

The Acton Free Press

Founded in 1875

Don McDonald, Publisher

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Community spirit is still strong

Some people would be fed up with the rotten weather that plagued Back to Acton Days last weekend, soaking participants and cancelling events which organizers had been planning for months. But the optimists who planned three days of festivities to coincide with Canada's birthday were bursting with pride after it was all over.

Terry Grubbe, the effervescent chairperson of the annual festivities, was ecstatic over the co-operation and involvement of the community. "They could have stayed home out of the rain but hundreds came out in spite of the soggy weather and everything possible went ahead as planned," she said.

Sure, they're going to have another Back to Acton Days next year, she says, and if residents

turn out as well as they did this year, streets could well be overflowing if fine weather graces festivities.

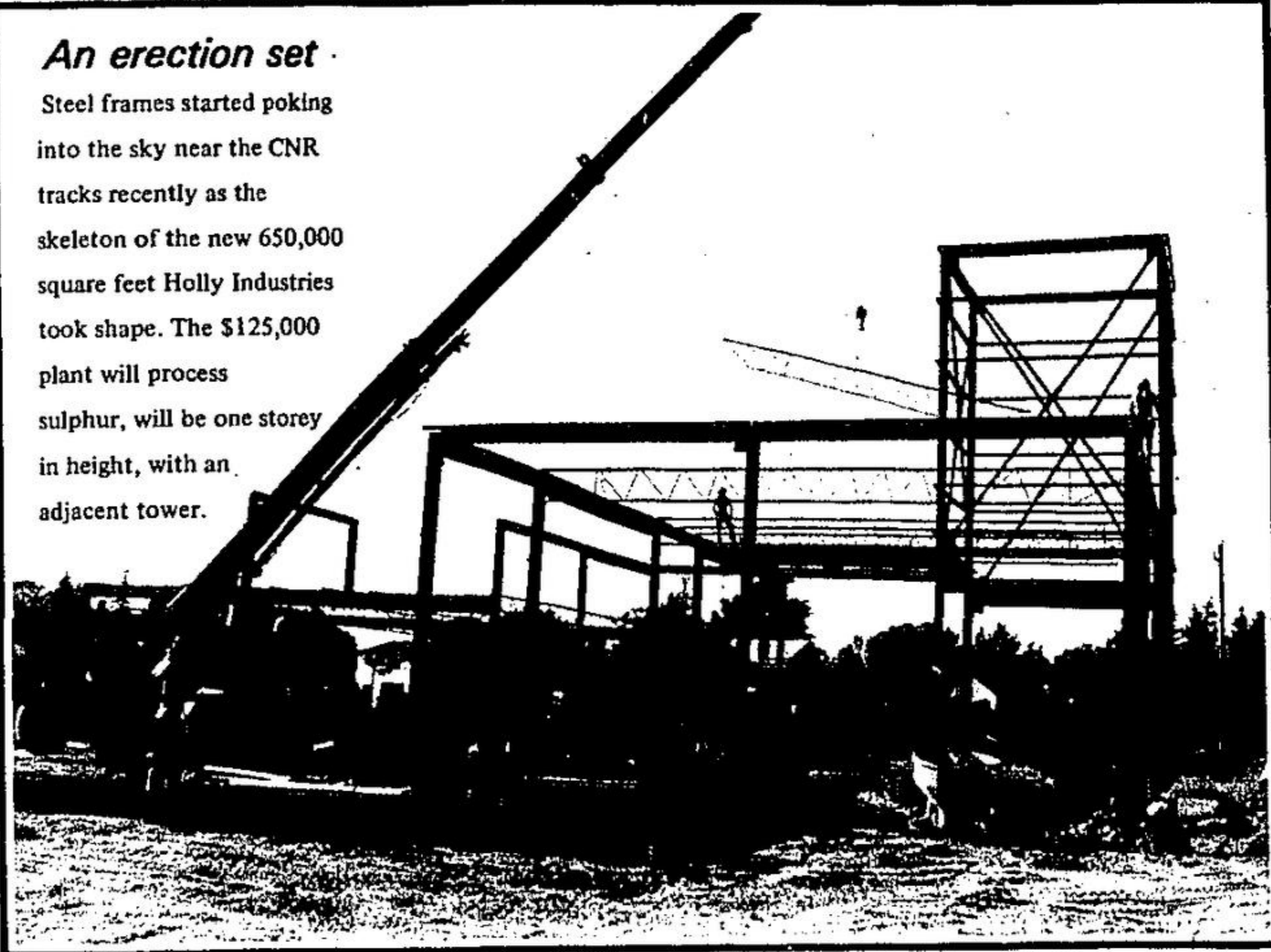
That's the kind of spirit that makes a community and as she says in a letter to this newspaper, there's still plenty of community spirit in Acton. We're still not so big we can't get people out to enjoy themselves at home instead of driving miles through heavy traffic to a quiet retreat in the hills.

That kind of spirit was also prevalent for birthday celebrations at Ballinacree and Limehouse as our correspondents attest to in their columns. Glen Williams also had a fine day in spite of the weather. So did Rockwood.

Canada will always be a strong country as long as we preserve that spirit.

An erection set

Steel frames started poking into the sky near the CNR tracks recently as the skeleton of the new 650,000 square foot Holly Industries took shape. The \$125,000 plant will process sulphur, will be one storey in height, with an adjacent tower.



Back issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, July 16, 1969
Aerial photographer Ed Long's photograph on the front page gives some idea of what Acton would look like if the three astronauts who left for the moon flew over. The curvature of the earth is visible in the photograph.

Many burned the midnight oil watching the first man on the moon on TV. Charles Kelly Browne, 99 years young, headed Saturday morning's local Orange parade.

Quick thinking by Lloyd Burt prevented a very serious fire at his farm. He was able to drive a tractor which caught fire out from the barn and into an open field.

Drugs can mean jail for students, Judge Alan Sprague warned in court. A request that all religious instruction be eliminated from schools has been presented to the board of education.

Kent and Joe Kentner, Jim Hurley and John Scoyne have been attending hockey school. Stephanie Merrin and Peter Pavli are attending band camp.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, July 2, 1959
Seven happy Scouts received the Queen's Scout badges. Assistant district commissioner Murray Scoyne made the presentations.

This is an outstandingly high number of scouts to receive the awards at one time, their scoutmaster Hartley Coles pointed out. The boys are Rick Currie, G. Barr, Brian Otterbein, K. Gardner, Pete Newton, Bob Hinton, and Lawrence Doby. Others taking part in the program in a woodland clearing on property owned by Mansell Nellis, were Brian Sproston, Paul McGeachie, John Leatherland and John Goy, district Cubmaster Ron Smith and group committee member Tom Watson.

A large crowd gathered to pay their last respects to Mary Ellen (Nelle) Anderson who had devoted most of her life to Christian work.

Frank Prouse took over as president of the Rotary club from Ted Hansen.

High tribute was paid to Ralph Matthews, whose name will be the first to appear on the E.G. Tyler trophy for a pupil who contributed to the school. He saved the life of a grade 8 girl. Principal Smith made the presentation.

Theodore H. Rachlin was called to the bar of Ontario. Dr. Douglas Maplesden received his Ph.D.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, July 4, 1929
The three big days of celebration of Acton on Saturday, Sunday and Monday are over. The first event of Acton Amateur Athletic Club was a splendid success and the gathering of Old Boys and Girls of the old home town was one of the best that has ever been arranged. Nothing happened to mar the plans but rain forced the street dance to move indoors.

There was not a citizen who was not proud of the home town band in their new uniforms, when they first played during the Garden Party in the park. Acton Lodge 100F held their annual Decoration Day service Sunday, and there was a huge community church service in the park. The gathering of the Callithumpian parade in the park was indeed a sight to behold. The parade was as usual headed by Jas. Johnson of Nassagaweya with his team of oxen.

There was a gay gathering in the park on Monday for the athletic events. The Royal Grenadiers Band from Toronto played. Club president Beardmore introduced the many winners. First Acton girl was a tie, Miss M. Grindell and Miss O. Chalmers, and first Acton boy was R. Hall.

The athletes, band and officials were entertained at Beverly House, the home of Mr. and Mrs. G.T. Beardmore. While the street dance was moved into the Town Hall due to rain, between two and three hundred danced outside till about two a.m.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, July 3, 1879
Mr. Henry Clark arrived home from the Black Hills, Dakota Territory, Saturday, having completed his term of five years service in the American army. Mr. Clark says he had some narrow escapes from being scalped by the Indians.

Some of the junior boys of our village are endeavoring to organize a lacrosse club. Mr. W.H. Storey is having his Eureka Glove Spring Works factory fitted up with new machinery. The company is making extensive shipments to all of Canada.

Quite a number of broken boards remain unrepaired in the sidewalks. A large number of our male citizens—both young and old—bathe daily at Nicklin's Pond.

In Acton there was no Dominion Day celebration and the town was exceedingly quiet.

Moderation the answer

Envious of those with bodies bronzed by the sun and anxious to acquire a tan of your own? Watch out for sunburn!

One can burn as badly on hazy days as in brilliant sunshine, warns the Canada Safety Council.

All too often, people overexpose themselves because the shade of an umbrella or the cool breeze on an overcast day eliminate the uncomfortable heat we associate with sunburn. But the ultraviolet light of the sun reflects off sand and water, reaching under beach umbrellas, and penetrates grey clouds.

There are virtually no medical benefits to be gained from exposure to the sun. Some Vitamin D

is produced, but one receives more than needed from a normal diet.

There is no need to pass the summer months secluded indoors avoiding such recreational activities as tennis, golf or swimming, but it is wiser and safer to take the sun in small doses at least until a protective coat of tan has developed.

A good choice of suntan lotion will help prevent sunburn. The most useful are those which contain a sun-screening ingredient. But no lotion will protect against sunstroke that is likely to result from prolonged exposure to high temperature and sun.

Moderation is the answer.

Free Press Letters

The company picnic

They called us from the pastures, To come and share the "gains" There beneath the Norway Maples, We forgot our aches and pains.

We were at this Royal welcome From the captain and the crew, Who have taken over duties, That the old hands used to do.

As we gathered round the tables, And we shook each other's hand,

I saw the captain sigh, as he cast his eye, Though he seemed to understand.

Then "Peter" gave the Company Blessing, As he scanned the beaten faces, But every hand, was feeling grand, Though there were vacant places.

Among our crowd was Uncle "Bob" Whose jokes are always new, To darling daughter, Sweet reporter, I heard him tell a few

I was gazing at the "fountain" While drinking up the "toasts" Then on the green I thought I'd seen, A group of friendly ghosts.

So I hurried to the table for A double shot of "Rye" Then I gave a toast to every ghost, As I raised my glass up high

Then came the time for parting, From those grounds we hold so dear, But we promised "Captain Peter" We'd all be there next year.

We'd uphold a grand tradition, With the company and its friends, To share the Load, along the road, Until the "journey" ends.

Victor Smith
RR2 Rockwood

What others say: Emotional teacher issue

By Roger Worth

To fire or not to fire. That's the emotionally charged question facing boards of education across the country as student enrolment dwindles.

The issue in a word: money. Many elected education officials argue strongly that savings from declining enrolment in elementary and secondary schools should be passed on to the public in the form of lower taxes.

Canada's teachers and many Parent-Teacher Associations, on the other hand, vehemently oppose this position, favoring a reduction in class sizes and an increased emphasis on special education, thus main-

taining the present level of employment.

The reason for the reduced enrolment, of course, is Canada's low birth rate and cutbacks in immigration. As a result, there are fewer children to be educated.

The teachers defend their position by contending that smaller classes would upgrade the quality of education by allowing instructors to spend more time with individual students. Naturally, such a change would require more teachers.

But the education officials who control the dollars point out that teacher's salaries are responsible for about 75 per cent of education spending. By limiting the number of teachers they can at least hold

the line on tax increases.

In addition, they also point to a U.S. study that indicates smaller classes have little effect on the quality of education.

The battle between diametrically opposed factions in the high stakes game is being waged from Halifax to Vancouver, with emotions running high as layoffs continue.

In Toronto, for example, 3,000 people turned out for a board of education session that overturned an effort to lay off several hundred instructors.

In other areas of Canada, the radio hotlines hum as well-organized teachers take the offensive in attempting to achieve tax-

payer support for their position.

Fallout from the situation has caused turmoil among those considering teaching as a profession. Enrolment in teacher-training courses has been chopped dramatically and more than 25 per cent of last year's teacher's college graduates still haven't found jobs.

Meanwhile, fights over the closing of schools continues, with some secondary units dropping course options to trim budgets.

There is no simple solution to the problem. Education has become a gut issue in Canada and it's not about to go away.

Roger Worth is Director Public Affairs, Canadian Federation of Independent Business

Most teachers have basic liking of young people

Each man and woman has a way of marking off the years. With some it's birthdays. With farmers it's getting the crops in. With fishermen it's hauling out the old tub for the winter, after the last catch. With golfers it's getting in one final round before the snow flies. And so on.

With teachers, it's struggling through to the end of June without going around the bend. I've just made it for the nineteenth time, and, at time of writing, still have most of my marbles, though I can't say the same for some of my colleagues. They get queerer and queerer every year.

But it is only with the silliest and most sentimental that the end of the school year brings tears, a feeling of loss, a pang of sorrow. Most of us walk out at the end of June and never really care whether we ever re-enter the old sausage factory.

At approximately the same time many mothers are giving a great sigh of resignation, looking fearfully at the summer ahead, when they'll have to cope with their kids twenty-four hours a day, most teachers are giving a mighty sigh of relief because they don't have to cope with those same kids at all for two entire months.

It's not that teachers dislike kids. Perhaps a few do, but they usually wind up in the looney-bin, or slashing their wrists in the bathtub.

On the contrary, most teachers have a basic liking of young people and show them, often, more tolerance and under-

standing than the kids' own parents do. They'll bend over backwards to listen to problems, suggest solutions and try to motivate the youngsters.

But there comes a point, a sort of sticking point where even the most benevolent of teachers runs across a kid who would drive his own mother screaming up the wall. And often does.

One of my younger colleagues is still nursing a cracked rib incurred after breaking up a fight in the cafeteria and chasing one of the boys involved half a mile to the local park, all in the line of duty. He does not love and cherish that kid.

Almost every year, when a teacher is in daily contact with approximately 180 teenagers, with their sexual repressions, their hang-ups, their broken homes, their depressions, there are three or four kids he or she can barely tolerate.

These few bad apples are what make teaching a very arduous profession. They are a daily source of irritation with their bad language, bad habits and bad manners.

But every job has its unpleasant aspects, and if you can't cope with a few rotten kids, you should get a job where you have a rotten boss or rotten customers, or rotten pay.

End of term comes, and even the little turkeys in Grade 9 who bedeviled you with their giggling or their yapping or their giddiness all year become lovable because you know they're gone for two months. And you get a nice tie from one shy little girl, and a nice card thrust through your letter-slot by another who has walked eight blocks to do it, and a muttered, "Have a good summer!" from the worst spalpeen in the class, and it all makes some kind of sense.

And at commencement night, you suddenly discover that those lumpy girls in levis and work boots, in jeans and sneakers, are really beautiful young women with bosoms and golden arms and flashing eyes. That those lazy, surly, unkempt louts you tried to pound some English into for ten months are elegant, witty young men, with a shirt and tie on, who have twice the ease and poise and knowledge you had yourself at that age.

And then there's the ego thing. A guy lurches up to you in a bar and insists, eight times, that, "You're boss teacher I ever had." I go down town in July to get a paper or buy some milk, get home three hours later.

Old lady sore as a boil. "Where in the world have you been?" Respond, "Ah, all the kids are home, from university, and

they want to tell me about themselves, their problems, their love life."

It's a tough life, but it has its points.

We read recently of high schools in the big cities, where teaching has become something like running the gauntlet of physical and verbal violence. This occurs not only in "inner-city" schools, with their masses of poor kids from broken homes and immigrant kids disoriented by a different culture and language, but also from suburban middle-class schools whose students are over-privileged, also come from broken homes, have too much money, and are extremely materialistic, like their parents. They look on teachers as something like an orange, to be sucked dry and thrown away, like the peel.

Not for me. I couldn't hack that. I'd quit. I'm no dedicated martyr. I don't want a punch-up with three druggies forty years younger. I don't want my tires slashed or my female staff assaulted. I am basically a peaceable coward.

Our school is not like that, and I guess that's why I've hung in here so long. When I started, I had offers to teach journalism at a community college, to do public relations work, to teach at a university. But I began to grow too fond of the teenagers and backed away from these offers. I'm not sorry.

I'm no Mr. Chips. I'm not a great teacher. But I do enjoy teenagers, with their curiosity, their sensitivity, their sense of humour, their developing selves, even their flashes of anger, and always their honesty.

by Bill Smiley



Community spirit still flourishes

To the Editor:
The Organizing Committee of the "Back to Acton Days" would like to thank every person who helped make the past week-end such a success.

In spite of the rain-filled days, many people still joined in the Callithumpian Parade, visited all the booths and participated in the planned activities.

Come "Rain" or Shine the community spirit in Acton continues to flourish.

See you July 1, 1980 at our next "Back to Acton Days" weekend.

Sincerely,
Terry Grubbe

Pot Pourri

"O ye Gods, grant us that is good whether we pray for it or not, but keep evil from us even though we pray for it." - Plato.

Some people speak from experience while others from experience don't speak.

The reason television commercials are louder than the program is so that we can hear them in the bathroom and the kitchen.

The dictionary is the only place where success comes before work.