

The Acton Free Press

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Churchill N. want stop sign

Churchill Road North residents must be scratching their heads these days wondering about council's recent actions aimed at curbing speeding on their street.

Halton Hills council accepted an engineering department report calling for the speed limit to be reduced from 50 km per hour to 40 km per hour, decided to have two signed crosswalks on the street, erect three school area signs and support the police in establishing safety patrol at M.Z. Bennett and McKenzie-Smith schools.

Somewhere along the line the residents' request for a three way stop at McDonald and Norman got lost. Stop signs weren't even mentioned in the engineer's report.

Back in the spring residents of Churchill North came to the ward one councillor's drop-in asking for stop signs to reduce speeding and Acton representatives Terry Grubbe, Ross Knechtel and Ed Wood took the problem to council where it was referred to staff.

Homeowners felt the only way to slow traffic on this long stretch of road was by stopping the flow a few times.

They complained that police enforcement, while preferable, was a useless solution to the problem. They rarely had seen police stopping speeders on the street and even after their concerns were brought to the attention of the police they didn't see cruisers any more frequently.

They must be wondering what the town hopes to accomplish by

lowering the speed limit if, as expected, radar traps don't appear any more frequently. Drivers will likely continue to speed on Churchill North, except now they will be exceeding the speed limit even more.

The engineering report said police set up radar on the street for four hours and 45 minutes during a month long period and found 17 drivers going over 50 km per hour.

How can a lower speed limit be of any use if it isn't enforced more than 285 minutes out of every 43,200 minutes?

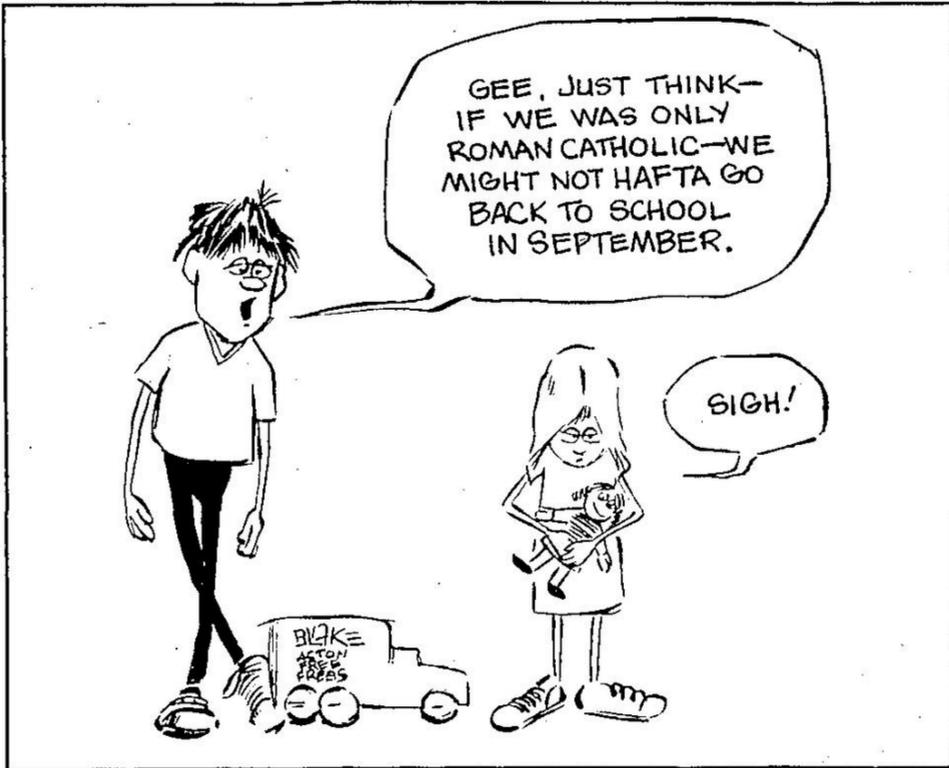
Crosswalks, school area signs, and safety patrols should be helpful before and after school and over noon but what about weekends, July and August, and hours when school isn't in session?

The speeding problem on Churchill will be reviewed again this fall.

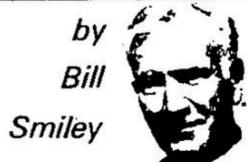
Residents should find out when that subject will come to council again so they can offer their first hand knowledge about the problem and outline the need for stop signs. Maybe the only way to have their request filled will be to show up as a large, vocal group. That produces results as evidenced by approval of stop signs for Churchill South.

Homeowners shouldn't be discouraged by council's actions and give up their quest for stop signs.

Council didn't reject stop signs. They weren't even discussed.



Brotherly love or something else



Have to go and see my kid brother this week. I don't have to. Nobody in his right mind has to have anything to do with his relatives.

From birth to death they are a pain in the arm. When a baby is born, all the eyebrows go up at the choice of name, unless it happens to be one of theirs, or that of a rich uncle.

Asked my grandboys the other day what their second name was. Balind, who sometimes doesn't know his anus from his elbow, promptly retorted, "William." His second name was the same as mine, in case I'd be pleased and leave him something.

Asked the other guy, who knows everything, from why Gran's crying to why Grandad is in a tearing rage. He muttered, "Chen," I'd forgotten. His parents named him that, don't ask me why, because they were on an international kick, and Chen means "first-born". Poor little devil. His full name is Nikov Chen. Imagine what the CIA will do with that when they take over Canadian intelligence. Notice I spelled the last word without a capital.

Next time the relatives act like Little Jack Horner is when your kids get married. Despite the fact that the couple has been living together for nine months, you blasted relatives want a church wedding, with the bride in white, a big reception where everybody pretends that the newlyweds are virgin, there are some adolescent speeches right out of the age of Victoria, and somebody cuts a cake that nobody would eat with a 10-foot pole. This costs roughly five to 10 thousand dollars so that the couple can go on living in sin, but with a paper to prove that they're not.

And the third occasion on which the relatives get their arms into it, right up to the elbows, is when somebody dies. This is when the real Christians emerge.

"Mom always said I could have that tea service."

"Well, that's what you think. I was there the day she died and she distinctly stated (arm twisted behind her back) that I could have not only the tea service but all the linen," and so on.

I've seen all this, but not experienced it. After my mother's death, my elder sister was mutually appointed arbitrator. And she arbitrated: "Two sheets for you, two for you. Two blankets for you, two for you. Two linen tablecloths for you, two for you. Two beds for you, a dining-room table for you. Everyday china for you, plus the silver coffee pot. Good china for you, plus the chamber-pot." And so on.

It was like being at an auction, without any bids, and we all went away rather dazed, enriched beyond our dreams, and with only a few grudges. We were all so young and unsophisticated that we let an aunt have a beautiful chaise longue, which wound up as a period piece in, of all places, Australia. My aunt didn't want it.

Maybe he just wants to see me. Maybe he wants to apologize for all the times he trailed me all over town when I was seven; and he was five. I would first hiss at him, the shout at him, to go home. He'd hang on, a block behind, crying like a fire siren,

stubborn as a hound following a fox. He's challenged me to a game of golf. This is quite understandable. It fits the pattern. I could always beat him at everything, and he wants the masochistic satisfaction of being trounced once more, before he retires to that wonderland of golf where everybody takes a Mulligan, everybody rides an electric cart to the next hole, and everybody discusses every shot at the 19th hole.

On the other hand, maybe he wants to talk about all that money I borrowed from him when he had a paper route and I was a well, a sort of freelancer.

Every Saturday night, I used to lock him in the bathroom and freelance about two-thirds of his weekly take, so I could go to the movies.

Saw him in Germany a few years ago, and he was still keeping track. He figures I owe him 28 thousand, 500 and some dollars, with compound interest.

Perhaps he just wants to remind me of all the girls he has taken away from me, over the years. He never took anyone of any real consequence, but he took some very fine prospectives.

On the fourth hand, maybe he just wants to rub it in to me that I'm a failure. He retired as a Colonel with a chestful of medals. I quit as a Flight-Lot with four or five medals mouldering in the basement. He has been at the beck and call of generals, ambassadors, and such. He is divorced—fashionable. I am married—unfashionable. He is charming, multi-lingual, has tasted the feshpots of Europe. I am a typical suburban slob.

Or maybe the poor little fella just wants to see the brother he used to pillowfight with, every Saturday morning.

Ward One councillor Terry Grubbe says she'll think of another way to get votes 18 years from now. She claims the condition isn't plaguing all female councillors.

Well, I finally got my younger sister married off on the weekend, but unfortunately she and her new husband weren't the only ones who went on a trip that night. My father, Ben Leavell, well known at the Acton Legion was so ecstatic to have finally married off the last of four offspring, he went flying—right off a concrete stoop. He wasn't the only one to fall off the step-less stoop in the dark, but he was the only one seriously hurt—four broken ribs, a broken foot, and further damage to his already weak knees. He always goes all out to avoid dancing with some of my mother's relatives, this time he just assured his freedom for six weeks, instead of one evening.

One other person who was also tricked into the dark step-less stoop (she wasn't with my father at the time) fell off and sprained her ankle.

In spite of his injuries and pain, I'm sure my father feels it was all worth it to see his youngest daughter married. After the expense of three other weddings in the past eight years, I'm sure my parents look forward to letting their bank accounts rest a bit not to mention their nerves.

Back issues

10 years ago

August 19, 1970

Just a few drops of rain fell for Wednesday night's TV Antics parade, the climax of this year's summer playground. The Beverly Hillbillies float was judged the best. Ted Waites was Grandpa and Scott Withers Grandma. Leaders David Lee and Cathy Dunn accepted the Ben Rachlin trophy for the group.

Acton band played in the parade. Riding in open convertibles were Mr. and Miss Playground, of the M.Z. Bennett park, David Somerville and Patti Dawson, and of Prospect Park, Michael Roach and Lorraine Cook. Playground supervisor Don Price welcomed parents. Assistant supervisor Mary Ann Freuler announced the skills. Representing Acton Board of Parks Management, Bob Laughlin told the parents how pleased the board was to have sponsored the program. Larry Quinn led in a sing song.

90 children are taking swimming lessons at Rockwood. Mike Hoffman is back at the old life-guard stand and instructors are Murray Blackman, Jim Brown and Mary Kitchen.

20 years ago

August 18, 1960

Acton's fire truck joined in the huge exercise put on by Halton's firemen after it raced all the way to the Burlington waterfront. Nine pumpers took part in the exercise, to prove all brigades can cooperate.

Louise Wasowicz, with an average of 73.9 per cent, led the list of 16 students who wrote upper school examinations. Those who tried nine papers and passed them all were Louise, Mary Lou Creighton, Kenneth Gardner, Mike Homer, Mike Hurst and Linda Lovell.

A small modern shopping plaza may soon be serving the east end of town. The stores are planned for Highway 7, adjacent to the Brewers Warehouse.

Well-known district farmer J.E. Pearen is active at 90.

Eden Mills was alive with activity for its annual Fun Fair.

Lord Peter Baden-Powell, son of the founder of the Boy Scout movement, praised the Blue Springs scout reserve during a two-hour visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J.W.O. Oakes are 55 years married.

50 years ago

August 21, 1930

The garden party of St. Alban's church on Monday evening drew a record crowd. The charm of the beautiful grounds of Mr. and Mrs. G.T. Beardmore and the anticipation of hearing the Melody Boys were undoubtedly contributory. A Tom Thumb golf course proved very popular. In the afternoon tea was served and in the evening games of various kinds were located about the grounds.

A shelter for bathers at Fairy Lake has been erected by Council.

A letter from Beardmore Leathers Limited offered the Council the use of a horse to keep the grass cut in the park. The plan was accepted.

Council disputed the accounts of various indigent patients, charged to Acton.

Three Georgetown ladies who pleaded guilty to breaking into a store and stealing candy, cigarettes and chocolates came before Magistrate Moore. Considering their youth and the fact that their parents had made full restitution, and that they had already spent two weeks in jail, the Magistrate decided to give the boys a chance to make good in the future, and liberated them on a suspended sentence. They will report regularly during the year.

100 years ago

August 19, 1880

At a recent meeting of Esquering township council, the subject of improvements to the side road leading to Acton from Nassagaweya by way of Nicklin's mill was discussed. Representatives from Acton guaranteed that they would raise \$30 and Esquering council decided to advance \$50 provided the people of Nassagaweya who front this road would raise \$20 more, and thus secure sufficient means to put this road in good condition.

The base ball match played last Saturday afternoon between teams from Canada Glove Works and Moore's Tannery was won by Mr. John Frazer, Esq., Chinguacousy, 500 bushels barley, 300 of oats and 100 of wheat, in seven hours, with a Milton machine.

A convention of musicians and music lovers of Western Ontario will be held in Guelph.

The public schools opened yesterday. Complaints are being made about the young boys who are robbing orchards. A few days in the county jail would do them good.

For Arctic Soda, try L.G. Matthews new fountain.

Our readers write

Ways to avoid drownings

Dear Sir:

The purpose of this letter is to ensure that the drowning accident at Rockwood Conservation Area on Sunday, August 3, 1980, does not reoccur.

We, as people who have had rescue training, and were among the eyewitnesses, find it necessary to convey to you our observations of the accident and the subsequent rescue attempts.

The following is a point form summation of the incident:—

- cries for help were heard, approx. 4:45-4:50 p.m.
- numerous people headed out towards the location where the victim was last seen.
- search line was formed, consisting of 10-15 people.
- canoe approached from rental area.
- body of victim was found and raised.
- body was placed in the canoe.
- artificial respiration - direct method - was started.
- canoe was taken to shore and body taken out.
- A.R. resumed and cardiac pulmonary resuscitation (C.P.R.) was initiated.
- arrival of first doctor.
- doctor checks pulse and pupil dilation.
- pronounced victim dead and called for cessation of C.P.R. and A.R. (3-5 minutes after body was found).
- attempts made to revive victim (various methods used).
- arrival of park attendant.
- attendant took down names.
- arrival of second doctor.
- several suggestions put forth that rescue attempts be resumed.
- arrival of ambulance and rescuator.
- first ambulance attendant started resuscitation, stopping briefly to insert a tongue depressor.
- body of victim was placed on the stretcher and taken away by ambulance.
- victim was pronounced dead on arrival.

We would now like to point out the mistakes which in our opinion were detrimental to the survival of the victim:

1. At no time was one able to discern any member of the beach patrol partaking in the rescue procedures. Also as eyewitnesses, we were unable to identify the two lifeguards who were supposedly present as stated in the Acton Free Press Aug. 6, 1980.
2. Body of victim was handled very roughly.
3. No immediate drainage of fluid (water) in the lungs occurred.
4. There was hesitation in getting the body onto the shore. The person doing A.R. in the canoe stopped and left the scene. There were too many people calling instructions.
5. Nobody had taken charge after the

search.

6. Rescue methods were not co-ordinated successfully.

For your consideration we offer the following suggestions which hopefully will prevent incidents of this nature from occurring again.

The size of the swimming area dictates a minimum of two (2) lifeguard chairs and adequate aids to accompany them.

Lifeguards, not beach patrols, should be hired and present. They should be clearly distinguishable from a distance to the people on the beach and also in the water.

A buoyline, to enclose the shallow water area, should be placed in the water for non-swimmers.

Rescue training should be practised frequently. Rescue procedures should be well known.

Rescue equipment - ringbuoys, poles, flutterboards, etc. should be in plain view of the public, and easily accessible.

We ask that in all sincerity, this accident be fully investigated and that careful consideration be given to our suggestions.

To avoid any misunderstanding, we would like to briefly outline the roles that we played in the rescue attempt.

Two people, James and Barb, joined the search line which found the body. Simultaneously, the other two, John and Gwyneth began clearing the swimming area.

When the canoe, carrying the victim, reached the shore, Barb joined John and Gwyneth in helping to control the crowd. We felt that our presence at the victim's side was not necessary due to the fact that a doctor had arrived.

Now as we look back upon the procedures, we are able to determine with a certain amount of accuracy, the errors that were made in the rescue attempts.

Because of our involvement in the unsuccessful rescue attempt, we felt that it was necessary to compose this letter. As one can derive from it, we have given careful consideration to its content.

To repeat a well used phrase:—It is tragic that it takes incidents of this extreme nature before anything is done to improve the situation.



On the Leavell

With Helen

There are only two weeks left of summer, and most people are either home from holidays, or on the way home. Mrs. Nadine Eaton and two children of R.R. 4, Acton are no exception. They arrived home yesterday after spending a week with friends in Winnipeg.

Dave Capperaud, of Georgetown, and member of the Acton Legion is the first vice-president of the Royal Canadian Legion's dominion executive. Mr. Capperaud is a past Ontario president, and has been with the Dominion Executive for eight years. He was elected vice-president in 1970. He has been chairman of the standing committee on sports and served on three leadership, development and planning committees.

For the sake of a \$10 needle, my brother