

The Acton Free Press

Founded in 1875

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Don McDonald, Publisher

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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

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
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Manager: Marilyn McArthur



Walking the beat

Acton merchants and residents may well be cheered by the news from Milton that the local precinct intends to have a man walking a downtown beat on every shift. Perhaps the practice could also be reintroduced in Acton.

The staff sergeant in charge of the Milton station says the primary purpose of walking the beat is to prevent crime but is also aimed at familiarizing the public with the local force.

Acton people will recall that this summer downtown merchants asked for more police presence to curb the incidence of vandalism and thefts which were making life miserable for them. There was a positive response from police but the idea of reintroducing the man on the beat was generally regarded as old fashioned or passe. Police spokesmen said they could operate more efficiently from their Georgetown base by dispatching cruisers to the scene of an incident or crime.

To call for police to be more visible in Acton, Staff Sergeant

John Barratt said it would cost an estimated \$150,000 for an around-the-clock patrol in Acton. The cost would be for three men, equipment, cruisers, benefits and so on.

Obviously expense is no object in Milton. The Milton sergeant's admission that one aim is to familiarize the public with officers, also be applied to Acton, where before the introduction of the regional police force, it was customary to see officers on the beat.

If foot patrols can be introduced in Milton under a regional police force it would seem only fair for Acton to have the same opportunity.

According to the Milton sergeant, he is also pleased with the positive reaction from the officers. They are volunteering for the beat because it will give them an opportunity to become better acquainted with merchants and public.

It seems reasonable that officers assigned to Acton would also have the same reaction.



The flock of Canada Geese at Fairy Lake has swelled recently. Seems the large fowl is gathering families for the transcontinental flight south. Every once in a while a group of a dozen or so birds, especially in the evening, launch themselves into the air and form up in the familiar V-formation: a rehearsal for the annual migration flight south.

Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, October 22, 1969

Kathryn Sinclair, top award winner, gave the valedictory address at commencement Friday. Of 25 grade 13 grads, 17 were present. Other top award winners were Susan Perry and Trudy Morris. Guest speaker William Bathwell had a challenging message.

Taking a tip from an editorial in the Free Press, Beardmore and Co. has decided to designate Fairy Lake as a wild life sanctuary. The Chamber of Commerce was also active in promoting the idea.

Top place in the Acton Hi-Flyers model plane contest went to Peter Puchyr, president of the club.

On Robert Little student council are president Susan Shoemaker, John Ashley, Cathy Frost, Trevor Diggins, David Williams, Jim Krapek, Heather Wilkinson, Joan Newman, Teresa Cunningham, Robert Wardle, Donna Drew, Sharon Creasey, David Marcoux. Staff representatives are Mrs. Kathleen Hannah and Doug Copeland.

The Rev. Laurence Duby will become rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, St. Catharines, next month.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 29, 1959

Cheers rocked the Legion auditorium as John Leatherland was presented with a wrist watch as "Minor Sports Gentleman of the year." The award, presented by jeweller Don Bexton, will be an annual one. Nearly 200 attended the dinner in the Legion auditorium. Representatives of winning teams accepting trophies were Pat Vale, Don Harris, Jim Bullough, Jan Riddell, Mike Vale, Bob Turkosz, Gary Taillefer, Denis Gibbons, John Leatherland, Allan Robinson, Steven Dubois and Jim Jennings.

Mrs. John Foley tied with a Guelph man to win \$1,000 at the bingo in Guelph last Saturday.

Acton children who appeared on TV this year on behalf of Hallowe'en for UNICEF were Paul Wolfe, Bernie Benton, Kathy McKenzie, Sally Wilson, Vivian Smith and Hilary Pope.

The congregation of Knox church adopted a \$23,000 budget. Stanley Norton chaired the meeting and James Greer presented budget figures.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 24, 1929

The School Board was asked to approve of all the books used in the curriculum and for supplementary reading.

Bertha Smith and the Rev. C. L. Poole were married in Toronto. They are now residing in the parsonage, Bower Ave.

Dr. A. J. Buchanan, of Hillsburgh, is opening up a dental office in the apartment over Hassard's drug store.

The dental practice of the late Dr. J. M. Bell has been disposed of to Dr. F. W. Pearen of Schomberg and Toronto.

Work in connection with the new telephone office in Rockwood is going ahead steadily. The new receiving set is already in place.

On Saturday night Chief Macpherson apprehended a suspicious character on the streets in Acton. He was followed by devious routes that led at last to a house on Scene St. where the stranger had boarded when living in Acton several years ago. A search of this place revealed a suitcase which contained the shoes and goods stolen from Kenney Bros. shoe store. He was locked up in the cells and the shoes and rubbers were identified by Kenney Bros.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 23, 1879

The annual exhibition of Halton County Agricultural Society was held on their grounds at Milton on Thursday and Friday. The weather was excellent. Notwithstanding the fact admission to the grounds was raised to 25 cents per capita, there was an attendance of about 5,000 visitors. The display inside the hall was very good. There were some excellent samples of butter, both in firkin and rolls. The fine arts department presented very creditable specimens. Mr. C. W. Hill of Acton carried off the red ticket for photography and Mr. A. Wadlie took first prize in oats. Messrs. C. S. Smith and A. Wadlie took their usual quota of prizes for sheep.

(The full prize lists were given. Some of the classes of competition: carriage, buggy, lumber wagon, market wagon, plow, dog power churn, clothes wringer, farm gate, harness, side upper leather, men's fine calf boots, coarse boots, cheeses, washtubs, chairs, tables, stoves, quilts, blankets, shirts, horse blankets, Ladies' work—embroidery on muslin, combined wool and beads, braiding on cotton, Honiton lace, wool tidy, cone work, tissue paper flowers, lady's bonnet, wreaths, as well as all the usual categories of livestock and produce.)

A silver lining

The decision by the Ontario Municipal Board to allow Halton Hills to rezone Mill St. E. open land to residential so the town can exchange land near Fairy Lake is one residents of the area will have to accept albeit disappointing.

There was merit in the town's desire to trade the land but it also takes away open space which would have made a decent park for the Leishman area and Bovis subdivision. Granted there is lots of recreation land in the area but no real park land. Promises for development of the linear Bovis Park along the banks of a weed in-

fested creek look like pie in the sky at the moment.

The good part of the decision is that the intended land exchange with Rugby Construction of Cooksville will benefit the town. Land along Fairy Lake will not be lost to residential development, and the town can use it for recreational or other public uses. The danger is that all these facilities will soon be crowded into the Prospect Park and Fairy Lake areas without recognition similar projects should also be attempted in other areas of Acton.

Be seen on Hallowe'en

Each year at Hallowe'en the Ontario Association of Optometrists sends out a press release advising parents to make sure their children wear a "be seen" costume. It is worth while advice.

"Darkness make youngsters invisible to motorists but there is a way to add an edge of safety to purchased or made-at-home costumes." Dr. Robert Newhouse, president of the organization says. That edge is retro-reflective material.

"I didn't see him in time" is the most common explanation given by drivers hitting pedestrians, particularly at night when a driver's view is limited to the length of the headlight beam.

Children in dark clothing are the most susceptible to such accidents.

Retro-reflective material is available in either iron-on or sew-on fabrics and tape, so youngsters can make up their own designs. "Just be certain they will be visible from front, back and sides."

The other side of Hallowe'en safety is to see safely. A poorly fitted mask, which can easily slip out of position, or one with small eye slits poses a potential danger because it can block a child's view of oncoming cars, objects in his path, a hole, a step or curb.

Make this Hallowe'en a safe one for your children.

Personal columns are the pits

Some people, much too refined to indulge in pornographic books or blue movies, get their voyeuristic kicks from reading the Personal columns of the newspapers.

Not me, I ain't refined. By the time I've skimmed the front page, been bored by the pompous editorials, I'm through with the paper. It is strictly for wrapping garbage in.

Never do I read the classified ads, selling everything from houses and cars to bodies. I haven't time. And besides, they're all the same. Whether it's a car, a house, or a body, it's the greatest buy of the century. Many of them carry the same message: "Must be seen."

Well, I strayed. Yes, I wandered. The other day, looking through the ads for teachers in the hope that I could find my daughter's address in Mooseonee (she hasn't written us in over three weeks and I have a piercing picture of her and the grandboys stumbling around the tundra looking for the place), I staggered, by some mischance, onto the Personal column.

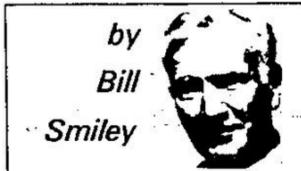
No wonder those warpies read it, the people who leave the room, nose in air, when someone mentions sex, or tells a funny, slightly off-color joke. It's a kaleidoscope of sex, sin, silliness and sickness to warm the heart of any peeper through others' windows.

I read with at first amusement, then amazement, and then a bit of shock, though I am fairly unshockable.

This appeared in "Canada's National Newspaper," which maintains a lofty moral tone on most of its other pages.

It was like looking under the rug in a highly moral dowager's house, while she is out getting tea, and finding a lot of dirt under it.

First under suspicion are the items under "Massage." Some of them are in-



by Bill Smiley

nocuous enough, but what about this one: "No appointment needed. 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. 7 days a week." With a woman's name and phone number.

Maybe she's just a hard worker, who doesn't get up too early, and doesn't like days off, but I doubt it.

Then you come to the section headed: "Readers. Palmistry. Horoscopes." Again, some of them are legit, as legit as a fortuneteller can be. But there are some intriguing ones: "Mrs. Selma will help you in all problems of life. No problem so small that she cannot solve (How about big ones?). One visit will convince you." Hanky-panky? Sure sounds like it.

But that is kid stuff, only mildly titillating, compared with the sick, arrogant, lonely, blunt, no-holds barred medicine that comes under the heading: Companions Wanted. This is where the real meat of the "Personal Column" is, and I imagine an inveterate reader skips the masseuses and the fortunetellers quickly, and gets down to peering into private lives.

When I was in the weekly newspaper business, there was the occasional pathetic guy who would come in to the office and place an ad: "Successful young farmer, good farm, stock, house, seeks partner interested in matrimony. Write Box 220B."

It was pathetic because we knew the guy. He was 53, ugly. This farm was sixty acres, mostly second-second-growth bush

and pasture. His "stock" consisted of two pigs, four chickens, and three mangy cows. His "house" was a shack without plumbing, heated by a pot-bellied stove. He never received an answer, but would come in once a week for two months, asking for the mail from Box 220B.

But these city slickers are a lot more subtle and tough. I'll give you a few examples that curdled me a bit. The eggs are fantastic.

"Professional man, married, mid-30s, seeks married woman for afternoon or evening meetings." How would you like to be his wife?

"Gentleman, 48, business owner, lives in new apt, seeks charming, attractive lady to share his life with." No mention of marriage.

"Middle-aged business man seeks younger male companion." Well.

"Sophisticated gentlemen, creative type, seeks the pleasure of sensuous woman 30-45. If an exciting affair with an appreciative male is your style, send snapshot and phone no. to..." He could be 80.

But it's not all men. "Lady, 55, R.C., wishes to meet gent up to 60." If you're 61 you're out, but you could be 21.

"One wild and crazy guy wishes to meet one wild and crazy gal who loves dancing and camping and would like to share a serious relationship." On a dance floor? In a tent?

"Intriguing. Blond young lady seeks wealthy man for daytime affair." That's the shortest and most honest of the bunch. She probably works nights.

I'm afraid the only one that tempted me was: "Russian lady. Beautiful. (That's nice, nothing against beautiful Russian ladies.) Seeks gentleman over 40. (O.K. I qualify). Lives in Sao Paulo, Brazil. (Great climate there). For marriage purposes." Always the stone-dead clincher at the end. I'd have to ask my wife.

Color Show

A day in the Commons House

Don't appear at the House of Commons in Ottawa expecting that either Joe Clark, Pierre Trudeau or Ed Broadbent will be there to welcome you to their performances.

I found that out last week when the proprietors of this establishment gave me a few days off and wife and me hied to Bytown to see what they were doing to save the country from being torn apart by strong Quebec separatists or blue eyed western sheiks.

Since we arrived on a Tuesday we figured there would be lots of room in the Commons House and so didn't bother asking Otto Jelinek or John McDermid, the two Halton Hills representatives, for tickets into their parlour. As a result we had to wait in a line on green Vermont marble in the porch while others trooped into the Commons for the question period. Eventually after the school kids had been accommodated and inquisitive American tourists, we got into see the show.

It was just like watching 48 inch TV. Our new PM Joe Clark was there with his lively bunch of Tories packed into one side. A rather desultory Pierre sat under sun-

glasses on the Opposition side while NDP'er Ed Broadbent was hurling broadsides at the Government for keeping their threat of selling Petro-Can.

My wife, an ardent admirer of Trudeau, was disappointed that he only said a few words during the question period. Meanwhile, Joe Clark, who looks much better in person than on the tube, exchanged witticisms with Ed and his cronies and seemed to avoid direct answers as well as Pierre used to when he sat in the PM's chair.

It was obvious that with some astute editing, the TV cameras could manage to get a few minutes of interesting film that would make it look like there was a furious debate, when really it was just the Tories lordling it over the Grits and the NDP for the benefit of the camera.

The real action said the young man from Wainwright, Alberta, who lined and sat next to me during the question period, must be in the committee rooms and the corridors where MP's of all parties lurked.

My wife didn't seem to think so. She thought American visitors from North and South Carolina were most impressed with

the washrooms.

"Did you ever see so much marble in your life?" one exclaimed. "And it is all from the States," said another.

If there is anything I can't stand it is the Americans taking credit for the washrooms in the Parliament buildings. They obviously didn't listen to the guide from Quebec.

If Americans visit our establishments it must be impressed on them that the marble washrooms don't necessarily have to be made in the U.S. of A.—the product, maybe. Unless they get down to brass tacks in the House, the Parliamentary washrooms may be totally foreign made—Vermont and an independent Quebec.

But enough of such nonsense. It has been a hard week for me. In the same stretch of free time my vanity was strained to breaking point by an incident which happened in a department store, where I was trying to buy a shirt.

Neck size—15. Sleeve Size? Sorry I don't know, I said.

Don't worry, said the sales clerk to my wife, I'll measure your father's arms and see what size he wears.



Seven-year-old Jennifer Scott took some time out from helping with the tea and candy table Saturday at the Limehouse WI's bazaar.