

The Acton Free Press

Founded in 1875

Don McDonald, Publisher

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Paper still a bargain

Even at its new price The Acton Free Press is still a bargain.

In announcing a newstand and home delivery price hike of only five cents, from 20 cents to 25 cents a copy, publisher Don McDonald asks what else can you buy these days for just a quarter.

A cup of coffee is 35 or 40 cents, an ice cream cone goes for a minimum of 40 cents, a bottle of pop is well over 25 cents, chocolate bars cost over 30 cents and a daily paper costs a quarter, much more on weekends.

Nobody likes a price increase, but the same as everything else the price of this newspaper must go up.

We feel the pinch of inflation too.

Newsprint prices have been skyrocketing. Labor costs are up.

Postal and distribution costs, like gas, are climbing. It costs more to produce everything that goes into the paper. For example, producing a simple black and white photograph has doubled in cost this year with hefty film and chemical price hikes.

So while everything is going up, name another product that costs just a quarter that won't hurt your health a bit, but will be enjoyed by and entertain the entire family, stay around longer, and perform other little chores like wrapping fish or helping start the fireplace after it's read.

And if you snap up the advertised bargains in the paper every week you'll more than make up for the extra nickel a week over a year in less than a month.

Show interest in vote

For the first time in many years Acton will have a voice all of its own at Halton Board of Education and it can only be hoped voters take more of an interest in the race for trustees than they have in the past.

Halton Hills council should be applauded for opting to give both Acton and Esquering their own seats on the public school board.

Shifts in assessment meant Halton Hills should get another seat. One might have expected the Georgetown weighted council to add another seat for Georgetown to the one the larger urban area of the amalgamated town already has but they surprised critics and decided to give both Acton and Esquering a seat. Since the county school board was born several years before regional government arrived, Acton and Esquering had always been represented by one person.

Strangely, when one considers the school board spends about 60 per cent of the local tax dollar and its decisions affect the futures of

our children, voters haven't taken as much interest in who represents them at school board as they do in who sits on local council. There has been some improvement in the past couple of elections but the people spending the big bucks still haven't received the attention they should from the voters.

It has been a recurring complaint in Acton and other areas of North Halton in recent years that we just aren't heard.

Well, we are still outgunned at school board, but the north is catching up and with six voices out of 20 speaking for Halton Hills and Milton, the election of strong spokesmen should mean we are heard.

It is an important opportunity for Acton to have a voice all to itself, but it will be up to the voters to show enough of an interest in the education ballot to make sure Halton Hills council doesn't conclude it wasted its time and a seat in giving us a voice of our own.

Our readers write

Respond for seniors apts.

August 28

Dear Sir:

I should like to use this column to inform anyone who is interested in a future Senior Citizen apartment in Rockwood Village that there is very little time to tell Council of your wishes. This week at a meeting in the Rockwood Town Hall it was explained that a very large response is urgent; questionnaires are still available. These forms are to be sent in the free envelope at once. The deadline is August 30, but there may be a short period of grace; Council meets on Sept. 2 and will decide whether to change the deadline date then. Rockwood would get a new type of government assistance to build these apartments—but only if there are enough answers sent in. In order to be convinced of the need for an apartment for senior citizens, there must be a tremendous showing of interest.

There are forms available in the churches, in the municipal office in the bake shop, and from the senior citizen's club.

There will be a count taken by the Ontario Ministry of Housing to see what percentage of the 190 households have interest in the future apartments. The ministry has a rule of thumb whereby they count only one-fourth of the replies as really interested thus if only a few answers are received, Rockwood will be dismissed.

There is great competition, and others will be chosen. If we lose out now we will not be allowed to try again for 5 years. The forms are strictly confidential, no one in Council sees them.

In Toronto only a count is taken to see the amount of interest. The one question regarding income is only used to discover how much subsidy to give the local council. No names are given. If anyone needs assistance in answering the forms the council can help.

It is most essential that everyone fill in the questionnaire.

Yours truly
(Mrs.) S. Drijber
Box 43, Rockwood

Reader supports Actario

Lots of people are playing Actario, including former residents. Following is a letter filed with the Free Press for publication.

Dear Mr. Tyler:

Enclosed is my cheque for \$100.00 to purchase an Actario ticket.

Actonians have reason to be proud of

their feelings toward their town and the efforts of the committee to restore the Town Hall.

As a former resident of Acton, I still subscribe to the Free Press and follow with interest the events of the community.

Marion (Fryer) McDermott
Guelph

Bouquet for Jennifer

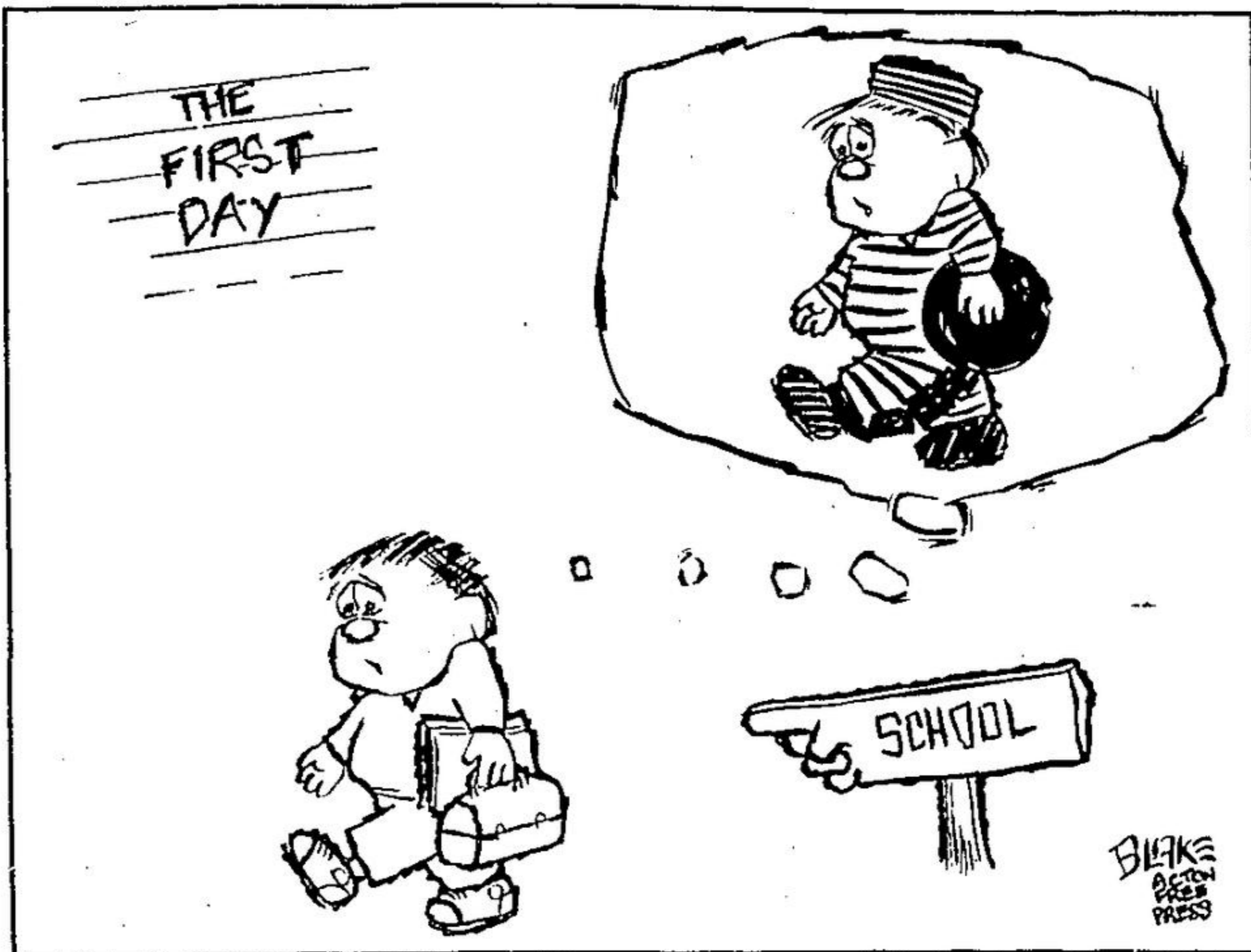
Dear Mrs. Jennifer Barr:

On behalf of the Eramosa Pioneer Day Committee, we would like to thank you for your generous contribution to the day's festivities.

Each year this community event im-

proves and your support helps make it possible. Our committee could not put on this successful activity without your involvement.

Thank you and hope to see you next year.
Eramosa Pioneer Day Committee.



Smiley is skunked out on his back lawn

by
Bill
Smiley



No essay this week. No controlled, clear, coherent, concise evaluation of some piece of trivia, as is my wont.

It's quite difficult to keep one's brains unscrambled in a summer like this. One day you are gasping around like a newly-caught fish, trying to extract enough oxygen from the humidity to remain alive.

Next day you are pounded on the head with hail—yes, hail—or you go down to the basement and there's a foot of water in it. First couple of times, I mopped it up. Now, we just stay out of the basement until the indoor swimming-pool has dried up, by evaporation.

Once again, we have discussed at great length, what to do about the "patio". We call it that for want of a better word. The patio is a pile of rocks, ranging from three pounds to two hundred pounds.

It has no known purpose that we've ever been able to discover. It has no geometric or any other kind of design. It looks like something a cross-eyed architect, well into the grape, assembled one night with the aid of a bulldozer and a couple of bibulous, but mighty strong companions, in the belief that he was recreating the Pantheon, in Rome.

And if you walk up the back path at night, with no lights on, one of the protruding rocks can give a heck of a rip on the shin.

Scattered among the patio rocks are bricks and halfbricks, pulled from the wall of the house by a vine that is a herbivorous Incredible Hulk. By day, it is a thing of beauty, making the old house look like something out of a book of Georgian prints of stately homes.

It must be at night that it turns into a monster, snatching bricks with its octopuslike tentacles and stuffing them into its voracious maw, except for those that

dribble out of the corner of its mouth onto the patio.

And let's not speak of nights. Four mornings in a row I went out for my post-prandial coffee and morning paper. Four mornings in a row, I dashed back into the house, white-faced, shouting things like, "Call the cops. Get the fire brigade. The Vandals are here, and maybe the Goths. The Martians have landed. Gimme some brandy."

Now my back lawn is not exactly pristine and perfect, a classic greensward. Let's say you couldn't bowl on it, unless you were using square bowling balls. It has its little ups and downs, like the rest of us. Some almost of ski-hill potentiality. But it's mine, and I like it.

How would you like to go out and discover that a herd of elephants had been grazing on your back lawn, during the small hours? There were divots there that Jack Nicklaus couldn't make with a nine iron. There were holes that looked as though they'd been made by Mighty Mole. There was turf and grass and dung all over the place. It looked like a used car lot from which all the cars had been lifted by a mighty magnet.

Second time I saw it, I was cooler. Elephants make bigger droppings than that, and there's been no news report of a band of rogue elephants. I figured it was horses. But then I thought, horses eat grass, they don't kick holes in it.

Third morning, I knew it was the dogs next door, a couple of beautiful Pinchour-man Dobers or something. But they're perfectly trained and kept in at night.

Finally, I knew. It was a kid I'd failed last June, getting back at me in some twisted fashion. I rapidly ran through the group, mentally, and came up against a brick wall. They were all too lazy to do

such a prodigious amount of damage.

Next, we thought of coons. There are some around. But no self-respecting coon is going to be out there digging like a dingbat when all he has to do is whip the top off the garbage pail and regale himself on watermelon rinds and tag-ends of pizza. Fifth night, we left on the outside light and I sat up all night with a brick in one hand and a hockey stick in the other. Nothing happened except that I fell asleep about two a.m. and dropped the brick on my bare foot.

Finally, as I should have done in the first place, I brought my neighbor, a man of eminent good sense and wide knowledge, over to view the vandalism.

He looked at me pityingly, as he so often does. But he's not brutal. He led me gently but accurately, as a seeing eye dog does with a blind person.

"You've had your lawn sprinkler on? Quite a bit?"

"Well, sure. My grandsons turned it on back in July. I turned the top off, but not in the main valve. It's in the cellar. But there's been just a little trickle coming out of it for the last month."

"Skunks," he stated succinctly. "The water brought up those white grubs and the skunks went after them."

I wanted to give him an argument but I couldn't find a thing to say. If it wouldn't be a rotten pun, I might admit I felt a bit sheepish. Sheep were the only animals I hadn't thought of.

Anyway, the water is turned off and the skunks are off to ravage some other plot. I learned something, an achievement these days. And I have one more mark on the lengthy tally my grandboys must answer to one day.



On the Leavell

With Helen

Birthday greetings are extended to Keith Andrews of Cobblehill Rd. Seems Keith celebrated his birthday on the weekend, and mutual friend Bob Fleming was so upset hubby Gord and I couldn't make it to the party, he personally delivered a piece of birthday cake—at 2 a.m. Sunday.

Bob made his nocturnal stopover serve a double purpose. We had just moved into a new house nearby that day and he wanted to welcome us into the neighborhood. It didn't seem to matter to Bob that we were sound asleep, and had been for several hours.

Bob was lucky enough to find a door we had forgotten to lock and was leaning over the bed, in the dark, before we realized anyone was in the room, much less the house. The dog had kicked up a fuss, but

we credited that to a new house, not to an intruder.

His wife Janet and Keith, had followed Bob into the house in attempts to stop him, but failed in their mission.

We thought it somewhat humorous (after we realized who it was). However, my parents, who were staying overnight that night thought it was a burglar, and were about to call the police. Naturally though Bell Canada had forgotten to turn on our telephone, so good old Mom had to resort to physical prowess. Luckily, just before she belted him, she realized we knew him.

Nice neighborhood eh? Maybe we'll move back to Norval.

Acton Minor Hockey Mothers' Association is selling cookbooks to help raise money for this season. They are selling like hotcakes, and can be obtained from any Hockey Mom. They are chocked full of interesting and simple recipes. Well worth the \$3 price tag.

Seems Actario is going international. Ticket salesman Jake Kulken is pleased as punch to announce he sold a local lottery ticket to Jim (Collin) McNabb of Nassau, Bahamas. If Mr. McNabb wins one of the

trips, he'd have to spend a small fortune to get back to Acton to collect his prize. If it were me, I'd probably win a trip to the Bahamas.

Several Acton residents attended the Belleville wedding of Pat Myers and Wayne Barber who moved from town five years ago. Dave Black, Dolores Rowsell, Harry and Doris Toebes, and Dale and Cathy Levere all attended from town. Wayne is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barber of Acton.

More ticket sales—this time for a concert series to be held alternately between Acton and Georgetown this fall and winter. There are less than 100 tickets out of 400 offered, and can be obtained at Family Cleaners, downtown, Halton Hills Furniture and Appliances or from Janet Fleming at 853-0925. The concerts are sponsored by the Halton Hills Arts Council. The first one will be October 29 at Georgetown High School featuring Canadian folk singing group Maple Sugar and Rockwood native and Eden Mills native James Gordon. The second is February, 1981 at the Acton High School with the Tapestry Singers and the third concert is back at Georgetown High School on April 8 with Maureen Foster.

Back issues

10 years ago

September 2, 1970

Fred Kenner's white leghorn was judged Grand Champion at the CNE poultry show. He also had the champion pullet and champion trio.

Mrs. Kathy Gordon of R.R. 5 Rockwood chained herself to the Eramosa Municipal building Friday to protest dumping of effluent into the Eramosa River.

Cons. Paul Brown has joined the Acton detachment of the OPP. Sam Hubble celebrated his 90th birthday.

Stores and apartments in the new building on Main S. are all rented now. Mrs. Nielsen will be moving her beauty shop from her own home. Ed Huxley hopes to open a fish and chip shop. Dentist Dr. Bob Steen is getting all his equipment in this week. Owner Alf Barry and his wife will take an apartment and operate a jug milk store. Lawyer Donald Brown will have an office upstairs. The laundromat has already opened.

A historical plaque was unveiled at Ballinafad to honor the first settlers in Erin township.

20 years ago

September 1, 1960

About 175 pupils are expected in the new Speyside school. Almost everything is ready. Colin Leitch is principal with teachers Gary Dawkins, who has just graduated from Teachers' College, Mrs. Margaret Barber, Mrs. Bernice Dekker and Mrs. Helen Rognvaldson. Last year's Dublin school teacher, James Morrison is caretaker.

Mrs. Dorothy Scott is teaching at Bannockburn and Mrs. Reta Shortill at Blue Mountain school.

The new Brookville school will not be opening as construction was delayed. Meanwhile the 285 students will begin classes in their rural one-room schools.

Former residents Mr. and Mrs. Neil Bowles moved back to town from Chatham.

New teachers at the Robert Little school are Olga Knudsen, Maxine Forster, Rosemary Moore, Patricia Jones, William Kennedy, Helen Baker. New teachers at the M. Z. Bennett school are J. Bosley, Fern Small, H. Jackson.

50 years ago

Council received a cheque from the Athletic Association for \$200 for their share of the new horse-drawn mower for the park.

British boys who came to this country under the auspices of Norval Hotel during the past three years met for their first reunion.

Mr. Robert Kerr had six of his fine Hackney horses at the CNE and won several prizes.

The Beardmore tug-of-war team, which for several years has won the Industrial and Dominion championships at the CNE, was defeated by the Canada Wire and Cable company.

Harry Shortill of Ballinafad placed third at the old-time fiddlers contest.

The premises of the Bank of Montreal have been altered and renovated. The space for patrons has been enlarged.

Mr. James Watson has been making alterations at his garage at Limehouse, in order to set his gasoline standards further back from the roadway.

There will be no more people wondering that what the name of Ballinafad is, as Mr. Kirkwood has had the name put up over the store.

Daylight saving ends in Acton on Sept. 14.

100 years ago

September 2, 1880

Butter is very scarce, and brings a high price.

A runaway team, belonging to Mr. Robert Brown of Crewsons Corners, caused some excitement in town on Tuesday forenoon. The horses became frightened at the railway station and ran down Mill St. at full speed, but were stopped at the post office by a number of men. No damage.

Gloves, mitts and gauntlets have been prepared by Messrs. Storey and Co. of the Canada Glove Works of this village for exhibition at Toronto Industrial Fair next week. Those who see them will no doubt be surprised that such fine lines are now manufactured at home, which a few years ago were all foreign goods. They will exhibit at the same time an assortment of fine black and colored kid manufactured for them by Mr. James Moore at his tannery in this village which is equal in every respect to any imported stock ever brought to Canada.

Don't fail to attend the harvest home dinner in the drill shed this afternoon.

An organ grinder visited Acton on Tuesday. He didn't get rich though.

Rev. R. B. Cook's horse dropped dead on Main St. yesterday.

Will the Guelph Mercury be kind enough to credit the articles it gets from our columns.