

The Acton Free Press

Founded in 1875

Don McDonald, Publisher

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Editor: Gord Murray
Reporter/Photographer: Eric Elstone
Sports: Diana Walmann
Rockwood News: Jennifer Barr
Contributor: Helen Murray
Darkroom: Ken Bustin

TELEPHONE (519) 853-2010
Business and Editorial Office



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Ottawa has bad timing

When it comes to bad timing and wasting money Ottawa takes the cake.

A few weeks ago this space contained comments about the federal government's advertising campaign which outlined Ottawa's position on constitutional reform and explained the national government's role in Canada.

We weren't impressed.

We joined Wellington-Dufferin-Simcoe MP Perrin Beatty in branding the ad campaign, which will cost about \$10 million, a waste of money.

Well Ottawa has a new set of commercials on the air waves.

This one shows a bunch of real cute little beavers holding the signs for various government departments, like Canada Post, Energy, Mines and Resources, Corporate and Consumer Affairs, Fisheries, etc.

It's meant to show Canadians

just how many things the federal government is involved in.

Why, if Ottawa has been in doing its job the last 113 years we need to be told what the senior level of government does, besides build up huge deficits, is anyone's guess.

Anyway, the cute beavers commercials concludes "Canada, a lot of people working for you."

And this is where Ottawa's knack for bad timing comes in.

This commercial was on several times Sunday night, just hours before the federal clerks went on strike, shutting down many essential services. Those commercials were seen the same day as air traffic controllers at Toronto International Airport walked off the job in an illegal labour action.

Yup, those beavers are right.

There's a lot of people (not working) for you today.

Where is police riot squad?

Some Halton Hills councillors were justifiably mystified when Mayor Peter Pomeroy asked for a special fund to hire off-duty policemen to prevent racing and wild parties from happening for yet another weekend at the former Toronto International Dragway.

There's no question something had to be done about the situation.

But why couldn't on-duty officers handle the trespassers several councillors and no doubt many taxpayers wondered.

Fortunately the track was removed so there was no need to hire off-duty officers to keep the peace.

However, the incident raised a lot of questions about police protection in Halton Hills.

Most weekends this past summer the dragway was swarming with young people who raced their cars on the track and from all reports held some pretty rowdy parties involving drinking and the use of illegal drugs.

Police and politicians both heard repeatedly from residents in the vicinity of the Fifth Line dragway, which will someday be covered with estate homes, about the noise, careless driving and vandalism.

One of the advantages of regional government was supposed to be a larger police force which would be better equipped and manpower could be shifted around Halton as needs arose.

The Halton force was supposed to be a big advantage over small, ill equipped local forces or in the case of Acton a small OPP detachment.

People here have long held the view the regional force is a step backwards not a leap forward.

The fact that all summer police did nothing about the problem at the dragway seems to support the view.

The fact the mayor and other councillors even had to consider hiring off-duty officers indicates we aren't getting the police protection, even in an emergency, that we need.

The police say they couldn't do much until they received written permission from the owner of the property that they could go on and arrest trespassers.

However, by all accounts from residents, there were numerous laws being broken right out on the Fifth Line.

Frequent patrols might have produced many charges out on the public road.

Police said they patrolled the area, but of course couldn't be there all the time.

The mayor wanted off-duty officers at the gate to prevent the youths from going onto the dragway land. He didn't want the police going in after there was a crowd because he feared a riot situation.

But if regional policing works then the brass could have sent extra officers up from the south to the dragway to keep patrols on the road constantly, thus achieving the same goal which might have cost \$500 for a service they have already paid for in their regional taxes.

If they couldn't prevent the youths from starting their big party certainly the Halton force could have brought a large contingent of men up to the dragway to squash a riot.

After all, the same police force was quick to send in the riot squad in Acton during the fall fair a few years ago.

Drag racing, drinking, drugs and dangerous driving on a public road should have been enough provocation to bring in the riot squad sometime this past summer.



"long time to be married to a strange woman"

by Bill Smiley

One of my father's favorite jokes, before the word "corny" had been invented, was, "It's a long time to be married to a strange woman." He repeated it once a year, on his wedding anniversary, and I can still remember my mother's eyes rolling up, the way women's eyes roll up when their husbands are telling a story they've heard eleven times before.

But it pops into my head every time I think of my own wedding anniversary, which is usually about two weeks after the event.

This year, I remembered about two weeks before the event, but by the time it appears in print, I'll probably have forgotten completely.

My wife is no better. She can be so sentimental it's downright disgusting, over such trivia as her children, her grandchildren, her father, her house, a particular party 20 years ago, a friend who is in trouble, and, very occasionally, about me.

But when it comes to really important things, she cares not a whit. The first indication of this was when I gave her a flower on Mother's Day many years ago. She said, curtly, "I'm not your mother."

Birthdays, same deal. She was born on Feb. 28, surely easy enough to remember, with its connotations of Leap Year. I forget. She does too, though I'm not sure hers isn't psychological—a year older.

This attitude permeated our family. Our kids certainly knew what Christmas was, little greedy-guts. And Easter: church with joyous music, hunt for Easter eggs, probably a visit with grandparents.

But I'm quite sure they don't know why the first of July is a holiday, have only the vaguest idea what Remembrance Day and Thanksgiving are all about, and exactly

which day is their birthday, though they know the month they were born in, because that ties in with astrology, in which they fairly firmly believe.

But my Dad was right, even though repetitious, "It's a long time to be married to a strange woman." Especially one you didn't even know before you met her, if you follow me.

I met this strange woman at university, when I came home from the wars. I thought she was demure, beautiful, and shy. And she was. She thought I was brash, swaggering and far too unheeding of the university's rules, which I was.

After many years of togetherness, we've each retained only one of these objectives. She is totally lacking in demure, she is still beautiful, and she is about as shy as Muhammad Ali.

I have completely lost my brash, have nothing to swagger about, but am still far too unheeding of the rules of the establishment.

An odd combination, you'll say, to get married. And it was. She thought me boorish and uncouth, especially after I fell sound asleep in the middle of a lecture by the late, great poet, E.J. Pratt. She didn't realize that I had been at a luncheon reunion with some old Air Force pals who'd just arrived back from overseas, and that it was only great gallantry and iron will that had forced me to make the lecture.

I thought she was prissy, prudish, and dumb, because she never missed a lecture, wouldn't even throw one inviting look at the dashing young ex-fighter pilot in her class, and ventured no opinions on anything.

Oh, well. Chemistry, I guess. I won't go into the details, but a few months later we

were exchanging furtive kisses in the library stacks, groping embraces in doorways, and skipping lectures right and left.

And a year later, we were married, with no pomp and little circumstance, poor as churchmice, but head over heels. It was better to marry than to burn, as Paul told the Ephesians or somebody. And about ten months later, we had a little stranger in our midst, and were poorer than churchmice. But still head over heels.

That little stranger is now 33. Now, I'm not going to tell you which anniversary this is. I don't want a flood of milk coats and gold bars and ten-cent cards coming in.

Suffice to say that we won't celebrate it together, but we'll be together. There's nothing quite so disgusting as the married couple dinner, or throw a big party, on their anniversary.

Like most couples, we've grieved and wept together, laughed together, helped each other over some rocky roads, loved together, fought with mutual fury, taken great joy and great heart-aches from our children, idolized and spoiled our grandchildren, and managed to muddle along, day to day, in this peculiar life that throws up road-blocks and rainbows, groans and gutfaus, tears and terror, death and taxes.

We still constantly worry about the welfare, state of mind and health, and golf score of the other.

We still fight frequently, although I have called and asked that my wife be taken off the list of "Husband-beaters." She hasn't thrown anything bigger than a glass of water at me in months.

My day was right. "It's a long time to be married to a strange woman." And may yours be as long, and as strange. Not your wife; your marriage.

about ten more people are needed. For more information on the free night out, Call Susan at 853-2954.

We said goodbye to our composing room foreman Alex Chidley on Friday. Alex has gone into business for himself in Kitchener, where he makes his home. He'll be missed by all of us here at 59 Willow St.

Lorna Clark of Elizabeth Dr. enjoyed a three week vacation visiting friends and relatives in England recently.

Mrs. Clark stayed with her brother Don Davis near London for a while before heading on to visit cousins in South Wales and Somerset. The highlight of the trip was attending an evening church service at St. George's chapel at Windsor Castle. She sat in a choir stall over the vault where Henry VIII and his wife Jane Seymour and Charles the First are buried.

In the two years since her last visit, Mrs. Clark said prices had skyrocketed. What was once a reasonable price is now out of reach she said. She was better able to understand her brother's observation while visiting Canada last summer. He said eating out in Canada was extremely cheap compared with England. Mrs. Clark learned first hand what he meant.

While coming through customs in

Toronto on her way home, Mrs. Clark was greeted by a custom's official who actually recognized the name Acton (most of them are lucky to know where Canada is). The chap said to her, "Oh Acton, that's a suburb of Georgetown isn't it?"

Mrs. Clark, a staunch supporter of her community, simply said "Watch it," and scurried on.

In another small world department: Was up home in Collingwood this past weekend visiting my folks and had to do a bit of shopping. While I was in the local Woolworth's store, I spotted Peggy DeBruyn and her daughters Colleen and Lori. They were up for a basketball tournament at my old high school. The girls won their first game, but were put out in the second.

Other Acton faces I've seen in Collingwood over the years have been Bruce McArthur and Will Duval, both up for hockey tournaments and Lawrence Hemsley, an employee for Tyler Transport, who lives in Creemore. Zeke McCandless of Georgetown was Christmas shopping in the Woolworth's last Christmas eve.



On the Leavell

With Helen

What do you get for the person who has everything?

Mabel Barkman, of the townline has the answer. A gold lady bug.

Mrs. Barkman discovered the unique insect on her 22 foot Blue Morning Glory one day last week. The morning glory runs up her television antenna. Maybe the bug was trying to intercept TV signals.

Now that fall is here, with winter approaching too rapidly for many, a lot of folks will find themselves with nothing to do with their evenings. Susan Holbisk has the thing. Adult Recreational Volleyball has now begun at McKenzie-Smith Middle School on Monday nights from 8.30 to 10.30. The mixed teams will play until May, and

Our readers write

Band enjoyed fair parade

Sept. 22 To the Directors and Organizers of Acton Fall Fair:
On behalf of the members of the Georgetown Girls' Pipe Band, I would like to congratulate you on your excellent fair, held from Sept. 19 to 21, which was our pleasure to attend. The setting was ideal, the grounds superb for displaying the many interesting and colorful exhibits and this year the weather also co-operated to make it an all together enjoyable event. Particular mention must, I feel, be made

regarding the parade held Saturday at noon. It was well organized without too much delay. It was perfect length and the spectators along the route were most responsive. We attend many parades in the course of a year and wanted you to know this was one of the more enjoyable ones. Your efforts and our reception were much appreciated.

Sincerely
(Mrs.) Virginia Hulme,
Pipe Major,
Georgetown Girls' Pipe Band

Back issues 10 years ago

September 30, 1970

Steven Papillon receiving one of the highest awards in Scouting, the Silver Cross badge, for his action in rescuing Susan Hill from Fairy Lake.

Esqueping township passed a bylaw to allow Sunday sports in Esqueping, all inspired by complaints over the Golden Horseshoe dragway.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Morrison celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary.

Brendan Aherne has been appointed manager-treasurer of the Credit Union.

Ladies' night for the Tri-Angle Men's Club brought a vivacious woman speaker, controller Ann Jones of Hamilton. Joan Pratt introduced the speaker and Penny Bristow thanked her. Roast beef dinner was served by Watson's Restaurant.

There were few familiar faces when Dr. James Talman came back to Acton. He is former chief librarian of the University of Western Ontario, and he is a member of the Order of the British Empire. When he went to school in Acton, he walked five miles daily from the family farm in Speyside.

A former Citizen of the Year, George Musselle has died.

20 years ago

September 29, 1960

Faced with discontinued ambulance service in Acton, council's welfare committee, under the chairmanship of Les Duby, is exploring ways and means of providing a service for Acton residents.

Memories of wedding vows taken 50 years ago were recalled by Mr. and Mrs. A.J. Murray, R.R. 3, Acton, when nearly 200 friends, relatives and neighbours called on them Saturday to offer congratulations on their anniversary.

Determined to further the art of dancing a Danish-born Canadian citizen Henri Hansen, R.R. 1, Glen Williams is expanding his dancing instructions for school in St. Alban's Parish Hall Tuesday, Oct. 4.

The tinkle of the telephone Sunday morning brought warm greetings to Mrs. John Hufnagel, the former Margaret Ware, when she was informed her ticket had been drawn at the Galt Fair and she was the winner of a shiny new NSU Prinz.

Mrs. Bud Evans won the \$10 prize offered by Acton Night School for the best original oil painting at the fair. Her entry was an attractive country scene.

Miss Janet Buckner flew from Malton to Prestwick Scotland Tuesday on a jet flight which took just six hours. She will spend a year in Britain.

50 years ago

October 2, 1930

After serving 23 years as the Governor of the Halton County Jail, Mr. Archie McGibbon has resigned. He is in his 82nd year. Governor McGibbon has run the jail in the most economical manner, the cost per prisoner being the lowest of any jail in the Dominion.

The induction of Rev. J. Grant took place at Ospringe. A large crowd was present. Supper was served by the Ladies Aid.

Under the auspices of the Women's Association of Rockwood United Church, a concert was held in the Town Hall, when Beecher Parkhouse of Fergus spoke on the subject "Easy Street". Other items on the program were a quartette composed of Mr. George Peal, Mrs. Ayles, Mrs. Plummer and Mr. George Plummer; also a male quartette composed of Mr. Frank Moore, Mr. George Bayne, Mr. George Peal and Mr. J.A. Little, solos by Miss Mae Watson and Mr. George Plummer, and recitations by Miss Edna Pearen.

Eden Mills Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Max Milne. Dr. E.F. McCullough of Guelph spoke on the subject of the cleansing of the blood.

The teachers convention will be held next Thursday and Friday. The pupils will be given of two days holiday.

Harold McComb will manage the St. Alban's indoor softball team this season.

100 years ago

September 30, 1880

There are some indications of a revival of prosperity, whatever party is in power.

Mr. John Moore, Rockwood, has purchased the flouring mills in that village.

Burglars entered the post office store at Ballinfad, and carried off all the postage stamps, 54 yards of tweed, a piece of cotton, 3 pairs of boots, a box of tea, and about \$4 worth of sugar. Mr. C.S. Smith of this village, with two American stock buyers, was returning from his farm in a single side spring buggy and when turning the corner of Mill and Main with buggy swayed with the weight and capsized. Mr. Smith broke his left leg. He had not fully recovered from being thrown from the buggy last spring, when his arm was injured.

A number of cases of petty larceny have taken place in our village and suspicion has fallen on (name given) but no evidence could be produced, on which to commit the girl. During the past month, however, it seems she stole a pair of gold bracelets, and she has been taken into custody. We think the only proper place for the girl is the Ontario Reformatory, as she is sent to the common jail, she will come in contact with every class of evildoer.