

# The Acton Free Press

Founded in 1875

Don McDonald, Publisher

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## Welcome Grubbe's articles

Over the years the writing, and sometimes photographs, of hundreds of readers have appeared in these pages.

Currently there are about two dozen Free Press contributors, people writing hamlet news, meeting reports of community and church groups and periodic columns keeping readers posted on Chamber of Commerce, BIA, Legion and Acton Library news.

A couple of weeks ago we published the first work of a new Free Press contributor, Terry Grubbe.

Yearly, as many as a half dozen readers decide they want to try their hand at newspaper writing.

Obviously we can't hire all these people. But we are willing to give them a chance to see if journalism is their cup of tea.

This kind of arrangement is beneficial to both the paper and the would-be writer.

A number of people in recent years have contributed columns, feature articles and community news stories. In a couple of cases contributors have developed into free lance writers and one person, Jennifer Barr, eventually became a full time Free Press staffer working in both the editorial and advertising departments. A few others gained experience with the Free Press and used it to secure positions with other papers and in related fields.

In this way we have helped develop talent both for the Free Press and our industry.

At the same time, allowing people who are interested in newspaper work, to try their hand at reporting, writing and in some cases photography without remuneration has allowed some to discover they don't really want to be journalists. A number of young people have saved time and money not going to journalism school because they found out early they didn't really want to be reporters.

Mrs. Grubbe is the third person this year who came to the Free Press asking for a chance to dabble in journalism.

One person was an Acton High School graduate planning to at-

tend university this fall. Caught by the Woodward-Bernstein and Watergate bug, this young man wanted to try in-depth, investigative reporting. He spent weeks delving into the local vandalism problem and produced an interesting article.

Another contributor was a high school student who is a sports enthusiast and wrote an unsolicited article about a school coach.

Often, once a person has seen his or her byline in the paper their craving is satisfied and they go on to other interests.

Mrs. Grubbe presents a unique situation for the paper.

Being a local politician she obviously can't join the staff of the paper and can't ever write anything which deals with politics or government.

With her career ending at the Community Services Centre Mrs. Grubbe announced she was going to devote her time to politics and pursue a few other interests.

Turned out she, like many people who are involved in public life, had a hankering to maybe become a journalist some day. She has long harbored the desire to try reporting and feels she has a little spare time now. She approached the Free Press armed with ideas for a number of articles we think readers would enjoy. We hope, should Mrs. Grubbe enjoy interviewing and writing, to publish a number of articles by her in the next few months.

Mrs. Grubbe isn't the first politician to write for this newspaper. In the past we have carried the columns, almost always about government, by councillors, MPs and MPPs. Two Halton Hills newspapers, including the Free Press, carry Ward Three councillor John McDonald's Photo Gallery of historical pictures.

We feel there are no conflicts of interest for Mrs. Grubbe or the paper if she writes a few feature articles for no remuneration. She naturally will have no other involvement or input into the paper beyond the stories she writes.

Under these conditions we welcome her contributions.

## Our readers write

### Cemetery condition concern

Dear Sir:  
Several weeks ago my husband and I visited my family (Waller) plots in the Acton Cemetery and were deeply concerned about the condition of the ground cover on most of the older cemetery area. Very little grass can be seen growing through creeping vines, yarrow and dandelions. Are Acton citizens aware of how neglected that area of the cemetery looks? I understand a week in June was set aside to beautify the cemetery, is grass not a thing of beauty? Weed killer and grass seed would do much to improve its appearance. Trusting the suggested comments contained herein are published in your paper and will be brought to the attention of the Acton citizens.

Leona L. Gallais,  
Stroud, Ont.

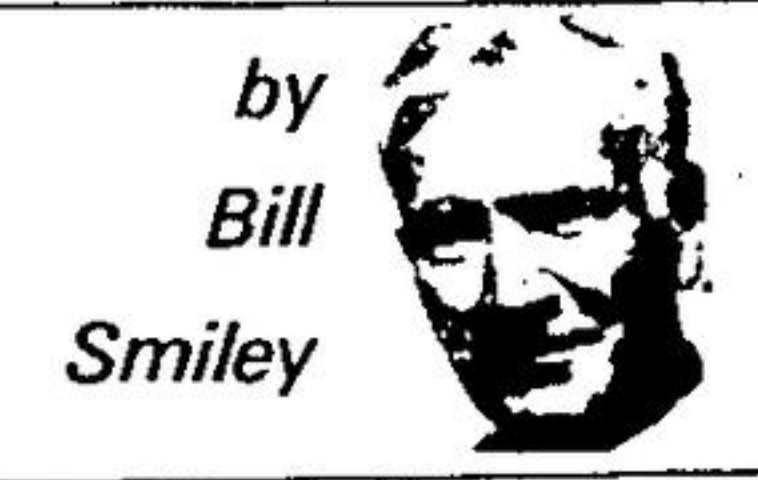
### Great confidence in AHS

Dear Sir:  
Last week I was invited to visit Acton High School, along with other parents, to meet the principal and tour the school. I went with some very real reservations. I had been told of the awful drug problem, the unruliness of the students, lack of respect for teachers, and the "easygoing" atmosphere of the school. I had been feeling very pessimistic about sending my own children there. What a relief and delight it was to find none of these things. I found the school clean and in excellent order. I spent two

hours at the school, seeing the students in their classrooms and on spare time. I saw great respect for the principal, Mrs. Moore, who assured us she is both proud and happy to be in Acton. I hope I can instill some optimism in other parents, and hopefully pass it on to the students. We are fortunate to have such a fine building, which should be able to produce some fine citizens. I am so happy to be able to say I have great confidence in Acton High School. A Parent (name withheld on request)



## Tips for middle-aged guys who think the wife has soft touch



There's nothing worse than having your wife go off and leave you to cope all alone for a couple of weeks. Unless it's having her arrive home a day early and finding you up to your waist in your own filth, that you were going to clean up tomorrow. That has happened to me once, but this time I'm going to make sure. I'm going to do the clean-up a day earlier. First time it happened, she was unbearable for about a week, just because there were three or four bottles of sour milk, a one-inch patina of grease on the stove, and a kitchen floor you could hardly walk across without getting stuck somewhere. I'll give a hot tip to some of you middle-aged guys who think your old lady has a soft touch. You know: a lazy coffee and read the paper after you've gone to work, a little dusting and a few dishes to do; a leisurely lunch watching a soap opera; a little nap, and then nothing to do but get your dinner ready. It's not quite like that. To keep a fair-sized house in anything like running order, a woman must go like a Jackrabbit. Or a jilrabbit, if you think I'm being chauvinistic. Migawd, I've barely time to brush my teeth, shave and get to work in the morning, leaving the breakfast dishes all tangled up with last night's dinner dishes, because I was too tired to do them, and there was a good movie on the tube. Get home after work and there's all this mess of dishes, but I don't have time to do them. I have to go shopping for my dinner—a pizza or a turkey pie and a banana and some pears for breakfast. Get home from shopping and I barely

have the energy to stink my dinner in the oven, pour myself a relaxer, and read the evening paper. After dinner, I pile some more dishes in the sink, give them a dirty look, and tiddle off to mark papers and fall asleep in front of the tube, waking up at 2 a.m., cold and stupid, to fall into my unmade bed and nightmare away about my wife having left me for good. Which she could. Anytime. Tetter up in the morning, do my ablutions, and go down to a cheerless kitchen, with nobody snapping out the orders of the day. I'm always late for work when she's away, because when she's home I try to get away early so I won't have to get into a fight about who's going to call the plumber, why I am so incompetent around the house, and why I got a \$28 fine for not wearing my seat-belt. I don't deny that there have been times when I wished I were a bachelor, carefree, sexy, dining out with beautiful women, taking off, alone, for exotic holidays. But boy-o-boy, when the laundry hamper is overflowing, your last clean shirt is a white T-shirt with a burnhole on the belly, the dishes are beginning to resemble the Great Pyramid, and the only clean socks you have left are white wool golf type, you begin to appreciate the Old Battleaxe. If I have one more turkey pie, I'm not going to grow waffles. Those I already have, the penalty of sagging jowls. But there is a distinct possibility that I might begin to gobble. One more frozen lasagna and I'll be singing arias. In Italian. Actually, I can cope. I can keep myself clean, dressed, and fed. But it's the extras of housework that are destroying me. Like dealing with aluminum window salesmen,

brickworkers, painters, plumbers, and electricians. My wife does all that, normally. I haven't a clue where she keeps her bills, her chequebook and all the sundries. I was frightfully embarrassed this week when a plumber came to finish a job, and I couldn't pay his bill. I dug out all my cash and was 42 cents short. He was a good type and told me to forget it. My wife would have given him a cheque for the exact amount. I got a receipt, I think, which I'll probably lose. Perhaps this all sounds materialistic, and not at all the sentimental nonsense a husband should feel when his wife is away, spoiling his grandchildren. Well, it is. I've written her a hundred or two love letters. I've told her how beautiful she was, on many occasions. I have complimented her on her brains, her innate common sense, and anything else I could dredge up. I have admired her good taste in clothes and decorating. I have tried to buck her up when she is depressed. I have listened to her. Endlessly. In short, I have been an almost perfect husband. I just threw in that "almost."

That way, you could be reminded of it all winter. + + + It's hard to believe there are only 24 shopping days left 'til Christmas. I'm almost done my drudging around, but many people just can't seem to get motivated. After having a wet, green Christmas last year, it wasn't hard this year to shop without cold and snow, for me anyway. + + + Speaking of Christmas, for all the youngsters in the family, don't forget to enter our annual Christmas coloring contest. Deadline is Dec. 19 and winners will be announced in the Dec. 31 issue of the Acton Free Press. Santa himself will be judging. Don't forget to write your name, age, address, and telephone number on your entry, and drop them in the Free Press office, or mail them to 59 Willow St., Acton. + + + While I was arranging for Santa to judge our contest, he told me the letters are pouring in, and he will soon get around to answering them. He's pretty busy making toys and other goodies, as well as personal appearances around the world, but as long as there is a return address on the letters, he promises to answer each letter. + + +



According to Shelley's sister Cynthia, a crow flew in a classroom window at St. Joseph's school last week and grabbed her sister's eraser. It made a quick exit, flew into another class, dropped the eraser, picked up a cracker, and once again disappeared. What I can't understand is, why were the windows open in this cold weather? + + + Big birthday greetings are extended to one of my favorite senior citizens, Martha Jackson at Maple View Lodge. Mrs. Jackson turns 99 this Friday and except for a few weeks this past year, she is spry and healthy. Mrs. Jackson reminds me of my late grandmother, both in looks and mannerisms. To visit her at the rest home makes me feel good knowing my half-hour stay has brightened someone's life. At the same time, it brightens mine. Do you know someone in a rest home who you have not seen in a while? + + + Lorene Barton wants to wish a happy birthday to her favorite senior citizen Gary Barton who hits the big four-oh this Sunday. + + + Maybe Gary should speak to Mrs. Jackson for tips on how to grow old gracefully. Rumour has it she has made him a shawl for his shoulders and an algham for his legs. Happy birthday Gary. If there were more snow we would sculpt 40 in the ice for you.

On the Leavell  
With Helen  
Outgoing regional councillor Ed Wood was presented with a gold ring by regional chairman Jack Raftis at his final council meeting last week. Also from North Halton to receive rings were defeated Milton councillor Gus Goutowski and former Milton mayor Don Gordon. The men all lost their seats during the municipal elections earlier this month. + + + And the secret to the success of the man who replaced Ed, is partly due to a small good luck token made by his mother. Dave Whiting, the new regional councillor revealed on election night he had carried around a small, handmade mouse-like object in his pocket for good luck. Dave's mother, who looks more like his sister, was mighty proud of her son that day. + + + Shelley Donatan needs a new eraser, thanks to a not-so-sneak-thief crew.

## Please sign letters

Letters to the editor are welcome, but once again we remind readers they must be signed. In the past week we have received two letters, one dealing with downtown vandalism and one the YMCA. Neither letter was signed and so can't be published. We invite the writers to drop around the office so they can be signed.

For publication a letter must have the signature of the writer. If the writer requests we will leave the name off or use a pseudonym, however, the paper must know the identity of the writer. We also request letters include full address and phone number. Letters will be edited for libel and published as space permits. Gord Murray

## Back issues

10 years ago

November 25, 1960

Dr. Frank Oakes is returned as reeve by acclamation. Bob Drinkwater is challenging Mayor Les Dudy for the post of mayor. Councillor Garnet McKenzie, with retirement approaching, steps up to run against Ted Tyler Jr., the incumbent deputy-reeve. Just 2.37 per cent of the eligible 2,400 voters attended the nomination meeting in the Robert Little school. There are 10 running for six council seats, incumbents Jack Greer, Orval Chapman, Bill Coats, Earl Masales and Peter Marks, with Bill Williams, John Shadbolt, Betty Eastwood and Norman Elliott. Top drivers at Acton Speedway, Larry Majury and Murray Wallace, were presented with trophies. With the birth of Debbie and Dianne Ward, there are now five sets of twins in Eden Mills. Julie Turner is the new high school nurse, replacing Susan Sale.

20 years ago

November 24, 1960

An overflow crowd attended the official opening of Brookville school. Ken Trowbridge is principal and there are 287 students. Cal McIntyre is chairman of the board and accepted gifts. Mrs. Fyle Somerville, Mrs. Horace Blyth and Mrs. William McIntyre of Dublin W.I. presented a flag and picture of the Queen. Mrs. M. Mahon presented a donation on behalf of Nassagaweya W.I. and Mrs. George Inglis donated an honor cup. Jack Milne, reeve, and M.L.A. Stan Hall spoke. Teachers are Samuel Symons, Jack Van Arragon, Julia Kron, Shirley Mason, Annie Paul, Mary Munn and Leon Duffield. A bronze memorial plaque was dedicated in Knox church to commemorate Mary Ellen Anderson's 25 years' service as a missionary. The newly-opened section of Highway 401 at Milton has had its first accident.

50 years ago

November 27, 1930

Reeve Amos Mason was re-elected by acclamation and councillors Hansen, Nelson, Harrison and Thetford will also serve again. School trustees elected are Mrs. Wilson, William Norton, James Hudson and Rev. Sawyer and Hydro Commissioner R. J. Kerr was also accorded an acclamation. The nomination meeting was not largely attended. The Acton Ladies' softball team won their group, with Phil Tyler catching Mary Chalmers' balls with ease. H. and L. Mason also made good plays. Carroll's store is extending its range of Empire-preference merchandise. Work is being done on the highway at Rockwood which will do away with the big bend at the Ostrander and Barnard farms. Miss Charlotte McCulloch carried off two handsome prizes in the Ashgrove Improvement Association public speaking contest.

75 years ago

November 30, 1905

The meter rate for electric current will be reduced from eleven to ten cents per 1,000 watts. The number of meters in use is growing week by week, and the adoption of the meter very manifestly reduces the strain upon the power plant. A walk through town one of these fine frosty mornings will reveal a striking contrast between the homes and businesses which are on the metre and those that are not. There's a profligacy with the current on the part of flat raters which meter people conscientiously avoid. Messrs. Johnstone and Co. purchased yesterday the Hiltzen place, that fine old property on Mill, Frederick and Bower, from Dr. McGarvin for \$2000. The total abstinence pledge was signed by 196 officers, teachers and scholars of the Methodist Sunday school.

100 years ago

November 25, 1880

Mr. James Milne's new saw mill in Nassagaweya is almost completed. The house plants suffered severely from the frost on Saturday night. We hear of several cases where plants were frozen in the same room where a coal fire was burning all night. Three or four inches of snow fell. The merry sound of the sleigh bells is heard again. A Young People's Mutual Improvement Society has been organized in connection with St. Alban's church. Entertainments are held every fortnight. The season's work on the farms has closed and now that our farmers have more time, they are coming to town in large numbers. The faces of our merchants expand at their sight. Mr. C. S. Smith, who had his leg broken two months ago, is able to be about with crutches.