

# The Acton Free Press

Founded in 1875

Don McDonald, Publisher

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## Know your swim area

The importance of knowing the area in which you are swimming was demonstrated again by the tragic death of an Acton young man, Tim Taylor, 21, in the Eramosa River at a rocky Everton pool.

Swimming areas should be chosen carefully. Before wading, swimming or diving in unfamiliar places find out the depth of the water and whether there are hidden rocks, strong currents or sudden drop-offs. Above all, observe and obey all warning signs.

The Canada Safety Council notes an increase of 23 per cent in deaths attributed to swimming accidents in the latest available national drowning statistics. The Council urges all swimmers to keep this fact in mind and heed basic safety rules.

Learning to swim is the first practical step towards water safety. Enquire about swimming

courses in the neighborhood. Even good swimmers know their limitations and don't take risks.

Swimmers and non-swimmers alike should never be alone in the water. Swim with a partner, preferably one skilled in life-saving. Non-swimmers should confine bathing to shallow, safe waters. Even a good swimmer should swim reasonably close to shore.

If the water is cool, wade in slowly then splash water onto your body gradually. Swimming in the dark is dangerous; you can't see or be seen. You can swim after a light snack but swimming after a full meal may cause exhaustion and nausea.

Keep a constant eye on children, even in a wading pool because kids love the water and frequently become reckless. Set a good example by always being safety conscious near a body of water, no matter how small.



Roger Fonck, of Acton, and Rod Pears of Bramalea pay close attention to the signals they are receiving from other amateur radio people from around North America during a 21-hour weekend exercise. Some 25 members of the recently formed Halton Amateur Radio Club took part in the exercise. They set up four stations at the Blue Springs Scout Reserve west of Acton. The exercise is really a contest of emergency operations sponsored by the American Radio Relay League. The Halton club was formed last fall after approaches were made by the Georgetown Red Cross and the regional police force. The fore runner of the Halton Amateur Radio Club was the Halton FM Association. The club had three shortwave and one very high frequency station on a hill.

## Canada no melting pot

"Canada", as Author Arnold Edinborough once remarked, "has never been a melting pot; it is more like a tossed salad."

This July 1 we see there's more than a little truth in the jest. The vast majority of the 20 million plus people who live in Canada were born here; roughly 85 per cent of the population are native-born. But nearly all of us are "hyphenated Canadian" with ancestral roots elsewhere with the exception of the indigenous people of Canada; the North American Indian has inhabited this continent for over 15,000 years.

The largest single ethnic group are the Canadian descendants of the British—roughly 44 per cent of the total population. But the largest, cohesive, cultural group, are Canadians of French origin—and the oldest—are Canadian Indians.

While most Canadians are of European extraction—German, Ukrainian, Italian, Dutch, Scandinavian and Polish, in that order—there are now many people of Asian descent living in Canada.

We know all this because as a nation we have statistics. The Great Intendant, Jean Talon, who conducted the first census in Canada in 1666, was able to report the population of New France was 3,125. That was the first general census conducted anywhere in the world in more than 1,000 years,

since the fall of the Roman Empire.

While this country was still a colony of France, censuses were conducted about every 20 years, and they were detailed: they listed age, sex, marital status, occupation, crops, livestock, buildings, churches, grist mills, firearms and swords.

In modern times, counting noses has become a well established commercial technique, and there are few details that somebody, somewhere, doesn't know about us.

People in the Prairies drink the most instant coffee, own more bicycles per capita, and use more deodorant than the rest of us, while in the Maritimes they favour Volkswagens more than any other area of the country, use more perfumed soap, and have more children per adult.

Newfoundland, in fact, has the highest birthrate in Canada, Quebec the lowest. And in Ontario, they use more cosmetics than anywhere else in Canada.

"Henceforth we are a united people", the Halifax British Colonist proclaimed on July 2, 1867, the day after Confederation, and united we are still.

But not in a melting pot. Canada is frequently described as a mosaic, in which small, widely different pieces each contribute to the pattern and flavour of the whole.

## From the Editor's Note Book

by Hartley Coles

Didn't know there was a June 31, did you? Well, according to an article on Back to Acton days in last week's Free Press there is and the mistake slipped through. Someone once calculated that there were over 10,000 ways to make an error in the newspaper and since I've been in this business for longer than I care to tell, I think I've either been responsible or assisted with the entire 10,000. Since several people pointed out that June 31 does not exist I would like readers to note that neither does February 30. And I managed to write that one on one occasion when the midnight oil was beginning to glow low. I usually console myself with the maxim that the person who does nothing makes no mistakes but the person who is busy makes his fair share. Or something like that.

Last Sunday was a farewell for Rev. Len Ewing at St. Alban's. The congregation turned out in large numbers to bid farewell to their rector who has been in Acton for six years. Mr. Ewing received a call to the Anglican priesthood later in life, after a successful business career. It was ironic perhaps that he should retire in Acton where he was raised and went to school. The good wishes of the parishioners and all those of good will go with him in his retirement.

Broadcaster Jack Carpenter phoned to say he struck it lucky for his Dominion Day Music Hall show this Sunday on CFCA-FM (105.3) on the radio, by arranging an interview with Lt. Gov. Pauline McGibbon and letting her select the music. The program starts at 5.05 p.m. this Sunday afternoon and the Lt.

Governor comes on at 6.50 p.m. It should be worth listening and the station has a strong signal in Acton despite an article in this newspaper which stated the call number was 10.5 Another decimal in the wrong place.

Ever wonder how we got "O Canada" for a national anthem? "O Canada", the hymn some of us still hum because we aren't sure of the words, was originally written for a picnic on the Plains of Abraham on St. Jean Baptiste Day (June 24) in 1880. The occasion was a visit by Louise, the Princess Royal.

The words—in French—were written as a 32-line poem by Sir Adolphe-Basile Routhier, and the music by an adventurer named Calixa Lavallee.

More than 20 versions of the English lyrics have been popular at various times. The English lyrics we now use were written in 1908 by Robert Weir, to celebrate Quebec's tercentenary.

Weir's lyrics were not officially adopted until July 1, 1927, and were changed again slightly in 1972, when, after considering 615 different proposals, a Parliamentary Commission declared them the official anthem of Canada.

Notwithstanding Roger Doucet's change in words for NHL hockey broadcasts, these are the official words: "O Canada! Our home and native land! True patriot love, in all thy sons command. With glowing hearts we see thee rise, The True North, strong and free! From far and wide, O Canada, we stand on guard for thee. God keep our land glorious and free! O Canada, we stand on guard for thee, O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!

## Back issues

10 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, July 2, 1969

For the first time, Acton has two Ontario scholars, Susan Perry and Kathryn Sinclair.

A "deliberately controversial" portrait of Acton's future park was presented to parks and recreation committee by chairman Brendan Aherne. His large colored drawing showed extensive parkland bordering Fairy Lake. Several Main St. homes are conspicuously missing from the ideal projection. It is the committee's long-range hope to have parkland bordering the entire park. "This may be a 30 year project," commented Peter Marks. "I may never see it in my life time" said Mr. Aherne. Some of the missing ball diamonds in the illustration are located at schools and the future swimming pool—another dream—is also hopefully located at a school. Walkways in the plan continue all along the banks of the school creek through future subdivision to Churchill Rd.

Top student of the year, Caroline Merrin and Glen Lee received trophies at the closing party held for grade eight students held for the first time in the M.Z. Bennett school, in the new auditorium.

20 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 25, 1959

Streamers decorated the Y when 89 grade eight students were entertained by the Home and School association. The toast to the Queen was proposed by Gary Masales and Charles Landsborough said Grace. Carol Evans and Susan Heard presented a large painting for the R.L. school and Jennifer Taylor and Joe Massey presented an encyclopedia to the M.Z. Bennett school. Mrs. Robert Johnson representing the Legion Ladies presented a gift to Joan Cook, who received the highest marks in grade eight. Mary Beth Elliott, Susan Heard and Helen Benton sang, Jim Miller played the piano, Andrew Knox played the bagpipes, Beth Parsons sang a solo. Beth Parson and Brian Smith were the students who had made the most progress. Linda Parker introduced guest speaker Murray McBride. Mrs. Doug Tarrant headed the committee planning the banquet.

A 92nd birthday party was held for Mrs. J.W. Dutton and others over 85 who attended were Mrs. Mabel Symon, Mrs. John Mowat and Mrs. R. Johnson.

Michael Wolfe was the only boy in the annual dance revue of pupils of Miss Lois Allen.

50 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 27, 1929

Interest in the big celebrations grows! There are over 200 entries for the July 1 field day. We are looking forward to seeing our local lady star Margaret Grindell in action against outside runners. Many of the province's outstanding athletes will be here. There is no lack of prizes to be awarded in the Calithumpian parade on Monday morning. There is a wonderful array of silver cups in Hinton's window.

There will be a community church service in the park on Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Peryman Jr., who were married in Acton in 1879, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.

Mr. F.L. Wright received word this week that he has successfully passed the examination of the Institute of Chartered Life Underwriters of Canada.

Among the graduates at Guelph Collegiate were Phyllis Tyler, Jessie Young, Mary Chalmers, Roberta Michie and Dorothy McPherson.

Council accepted the tender of \$200 from the Acton fair board for the old drill shed, provided it remain in the park.

100 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 27, 1879

Dominion Day next Tuesday. Entertainment in the Temperance Hall, admission ten cents.

T. Albert Moore has disposed of his share of the Free Press to his brother, H.P. Moore.

The committee on obtaining a new cemetery has completed their report on six locations and the committee is of the opinion the most suitable property is that of Mrs. Ransom Adams adjoining Mr. Nicklin's field to the south of the pond. Mr. Adams has agreed to sell the property at \$100 an acre. A number of ratepayers have expressed their disapproval of that property. They say Mr. Adams' property is so near the public road that timid persons, and especially ladies, would not care to go past after dark and that the land is too wet where water washes down from coble hill.

Base ball has revived in Acton. Last Saturday a team went to Eramosa to play the "Town Line Blazers" and came home victorious. A quoit club was organized last Monday evening.

No less than three newly married couples attended worship in the Methodist church.

## I shoulda stood in my bed on my birthday

Had a birthday the other day. Nobody remembered it except me, my wife, and the North American Life Assurance Company.

I, because I was one year older and not dead yet. My wife for roughly the same reason. And the insurance company likewise. They don't have to pay off that thousand dollars, and can go on investing, at high interest rates, that \$12 annual premium my mother made me take out when I was 16.

We all reacted differently. The insurance company sent me a 30-cent birthday card, signed by a guy I never heard of. He's about the eighth agent who has wished me a happy birthday, over the past four decades. I've probably outlived the other seven.

My wife, at a loss to buy a gift for the man who has . . . verything, bought me a stapler. Very good. I am constantly coming home with masses of essays to mark, none of them stapled together. As a consequence, I am constantly getting pages of one student's essay mixed in with pages of another student's essay, with discombobulating results.

For example, on page 4 of Joe's essay, he finds written, "Well said, Linda. An excellent parallel." And on page 7 of Linda's essay, she might find, "Right to the point, Joe."

It is embarrassing, confusing, and stupid. Now, with a stapler, their essays will be all in one piece, though it's quite possible they will find a piece of finger-skin stapled to the essay. I'm not much good with complicated

by Bill Smiley



machinery.

Not to be outdone on my birthday, I bought myself a present—a couple of fair belts of a well-known arthritis reliever. It comes in a brown paper bag, and, thanks to a greedy provincial government, is a leader in the inflation rate.

The card was innocuous. The stapler didn't do much harm either, except for the two staples I put into my thumb while trying it out. A little thumb-sucking, not at all an unpleasant activity, cured that.

It was my own present that did the damage. Carried away by a flood of birthday sentimentality and malt, I decided to take my daughter, grandsons, and wife on a trip this summer.

I felt a warm flood of kinship or something, and made up my mind that I was going to visit my ain folk, show off my clever and beautiful daughter to aunts and things who haven't seen her since she was in diapers, and proudly parade my grandboys to great-aunts, second

cousins, and anyone else who would look at them, or put up with them.

This wasn't so bad. It's not far out or weird to take your mob for a camping-visiting trip. At the time, it seemed a great idea. Even my old lady was luke-warmly interested. My daughter was excited. The boys were ecstatic.

Ah, yes. A sweep down and around old Ontario. Through Algonquin Park, camping amid the bears and deer and hooligans. Visit my niece at Pembroke, who has a kid the right age, five. Dig out old recluse Don McCuaig at Renfrew and catch some trout in his pond. Across the Ottawa River at Portage du Fort, and a visit to their great-grandmother's home, sitting on an island, high above the river.

Drop in on their great-uncle Ivan, at his beautiful rustic retreat on Calumet Island. Then to Green Lake, on the Quebec side, where I spent my happiest childhood summers. Down along the river to Ottawa, and cousins galore. Maybe drop in on Joe Clark and give him a tip or two. Then to Perth, where I grew up.

Show the boys the swimming place where I won prizes, the park where I kissed girls, the sandpit where I had my first smoke, the old Presbyterian manse where I learned to swear (from listening to my father, ear against the pipe, as he cursed the furnace).

Then a swing down to the St. Lawrence

Seaway, see another sister, and then the long swing home, camping and cooking out, and detouring to things like Niagara Falls, the weekly newspapers' convention in Toronto, the Stratford Festival, and any zoos or points of interest along the way.

Now, I didn't say all these things. But they are starting to build up.

What began as a germ, a one-week swing through the Ottawa Valley, has turned into a three-week Grand Tour.

My first thought was scrounging on relatives, with the odd night in motel rooms. A modest trip. Then I began to realize that two motel rooms would be at least fifty bucks a night. And also that five of us can't come crashing in on some poor aunt who has one spare bedroom.

I'm too old for tenting on the old campground, with an insomniac wife and two kids who would be pulling out the tent-pegs as fast as I drove them. And things that go bump in the night.

So the answer seems to be a camper, one of those great, ugly things that pollute the highways and drive other drivers crazy.

That's going to be a couple of hundred bucks a week, plus grub and gas and everything that goes with it. It's going to cost me more than a trip to Europe. I shoulda stood in bed on my birthday.

## Blocking lot sale deprives Rockwood

Dear Sir:

The recent action of the Eramosa Township Council in blocking the sale of a building lot in the Police Village of Rockwood was at the least a regrettable move on their part.

Rockwood Trustees were acting in the best interests of the ratepayers and residents of Rockwood in attempting to avoid a possible tax increase by selling a village lot. Such a sale would not only have brought additional cash to the Village but would also have resulted in additional tax returns on a long term basis.

As a non-resident of the Village of Rockwood, and one who has no direct or indirect interest, other than seeing the best thing done for the community of Rockwood I feel the action of the Eramosa Township Council was reprehensible.

It is to be hoped that when the next municipal election is held that the village residents will remember.

H. French, Guelph, Ontario.