

The Acton Free Press

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Drug meeting at AHS

It is tempting to paint a very dark picture of the extent of drug use in Halton high schools based on a recent study by the Addiction Research Foundation.

Twenty-nine per cent of the more than 1,300 students surveyed, reported they were drunk in the four weeks before the study.

More than 100 students used LSD, prescribed tranquilizers, barbiturates and non-prescribed stimulants during the year.

There are pages of findings and discussion in the report, some of which will be highlighted tomorrow night when two foundation representatives make a presentation at the high school at 7:30 p.m.

The foundation's study was of an Oakville high school, however, the author says there is no reason to believe similar findings would not occur in other general high schools in Halton—such as Acton

High School.

Report author Marlene Swarbrick and research Dick O'Brien will describe patterns of drug use and abuse among teenagers and methods parents may take to help their children.

It is at least the second time O'Brien has brought his message to Acton. About a dozen parents and youngsters heard him detail the result of drug and alcohol abuse.

If the Addiction Research Foundation's report is an indication of the degree of drug and alcohol abuse among high school and elementary school children, then far more than a hand full of parents should be at tomorrow's meeting.

The meeting will allocate time for questions and answers. It could well be the first step towards defining the depth of drug and alcohol use in town.

Kinds of sign language

There are two varieties of sign language going around town, however, only one of them is legitimate.

The legal one is used by some citizens of Churchill Road South and area who recently persuaded Halton Hills Council to erect stop signs on that street.

The illegal one became very vocal last week when no less than three stop signs, two of the new ones and one older one, were bent to the ground on Churchill Road South.

Halton Regional Police suspect a driver used the bumper of his vehicle to ease the signs over onto

their sides. All three were bent early Thursday morning.

Total value of the stops signs is placed by a town workman at \$225.

Fears of children being injured by speeding cars on the road motivated residents to pressure council into action.

The driver who took the law into his own hands had his opportunity to argue against the placing of the signs. He could have gone to council; he may have won.

If the driver who mowed the signs over is caught, he should be brought smartly into line.

Siren wakes the deaf

Acton Firefighters have two methods of alerting themselves of an emergency: one works all the time; the other only part of the time.

As residents who live within earshot of the sirens know, that is the system which firefighters rely on especially during the night.

Firefighters are also equipped with pagers, however, these devices only work part of the time. As Halton Hills Fire Chief Mick Holmes said, they are not fool proof.

The original idea, said the fire chief, was to convert to the pagers.

With the pagers not entirely reliable, the department wisely uses the sirens as a method of get-

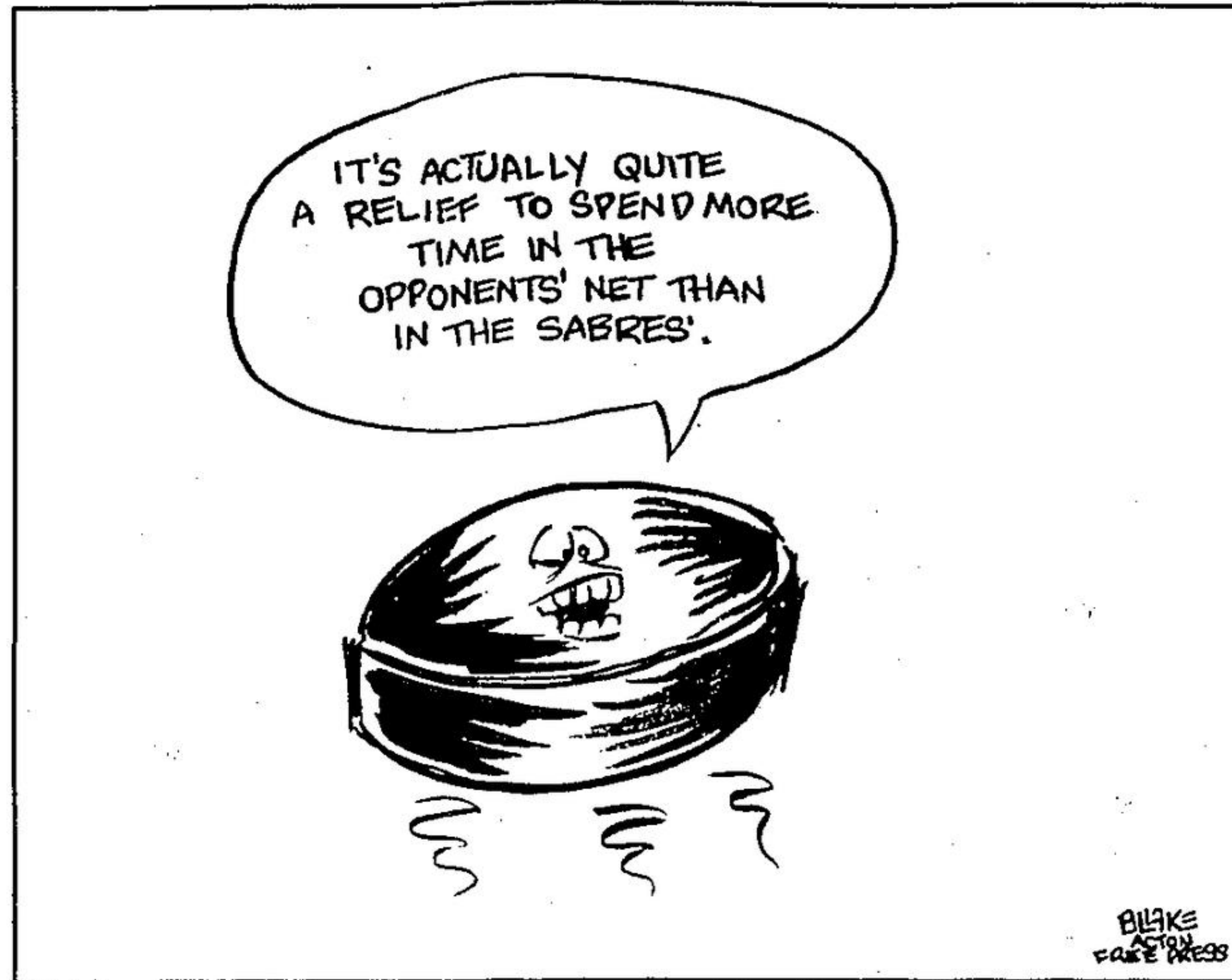
ting attention of enough firefighters.

The matter recently came to this newspaper's attention when a Brock Street resident complained about the siren waking him and his young family recently. The fire was in an apartment garbage bin across town.

The loudness of the alert was brought home especially to the Brock Street man because he is partially deaf.

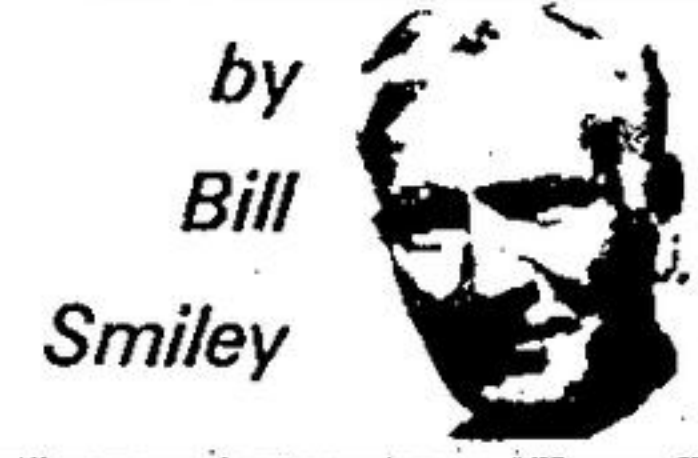
The only reply to come to mind is that if the siren is not sounded, how else does the department guarantee enough firefighters turn out?

The next siren he hears could be for his home.



BLAKE ACTON FREE PRESS

Postal strikes, teaching, morality, raise Bill's ire



by Bill Smiley

I don't know that there's much point in writing this column. The posties are at it again, as I write, with wildcat strikes, slowdowns and whatever you want to call them.

And since the column is syndicated, nation-wide, it depends on the mail, erratic and undependable as it is. It would be a little expensive, to say the least, if I had to use courier service to Komloops, B.C. and Truro, N.S., not to mention 100-odd places between.

However, it's an ingrained habit, like the Saturday night bath, so I'll bungle out a column anyway.

Something that truly amazes me is that there has been no physical response to the constant postal strikes, sometimes employing violence, often flouting the law.

In my mind's eye, I can see some little old lady, sore as hell because she got her pension cheque a month late, creeping up behind a post office truck and hurling a bomb through the back window.

Or some deserted wife, desperately dependent on that welfare cheque, taking a can of gasoline into a large post office in a large city, sprinkling herself liberally with the essence, striking a match, and immolating.

But in this country, the first example would get life imprisonment, where a murderer gets ten years with three off for good behavior. And in the second, some good souls would start a fund to help her children, and within a week would have raised \$482, by which time the story would be on page 24.

However, into each life some sun must shine, though there wasn't much around this past summer.

My wife had been feeling poorly, as we used to say, for some time. After six

months of blandishment and threats, I got her to see her doctor and have a check-up.

Today she tells me that she phoned the doc and she's as sound as an apple. I asked her if she'd had him take an X-ray of her head. Everything else is functioning normally. Her reply was short and to the point.

Back at school after several weeks, I am beginning to wonder why I didn't quit teaching 10 years ago, and go to work in a mental institution. At least there you can stuff the inmates with tranquilizers.

One more year of teaching Huckleberry Finn, and the best place to find me is floating down the Mississippi on a raft, smoking a corn-cob pipe. I quit teaching Grade 13 because I was getting madder than Hamlet.

The people who write course curriculums and advocate the one-on-one relationship with pupils are about as close to reality as the Ayatollah Khomeini or Idi Amin in his last few years.

If they had their way, it would be like Moses walking around among the Jews, asking each and every one, "Now, what do you think of the fourth commandment? Do you think ass is a bad word?" Or Hitler, strolling through Germany for 88 years, querying the population about the pollutatory effects of mass cremations.

Fortunately, most teachers with an ounce of intelligence, and there are several of us, completely ignore the millions of dollars worth of "directives", and try to teach the kids some semblance of morality, decency, integrity, and whatever our subject is.

In 20 years, I'll bet I've taught 12 kids to answer, when I've asked if they have read a certain book, not to say, "No but I seen the movie."

I have taught at least 15 not to use the dangling participle, "Riding my bicycle, a dog bit me."

And I don't give a diddle. They've learned a lot more than that, and I have letters to prove it. They've learned not to laugh at people who are physically or emotionally or mentally slow, and to help them.

They've learned that nationalism is stupid, that two wrongs (depending) sometimes make a right; that two and two don't always make four; that you should question things that don't make sense; that emotions are nothing to be ashamed of, and so on and on and on, said the boring old teacher.

If I don't want to get heartburn or something, I'd better stop talking about teaching. I've seen too many colleagues break down physically or mentally to take much stock in it. The kids go through the mill and emerge in all kinds of shapes: beautiful, grotesque, funny, dour. I think their genes have more to do with it than Miss Entwistle, who crucified them in Grade 9 for spelling errors. Or Mr. Entwistle, who taught them that:

"Beauty is truth, and truth is beauty. That is all we know and all we need to know." Which is a lot of crap.

One last cheering note. An article informs me that there is no way Canadian tourists can go to Europe anymore, because the prices are literally out of this world. Glad we sneaked in a couple of trips when they were merely exorbitant.

Canadian tourist operators should be brushing up on their Japanese, German, and Italian. We're going to be swamped, with that palid Canadian dollar. Canada is a steal for foreigners with a sound currency.

Our readers write

Thanks for photo

Dear Mr. Murray:
On behalf of Carling O'Keefe Breweries we would like to thank the Acton Free Press for the excellent press support provided to us regarding the Carlsberg Team & Wagon's visit to the 1980 Acton Fall Fair. We sincerely hope that our participation was of some help in drawing the record

crowds to this year's fair. Again, we wish to thank you for the excellent coverage and look forward to next year's fair.

Sincerely yours,
E.W. Hayter
Director of Advertising & Promotions

Holland Shop bouquet

Hepworth Ont.

Dear Sir:
It was nice to be back in the "old home town" again last Friday even though the weather didn't co-operate. I would like to say "Thank you" to all the people in Acton (and district) who dropped by my father's store to congratulate him on his 25th anniversary in business.

I came down from Hepworth and my sister from Guelph to lend a hand, and meet old customers. It was truly a busy and exciting day.

The florist kept dropping by with flower arrangements, many from loyal customers. One customer from Georgetown brought flowers in person and gave Dad a big kiss. (That brought a tear to his eye!) It was fun watching my Dad be excited about the loyalty and love shown to him in many ways.

Also I would like to thank your paper and

Jennifer Barr for the super article. We all enjoyed it very much.

The coffee was great! So were the cookies and cheese which was passed out free for all the three days of celebration.

One last thing I would like to mention and that is the long stemmed roses and carnations that he gave away during the three days. He had a bucket with over 300 in it. "Dad", I said "most stores only give away roses to the first 50 customers, on an occasion like this, how come you're giving away 300?" "Well", he said "I wanted to be sure no one was disappointed and all my customers deserved a rose so I made sure I had enough". And every lady got a rose!

I'd just like to say, that day in the "Holland Shop" made me prouder than ever to say to the customers, "Mr. Hulaman is my Dad".

Mrs. Rita Kroezen
(nee) Hulaman



On the Leavell

With Helen

Just call me Super-Skate! At least, that's what I could have been called one wet Friday night recently at Wasaga Beach.

I let my younger sister Susan talk me into going. We headed out to what I thought was going to be the Collingwood arena. When we started to go out of town, she explained it was seven miles away at Wasaga Beach. A few miles further she revealed it was an outdoor concrete rink. I looked at the windshield wipers clearing the drizzle from the glass and groaned.

Once there, I laced up my rented boots, but I was frozen to the seat. It had been at least 17 years since I had done anything like this, and that was with those obsolete wheels which strapped on to your shoes. I

received them for my birthday from my parents, bought with a year's worth of Loblaw's green stamps.

One look around told me I was definitely the oldest person at the place, by at least eight years. I felt a bit dated, and self-conscious to say the least.

I managed to hobble onto the concrete rink, holding tightly onto the wooden railings. Replays of husband Gord's threats "Don't you dare break your leg" kept coming into my mind.

I was doing alright until I realized I had to give up my wooden security and let loose. I shoved off and was quickly swallowed up by about a million teenyboppers grooving to the sounds of the BeeGees, the Beach Boys and all their other musical contemporaries.

After several rounds I found myself loosening up a bit, and actually looking straight ahead instead of at my feet. My back was getting sore from bending over and I stood up straight to ease the tension.

Suddenly the drizzle turned into rain. My sister and her friends wanted to go home. Not me, I was having too good of a time to care about the rain and cold. They complained about the slippery concrete. However, to a new roller like myself, it was no

more slippery when it was wet, than when dry. Besides, I was too cheap to pay \$3 for just a few minutes of entertainment. I was determined to get my money's worth.

I only fell on the roller rink once, and that was when some little jerk caught my swinging arms, spun me around and caused me to land on my keester. It hurt for a minute, but it was dark, so my pride soon healed.

I may not be ready for the roller derby, but at least I tried and succeeded in a sport I would never have considered even a few months ago.

Got any old house keys? Lorene Barton a grade one teacher at the E.C. Drury School for the Deaf is gathering old keys—all shapes and sizes—for use in her classes. Keys may be dropped off at Glenlea Drug Mart or they will be picked up if you call the Bartons at 853-2462.

Graham and Susan Renny have been visiting with Tony and Bonnie Smith of Duby Road. They are presently residing at Norwich, England but have also lived in France, Australia and elsewhere. Mr. Renny is an oil man in the North Sea.

Back issues

10 years ago

October 14, 1970

Council accepted the \$105,000 offer of Alteo Construction for the purchase of 48.16 acres of land behind the cemetery. The municipality will rezone the property for residential use.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mino of Eden Mills celebrated their 68th wedding anniversary. The request by the Chamber of Commerce to have a liquor vote in town is being studied by council.

Deputy-reeve Tom Hill says he will seek the position of reeve of Esquesling. Eighty-year-old Reeve George Currie has not stated his intentions.

Acton's Mr. Minor Sports, Charlie Thomson presented players on all Acton Minor Soccer entries with their crests at the annual year-end banquet at the Legion Hall. Phil McCristall presented a cheque for scout work from firefighters to Dave Muckle for the Rotary club at their meeting.

Cathy Hinton was elected president of Dublin 4-H club.

Phil Morris finished first at the high school cross-country race with Bob Andrews second and Gary Hall third.

20 years ago

October 13, 1960

It's Fire Prevention Week, and Acton firefighters are ready. They are captain Jack Newton, deputy chief Mick Holmes, John Krapek, Norm Price, Grant Withers, Bill Knight, Sam Tennant, Bern Van Fleet, Wilf Duval, Dorson Frizzell, Ken Hodgson, Jack Pink, Phil McCristall, W. Williams, Will McEachern, Doug Mason, H. Bittorf, T. Allen, Leo Synnott, Herb Dods, D. McEachern, Alf Duby, J. Price, Harold Townsley, Bill Spielvogel, J. Turkosz, Don Van Fleet, Harry Otterbein.

Doug Mason bagged a 950 p-und moose near Chapleau.

Brookville school opened its doors to 300 students.

High school graders lost their game Wednesday to Georgetown 13-0.

Student council members elected are president Barry Kirkness, past president Jean Moffat, vice president Norm Elliott, secretary Mary Beth Elliott, treasurer Bill Dawkins. Mrs. Galloway is staff advisor. Bruce Andrews placed second in two top track meets, against the best Canadian runners.

Jack Doherty is president of the Holy Name Society of St. Joseph's church, replacing Brendan Aherne. Andy Nolan is vice president.

50 years ago

October 16, 1930

The Bishop of Hamilton diocese, the Right Rev. McNally, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation on 38 candidates, the largest number in the history of St. Joseph's church.

St. Alban's, the Acton softball team, defeated Terra Colts 25-9. Bill Waterhouse was the heaviest hitter. Other players are F. Holloway, L. Walters, S. Scriven, F. Waterhouse, M. Tyler, T. Clifford, J. Waterhouse, B. Holloway and A. Marshall.

About 50 young people of Knox church turned out for their meeting to begin the season. President is Miss M. Barbour, vice-president Miss Doris McDonald, secretary Miss Verna Murray, treasurer John Donaldson, pianist Misses Jean Orr, Margaret Brown, Emily Young. The next meeting will take the form of a debate.

The Duke of Devonshire chapter of the I.O.D.E. presented the colors of the First Acton Guide Company. Regent Mrs. A. Mason made the presentation to Commissioner Mrs. (Dr.) J.A. McNiven.

J.B. Mackenzie and Son are continuing the remodelling of the Wonderland Theatre, in preparation for "talkies." Four loud speakers will be installed at the front and there will be new equipment in the operating room.

100 years ago

October 14, 1880

A supplement is inserted with the Free Press, to carry the lists of prize winners of the Eramosa fall show at Rockwood. The number on the grounds Wednesday afternoon was from 1,200 to 1,500. The display of horses was excellent, and in cattle Eramosa stands eminently high.

The annual agricultural exhibition in Nassagaweya took place on Tuesday in the village of Brookville. As usual for Nassagaweya the exhibit of butter was large. Mr. Griswold presided at the organ in the hall in the afternoon. Mr. C.W. Hill had frames of photographs which were much admired. On the street was a large crowd of people, and a number of swindlers and blacklegs reaped a rich harvest from the simple by gambling and other tricks.

On Saturday our constable received information from the chief constable at Barrie that Abijah Alexander had absconded with a team of horses, harness and wagon, and was suspected of having disposed of them in Acton. The constable found the horses had been sold to Mr. R. Adams of this village and took possession of them. The Barrie constable arrived yesterday and took them home with him.