

The Acton Free Press

Founded In 1875

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Actario's a winner

Actario's a winner. In fact the only losers will be those foolish enough to pass up a chance to get in on the fun.

Excitement about this project seems to be sweeping Acton already.

And why not? It sounds like it will be the most fun a lot of us have had in a long time for a mere \$2 a week.

Here's how it works: First off there will only be 1,000 tickets sold. That means the best odds of any lottery around we've ever heard of.

A ticket may be purchased for \$100 cash or cheque, or for \$26 plus three post-dated cheques.

And prizes—Wow. First prize every month for 12 months is a trip valued at between \$1,200 and \$1,600.

Then there's a chance at \$350 cash each and every week for 52 weeks.

On top of that local businesses are getting in on the fun and offering special bonus merchandise prizes for each weekly draw.

To make the odds even more

attractive every winning ticket goes back in the hat for more chances at the trips, cash prizes and bonuses.

The small committee of concerned residents wishing to see the old town hall restored have hit upon a great plan for raising all the money needed for Acton's share of the restoration project. After Actario is over, Wintario and the Ontario Heritage Foundation will kick in their share.

Some time later Acton should have a preserved historical building, as well as a much needed centre for community activity.

However, regardless of your feelings about the town hall and the restoration plans, you've got to admit Actario is a real bargain.

This may be the first time this newspaper has advocated a form of gambling. But we can't help but endorse Actario.

It's hard times for many, so forget about Super Lotto, the Provincial, Wintario, Lotario and the rest for a year.

Actario is the best deal going. Remember, you can't win without a ticket.

Tough assessment review

Acton councillor Ross Knechtel and his colleagues on the town's special market value assessment committee, Mayor Peter Pomeroy, Councillors Russ Miller, Walter Biehn and Harry Levy and treasurer Ray King have a tough and urgent task in front of them.

The first obstacle the four councillors will face is finding an objective citizen in each of the town's four wards who is interested enough to sit on the committee.

Obviously they will have to seek out someone from that small group of people in each ward whose taxes wouldn't change under market value assessment.

Then they'll have to buckle down for a summer of hard work sorting out the complicated issue and come up with recommendations undoubtedly some will reject.

It is essential their study be completed as soon as possible and the hot potato tossed back to the whole council for a final, quick resolution.

Market value assessment is an issue of not just great importance, but also of great interest in Acton. It could easily become highly emotional with newer Actonians squaring off in heated debate with older residents.

The quicker it is defused and settled, the better.

Our readers write

Keep prices on groceries

Dear Sir: Do your readers know that soon there will be no price tags on their groceries?

Large supermarkets plan to cut costs by using a computer in each store. This computer can "read" the information on the UPC square (see above); it is called the Universal Pricing Code. This will help the store to keep its records easily but it will do little for the customer. You will get an itemized bill after you pay the bill.

But you won't be able to tell what anything costs unless you look on the store shelf. How long does anyone remember that? If you mislay your bill, you will not know any prices at all.

If this annoys you, please remind the store manager. The stores need you, the customer is King; the stores spend much money to coax you to shop in their store. So let them know you don't want this new idea at all.

Before August Frank Drea (minister for Consumer Affairs) wants to hear from customers too. Your local member of provincial parliament also must hear from you.

Either phone or write them. This is likely an election year so you are sure of a listening ear there.

This proposed new system will be doubly hard on the senior citizens according to their own newspapers. The Consumers' Association is also planning a protest on the customers behalf. Your letter or phone call will give added weight to their protest.

If stores buy this expensive new toy you will eventually pay for it too. Why should you be put to this extra inconvenience and cost?

Be sure your voice is heard soon.

Mrs. S. Drijber, Rockwood.

The Company

Beneath those Norway Maples, That Company tends with pride, Is the Fountain Stream, a Gardener's Dream, And Old workers side by side.

Its the Company's Annual Picnic, A toast to the days gone by, Where Old friends, Meet, to Shake and Greet, Hello, but not, "Goodbye".

Old hands stretched across the Tables, Like they did the year before, Old Elbows Bend, to greet a friend, Beside the Company Door.

With the Captain there to Bless them, With a share of Company Gains, There's a sound of Cheer, in that Atmosphere, They forget "Old Age" aches and Pains.

There flows stories Wild and Woolly, With Jokes of every kind,

With twinkling Eyes, and some fond Sighs, Of Memories left behind.

There Grazing with his Ancient Crew, And pointing to the Sky, We hear a Sob from "Uncle Bob, With the Plaster on his Eye.

He took an awful Ribbing, From every Old hand there, "Till Captain Peter stopped the Teeter, He said "It wasn't fair.

When the Master gave his Blessing, We raised the TOAST up high, We have no fears of coming Years, GOOD LUCK, but not GOODBYE.

All too soon the Picnic ended, But the Memory lingers on, For my Grateful share, I'll ask in Prayer, That this System "Carry On".

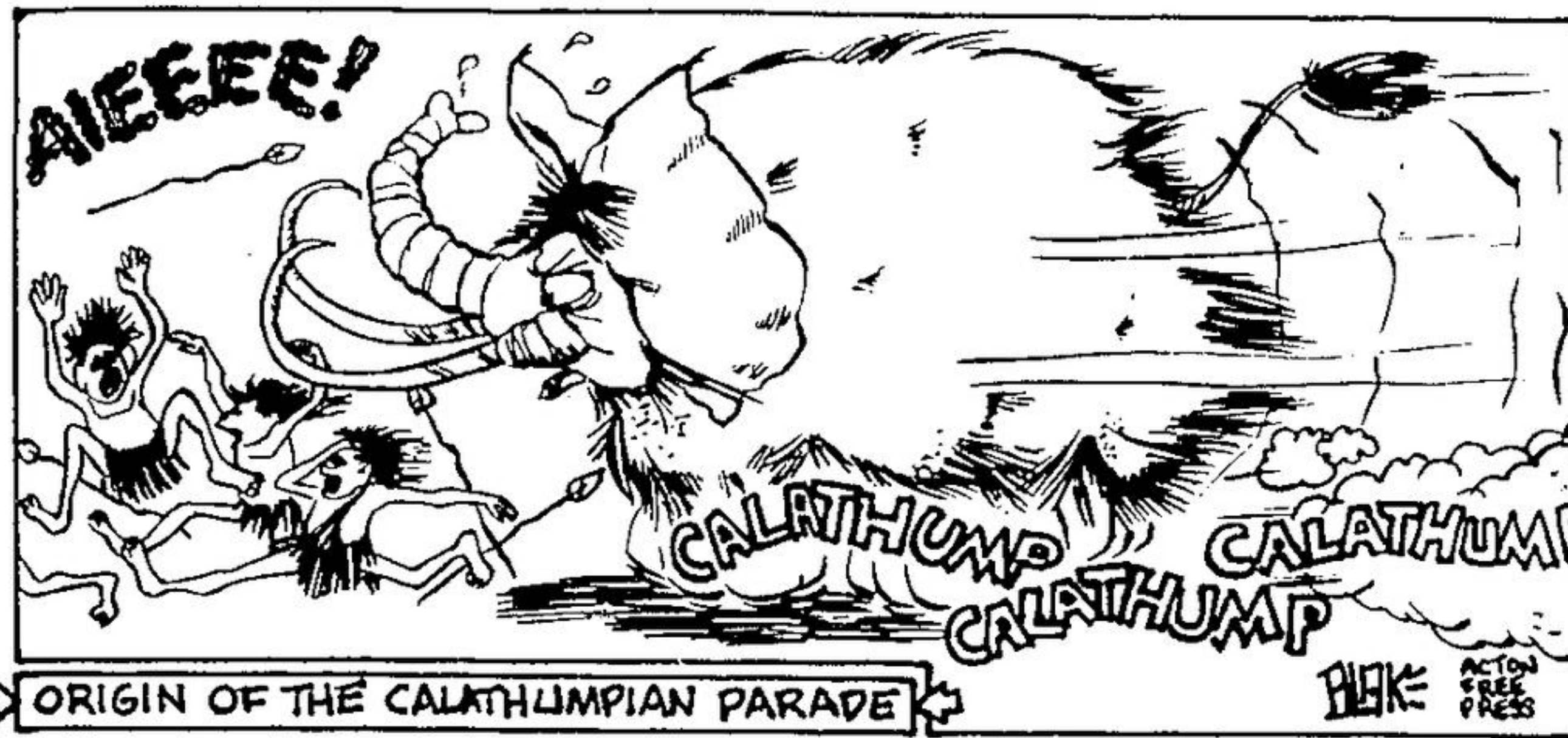
Victor Smith RR2 Rockwood

Thank students for visits

Dear Sir: At the close of the school year the residents, staff and management of Eden House Nursing Home would like to thank the students of Acton District High School, Bishop MacDonnell High School, and Rockwood Centennial Public School, who

have, with their visits and participation, enhanced the quality of life of the residents of this home.

Yours truly G. Bouwmeester and Betty Marshall (Activities director)



Smiley's celebrity status lasts only one day

by Bill Smiley



You have no idea how tough life is for us celebrities: signing autographs, beating off groups, phone ringing with congratulations and requests for interviews, trying to be triumphantly modest.

I'm certainly glad my celebrityness lasted only one day. Two days and I'd probably have started thinking I really was somebody worth knowing.

I did start charging students one dollar apiece for autographs, and had a fair little run there until one of them reminded the others that they could get a free signature just by reading the nasty remarks I make on their report cards. That was the end of that bonanza.

To the bewildered, your old, broken-down, favorite columnist was the subject of a profile in a national magazine called Today, and the phone has never started ringing since.

Some people thought the article was dreadful. An old colleague was disgusted because the magazine printed how much I make a year. My wife was furious. The photographer who took my picture scrunched up the drapes he drew behind me for a background, and they looked as though they needed ironing. My assistant department head was annoyed about my picture, because the art department of the magazine had not used the air brush to wipe out the wrinkles, jowls, and other appurtenances of wisdom and maturity.

A bright young colleague, who writes well, expressed the opinion that the article was badly written, and was attacked furiously by other colleagues who thought he was jealous. He wasn't. He was right. It was a bit choppy because an editor had obviously been busy with the scissors, to

make the thing fit around photographs and into the space allotted, as is their wont in a magazine that caters to a typical TV audience-mentality.

But those wonderful people, my completely uncritical students, thought it was great: first, because my name was in big type; second, because it was a national magazine; third, because my picture was in it; fourth, because they got a little reflected glory.

They'd have been just as happy if I were an axe-murderer, as long as I hit the media. So, one day my Grade 9 thought I was just that snarly old grey-haired guy up front who kept telling them that a verb has to agree with its subject. The next, I was in the same magazine as Richard Burton, and my wife was taking on the dimensions, figuratively speaking, of Elizabeth Taylor.

Personally, I have some scores to settle about the article. For one thing, it was too innocuous and kindy. The writer, Earl McCrae, is a cracking good sports writer, who has done some fine hatchet jobs on sports figures in Canada.

Least he could have done is carve me up a bit, and let me get into a slanging match with him, via the public print. It was as though McCrae, usually as soft as a sword, had muttered to himself, "Poor old sod; he's over the hill. I'll use the butter instead of the salt." This is the same writer whom George Chuvalo threatened to punch right through the wall of a gym when he had written a piece about George, the perennial punching bag.

Another guy I have a bone to pick with is Ray Argyle, who owns the syndicate that distributes this here now column. At one point in the article, he called me a "monu-

ment." Well, I'll think of something to call you, Mr. Argyle.

One adjective in the article is going to create endless amusement for old friends of my wife. It is the word "languid." Mind you, it's rather a neat word. Better than pudgy, pugnacious, bubbling, feisty, or any of those other over-worked magazine-art words.

But my wife is about as languid as a Roman Candle. We were at a big wedding the weekend the article came out. About halfway through the reception, I was fairly bubbling, fairly feisty, and pleasantly pugnacious.

I drifted over to where she sat, deliberately looking languid, and observed, "Migawd, you're looking languid tonight." She marched straight to the bar and had me put on the Indian list. (Oh, yeah, somebody is going to write that that is a racist remark.)

You'll be glad to know that the wedding turned out well. I drove to the reception while she map-read. She drove home, but I couldn't see the street signs.

We drove around a strange city for an hour and a half, completely lost. Finally, I saw a car, and a place beside it that seemed to be open. "Stup! I'll ask where we are."

I nipped out, went up to the stopped car, and demanded of the two police officers inhabiting it, "How, in the name of all that is holy, does one find the Royal Connaught Hotel in this misbegotten city with all its stupid one-way streets?"

The cop was a modicum of decorum. "If you'll just look to your right, sir, you'll see that you are parked directly in front of it." So much for being a celebrity.



On the Leavell

With Helen

Someone should invite Halton Hills councillor Walter Biehn to a backyard barbecue in Acton. He says spraying to rid us of mosquitoes is "ridiculous" and noted the varmints will soon be gone. I wonder if the mosquitoes know that?

I spent a fortune in steaks a few weeks ago for a big barbecue for my family, and was driven indoors after browning them. A well-done family was forced to eat rare meat, while I scratched bites all meal time.

Mr. Biehn says there are a lot of pests in the world and the town can't spend money to get rid of all of them for residents.

I ask why not spend the money to get rid

of them? This October at election time the town will certainly be spending a lot of money to bring in more pests to our council chambers. It sure is easy to see Mr. Biehn isn't running for re-election in Ward One.

People have been complaining of the skitters being the size of quarters. Well, I must admit, I think they are exaggerating. I found a dead mosquito on my car seat, cause of death unknown, and measured it. It was bigger than a dime, but not quite as big as a nickel.

It does my heart proud to see a former student make good. No, I've never been a teacher—as such.

Four years ago, the late Gary Dawkins at M.Z. Bennett asked the Free Press news staff to teach a photography course to grades 6, 7 and 8. Editor Kay Dills and Eric Elstone coincidentally always seemed to be busy that day and I was nominated.

One of my students was Clark Somerville, who I see is listed as a photographer in the new Chamber of Commerce directory. Clark is one of three listed in town, the other two being Jim Jennings

and Bill Stuckey.

Clark won our fall fair photo contest a few years ago, beating out his high school photography teacher Geoff Sanson. And to think I started this budding photographer out. It's nice to know someone was listening to me—except at the time he could have fooled me.

I was disgusted at Back to Acton Days to hear one party pooper complaining "This sure isn't anything to get excited about."

What the heck did she expect. Not an hour before, the weekend events had been called off because of rain. It was only because of the good sports that the day trickled back to life, after the rains stopped.

Well, it's about time. Halton Hills Hydro has finally let its customers know they can pay their bills in Acton. An insert in this month's bill says so. Up until now, it was believed notices had to be mailed or taken to Georgetown.

Back issues 10 years ago

July 8, 1970

Miss M.Z. Bennett, a former principal of Acton public school, was a special guest at the graduation banquet at the M.Z. Bennett school. Robert Wisenz was master of ceremonies. Also taking part in the program were Robert Vinski, Joanne Pavli, Jim Coles, Maureen Gerth and Darlene Holmes.

Awards were given to James Lynch, Robert Vinski, Maureen Gerth and Angelo Albano. Acton's firefighters' first ever Dominion Day fireworks display and firefighting demonstration attracted close to 1,400 spectators to the park Wednesday night. Firefighters estimate they took a slight loss, but they got lots of compliments.

Acton Pharmacy owners Bill Yundt and Gary Barton have been planning their expansion for many months. The wall between their present store and Simpsons will come out to double the size of their store. The staff will remain the same, Miss Madeleine Gibbons, Miss Phyllis Mackie, Mrs. Betty McIntyre.

Another change to the business section is the opening of Davis Jewellers store on Elgin St.

20 years ago

June 30, 1960

Gordon McKeown has been appointed postmaster in Acton. He has been acting in the capacity of assistant for the past six years. Frank Terry, the present postmaster, is taking a new position at Owen Sound. A new post office for town is under consideration.

Dublin School was locked with finality by teacher Mrs. G. Rognvaldson on Wednesday. Those attending will be moved to Speyside school, now under construction.

Paving in Lakeview subdivision will get underway Monday. The council chambers will be modernized and the lighting improved. Town workmen will remove the present ancient moulding, install an acoustic tile ceiling, tile the floor and install a new mahogany plywood wall. It is expected the cost will be less than \$1,900.

Karen Schubert, Kay Chisholm and Peter Wolfe have a six year school record of being never late, never absent at school.

Vases were given to Mrs. Ken Allen and Miss Betty Fosbury, who are leaving the staff of the M.Z. Bennett school. A memorial dedication for the new electronic organ was held at Ballinacraig church. The Rev. Murray McBride was in charge. C.E. Snow, Mrs. John Black and F.W. Shortill cut the ribbon. Mr. McBride is leaving to study at Yale.

50 years ago

July 1, 1930

The Dublin school reunion Dominion Day was a success, with a gathering of between 700 and 800 at the school.

Mr. Donald Waldie's meadow, adjoining gave excellent accommodation. There was an excellent program, but the foremost feature was the meeting of old friends. Alex McPhail and John Irving were the oldest teachers present; they taught 43 and 46 years ago. Three succeeding teachers married men by the name of Somerville, a most honored name in the community.

After a bounteous supper, auctioneer Kerr auctioned off the famous autograph quilt, Duncan McDougall being the highest bidder. A historical sketch recounted the history of the school from 1858. The present pupils under the direction of their teacher Miss E. Young, presented drills and marches. Winners were declared in competitions and there was a softball game. On the committee were J. Sprowl, Peter McIsaac, John Black, J.B. Mackenzie, Duncan McDougall, Duncan Waldie, J.R. Black.

Acton Boy Scouts go to camp at Alton for ten days.

Some big bass were caught in Fairy Lake on Dominion Day.

100 years ago

July 1, 1880

Dominion Day is at hand, with its usual rounds of attractions and pleasure. Many citizens are away on holiday trips. An ice-cream social was given in the Methodist church.

Farewell sermons were preached in the Methodist church by T. Albert Moore and Rev. R. Hobbs. The members of the Ladies' Aid Society prepared a farewell tea.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of one of the children of Rev. W. J. Pigott, incumbent of St. Alban's church. The little fellow was attacked with Diphtheria on Wednesday and died on Sunday last. To prevent contagion the funeral was held on Sunday at 6.30.

The band stand is now an established fact on the south west corner of Mr. J. Adams block, about as near to the centre of town as any site available.

A Sunday School picnic will be held in McKenzie's grove, opposite the Congregational Church, Churchhill, Tuesday at 1 o'clock. Addresses are expected from Reverends Unsworth, Pirritte, Leek, McIntyre, Hazleton and Skinner, pastor of the church. Suitable games will be provided. A collection will be taken in aid of the Sunday School library.