Founded in 1875

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Garbage can chuckles

The staff at Halton Region burlesques itself with the report concerning a large garbage can for town, or as the region describes it "a temporary transfer facility in Halton Hills (Acton) for bagged garbage only."

The script for the burlesque takes the form of a memo from no less a scribe than a region bureaucrat. Instead of containing good sense recommendations as normal memos once did, this one's contents are so out of order, so wild that their purpose must be to humor rather than inform.

Afterall, who can take seriously the \$61,000 price tag for one garbage bin?

To fully appreciate the degree of humor in the memo one should recall that other members of Halton Region's staff have taken to mouthing soothing words concerning the misplaced dollars in the account books. The punch line there is "the deficit is down to \$140,000."

So the \$61,000 for "a temporary transfer facility in Halton Hills (Acton) for bagged garbage only" can be interpreted by observers outside the region's big green block as a new and rather minor form of jest when it is compared to the large backdrop of the region's spending: "the deficit is down to \$140,000."

The idea for the memo came from local council. Halton Hills asked the region to consider a garbage bin at the Acton pollution control plant. The bin would be like the ones at Georgetown where residents drop off their refuse.

The region's bureaucrats took it from there. For starters they took the two word idea-garbage bin-and translated it into the 12

word notion of "a temporary transfer facility in Halton Hills (Acton) for bagged garbage

Is there a parallel inflation concerning the cost, with the region's version coming out as \$61,000?

In detail, the operating cost is to be \$40,000 with the following "an estimate of the initial capital costs": perimeter fence and entrance gate for \$10,000 plus another \$1,000 for an operator's station and then another \$10,000 for entrance construction and site landscaping.

The burlesque's script is full of potential, however, it is also fla-

For example, the script does not include quotes from private industry. This is a weakness. The audience is robbed of an echoing belly laugh because there is no comparison of the region's price with a lower fee from business.

The memo's author, however, failed to explore some obvious sources of chuckles. If he permitted himself some more literary licence an audience would surely delight in the question: If the "initial capital cost" is \$61,000 what heights will the final capital cost reach?

He could have gone for a jolly clincher. How? Well, suppose that instead of being satisfied by "a temporary transfer facility in Halton Hills (Acton) for bagged garbage only" he quoted on "a permanent transfer facility in Halton Hills (Acton) for bagged garbage only"?

With a gem like that the author would have stolen the show from those other regional staffers with "the deficit is down to \$140,000."

call banks and stores, to make them aware

of what to look for. Neighbours had seen

boys lurking around that night. The police

found the time to record the description

from one neighbour. When I phoned to re-

quest another description be taken from a

It seems as though the robberles are

continuing. How long can the citizens of

Acton put up with it? Obviously we must do

our own investigating. We should therefore

withhold our taxes until we receive the

Instead of sitting around in their cars

A very concerned and worried citizen

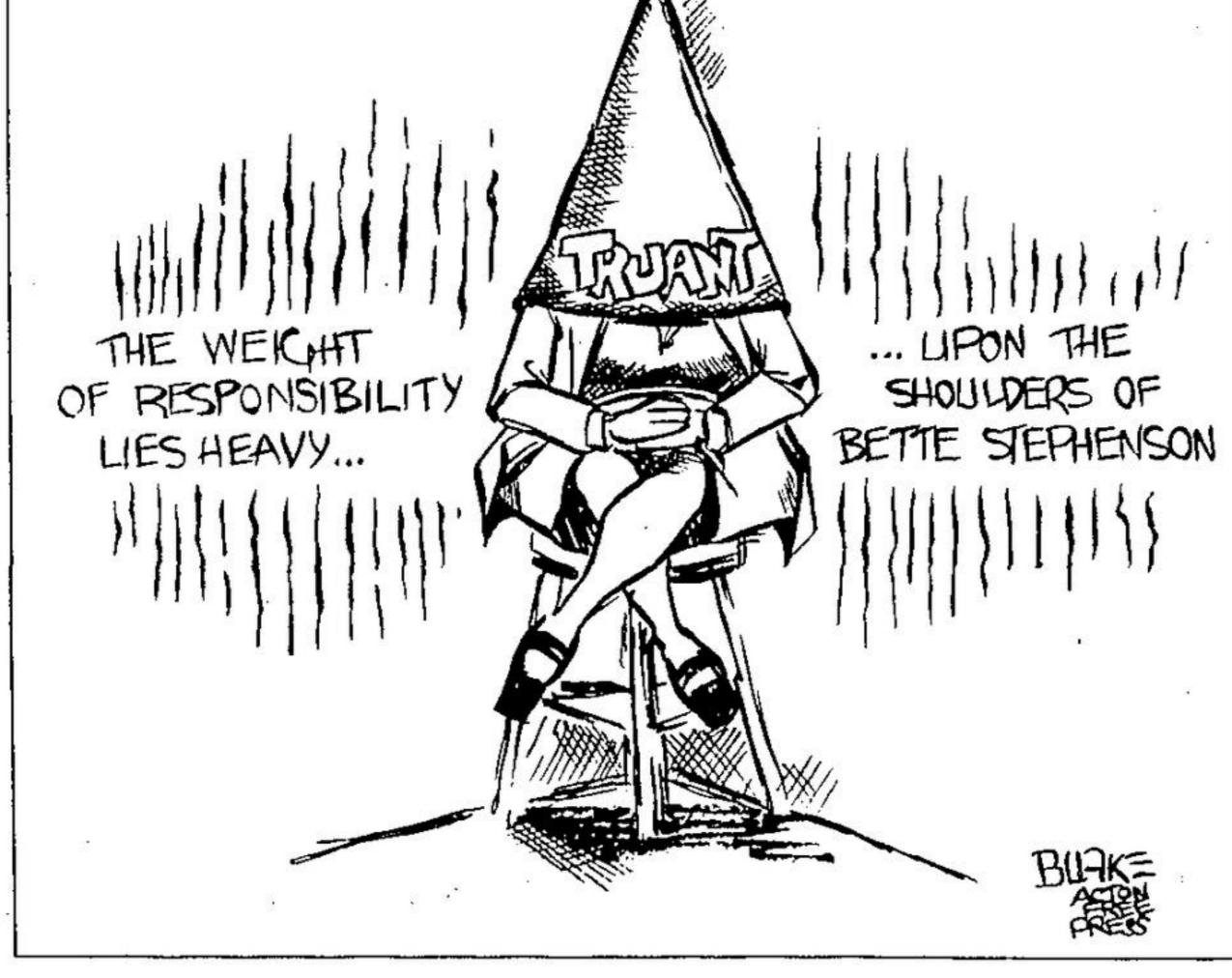
gabbling, why can't they get busy and

These break-ins must be stopped!

neighbour, no one showed up.

proper protection.

serve and protect.



"What's all this bullroar about patriating the constipation?"

"What's all this here bullroar about repatrating the Canadlan Constipation?" demanded the rather bellicose chap at the next barstool.

Somewhat timidly, I replied (I don't like bar-room brawls unless somebody else ls in them), "I think the word is Constitution, not Constipation," And in a little attempt to ease the tension, added, "We have enough of that now," not meaning constitution. He didn't get it.

He snorted, "Constituotion? I'm in great shape," giving his beer-belly a smack and hawking up a few gobs after inhaling deeply on his elgar.

Well, I was getting a bit nettled. I'm not a troublemaker or a flag-waver, but I'm a good Canadian. I didn't have to listen to this beery bore.

I began quietly enough. "The word is not repatration, but patriation. The suffex "re" means 'back', as in 'return.' If we repatriated the constitution, it would mean that we were bringing it back to Canada, but it has never been here in the first place. So we use the word 'patriation,' meaning uh . . ."

He was not impressed by my quite lucid explanation, nor my obvious education. "Patriotism, that's the stuff. There's too many a these rotten, long-haired punks in this country, who wouldn't fight for it if

they hadda." I rolled my eyes, figuratively, heaved an inaudible sigh, and asked the inevitable, happy enough to change the subject. "What outfit were you with in World War 11?" I knew that's what he was leading up

"Outfit? Outfit?" and he laughed a deep gargly, belching rumble. "I was in Intelligence. I was intelligent enough to get a

job in the shipyards and make a bundle."

I was more than nettled by now. I was more like poison lvy. I almost snapped, "Good for you! You were making a bundle while the enemy was firing shells and mortars and machine-guns at your old school friends!"

"What old school friends?" You mean them jerks that went on to high school and volunteered to go and get theirselves shot in some foreign country. They were no friends of mine. They were suckers."

Seething, I tried another tack, unable to believe this was a fellow-Canadian, but willing to give him a third chance.

I took three deep breaths, then explained calmly, "A constitution is the backbone of a democratic country. It sets out the rights and obligations of its citizens. Aren't you interested in that? Would you like to live in a country where you had no rights?" I thought that might stir some smoldering spark of love of country.

But he wasn't so dumb. He was crafty, in

"Why should I? I live in this country, where I got a right to vote for any dummy I want to, write a letter to the noospaper saying what I think of the govment, belly up to the bar on Friday night, and call in sick Monday. What more do ya want?"

I retorted with some asperity, "And what about obligations? Don't you think a good citizen has obligations. The word means things that you should do."

His reply: "Then I'm a hell of a good citizen. I got more obligations than I can handle: nine kids, a crabby wife, a boss who has a slight stroke every time I ask for a raise, and the govment trying to grab one out of every three bucks I make. And I come in here for a quiet drink and I gotta talk to turkeys like you about constipation. Don't talk to me about obligations."

Desperately, I tried another tack. There

must be some decent thing in this man, a fellow Canadian.

Smiley

"But surely there are some things you'd like to see down in black and white, something solid and dependable, in a truly Canadian constitution, something you could fall back on?"

"I nearly always fall back on the bed. But you're right. There's a few things that should be wrote into something, even though the lawyers would always find a way around them."

"What did you have in mind?" I asked eagerly. There was a spark! He was not a total ash.

. "Well, I gotta few things that might help out Trudeau and them other peacocks and barnyard geese that make up our leaders. First, there's that Women's Lib. I'd stamp them out, with hobnails. Then there's that there French. If God had wanted a mad to speak French, he woulds had him born in France or Kuebec, right?"

"Go on," I said grimly. "Well, there's the pill, right? That's O.K. But the constituotion should have it somewhere that a woman can't speak while her husband is drinkin' his coffee and tryna read the paper. They could call it a gobstopper.

"And it should be in there that welders get paid more than teachers. And that old people should live in classy homes, like hotels insteads them dumps. Right?

"And dope peddlers should be strangled. And people should be buried decent, wrapped in a blanket, insteada two thousand bucks wortha junk. And . . . "

But it was too much for me. I hurriedly slapped down my usual 20 cents tip and

Not before he got his last word in. "Take it easy, Constipation."

Back **Issues**

10 years ago

October 28, 1970 An addition to Eden House Nursing Home has been built.

One large food distribution firm thinks the new international jetport will be moving into the Acton district. Students have been hired to conduct a shopping survey here. Four possible sites are under consideration for a jetport.

About 50 teachers observed one minute of silence in memory of Pierre Laporte, slain by the F.L.Q., at their new teachers' night.

A cheque for \$747 was presented to Mauri Valli of the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society, at a regular dinner meeting of the Y's Men's Club. Campaign chairman Pat McGrenere made the presentation, with girls from the high school who aided the canvass, Barbara Pratt, Laurene Rennick, Ellen Wissenz, Lucienne Pratt and Dolores Jordan .

More roadblocks have been placed in the way of Acton Senior Citizen Housing, and Mayor Les Duby is annoyed. M.P. Alf Hales was the guest at the

Chamber of Commerce dinner meeting . Charlle Leatherland and his committee have lined up many new members for the new curling club. Don Price is caretaker.

20 years ago

October 20, 1960

Ten courses were cancelled out of 29 offered at the night school this year. Highest registration was in typewriting and the new hostess course. Don Bexton is chairman and Mrs. J. Creighton applications secretary. With 165 applications received, another successful year is anticipated.

A teacher and four students from Emporium High School in Pennsylvania are at Acton High School for a student exchange . sponsored by the Rotary club. Four Acton students will return with them, Brian Barbeau, James Ironside, Susan Wilson and Dorcen Gordon.

The cost of local hydro power will be reduced this fall. The commission acts as an unpaid civic group, this year's commission decided. Chairman is E. G. Tyler

Under a four-column heading "He Hasn't Time for Wedding Bells" the Rural Co-Operator carried an interesting article on well-known district farmer Mac Sprowl. He has visited 12 countries and was a Nuffield Scholarship winner in 1954.

U.N. tree planting ceremony took place at the high school, when students planted a red maple as a symbol of peace. Student council vice-president Norman Elliott and treasurer Bill Dawkins planted the tree.

50 years ago

October 23, 1930

There was keen opposition and friendly rivalry for the positions on the Literary Society at Acton Continuation School. Honorary president is Miss Farrington; president Oral Chalmers; vice-president Gordon Cook; recording secretary Clara Bauer, corresponding secretary Isobel Smith, treasurer Isabel Bruce, form reps. Beth Harrison, Harold Skilling, Marjorle Near, Basil Mellon, Isabel Smith, Joe Forestall; pianists, Lillian Perry, Jessie Young; editor Barbara Guthrie, assistant Esther Taylor, censors, Miss Nephew, Mr. Mc-Causland.

A night staff is being added to the Mason Knitting Plant in an endeavor to keep pace with the demand for the line of children's underwear manufactured there.

Fire has completely destroyed the Campbellville Inn, Early's garage, and stables and threatened at one time to destroy a large section of the village. The most prominent corner in Compbellville's business section is only a mass of charred ruins. The residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. Vansickle was in real danger.

Hydro lines are being extended to Crewsons Corners and Speyside where farmers are desirous of having power.

100 years ago

October 21, 1880

The annual fall exhibition of Halton County Agricultural Society took place at Milton Tuesday and Wednesday. The exhibit of horses was equal to that of the Provincial Exhibition. The total number of entries was over 2,000, and over 7,000 people visited the grounds, many coming by excursion trains.

Last Tuesday evening a very large and respectable audience assembled in the Methodist church to listen to the lecture of Prof. Foster, of New Brunswick, in favor of the Canada Temperance Act. Mr. John Warren was chairman. The speaker argued that the work of the people is to make the liquor business a disgraceful one, to take from it its respectability; it would not be apt then to entice the young man to commence drinking in a low whiskey hole.

Would it not be a good idea to hold special services in some of the churches for the benefit of the men and women who are now putting up stove pipes?

A broken plank in the sidewalk on Church St., opposite the Congregational church, should be repaired.

Our readers write

Where are the police?

Oct. 20, 1980

To the Editor Where are our so called helpful and efficient Halton Hills Police Force? They must all be in Oakville or Burlington.

We were robbed this month by two obviously amateur hoodlums. They turned our bedrooms upside down and stole a substantial amount in coins and cash. This robbery took place not late at night but between the hours of eight and nine o'clock. The police were called immediately and

also the next day. The lack of interest in evidence is overwhelming. The answer I received was "There is not much we can do."

The police don't even check around town

to see if any coins have shown up. I had to

Pen pals wanted

Dear Editor, It is my great pleasure to write to you. I expect you will be pleased to accept my appeal regarding oversea pen pals for our students.

I am an English teacher in a noted high school in Seoul, Korea. This school has about 2,500 students of both sexes. I am engerly seeking foreign students who would like to correspond with our students. There are many Korean students who want to exchange letters and friendship with foreign pen friends, and they frequently request me to let them have

foreign pen friends. Through out my foreign language teaching career, I've noticed this would help not only their English and emotional life, but also expand their knowledge of foreign lands. This would also promote world wide

friendship and mutual relationship as well as serving as a true foundation of world peace. I feel it is necessary to publish this simple wish among the boys and girls of the world, therefore, I courteously request you to run this letter in a corner of your valuable paper.

The only information I need of a student is his or her name, address, sex, age, hobbies and picture if possible. I expect to receive many letters from your readers wishing to correspond with our students.

I will appreciate it very much if you let me have the chance to do this for my students. This would be a warm and thoughful favor. Awaiting good news, I remain.

Sincerely yours, Mr. Park Won Geun, K.P.O. Box 141. Korea.

Seoul 110,

Criteria for school trustee

To the Editor:

As municipal elections approach, one thinks of the criteria for choosing candidates. My own background of teaching prompts me to make some observations by way of this letter.

We are all aware of the unprecedented

rate of change affecting our lifestyles, our

moral judgements and the power structures at work in the world about us. Nowhere are these dynamies more vital than in the fleld of education. Our changing mores causes confusion and confrontations. Therefore school

trustees must be able to make objective

decisions in the face of diverse and often emotional demands from the community. So we must look for candidates who can be counted on to be level-headed in stressful situations and to keep long-range goals

clearly in sight. Fortunately we have in Acton a candidate for school board who can be counted on to make sensible value judgements without being swayed by shrill pressure

groups or by self-interest. Such a candidate is Arlene Bruce-a vote for her is a vote for progressive sanity in education.

Sincerely Eldon Comfort



Just got back from two weeks in the sunny south with hubby Gord and my folks. I brought back lots of nice new clothes, a good tan, and a swollen, infected foot-the product of a stingray attack.

It wasn't really an attack, but at the time, it sure felt like it. In case you frequent the area, I won't mention which beach I was at, but it was in an authorized swimming area, with many other vacationers soaking up the sun and cooling off in the Gulf of Mexico.

I was in chest deep water, when I stepped down where I shouldn't have and got zapped on the side of my foot by a

stingray's tail. A combination of the fear and the toxin shot into my foot, paralyzing it but left it with enough feeling to feel the pain. The little critter severed a vein and the water was turning a pink color. My first thought was of sharks, which didn't help my mental condition. I was afraid to lift my foot above the water in case it wasn't there. The local police told us what got me, and a paramedic later confirmed it once the bleeding stopped. A trip to the Fort Myers hospital for a telanus shot resulted in me being sent to a free clinic, the following Monday (naturally I got stung at closing time on Friday night).

It was my sixth trip to Florida in less than five years. We sort of consider it our home away from home. We love the Gulf and the Atlantic, but after this visit, I think I'll take along a cheap pair of running shoes to wear in the water.

In spite of the sting ray sting, and a later bee sting on the bottom of the other foot, it was a great trip. The weather was perfect, the shopping good (always number one in my books) and for the first time in all our trips down, we came back with some lifelong friends. The Kinzey family who live

across the road from my parents' mobile home where we were staying, were a typical example of the friendly, gracious Floridans. They made my incident, and others much more bearable. Sure Canadians can be just as nice, but to meet people like them on holidays is just an added bonus.

But despite having to tear myself away from the 80 to 90 degree temperatures, the gorgeous pool and all those stores, I'm glad to be home. It's time to start Christmas shopping and somehow I just couldn't do it after sunbathing all day. It's been raining steadily since we got home, and the cold wind reminds me just how glad I am to be here. But ask me again in a couple of months how glad I am to be

as a wrestler of poisonous snakes? According to the television program That's Incredible, yes it is. However, it

Is Acton doomed to be world renowned

isn't the Acton we all know and love. It's actually a man by the name of Joe Acton, who appeared on Monday night's show to wrestle a huge snake.