

The Acton Free Press

Founded in 1876

Published every Wednesday by Inland Publishing Co. Limited at 58 Willow Street, Acton, Ontario, L7J 2M2. Telephone (519) 853-2010. Subscriptions: Single copies 20¢ each, \$10.00 per year in Canada, \$30.00 in all countries other than Canada.

The Acton Free Press is one of the Inland Publishing Co. Limited group of suburban newspapers which include The Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, The Brampton Guardian, The Burlington Post, Etobicoke Gazette, The Georgetown Independent, Markham/Thornhill Economist and Sun, The Milton Canadian Champion, The Mississauga News, The Newmarket/Aurora Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa This Week, Oshawa This Weekend, and The Stouffville Tribune.

Don McDonald, Publisher

Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature will not be charged for but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate. In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

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

Second class mail Registration Number 0515.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Editor: Hartley Coles
News Editor: Helen Murray
Reporter/Photographer: Eric Elstone
Sports Editor: Robin Inasco

TELEPHONE (519) 853-2010

Business and Editorial Office



ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

Advertising Manager: Bill Cook
Classified Advertising: Marilyn McArthur

BUSINESS/ACCOUNTING OFFICE

Office Manager: Fran Gibson
Rhona Thornhill, Shirley Jocque, Carolyn Artem



CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

Manager: Marilyn McArthur

Should act on buses

Thirty-eight Ontario children were killed in school bus accidents in the decade between 1967-77. In the same period 2,172 suffered personal injuries. Design and faulty equipment were blamed for many of the losses.

Plans of the federal department of transport to improve the safety of school buses has received support from such diverse bodies as the Ontario Public School Men Teachers' Federation and home and school associations. Proposals would include higher seatbacks with increased padding, stronger body joints and protective cages around gasoline tanks. However, Ottawa backed away from the improvement program last fall. It is suspected the Government has been listening to the Ontario Association of School Business Officials which thinks improvements would be an expensive and unnecessary change.

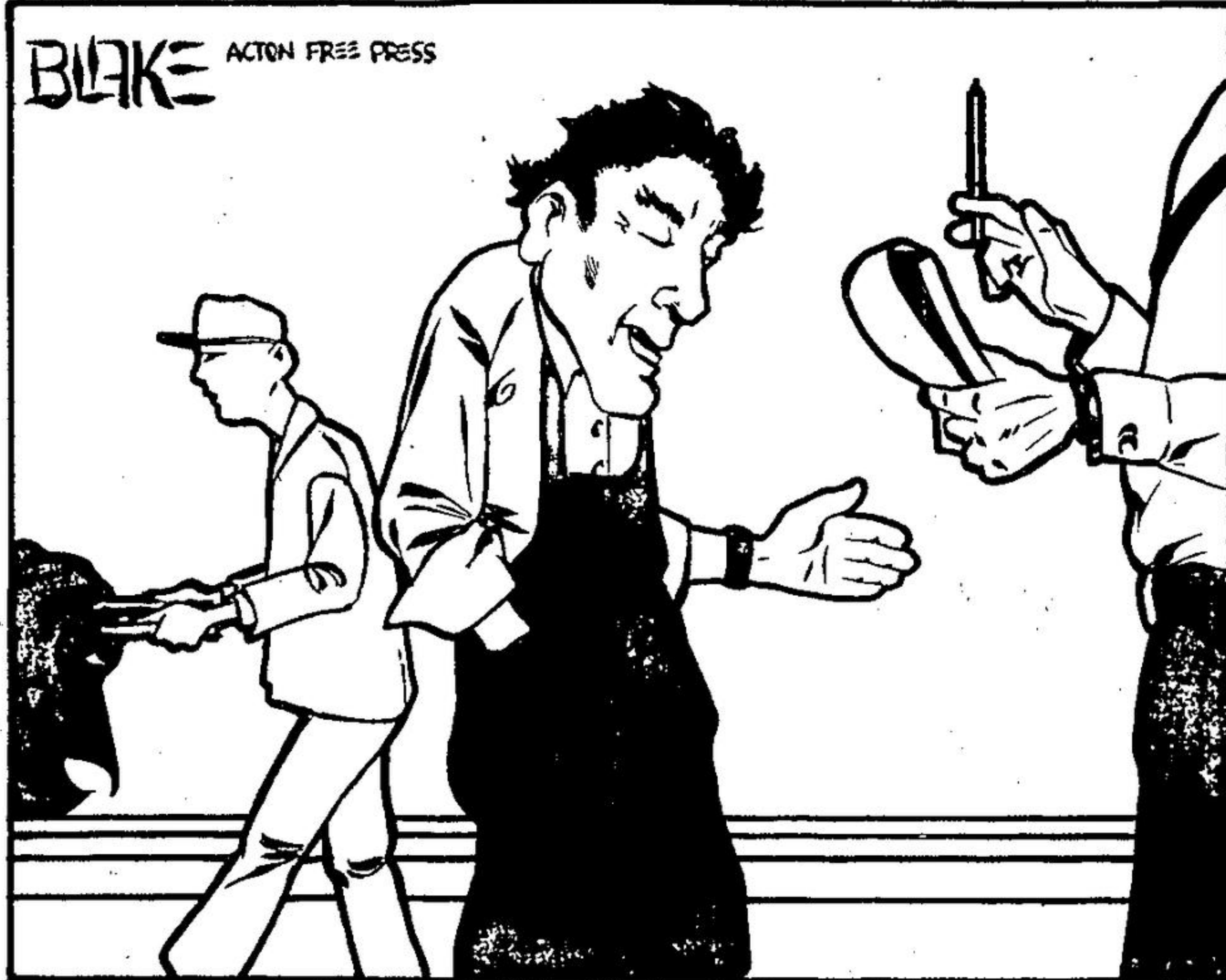
A spokesman for the Ontario Association of School Business Officials said recently that alterations to the buses would cost \$1,200 to \$2,000 for each bus. "We're talking millions of dollars in total costs over the years and no guarantee there would be cut-backs on injuries and deaths in

school buses," he said. That has raised the ire of the men's teachers' federation. "It is ironic in the Year of the child that we are prepared to trade a few dead and injured children for some questionable savings in school board budgets," a statement from the federation thunders.

The teachers' president called for action, not more evidence. He says there are enough facts and figures available to implement the recommendations and make significant improvements in school bus safety. He notes that automobiles have rigid safety standards which cost buyers money. He charged it would be setting a double standard if the same criteria is not attached to school buses.

It is not hard to agree with the teachers. If school bus safety can be improved by spending \$1,200 to \$2,000 on each bus then surely there should be no question about implementing the proposals. Ottawa should make it mandatory. On the other hand if the changes do nothing to improve the safety of buses then it would be foolish to spend the money.

The issue then is statistics. They seem to favor the teacher views. Changes should be made.



"Honestly, officer, I didn't realize he was hurt. I thought he was just loitering."

Smiley's estate a jungle—says he!

For weeks I'd been telling her, I said, "The jungle is coming in on us. I'm not kidding. It's a bloody jungle out there, and it's going to get us."

She thought I was hallucinating again. Jungle. Creeping in. Rubbish. And then I took her out and showed her. She hadn't taken a good tour of the estate for a couple of years. And what she saw shook her. "You're right. It is a jungle."

A few years ago we had a kaleidoscope of color out there. Now it's almost solid green, relentlessly creeping in from all sides.

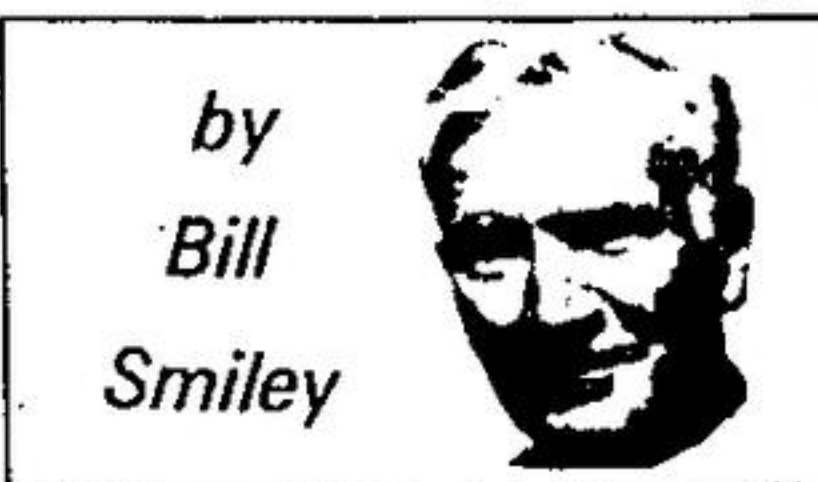
We had two rose beds. We had actually planted some roses in them, and some of the roses actually grew. Peace roses. Dipsomania roses. Red roses. As soon as they bloomed, I'd cut them, put them in a vase, and we'd sit around looking at them as though we'd borne children.

I cut them back dutifully, piled dirt around them in the fall, and a couple even bloomed the second year.

The roses were planted cheek-by-jowl with a fine healthy row of peonies that produced almost obscenely. The second year of the roses, the peonies were a little sick. The third year they were definitely ailing.

This year that particular flower-bed had produced two peonies, three rosebuds, two elm trees about eight feet high, a healthy young maple, and enough hay to feed a herd of cows. The jungle.

Our other rosebed was somewhat of a failure from the beginning, despite all the fertilizing and fussing. Therefore, when a couple of acorns the squirrels had missed sprouted, I thought, "Why not... It'll add a nice touch of green." Almost overnight, it seems, those acorns have grown to sawlog dimensions.



by Bill Smiley

First few years here we had tiger lilies and all kinds of other exotics. This year we had tigers. You could see them sitting there in the jungle at night, peering with yellow eyes. Some people might say they were cats. I know they were tigers.

A few years ago we had brown-eyed daisies galore. This year we had brown-eyed children galore, slashing and galloping through the jungle that once was brown-eyed daisies.

Even the woodpiles are creeping closer. At first they were orderly woodpiles, in their place, ready to be thrown into the cellar, adding rather a quaint touch of rusticity to the backyard, as it once was.

Then we started piling fallen branches on top of them. Now they are horrible woodpiles, crooked and beckoning, festooned by vines and other creeping green things.

Used to be a fine young spruce growing near the garage. Top of it would have made a nice Christmas tree. It's grown so fast in fifteen years that it's a hazard to low-flying airplanes.

We have squirrels so big and so bold they'll jump up on the picnic table and snatch the second half of your peanut-butter-and-honey sandwich without so much as a "Do you mind..."

We have robins who pull out worms as big as rattlesnakes, and then have to surrender them to grackles as big as seagulls, strutting about the clearing in the jungle in that ugly, pigeon-toed gait of theirs.

Bees as big as beavers buzz around our beer bottles. Huge black ants hoist themselves up the hair on my legs, spit in my eye, and waltz off to attack—a startling. Every day we move our lawn chairs a little closer to the back door.

Out front, our mighty oak grows ever greater, peers in windows, rubs his nose against panes, chuckles with amusement, gives the brick a smack with one of his huge hands, and goes back to waiting for the next north wind, so that he can drop a dead branch across our TV cable wire.

Up the back of the house crawls a great green vine, with tentacles like those of a giant squid, slowly, carefully, and with super-human skill pulling bricks loose, one by one. Every so often it starts to die, and I watch with glee and hope. But no, fresh green tendrils sprout, every one of them a potential brick puller.

We hack, we chop, we slash. To no avail. Everywhere the trees, the weeds, the vines, crawl toward and over the house, insidious, malicious, whispering to each other their eventual triumph.

In this steady, frightening encroachment of a jungle, there is only one bright spot, one thing that won't grow. That's the privet hedge between the yard and the street, that gives us about as much privacy as a stripper at a medical convention.

Planted at great expense, trimmed with decreasing regularity because there's nothing to trim, it looks like a kid who's been in a fight and had a couple of front teeth knocked out. That's the good part. Down at the other end, where the snow-plover man dumps forty-eight tons a year, it resembles a pygmy with a bad case of malnutrition.

That's the way we plan to go, when the jungle forces us to flee. Straight out through one of the gaps in the hedge, pushing the grand piano in front of us.

Back issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Acton Free Press of Wednesday, July 30, 1969. The weak strong man (Don Price), bearded lady (Mary Ann Freuler) and fat lady (Larry Quinn) were just a few of the unusual attractions the Side Show had to offer at the Penny Carnival held in the arena by Playground '79. Planning board Thursday night rejected a plan submitted by T. Berry of Alteo Construction to build five stores, each with an apartment above, on the west corner of Main and Church Sts. They invited Mr. Berry to submit a revised plan: Board chairman Bob Drinkwater was concerned about parking. The Acton Free Press won two awards in the national newspaper competitions.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Acton Free Press of Thursday, July 23, 1959. H.L. Ritchie, secretary of Walker Lodge, was appointed by Grand Lodge of Ontario to the office of Grand Sword Bearer. Members of Walker Lodge attending the communication were F. McIntosh, J.A. Leslie, A. Shoemaker, N. Bowles, C.F. Leatherland and A.J. Buchanan, I. Harris, J. Reid and A.C. Patterson. A landmark for close to a century began to disappear when workmen under Henry Cooper started to dynamite the stone structure on the fourth line of Eramosa known in recent times as Harris' mill and Henderson's Mill. The Grand River Conservation Authority, owners of the building, considered it unsafe. Henry Cooper however after two days of dynamiting thought that if the loose stones at the top could have been removed the building would have stood for at least another 90 years or so, so well built was the mill. It was built in 1868. Many felt it should have been preserved.

Continuing their climb up the league ladder, Acton Nicols won two and lost one in lacrosse action this week. Firing goals were Johnny Hillson, Phosne Harrison, Larry Taillefer, Barry Inscow, Fred Kentner, Harvey Hunter, Wayne Arbic, George Grasby, Ted Footitt and Page. 20 Boy Scouts are spending this week at camp at Everton. Camp chief is Laurie Duby, quartermaster Peter Newton, with Rickey Currie, Brian Otterbein, Don Ford, John Dunn, Andrew Smith, Bill Cook, Ken Gardner, Andrew Tarrant, Philip Marzo, Tommy McKown, David Hargrave, Johnny Goy, Glen Barr, John Leatherland, John Creighton, Max Hagggett, George Ware and Neil Franklin.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Acton Free Press of Thursday, July 25, 1929. Dublin branch of the Women's Institute are holding canning demonstrations in Dublin school. Heavy hitting and a big score characterized the ball game in the Halton County Baseball league, which Milton won 19-13. Chew, with four hits, and Frank Gibbons and Kaley, with three each, were the big hitters for Acton. The local boys were off in their fielding and Chalmers and Waterhouse were the only ones to keep their fielding average clean. Has winter any joy equal to a cool drink from a wayside spring, these hot afternoons? All parties at Eden Mills who subscribed for the Hydro some time ago are now enjoying the benefit of the power. Acton, Georgetown, Milton and Brampton Oddfellows and Rebekahs Lodge held a splendid outing at Eldorado Park. H.S. Holmes and Wm. Williams, both of Acton, won prizes for being the oldest Oddfellows. Mr. Holmes was initiated 54 years ago to Goderich.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Acton Free Press of Thursday, July 24, 1879. If telegrams are to be believed, the Zulu war is over. Milk for sale at Milk Depot north of GTR station. Acton people need not keep a cow when they can get milk for three cents a quart, two cents a pint. P.S. Armstrong. No more hard work churning! Every person that has churning to do should buy one of Forbes' Noiseless Dog Power Wheels that will run either the dash or crank churns. Call and see it at work on Bower Street, back of Bennett's Hotel. Made and sold only by G. Forbes, Acton. Volunteers wanted! The members of No. 2 Co., 20th Batt., V.M. are notified to assemble at the Drill Hall on Saturday, for drill previous to going to camp in Toronto in September. Recruits wanted. By order, John Shaw, Capt. It has been officially announced that Hon. Mr. Letellier, Lieut. Governor of Quebec, has been dismissed from office. During the past week a boat built after the style of Hanlan's has been launched on Nicklin's pond, and numbers of our ambitious young men are anxious to try their rowing powers.

Farming is hazardous

This is Farm Safety Week and a time to review the relatively high number of injuries on the farm. According to the Farm Safety Association it may be more serious than statistics indicate.

Farming is ranked third behind mining and forestry as one of this nation's most hazardous occupations. Last year in Ontario the Association recorded 2314 lost-time injuries in agriculture. There were, however, many more injuries that required medical attention only and no time away from the land.

At present only one-third or

22,000 farm employers report to the Workmen's Compensation Board, so it is reasonable to assume a large number of farm accidents are not included in statistics.

The association also recorded 46 farm fatalities in 1978. Of this number, 17 or 37 per cent occurred to children under the age of 15.

More complete and comprehensive statistics probably would reveal farming is more hazardous than present statistics indicate and the need for better safety practices on the farm acute.

What others say

One in four will crash

It is frightening to discover every 16 or 17-year-old who obtains a driver's licence runs a one in four risk of becoming involved in a major accident before reaching the age of 18. And it is just as frightening to contemplate that all other persons on the roads—drivers, passengers and pedestrians—are made to share that risk.

Insurance company statistics tell us that among youths not yet 18, there are 26.8 claims per 100—more than one in four—at an average cost of \$2,039. By contrast, for women and single men under age 25, the claim rate per 100 falls to 9.1 and 14.1 respectively, rates that obviously would be lower were the under-18 figures excluded.

Clearly, the danger posed by very young drivers is substantially greater than that posed by drivers even a few years older; in fact, is so much greater that one is inevitably left to conclude that the minimum driving age should be raised to 18.

Of course, three in four youths with safe driving records will undoubtedly argue that raising the age is unfair to them. But there is a strong element of the inequitable in all thresholds based on chronology—the drinking age, the voting age. And driving is not a right, it is a privilege. Easily gathered and objective statistics allow us to weigh the inequity against the risk, and at nearly 27 per cent the risk surely tips the balance.—Leamington Post.

From the Editor's Note Book

By Hartley Coles

This editor had the privilege of attending the 60th anniversary convention of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association in Toronto where the Dills brothers, former publishers of this newspaper, the Independent, Georgetown, and Milton Canadian Canadian Champion, were honored with life memberships in the Association.

Dave and Jim Dills have been spark-plugs in the CCNA and continue active involvement like their father before them. The final evening of the convention Saturday in Toronto is reserved for the President's Ball with the Province of Ontario host. It was at this function the Dills, Dave and Jim, and former editor Kay Dills and Jim's eldest son, Steven, were recipients of awards and presentations.

It was a fitting honor for them all. Dave and Jim grew up in the weekly business. Until the sale to Inland Publishing Co. Limited last year, they lived the newspaper game 24 hours a day. Now while brother Dave is recuperating from an illness, Jim has been appointed the new executive

director of the CCNA, a job which will take him all over Canada, probably to Ottawa on occasion to present briefs to Joe Clark and his conferees.

Kay Dills, former editor of The Free Press, was given a gift and recognized for her efforts in the weekly field. Steven Dills, now publisher of the Highway 43 Tribune, a weekly newspaper in Onoway, Alberta, was also honored for his work at CCNA head office in Toronto, with a gift.

Few families in Halton Hills are honored or respected as much as the Dills and this is appreciated by weekly publishers and editors across this nation. Their honor reflects on their own communities and Acton people can swell their chests to have such well known, liked and respected newspapermen still among them or springing from this community.

There's much speech making at conventions naturally, lots of good humor, meals and some of the newspapermen and wives have been known to hoist a few. There are seminars for the publishers and sessions for editors, all designed to make

them more professional at their jobs, and produce better newspapers.

The Free Press was recipient of one award at this convention—third place for the best front page in its own circulation class but it placed high in the standings for the best all-round newspaper, coming fourth in a class of 30 newspaper from across Canada, totaling 75 points in the competition, only six behind first place Armprior chronicle with 81 and the Bradford witness with 80.

The judges acknowledged that the top four or five entries were the best in the class and conceded the next 12-15 were close in quality and content.

Standings show the Free Press is right up there with the top newspapers in Canada and it is the team effort from publishers, staff, advertisers, readers and the community, which has given this newspaper support and encouragement.

There are always complaints. And bouquets. We expect the complaints. We are not without fault. And sometimes deserve a pat on the back. At least we think so. Recognition from the CCNA is

something newspaper people like because it comes from their peers, people who understand the problems and energy which goes into the weekly production of every community newspaper. So this newest award goes up with a long string won over the years.

Conventions are also for discussing the business. While inspecting some of the new machines which companies produce for the production of newspapers with our mouths open at the technology, we ran into Peter Newton, raised in Acton and much involved in the chemical end of the printing business. A son of Acton's former fire chief Jack Newton, long an engineer at Beardmore, Peter once worked for the Christie Chemical Co. which manufactures chemicals for the production end of new printing processes. Recently he established his own business manufacturing chemicals for the industry and he was at the convention working for the Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association in their display.

It was an extra bonus. Peter is married now and living in Toronto while his bus-

iness has a Mississauga address.

When I first started in the printing business as a devil I thought it was pretty complicated with the old hot type and hand set heads from California job cases. Letters had to be assembled individually in a stick and merged with hot type from the linotype in the corner. It was a painstaking business and a printer who wasn't covered with ink and smelled like it at the end of the day was either scrupulously clean or wasn't worth his salt.

It has all changed. They've got a computerized machine now that sets advertisements on a screen right before your eyes, composes borders for them and does everything but breathe. Naturally, the company which exhibited this equipment had a pretty blonde running it as if it required only 24 hours of instruction before one was ready to set up in business. In my day it took seven years of toil before one was considered a printer.

Reporters now have machines called terminals at which they write copy which

(Continued on Page 5)