

The Acton Free Press

Founded in 1875

Published every Wednesday by Inland Publishing Co. Limited at 59 Willow Street, Acton, Ontario, L7J 2M2. Telephone (519) 853-2010. Subscriptions: Single copies 20¢ each, \$42.00 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 Advertising is merely an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.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: Gord Murray
Reporter/Photographer: Eric Elston
Sports: Diana Weilmann
Rockwood News: Jennifer Barr
Contributor: Helen Murray
Darkroom: Ken Bustin

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

Manager: Bill Cook
Sales: Jennifer Barr
Classified Advertising: Pat Kentner
BUSINESS/ACCOUNTING OFFICE
Office Manager: Rhona Thornhill
CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
Manager: Marilyn McArthur

TELEPHONE (519) 853-2010

Business and Editorial Office



Need new Catholic school

It has been suggested that parents may have to pull their children out of St. Joseph's School and send them to Acton public schools to get a new separate school built here.

Looks like it may be about the only tactic that will work.

Only after there are so few pupils left in the school that it has to be closed is it likely the Halton Separate School Board and Queen's Park will build a new school here, despite the fact a five acre site was purchased in the spring.

But before pulling their children out the parents are sensibly going to take some other steps and take their case through normal channels.

The parents are going to the board next week. Can it be expected to be a successful venture when one remembers they'll be appealing to the same board that has repeatedly said a new Acton school is the number one priority and then told the province otherwise?

Then they'll try to get Ontario Education Minister Bette Stephenson to visit St. Joseph's

and see just how badly new facilities are needed. Parents suspect Tory Oakville got the new school because a provincial election is coming up and the last two votes Acton has gone Liberal. If that's the case then inviting Stephenson here won't do much good will it?

Their demands for a new school are understandable and reasonable.

When St. Joseph's opened in over 100-year-old rented quarters parents were promised a new school within two years if enrolment went up.

Well enrolment has more than doubled and this fall will be the start of the fourth year of classes at St. Joseph's.

Facilities not as bad have been upgraded in recent years in other areas of Halton by the public board.

Parents have every reason to be angry and feel they've been "shafted".

If they do take the drastic step of pulling their children out of St. Joseph's they'll be more than justified.

Play Actario, we all win

Sale of Actario tickets have tailed off a bit of late after a booming start.

It can only be hoped that's because of vacations and the hazy, lazy days of summer.

Actario is too good an opportunity for us to blow.

Over the past few years millions of dollars have left Acton to help other communities and projects in lottery ticket purchases.

There haven't been a lot of real winners.

Acton hasn't gotten much back in the form of grants either.

With Actario you win several ways, even if your ticket is never drawn.

Right off the bat some of that money that's flown out of town in recent years will come back finally through a Wintario grant.

Another plus is virtually all of the prize money will stay in town. Lots of locals will be winging off to glamorous destinations, 12 in all. Even more will be living it up with cash prizes of \$350, a total of 52 of those. Still more will pick up valuable merchandise bonus prizes.

And there's a better chance of winning something with Actario than those other lotteries.

Lastly when all the fun is over Acton will have saved a lovely building from the wreckers ball and gained many new amenities we must forego because there aren't any facilities for them.

When we play Actario we all win, one way or another.

Remember you can't win without a ticket.

Our readers write

Thanks Ted Tyler

Dear Sir:

Just recently, an elderly lady here in Acton had cause to travel to England, which required that she renew her Canadian Passport. Although she applied in plenty of time, due to bureaucratic bungling in the different government offices, the passport failed to be returned. Last minute calls could produce nothing. As a last resort, which, incidentally, should have been the first, she appealed to Mr. Ted Tyler for assistance. This man, although a busy businessman, spent seven

hours of his time at the passport office in Toronto, and secured the necessary document for her.

He could easily have said, as some in government, that's too bad, and the lady would have had no one else to turn to.

It seems great, in these days, that there are men like him in business, who do care for the individual. For any person requiring Passports I highly recommend the service Mr. Tyler offers. His service was greatly appreciated. Thank you, Mr. Tyler.

F. Pocock, 269 Peel St.

Clean up Dominion site

Dear Sir:

I find it very difficult to muster up much pride in Acton, when I see that unsightly mess on Main St. N., where the Dominion Hotel used to be. The lot is an eyesore, along with the partly burnt and dilapidated house directly beside it. Now a wreck of a car has been added to it, parked parallel to the street!

To add to the decor a park bench has been placed beside the sidewalk! I think I'd have to be near total exhaustion to take a rest at that particular spot, in the blazing sun and with a back-drop of piles of rubble, tin cans and assorted garbage!

I understand the cost of cleaning up this area is not on the town as it is private property, but surely some steps can be taken to see that the place is improved. It is now over a year since the fire and removal of the building.

Perhaps a high board fence would look better, at least until it is attacked by some of the town "artists" who hang around the downtown streets.

An area of this sort is bad enough here, but so close to the main corners of town makes it much worse.

Come on Acton, clean up!

Name withheld

Letters need signatures

Letters to the editor are welcomed by the Free Press, but there are a few simple rules which must be followed.

Firstly, while a pseudonym may be used in the paper or the name withheld, this newspaper must have a hand written signature on the letter.

Even if a person wishes to have their name published the letter can't appear without a hand written signature.

This week we received a letter from a former resident now living in Guelph commenting on a recent sports event here.

The name has been typed, but there is no signature. The reader is invited to drop around the office and sign the letter.

We also request that letters be kept as brief as possible and that a phone number, not for publication, be provided with the letter. Sometimes hand writing can't be read properly so we call to check.

Letters are published at the editor's discretion, are subject to editing for libel and appear as space in this section permits.

Gord Murray



Selecting books a task Smiley doesn't relish

by Bill Smiley

There are times that are sent to try us. And whoever said that said a mouthful.

Every time a child is born, first, second, 12th or grandchild, we are tried with a combination of fear and joy.

Every time an oldster dies, we are tried with regret, sorrow and nostalgia.

When a daughter is married, we are tried with grief, happiness, and the bank manager.

When we're applying for a job, we are tried with sheer terror, a mind that functions like a rusty pump, and sweaty armpits.

On the eve of an operation, we are tried with a sudden realization that we've let our communication with God slip rather badly in the last five years, and a simultaneous realization that surgeons are not God, and one little slip means you've lost your spleen instead of your left ovary.

Wives and husbands are sent to try us. The former with what Mary said to Edith before Gwen butted in. The latter with why they double-bogged the 17th hole.

Politicians try us. And try us, and try us, and try us. And we always wind up with a gaggle of geese nobody in his right mind would vote for.

Preachers try us, either by reminding us we have sinned and there is no health in us, or going off into a tedious half-hour dialogue with God, who must be as bored as the congregation.

Waitresses try us. They don't wipe the table. They bring the two-eggs-over-lightly tough enough to sole your boots, and the medium-rare steak so raw no self respecting wolf would eat it. Or so well done you could use it as charcoal on the barbecue.

Old friends try us, sometimes too

roughly. After 15 minutes of eager conversation during which they tell you how successful they are at Acme Screw and Gear, they ask: "And how's Jack?" since you've never had a brother called Jack, John, Johann, Ian, Sean or Jan, and your two sisters are Mabel and Myrtle, this can be quite trying. Best answer is: "Fine. How's Archie?" You then find yourself talking about two people neither of you ever knew.

Some of my crattier readers will long since have realized that this is merely an inordinately lengthy introduction to a personal experience that is trying. In other words, a long spiel to a pain in the arm.

Right on, crafty readers. The most trying time for the head of the English department is the end of June. Alone on your bowed shoulders and greying head is the chore of deciding what 1,500 sensitive teenagers are going to read next fall. Actually, they're about as sensitive as an old rubber boot, but their parents think they are.

Here's the situation. You have 20,000 books. One third of them are falling apart. Another one-fifth is so scribbled with obscenities by those sensitive youngsters that you couldn't peddle them at a burlesque show.

Your budget for new books is the same as it was eight years ago. Books have doubled and tripled in cost. Well, no problem there. You simply sprinkle some gasoline around the book storage center and drop a match, hoping you don't burn the whole shoe factory. But there is a problem. The books aren't insured.

Of course, you get great support from your English teachers. Their tastes range

from Dickens, who turns the kids off like a tie in summer, to the Texas Chain Saw Murders, which would probably turn them right on. After these suggestions, they—the English teachers—go off to sail their boats or stride the golf course.

And lurking in the wings, of course, are the self-appointed censors, most of whom have never read a book from cover to cover in their lives. They know less about sex and profanity than the veriest Grade Sixers.

Hovering behind the censors is the great body of administrators, educators and politicians, huddled in terror that their sponsorship of a book might cost them a job, a vote, or a censure from some other nit who has ascended to the height of his/her competence.

Ah, what the heck. It happens every year. I'm too old to go back to *The Mill On The Flood*, the most boring book I've ever read. *A Tale of Two Cities* is liable to stir up the Pequotists in Quebec. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* will infuriate the black militants.

We'll hang in there with *Huckleberry Finn*, a homosexual novel about a black man and a white redneck; *Who Has Seen The Wind*, a filthy novel about the sex life of pigeons; *Henry IV, Part One*, a play about an incestuous hippie; *Lord of the Flies*, a novel about kids murdering each other; *True Grit*, with 17 violent deaths; *The Great Gatsby*, concerning a wild bootlegger; *Dracula*, which the kids love; and *The Pearl*, in which a guy kills four people and his baby has its head shot off. Then there are: *Of Mice and Men*, in which a chap shoots his buddy, a moron, in the back of the head, and *Julius Caesar*, in which the lead character is stabbed 16 times by his buddies.

out the window whoever, or whatever, was gone. There's a 95 per cent chance it was my imagination). Then there was the smoke-smell permeating throughout the house. Investigation revealed nothing out of the ordinary, so there is 99.9 per cent chance that was my imagination. But the worst part of spending the night alone was there was no one to stop me from my bad nocturnal habit of sleepwalking. It doesn't happen often, but when it does Gord usually wakes me up before I get too far. Not Thursday though. I woke standing in the middle of the living room. Maybe I was looking for a smoke-smelling peeping tom.

I headed north the next day, but talked my father Ben into coming back with me Sunday. Funny how when there was someone in the house with me the peeping tom didn't come around and there was no smoke smell.

Heading out for a nice holiday? Give me a call when you get back and let me know where you went. Or if you have visitors, we'd all like to know. Call 853-3224.

Don't forget to purchase your Actario ticket. They're going quickly, and only 1,000 are being sold.

Back issues 10 years ago

July 29, 1970
HILLSBURGH—This quiet village lay weltering in Monday's humid heat when three revolver carrying thieves in long wigs and overalls robbed the Royal Bank of Canada of an amount estimated to be as high as \$25,000.

New owners of the Cedar Springs Motel on Highway 7 near Silvercreek are former Sudbury neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. A.C. Lavigne. This is their first venture into the motel business.

Guides from Acton's first company have been away at Camp Wyoke, near Clifford with Guide captain Mrs. Strongtharm as leader. The 24 girls from Acton, Milton and Georgetown in her group included nine Acton guides Leslie Davidson, Debbie Funk, Carol Grant, Beverly Gray, Erika Heptner, Gay and Sue Strange, Elizabeth Thompson and Kim Bishop. Acton Ranger Irene DeVries was at camp as a junior counsellor and was awarded her all round cord by Mrs. Ti Ginger.

Miss Nancy Reid, formerly of Acton is now a Hospital Careers consultant with the career department of the Ontario Hospital Association. A graduate R.N. from the Guelph School of Nursing, she was formerly with Air Canada.

20 years ago

July 21, 1960
Two escapees from the Guelph Reformatory were sighted in the Acton area at 12.30 a.m. Sunday. They had made their break Saturday afternoon.

District Deputy Grand Master of Wellington district Dr. Allan J. Buchanan was elected at Grand Lodge conference in Toronto Wednesday. He has named Len Lovell his secretary and Rev. A.H. McKenzie district chaplain.

Ten girls passed their St. John Ambulance course tests on Wednesday of last week and will receive their junior certificates. The girls who are Girl Guides will receive Guide merit badges as well as flash patches from the St. John Brigade. They were Madeline Drew, Elizabeth Ann Fryer, Mary Grischow, Maureen Lazenby, Karen Perkins, Margaret O'Rourke, Eleanor Wallace, Gay White, Eleanor Wallace, Janice Woodburn and Sandra Slingerland.

Mrs. E. Grant of Glasgow, Scotland, has come to Canada to make her home with her daughter Mrs. Bob Foyers. Mrs. Foyers and family live at R.R. 4, Acton.

Miss Bella Maye Roszell was holidaying last week in New York with Miss Doris Wilson of Toronto, who lived here previously. This week Miss Roszell is at Bruce Beach and next week goes on to Muskoka with Mr. and Mrs. Russell Patterson and Carol.

50 years ago

July 24, 1910
St. Alban's Church annual garden party will be held in the grounds at Beverly House by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. G.T. Beardmore on Monday, August 18. A special feature will be the programme supplied by the famous Melody Boys.

At a meeting of Acton Horseshoe Club last week, the following officers were elected: Honorary President—J.M. McDonald, President—Dr. H.A. Cox, Vice-President—Wm. D. Anderson, Secretary—Wm. Arnold, Treasurer—Philip Hoffman, Manager—Stephen Cox, Executive—Foster Roney, R.M. McDonald, W.S. Worden.

Misses Bertie Speight and Fern Brown are spending holidays at Centre Island, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. A.T. Brown are enjoying a week or two camping in a shady nook, beside a purring brook, in a retiring spot near Toronto.

The Ladies' Aid of Knox Church held an enjoyable lawn social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A.J. Murray, second line near Acton.

The annual re-union of the Andrew Richardson descendants was held in Erin last week with seventy members present.

100 years ago

July 22, 1880
Last week the Acton Free Press entered into its sixth year. It seems to enjoy its existence—lives because it wishes to and works because it pays.

On Thursday last the Brass Band accompanied Mr. George Matthews (who was a member) to the G.T.R. depot, as he was about to leave for England. A number of pieces were played and when the train was moving off, three hearty cheers were given in honor of their departing companion.

Last Thursday, Mr. John Hardy, Esquing was thrown from a mowing machine and had one ankle and foot badly bruised. On the following day Mr. Robert Hardy was driving the same horses to the machine and was thrown forward upon the cutting bar. Fortunately he escaped with some slight punctures in the back made by the guards. Dr. Bennett dressed the wounds and reports both patients progressing favorably.

The only way to keep a boy from going in swimming eleven times a day is to convince him in some way that swimming is a duty he owes to his mother.