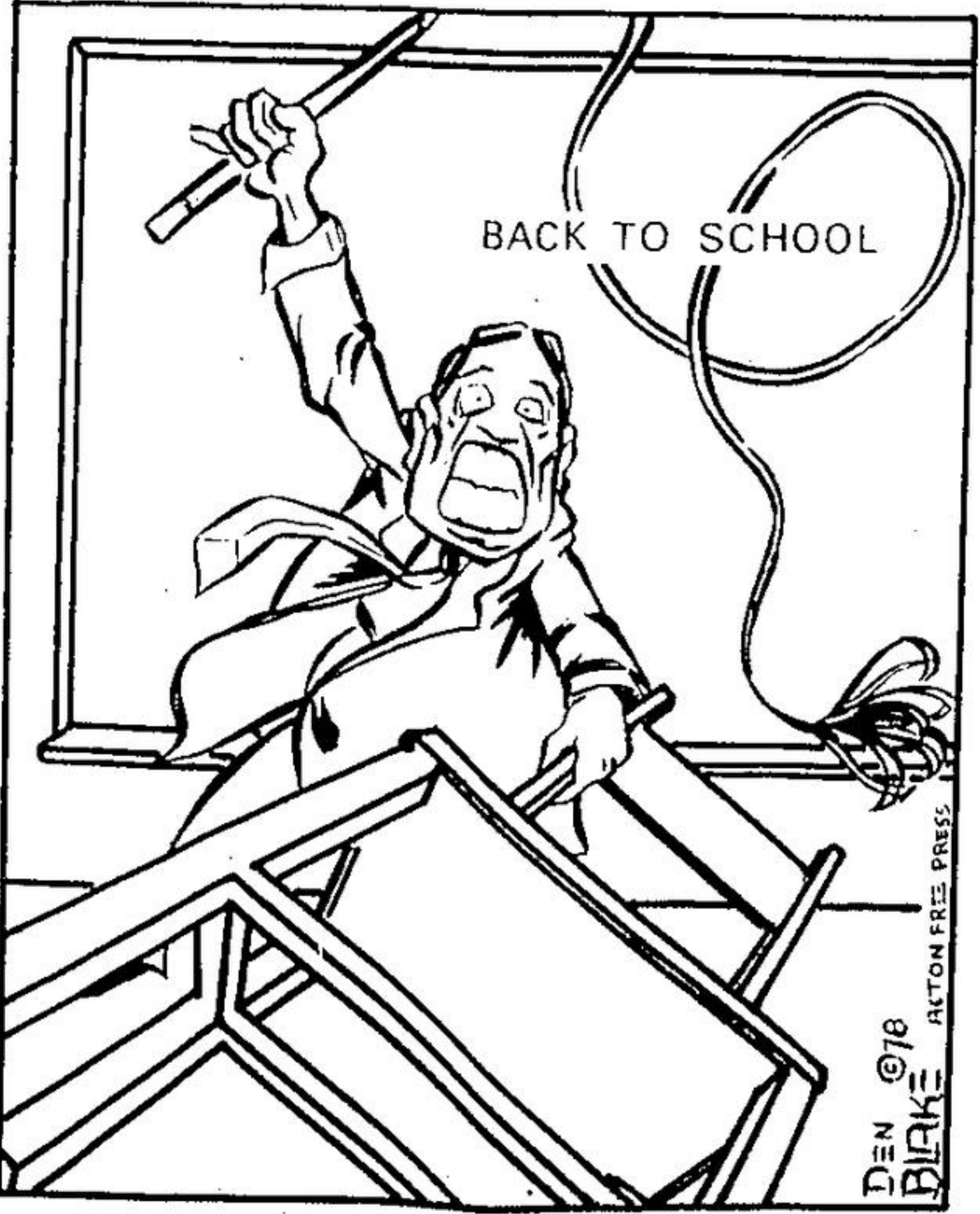
We would sit and discuss politics With our jugs to reach quite handy, He had no shame, about my name, He called me "Little Sandy".

Our favorite topic touched on "strikes", In the places we both knew, To gain concessions, in all professions, That's all they have to do.

Boozey Bill had an operation, For his appendix there-about, After his incision, a "strike" decision And they left 'em hanging out.

Old Boozey don't believe in "strikes" He has hopes for future days, 'Cause in the end, there's less to spend, There must be better ways.

Victor Smith R.R. 2, Rockwood.



The Free Press Back Issues 10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, September 4, 1968

Some residents of Esqueving are using the township dump on the Fourth Line for the disposal of dead fowl and animals, declared councillor Pat Patterson at the regular meeting of the township council Tuesday. Council agreed to a suggestion from Assessor Art Benton that all the turkey and chicken growers be contacted by letter asking them to give notice when they intend to dispose of dead fowl in the dump.

Linda Parker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parker, of Acton graduated from Toronto Sick Children's Hospital Wednesday, September 4. She will be returning this fall to complete her final year for her Bachelor of Nursing degree.

Two Waterloo youths, and a Waterloo juvenile have been charged following theft of \$117 from Duncan's Variety Store, Saturday night at 9.25 p.m.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of September 11, 1948

Acton stores may remain open 24 hours a day if they wish following council's action Monday evening when at their regular meeting they rescinded all by laws pertaining to store closing hours.

J.A. Willits, owner of a turkey farm near Ballinafad last week shot and killed a huge horned owl caught in a trap set for skunks and raccoons.

"Let us not just think about what can be done, let us constantly work to translate Rotary's principles, Rotary's object, into action," stressed E.L. Huggles, district governor when he addressed the Acton Rotary Club on Tuesday evening.

Ontario Municipal Board hearings will be held in the Town Hall Acton tomorrow, Friday commencing at 10.45 a.m. The first hearing is for the purpose of dispensing with a public vote to spend \$19000 for the paving and installations of storm sewers in the Glenlea Subdivision. Scheduled for 11 a.m. the second hearing is on the application of the town for annexation of 87.47 acres from Esqueving township.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of September 6, 1928

The Beardmore tug-of-war team had a complete victory over all comers at the C.N.E. and won the Dominion championship. W.S. Eccleshall is trainer and manager, A. Molozee anchor man, with Frank Gibbons, John Lambert, H. Thompson, J. Scriven, G. Lazenby, reserves F. Lawson and R. Irwin.

An Acton bowling team won top trophy in Kitchener on Labor Day, H.L. Harrison skip, B. Bayliss, J. McGeachie and H. Smethurst.

A Michigan motorist, who had been enjoying the Toronto exhibition and our good Canadian highways, was arrested after speeding up Silver Creek hill at 51 miles per hour. His fine was paid at Magistrate Moore's office.

About 50 ladies and families of Acton Women's Institute picnicked at the Blue Spring park, where Mr. and Mrs. Murray welcomed them.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of September 3, 1878

Tuesday morning, the Civic Holiday, dawned with every prospect for a pleasant day. Quite a number of country people came into town to take the excursion train to Toronto and Scarborough Heights, arranged by the Masons and Knights of Pythias. Some dissatisfaction was felt that there were only second class coaches, but the crowd made the best of a bad job. The band marched in front of the crowd to the steamer which transported them to Victoria Park. The train returned about 11 p.m.

Those who did not go with the excursion passed a pleasant day in shooting, pitching quoits, &c. Taking everything together, a most enjoyable day was spent by all.

The boys and girls are having immense times picking hops. This employment is liked much better by them than attending school.

Political meetings have been arranged. Reform tonight, Conservative tomorrow night. Both meetings will be held in the Temperance Hall.

On nearly every corner a small crowd of electors may be found talking "national policy."

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