

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 Incece

TELEPHONE (519) 853-2010

Business and Editorial Office



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Advertising Manager: Bill Cook
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Why wear a Poppy?

Why wear a Poppy during the week of Remembrance? Roma Timpon, a member of the Royal Canadian Legion, makes it clear in the following article:

The wearing of the poppy perpetuates the memory of the war dead and also helps the living. Most poppy money raised by Legion branches stays in the community in trust. From it, veterans and dependents in need get help fast. Each November over 10 million poppies bloom in Canada. Dotting the lapels of half of Canada's population, this symbol of remembrance makes its annual appearance as it has done since 1926.

Most know what the poppy means, few are certain of how it all began. The poppy was adopted in Canada in 1921. At least 110 years before that time, a correspondent wrote of how thickly poppies grew over the graves of the dead. He was speaking of the Napoleonic War and its campaigns in Flanders. But a Canadian medical officer was chiefly responsible for this association more so than any other factor.

John McCrea, a 43 year old member of the Canadian Medical Corps from Guelph was an artillery veteran of the Boer War, and it is said he had the eye of a gunner, the hand of a surgeon and the soul of a poet when he went into the line at Ypres on April 22, 1915. That was also the afternoon the enemy first used poison gas. The first attack failed. So did the next and the next. For 17 days and nights the allies repulsed wave after wave of attackers.

Working from a dressing station on the bank of the Yser Canal, Lt. Col. McCrea dressed hundreds of wounded, never taking off his clothes for the entire 17 days. John McCrea came out of Ypres with 13 lines scrawled on a scrap of paper. The lines were a poem which started: "In Flanders fields the poppies blow..." These were the lines enshrined in the hearts of all soldiers who heard in them their innermost thoughts.

In the United States, the poem inspired the American Legion to adopt the poppy as the symbol of Remembrance.

In Canada, the poppy was officially adopted by the Great War Veterans Association in 1921 on the suggestion of a Mrs. E. Guerin of France. But there is little doubt that the influence of McCrea's poem influenced this decision. The poem speaks of Flanders fields. But the subject is universal: the fear of the dead that they will be forgotten, that their death will have been in vain. The spirit of true Remembrance, as symbolized by the poppy, must be our eternal answer which belies those fears.

During past years in Canada over \$600,000 of Poppy Fund money was used for direct welfare assistance of ex-service people and their dependents in financial stress. Accommodation, utility arrears, clothing, food, educational assistance, furniture, medical, dental and optical services and hospital comforts are but some of the many purposes for which the Poppy Fund is used. They have proved to be a blessing for the many thousands of people helped. The sale of poppies and wreaths during Remembrance Week raises the needed funds to continue the Legion's programmes of Service Bureau and welfare work. The Service Bureau assists ex-members of the Forces and their dependents in obtaining pensions and allowances for service incurred disabilities, assisting them in getting benefits to which they are entitled. It carries on a constant fight which began when war ended.

Men and women who volunteered to fight did so because they knew their freedom was in jeopardy and were prepared to fight and die to preserve it. Now we come to a time where Remembrance still means something to all of us.

It's time to evaluate our freedom and to examine ourselves as citizens. Remembrance is a time for each of us to think about what we are contributing to the future. The Poppy is a symbol of Remembrance and also a symbol of Peace and the Future.

On November 11, if you can't remember the war, think of the Peace, and participate by wearing the Poppy.



Photo by Eric Elstone

Paddling South

When Bill stuffs a bird air turns blue

Remember a column I wrote about the glories of October? Forget it. I must have been in an euphoric mood. Reality has returned.

Caught one of those deep and heavy colds that make you cough up stuff. Had to take two days off work, first time in two years, and went back far from well, but driven from the house by my wife's solicitude.

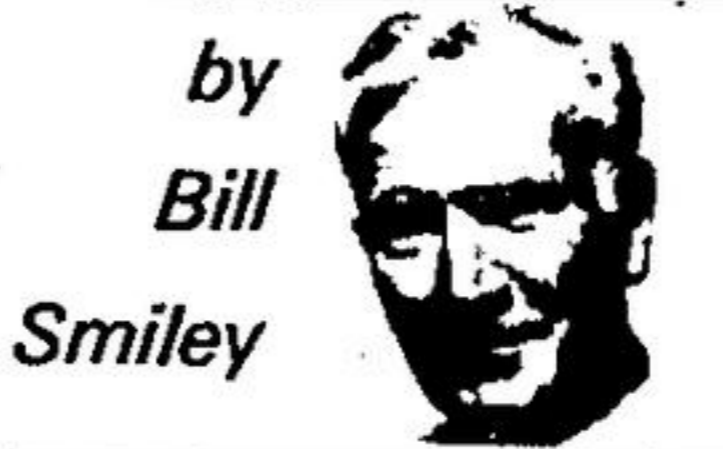
Had the turn signals and the heating fixed on my car, reached into my pocket to pay the bill—maybe \$35—took a look at the bill, and had to be helped into the front seat of the car. One hundred and one dollars, plus change. Approximately 30 per cent of the entire value of the car. You could buy a pretty good jalopy for that sum, not so long ago.

This morning, when I looked out the window, I nearly keeled over. I can see six roofs from the bathroom, and every one of them was white. Snow, on the day after Thanksgiving.

Today, when I got home from work, it was hailing. And I'd forgotten to put the garbage out.

Thought I'd give my wife a treat and

cook the Thanksgiving dinner. She wasn't keen on a bird, as there were only the two of us. But you have to keep up traditions.



by
Bill
Smiley

like the British dressing for dinner in the jungle.

And that's just what it was like. Dressing for dinner in the jungle. On the Saturday, I picked up a nice roasting chicken, about four and a half pounds. Didn't pay much attention, as it was in a plastic bag, and felt fat and juicy.

Got up a bit late on Thanksgiving Day, and the stuffing was made. I usually do this, because I love experimenting with seasonings. A shot of this, a dash of that, a soupçon of something else. It usually turns out to be either pretty exotic, or inedible.

Anyway, she'd beaten me to it, not wanting to feel beholden. Feeling beholden is when your mate does one of your jobs, and reminds you about it for the next three years.

Well, I didn't mind. But that's the easy part—the stuffing. The tough part is getting it in, and wrestling with the bird and trussing it. You usually wind up with a mixture of butter and dressing all over you, up to the elbows and down to the knees, and a bad temper. Often you have to scrub the kitchen floor, there's so much goop on it, once you've got the beast in the oven.

But I didn't mind. I've been through this sweaty struggle before, and know well the sense of triumph when the slippery monster is finally in the oven, basted in butter, and ready to start sending out that ineluctable odor of roasting fowl.

This time, however, I was rather shaken when I pulled the bird out of the plastic bag and prepared for battle.

It looked as though it had just come through Grade 1 of Butcher's School. All the skin was missing from the left side. It had one leg, one, stuck up at an obscene angle. The neck looked as though Jack the Ripper had been at it on one of his bad nights. And all the good guts—liver, gizzard and heart, had been stolen. These, along with the neck, are what I make my magnificent gravy from. The neck was there, all right, and as tough as the neck of a vulture.

Did you ever try to truss a one-legged chicken, semi-skinned, and make it come out like the usual work of art? Don't. Your heart won't be in it.

I was so disturbed that I had to resort to a preprandial nerve relaxer, and this led to further disaster; the pot with the vegetables burned black, because I can't smell smoke, and my wife was upstairs, staying away from the blue air that often fills the kitchen when I am cooking. It was doubly blue this time. It will take a week of scrubbing to get the carbon off.

To further the jollity of the occasion, we got a call from my daughter who is teaching a thousand miles away, in the north. It was a bit like getting a call from Hades. She had a wracking cough, and had been off work for a week. Her students are "hard as nails" and there were dark rumors of wild dog packs that will attack if you slip and fall on the ice, and wild dog kids who will do the same. She was so lonely she could scarce hang up the phone.

She had to walk a mile and a half, in windy weather, to get antibiotics from the doctor. She is horrified that she gets only a little more than half her pay cheque, when all the deductions are made. Hah! After years of being a student, living on loans and grants (and handouts from us) she has entered the chill world of capitalism and income taxes.

But it wasn't all black. That one-legged chicken didn't taste bad. If you'd had enough pre-dinner tranquilizer to destroy your taste buds.

And thanks to the town work crew, who cut down one of our maples, the boy next door, and a double sawback, I have my winter's fireplace wood in the cellar. And I know my daughter, tough stuff, will whip those kids into shape.

Share veterans' war memories

by Eric Elstone

The easiest things to talk about are experiences. And after that, what one remembers. That is why more and more people are having difficulty discovering the meaning of Remembrance Day.

Remembrance Day has always meant remembering war and those people who were killed in the wars and other people who returned home scarred inside and out by wars.

The difficulty exists for many people 30 years of age and younger because they have no personal recollection of war. They are fortunate enough to have been born and raised in peace.

People born after the wars are also fortunate in another way. They are not away from the memories of relatives and friends who happened to have experienced some part of war. That experience can be shared. All such memories are important whether they belong to factory workers,

truck drivers, planners, navigators or to those who fought.

For some veterans, the hurt is too deep for them to talk openly of what they did, or what they saw and heard. For other veterans time has healed the wounds.

Remembrance Day is on a Sunday this year. There will also be more time than on a weekday to recall more fully the significance of the day.

Here is a message to veterans of Korea, of World War II and World War I. If a young relative or friend asks about war and what it was like or what it means, be kind enough to say. Your answers help create the significance of Remembrance Day for them.

Your answers, your memories become their realities. And that reality, because it is personal, will have more meaning and stay longer with youngsters than all the books and films on the subject of war.

Editorial notes...

The Hallowe'en of 1979 will have to go down as one of the quietest ever in Acton. There was little damage done except for youth which used the 747 Restaurant as a target for their vindictiveness. Windows were soaped and some eggs were thrown but generally the youth of Acton were well behaved on Hallowe'en night.

In these columns recently we cheered the reintroduction of policemen walking the beat in Milton as a positive step. It was suggested the practice could also be reintroduced in Acton. According to a police spokesman it is already being done in Acton and Milton borrowed the idea.

Apologies to the Acton detachment of police. It would be a sour note if we suggested it hadn't been noticed but certainly if the police are patrolling the beat again it can only work to everyone's advantage. One of the recommendations from the widely heralded Cardinal Carter report about Metro Toronto Police was the reintroduction of policemen patrolling the beat so the public could get to know them better. The recommendations were adopted. Police offers have a difficult job. If the public can do anything to assist it helps just to know them and realize they are there for our protection.

Councillors miffed with Ministry's 'foot dragging'

Regional council will be asked today to have chairman Jack Raftis make a personal appeal to Queen's Park for much needed money to upgrade services at Halton Centennial Manor.

The Manor urgently needs \$186,000 to refurbish the kitchen area and \$75,000 to turn an old laundry room into an arts and crafts area.

Regional health and social services committee met at Halton Manor last week and the result was accusations of the Ont-

ario Ministry of Community and Social Services "foot dragging" on supplying the money which was requested last May.

"In a report to committee, Halton Manor administrator Jack Charlton said following the May request, a meeting was held June 6 with a number of people including Ministry consultants, architects, a food service consultant, and Manor staff members to discuss bringing up to standard what Mr.

Charlton called a "deteriorating kitchen," as well as discussing plans for the laundry room.

A report was sent to the Ministry, and on July 17 a meeting was held to discuss details with the people who attended the first meeting.

All seemed to be going well until September when a letter arrived from Bert Thornhill, a consultant with the Ministry of Community and Social Services.

In short, the letter

stated the May request was being returned with the Ministry "retaining a copy for our files, together with the proposed kitchen plans for future reference."

As for the laundry room conversion, Mr. Thornhill said the plan "does have merit" and it would be included in the Ministry budget for 1980-81 because the 1979-1980 funds have all been spent.

Regional councillors were not at all pleased

with the letter and they launched into a series of verbal attacks on the Ministry and Hon. Keith Norton.

Burlington Councillor Walter Mulkewich said the province was "foot dragging" and Oakville Councillor Carol Gooding said she inferred from the letter that the Province would not fund the two projects.

Councillors recommended that: "The Senior Citizens Branch of the Ministry of Community and Social Services be

requested to give further consideration as soon as possible to the program for updating food service operation at the Halton Centennial Manor. And that this program be considered a high priority and be phased in over a two-year period commencing 1980."

Councillors also will recommend at today's regional council meeting that this request be conveyed personally by regional chairman Jack Raftis in a meeting with Mr. Norton.

Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, November 5, 1969

With four policemen and one auxiliary policeman on duty, Y's Men and firefighters patrolling, Hallowe'en was free from serious damage.

Hunting in Nassagaweya is becoming a hot issue, with council and ratepayers. Acton's \$750,000 water pollution control plant will soon be in operation.

Esqueusing council soundly endorsed suggestions from Councillor Ken Marshall that would drastically reduce the salaries of trustees and educators and hold the line on teachers' salaries.

Dredging of Fairy Lake is finished now, after two years. 200,000 cubic yards of silt were removed from the choked-up water. The banks have been built up and Beardmore and Co. plan to put wildfowl on the lake in the spring and make it a wildlife sanctuary.

Over 200 ladies paid tribute at Campbellville to Dr. Ethel Chapman, home economist, author and journalist, and Campbellville native.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, November 12, 1949

Council appointed clerk Jack McGeachie as town administrator to guide the entire working force of the town.

The Public Utilities Commission learned that the fluoride content of the Churchill Road well is equal to that of municipalities in which fluoride is added to the water. This information was contained in a Water Resources Commission report.

The Rev. Gordon Adams has accepted a call to Sudbury.

After a rolicking campaign, Jean Moffat was elected president of the student council, Lynda Lovell vice-president, Peter Newton secretary and Leslie Anne Duby treasurer.

E. G. Tyler Sr. will head the Acton Chamber of Commerce next year, assisted by first vice-president Norman Pralda and second vice-president Bill Benson.

Ground was broken for a new five room school on Highway 25 at 17 Sideroad, on the Lorne Mullin property. Cost of the Speyside school is \$94,933.

Another new school will be built at Brookville.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, November 7, 1919

The Hallowe'en parade and Ghost Walk staged on Monday evening by Acton Citizens' Band and the Junior IODE proved a real success. The event had been allowed to lapse since 1925 but its popularity seems greater than ever. The band in ghost costumes led the merry-makers through town and the judging was on Main St. Best Hallowe'en costumes, Helen Lavalee, Helen Mooney, Glen Garden, Lorne Masales; comic, Mrs. Desseraut, Frances Chisholm, Scotty Burton, Francis Papillon; best costumes, Marguerite Lavalee, Mabel Harrop, Mona McGeachie, Edna Hinton, Doris Blow, Frances Dills, Fred Blow, Robert Parkinson, Gordon Cook, Eddie Footitt, Gordon Bilton, Jimmie Dobie. There was also a jelly bean contest and peanut scramble.

At the high school Literary Society meeting, Oral Chalmers outlined the plan for the Eye Opener, stressing that good, clean contributions were desired. On the program were a mouth organ selection by Tom Nicol, instrumental by Lillian Perry, readings by Doris MacDonald, Harvey Hassard, Catherine Mackie and Isabel Smith, and a mock wedding by six members of Form II, Esther Taylor, Bessie Rawlings, Olive Rooks, Audrey McComb, Eileen Clarridge and Isabel Switzer.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, November 6, 1879

No war with Russia this year. Their defeat in central Asia is confirmed. This will give England time to prepare for a struggle that is coming.

Mr. Thomas Moore was engaged as teacher for the First Department, at a salary of \$550 with free house. Miss McKellar was re-engaged as teacher of the Second Department at a salary of \$300.

Letter to the editor (in part) — On Saturday evening I visited, in company with a lady friend most of the stores in the village, and was surprised to see a number of young men and some older ones gathered around the stove, and sitting on the counters, smoking, talking and laughing loud, spitting around on the floor and otherwise misconducting themselves. I trust this hint will mitigate the evil.—Miss Propriety.

There are more \$4 bills around than \$1 bills, and very little silver.

The annual ploughing match of the Esqueusing Agricultural Society was a great success.

Shops and businesses are closed today for Thanksgiving.