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Member of The Audit Bureau of Circulation, The Canadian Community Newspaper Association, and The Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association.

Second class mail Registration Number 0515.

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1978



6 The Acton Free Press, Wednesday, Nov. 29, 1978

## 'Twas a fine parade

Saturday officially opened the festive Yule season in Acton as Santa Claus paid his first visit preceded by a lively parade with a "World of Disney" theme.

Since Mickey Mouse is celebrating his 50th birthday this year it was an appropriate theme and ever young Mickey was right at the head of the procession, followed by just about every nursery rhyme character in a fairy tale book and a few more to boot.

The children were delighted. The adults relived their childhood and similar moments of Christmas fantasy.

Parade organizers, including chairman Richard Coe, Dave Hunter and Jim Rivett of the Y's Men, Linda Coe and Ann Perry

from the Y's Menettes, and Larry Frizzell of the Acton Volunteer Firefighters, should take a well deserved bow as well as all the participants.

Though there is often talk of diminishing community interest because of government meddling with the municipalities, Saturday's parade proved there is still plenty of community spirit in Acton, just waiting for an outlet.

Saturday's weather had just a hint of winter in the air, the sun-shone, the bands headed by red-coated Acton Citizens in toques to match, played music suitable for Christmas.

It was a good start for a season which we've always believed starts too early and ends too soon.

## Improvements appreciated

Shoppers who take advantage of downtown Acton must surely appreciate the new store fronts and awnings embellishing many businesses. They've made a decided improvement to the downtown and might well be emulated by other businesses to give the area more appeal.

There's still work to do and businessmen are planning more wrinkles to please shoppers but the feeling of optimism and new horizons for downtown business go beyond that. The changes have created a new business climate which we feel shoppers recognize.

We've always felt the downtown is the show window of the com-

munity. When it is dowdy or depressed shoppers react to it in the same way. If it is filled with new ideas and constant changes for the better the changes will also not go unnoticed.

In the past that has not always been recognized either by shoppers or business. Now a new era has arrived it could well change the out of town shopping habits ingrained in some residents.

Co-operation is the key to change and the more co-operative business attitudes are the more consumers will react to changes which make shopping in Acton more pleasant, accessible and easier on the pocketbook.

## A brief or two

The current issue of the National Geographic contains an article on Ontario replete with pictures and comment on this keystone province. The article is also accompanied by a map of the province showing the interesting points as well as place names. It recognizes regional government exists in Halton placing Halton Hills in Georgetown. Surprise! Acton is privileged to have its own place name, obviously divorced from its two other Halton Hills partners.

Georgetown councillor Roy Booth summed up retiring mayor Tom Hill rather succinctly in an emotional council farewell last week. Booth, a frequent opponent of the mayor said, "You're gruff, and you're snarly, you're miserable and mean, and we argue and fight, but I have discovered there's a heart of gold under that exterior." Enough said.

The success of Bill Johnson in securing a seat on regional council representing rural Milton is also a blow to those who want to use rural land for dumps and quarries. An inveterate environmentalist as well as a fighter for recycling plants for mounting piles of gar-

bage, Johnson has been listened to with respect in other municipalities with his blend of common sense and native wisdom. Unfortunately, Halton has often lumped him in with crackpot critics and NDP radicals when they should have been listening to what he was saying. It's your turn, now, Bill.

## Give 'em a boot

Halton Police Chief Kenneth Skerrett was quoted last week as saying, in a talk to Burlington high school students, he was so fed up with vandalism that he would like to give some vandals "a boot in the behind" and he would probably do just that if he caught anyone vandalizing his property—even though such action would be labelled a criminal assault. We don't think a person in Chief Skerrett's position should be making such statements in public. He is, after all, appointed to administer justice "by the book" and taking the law into his own hands isn't wise for one entrusted with such a responsibility.

But we have to agree, gleefully, he's got a good idea!

—The Canadian Champion (Milton)

## A little town

A little town is where you don't have to guess whom your enemies are. Your friends will tell you.

A little town is where few people can get away with lying about the year they were born. Too many other people can remember.

A little town is where people with various ailments can air them properly to sympathetic ears.

A little town is where, when you phone the wrong number, you can talk for 15 minutes anyway.

A little town is where the ratio of good people to bad people is some-

thing like 100 to one. That's nice to remember.

A little town is where it is hard for anybody to walk to work for exercise because it takes too long to stop and explain to people in cars who stop, honk, and offer a ride.

A little town is where city folks say there is nothing to do, but those who live there don't have enough nights in the week to make all the meetings and social functions.

A little town is where everyone becomes a "neighbor" in time of need. Wiarlon Echo.



A fresh carpet of snow

## Bad things always come in threes

by  
Bill  
Smiley



If anyone can tell me why disasters run in threes, I'll be happy to listen. And don't think I'm superstitious, because I'm not.

I know from experience. During the war, it used to happen on my squadron. We'd lose three pilots in two days, and then none for ten. And then three more.

During the peace, it was the same. One night my wife would give a black eye for some inexplicable reason. The next day, one of the kids would come down with appendicitis or something. And the third day I'd get a parking ticket for parking in the same place I'd parked for weeks, free.

Last Saturday was no exception. We were delivering our older car to my daughter. In the city. She had finally obtained a position—not a job, mind you—as a secondary school teacher. For one month.

But she has to commute for an hour and a half, at each end of the day. That's a pretty hefty commute, especially when you have to cope with two of the wildest boys in Christendom, at each end.

So, in her imitably modest and self-effacing way, she phoned her old man (collect) and suggested he loan her the old Dodge, market value \$150, real value about \$500, sentimental value about \$12,000. This would cut her commuting time to forty minutes.

So, in his imitably stupid way, her old man agreed (why doesn't she move to Vancouver?). And in his inebriatedly idiotic way, her old man started worrying about her safety. The old Dodge—it's only eleven—requires a combination of jockey and a tractor driver to handle it.

So the old man, to cut a long story to ribbons, spent \$125 in a check-up and repairs so that his baby wouldn't cream herself on highway and leave said old man with two grandchildren to raise.

Just hang in there. The saga has barely begun. All you've got so far is background. It gets worse and worse.

Saturday morning, Old Lady and self having breakfast before setting off for city to deliver old Dodge. Self breaks tooth while eating toast and jam, leaving him looking like a stand-in for Dracula.

However, dentists being the robber barons of the new era, doesn't even phase one. Cheerily sets off for city, tongue flicking like a snake at edges of ruptured tooth. Old Dodge runs down highway like a rocket.

Enter city. Enter Disaster Two. On one of busiest thoroughfares, suddenly no brakes. NO brakes. Checked out the day before.

Red light comes on. Self, with nerves of steel of old fighter pilot juggles stick judiciously between forward and reverse

into me with assorted charges of incompetence, mopey and gawk.

But she's mellowed. She merely asked me how things went. When the low-truck arrived and hoisted our front end high, we both elected to remain in the car. As we sailed majestically off to the garage, I ventured tentatively, "Fun, isn't it?", she grinned, and we were closer than we've been for a while.

I suffered a learned exposition from the mechanic, whose favorite word, ironically, was "irony". Not the sort of word mechanics usually toss about. He expounded, "The irony of it is that if I put in a new master cylinder, at about \$120, you may still have no brakes, since there may be air in the lines, and I can't bleed the lines because the Footawraw might break if I applied the thingummy."

He went on, "If you still have no brakes, you have a problem." I almost expected him to say, "N'est-ce pas?" the question was so ridiculous. "Of course, you could put in a new thanabobs, but they are \$12 each, plus labor."

Finally, after an hour and a half, we abandoned the thing in the garage and set off on foot with our presents for the kids: a clown suit for Pike, which my wife had labored on with love for two weeks, a bag of apples that weighed twenty pounds, a pair of shoes for Kim, and various miscellaneous articles, all heavy.

We made the bus home by the skin of our teeth after a hectic half hour with the young 'uns. And Disaster Three struck.

Overcome by the day's vicissitudes, I fell asleep in front of the TV, cigarette in hand, and burned a hole in the couch, a blanket and my stomach. Not to mention my wife's new-found meltowness.

C'est la vie. They come in threes.

## The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, November 27, 1968.  
Darcy McKeough, Minister of Municipal Affairs, will be visiting county council soon to discuss regional government.

The Latin Club banquet at the high school recreated old Roman glory. Wine, women and principal Ted Hansen in a toga were all part of Latin night. (Actually it was grape punch). Mark Hurst and Mike Cooper staged a wrestling match, while Nancy Morris performed acrobatics and Marianne Coles an Eastern dance. Several students put on a play. Victor Funk played the mandolin and Joe Petrie the accordion. Mrs. Marindale sang a few numbers.  
The historic old Rockwood Academy is being restored by sculptor Yusef Dreenters.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 4, 1958.  
Acton voters approved a half mill grant to be divided between Acton Citizens' Band and Acton Junior Pipe Band as well as dissolution of the present Public Utilities Commission in favor of a hydro commission, when final election returns were received at 11.40 Monday evening.

Council withheld final decision regarding an underpass or wig wag system at the CNR Main St., crossing following submission of a letter from the Board of Transport Commissioners on Tuesday evening. The purchase of the Harris property in Rockwood was announced by the GVCA who will develop the 156 acres within the next two or three years into a park area.

Returning officer for the Municipal election, J. McGeachie reported 211 spoiled ballots at the Monday election. In classifying the spoiled ballots, the returning officer noted that some ballots were not marked properly and others were not marked at all.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, November 29, 1928

This year is the 28th annual ball and supper of Acton Fire Brigade. Admission is 95 cents and tax. Mason's five piece orchestra will play and Thomas Gibbons and R. L. Davidson will be floor managers.

Acton High School commencement attracted a full hall of citizens. Diplomas were presented to Grace Skilling, Fred Day, Gladys Scarrow, Marjorie Switzer, Mae Stewart, Jessie Young and Anna Allison. Medals were presented by Rev. A. C. Stewart in felicitous terms to William Harrop, Helen Ostrander, Stewart Lantz and Oral Chalmers for school championships in the athletic field.

A few venturesome young people enjoyed a skate on Corporation Pond. Some of them received a cold ducking.

Is Acton going to have a community Christmas tree this year? The one last year gladdened many hearts.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, November 28, 1878

It is about time that the ministers and others who intend speaking at soirees and socials through this winter should commence to think of some new jokes and anecdotes to take the place of the worn-out affairs that have become stale.

Esquing council is spending all its money in the southern part of the township, leaving the upper parts destitute.

He who does the printer pay, Will go to heaven some sure day; But he who mealy cheats the printer, Will go where there is never winter.

All Halifax was bedecked with evergreen arches and flags to welcome the new Governor, the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess. (Very lengthy account).

For and about women: Soft balls of cut feathers are seen on French bonnets. Jewelled serpents as ornaments seem to be the choice. Slightly rounded trains are superseding those of the square shape. Pencilled eyebrows are coming into vogue, a fact which we are sorry to record. Children's costumes in velvet and brocade are a plain made and invariably composed of only one color. The ladies of the royal family of Russia are said to be the most beautiful women in the world. It is asserted that the business of the chiropodists has increased most astonishingly since the fashion of wearing high heels has prevailed.

Mrs. R.M. Chmay  
230 Jarvis Street  
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or  
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Thank you,  
R.M. Chmay

## OUR READERS WRITE:

### Stamps help world's poor

Dear Editor,  
Please tell your readers of my plea for used postage stamps.

Dear Friends,  
Especially at Christmas time, I think of all the used postage stamps that are needlessly discarded. These seemingly worthless articles, from any country, are sold in bulk by the Scarboro Fathers, to stamp dealers, to help finance mission projects throughout the world.

In 10 months I have received over 100 lbs. of cancelled postage stamps, in small quantities, in very large quantities, from

schools, service clubs, companies, individuals etc. They add up quickly if everyone collects them for me. Please separate the 8 cents and 10 cents Queen Head stamps as these are sold separately.

It hardly takes a second to rip the used postage stamps off of an envelope leaving a bit of paper around it.

This can be your way of helping the world's poor without costing you a lot of time or money.

Please send by ("Third Class" Mail) or bring all your cancelled postage stamps, anytime of the year to: