



New riding boundaries make more sense

Well, surprise, surprise. A body set up by the Ottawa featherbrains actually did something sensible, for a change.

The creation of a new federal seat of Halton North, consisting of Acton, Georgetown, Esquesing, Nassagaweya, Milton and north Burlington for the first national vote following the next federal election, is a lot more logical than the marriage of west Brampton, Halton Hills and Caledon the Electoral Boundaries Commission were proposing last November.

But, more seats aren't needed.

Rapid growth in the region, especially in the south, means Halton region will see its third set of electoral boundaries in just a little over a decade.

Ten years ago Burlington and part of Flamborough was a riding and the rest of Halton and Erin area was another seat. Then in the late 70s Ottawa created Brampton-Georgetown riding, splitting off part of Halton Hills from the rest of Halton. At the same time the Erin area portion of the old Halton riding was moved into Wellington-Dufferin-Simcoe. Now Halton is going to be split into three federal seats.

Over the past ten years Halton has gone from two provincial ridings, Halton East and Halton West, to three: Oakville, Burlington and Halton-Burlington. Likely before the next provincial election we'll have a fourth provincial seat in Halton. Who knows who Acton will be lumped with after that, you never know it may not be with the

rest of Halton Hills or Milton.

Ten years of confusion for voters.

And ten years of mounting costs.

We agree with Otto Jelinek when he says more federal seats aren't needed.

He estimates each new seat costs us \$½ million a year for the MPs wages, office space, staff, etc.

And for what? To add a dozen or so more backbenchers of all political stripes who will feel they aren't having enough impact, enough of a role, in the affairs of state.

Jelinek estimates all he'd need to continue serving Halton riding as it exists now would be \$14,000 a year extra for one more staffer, to say, handle north Halton matters.

That's a big savings.

We suspect considerable savings could be realized by not adding more provincial seats too.

It's about time both levels of government threw away the regular reviews of seat populations and requirements for redistribution when riding populations exceed set limits.

You don't get better government with more people sitting in Ottawa or Queen's Park. Only a handful of politicians are directly involved in making the really important decisions of the day, the rest are just communication links and supporting cast.

In these days of improved travel links and space age communication devices we probably need fewer MPs and MPPs to serve greater population areas, not more.-G.M.

Letters

Student has idea

Dear Mr. Coles

I am referring to your June 8 article on the "Stoop and Scoop law but what about loose goose?" I think I have a solution to your problem.

It is in the summer when your problem is the worst. At this time of year the town hires two full time students to clean the town and two part time students to clean the park.

The park is continually used

in the summer and there is always something to be cleaned in the park.

Here's my solution: hire two full time students to rake and bag the "poo" and also clean garbage from the park. The students would have a job which would cost the town a little more money. Also the citizens of the town would be happier and proud of their park.

Yours sincerely
Rick Dodds

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From the editor's desk

C'est la vie, that's golf

To those who don't play, golf can seem a pretty ridiculous game. People chase around over regularly cut lawns, belting a small, hard ball with metal clubs. They try to get that little ball close to a small hole below a silly pennant so it can be tapped in.

To those who do play the game, but like me not very well, it can still seem pretty ridiculous.

I was first introduced to golf by my father when I was still a wee lad. I'd play a few times a year, never really getting anywhere with the game, but having fun anyway.

Then, when I became older and got into the work world I started to take the game a little more seriously. I'd get out for a half dozen or so rounds every summer with Helen or friends, usually playing with borrowed or rented clubs. We'd often play when on vacation.

I was always dreadful, regularly shooting well above 60 for nine holes or somewhere far above 120 if I tried tackling 18 holes.

Then about four years ago, when Peter Pomeroy was still in the sporting goods business, I finally broke down and bought some clubs, a wood and four irons and a putter. I permanently borrowed a bag from my brother. The clubs didn't match, but what the heck, the price was right.

I was all ready to bear down and learn the game.

Since then I've played the game more and more, with only marginal improvement.

Now, I usually shoot somewhere between 51 and 56 for nine holes.

I've been a member of Acton Meadows the last three summers, playing three and sometimes more rounds a week, especially in June and July. I've also gone off to try my luck in Hornby, Erin, Mississauga, Guelph, Orangeville, etc. I devoted more vacation time in Florida to playing golf. I spent three weeks in the past four years at a Muskoka resort, Elgin House,

playing at least 18 holes a day, sometimes 27 or even 36.

I played with better golfers hoping to improve my game. Bill Cook, Dave Dodds, Tim Coles, Steve Garrett from work; and friends and acquaintances in Acton like Keith Andrews, John Goy Sr., John Arnold, Blair McCallum, have all suffered through at least one round of some course with me.

All that time and effort to have broken 50 just once over (except on par threes). The first time I went to Elgin House my opening round score was about 70. Near the end of the second week I was just above 50.

Finally everything sort of worked and with the help of two verrry long putts on eight and nine, I shot a 48. I was so happy, jumping up and down on the ninth green, almost kissing the green I was so pleased. I was delighted, Helen was embarrassed.

Of course I couldn't maintain my hot shooting. I finished the 18 with a 102, but at least I'd broken 50 for one round.

It gave me real hope. Just keep working at it, it will happen again.

It hasn't. Despite hours of play last summer the best I could do at Acton was pair of 51s for 18. That came in late June, I slipped downhill after that.

I'd been planning to sit out this summer. I'm so confused about the game from all the well meaning advice I've listened to, I've yet to develop a style of play, good or bad, which is comfortable for me. And everyone I've played with seems to do something different.

For a long time I didn't hit the ball far, but at least it was fairly straight. I still don't hit the ball far, but now I've got a hook and a slice.

Despite slinking away often to driving ranges, I still can't get the ball off the tee most of the time with my single wood. At the driving range I could walk six paces forward and collect most of the balls I've belted(?). On the course I



by Gord Murray
Free Press editor

invariably just use my irons. My wood stays home.

You may have noticed I'm a bit on the hyper side. I don't find golf relaxing. It's an exercise, almost, in blood, sweat and tears. I become exceedingly up-tight and frustrated as the round progresses.

The only time I really relaxed was last year at Glen Abbey with some other golfers from our company. I knew there was no hope for a decent score (I shot a 135, spent much of the day at the beach or in the water, lost nine balls) so I had a good time. I even shot on par one hole, a crowning achievement. (By the way I've had one birdie ever, again because of a fluke putt).

Anyway, as I said I was going to retire for this summer and skip the aggravation. I forgot about the Free Press tournament.

I shot a 54, the first time I can ever remember breaking 60 my first round of any season.

Darn it all. That's got me wondering if this is finally the summer when I break through and start playing consistently under 50. To make matters worse, I didn't have a better than usual score because of some fluke holes. I had mostly sixes, but can't remember having two really lousy shots back to back all day.

Guess I'll be back out there trying some more until golf makes me want to crawl the walls again.

Guess that's the appeal of the game. You do a few things right and it rekindles hope. You figure if I could do a bit right today, maybe, just maybe, I can do a little more right tomorrow. C'est la vie.

Back issues

10 years ago

June 29, 1973

George Glenister, an Acton floral designer, is creating floral history with the design of a floral display to grace the Royal York Hotel during the upcoming visit of Queen Elizabeth II.

A bill creating the regional municipality of Halton has passed in the Ontario Legislature. Under the new legislation, Halton will be divided into four municipalities, with Acton, Georgetown and Esquesing lumped together to form a north Halton borough. Regional government has been in the planning stages for several months.

Darlene Beerman, Susan Mills and Rick Rocher have been hired as co-ordinators for this year's summer playground program.

Don (Bucky) Price will leave Acton's Parks Department soon to take on a job as arena manager in Southampton. Acton Parks Board has hired Michael Marcoux as replacement.

20 years ago

June 20, 1953

Brookville Public School held a reception Tuesday evening for retiring Annie Paul. Mrs. Paul has taught in Nassagaweya Township off and on since 1923, teaching three generations of township residents during her career.

Edward Overs, an employee of H.K. Porter, was recently honored for half a century of employment at the firm. Fellow employees awarded Overs 50 silver dollars.

Acton residents will be able to dial direct to Guelph soon, a spokesman for Bell Telephone has announced.

Beardmore Company Ltd. announces it will convert to oil after operating with coal-fired furnaces for the past 100 years.

50 years ago

June 15, 1923

The first tournament in the Halton County (Lawn) Bowling League was held at Acton Athletic Grounds with teams from Milton, Oakville, Islington, Acton, Burlington, Streetsville and Georgetown competing. Acton teams were headed by E.J. Hassard, W. Gould, J. Leshman and B. Bayliss.

The Acton Ladies' Bowling Club held a bridge and euchre at Hill Hall, the home of Mrs. P.A. Smith. Prize winners were Mrs. P.W. Pearen, Miss M. Soper, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. E.J. Hassard. Mrs. A.J. Buchanan was in charge of the lunch. The proceeds are for buying dishes for the club.

Churchill United Church garden party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Allan.

75 years ago

June 18, 1908

Company F of the 20th Regiment, Halton Lorne Rifles, Captain Chas. S. Gamble, held their annual church parade to the Methodist Church Sunday evening accompanied by Acton Citizens Band.

Company F. entertained at the G.T.R. station on Tuesday en route to the brigade grounds at Niagara-on-the-Lake for their annual fortnight's instructions at camp. They were in charge of Capt. Gamble, Col.-Sergt. W. Cripps and Sergts. Wilson, Crewson and Stewart. Messrs. George Agnew, J. Smith and W. Kenney jr. went to camp as members of the Regimental band.

The school roll of honor following the last examinations includes the names of W. Grindell, M. Chapman, P. Somerville, M. Richmond, A. Dills, A. Speight, A. Henderson, E. Black, B. Husband, F. Mullin, K. Plank, A. Kenney, H. Hurd, J. MacDonald, R. Nelson, D. Folster, J. Gibbins, Mildred Matthews, Bertha Brown, Ernie Brown, Velma Burt, Harold Mowat, Roy Brown, Jean Wilson, Margaret Wilson, Jack Alger, Vera Harvey, Wilma Johnstone, Victor Coleman.

100 years ago

June 28, 1882

Our village cemetery is being very rapidly filled up. Our civic authorities will soon be obliged to secure a new site.

During the past week our usually quiet town has been in a state of considerable ferment, owing to several stores and homes being burglarized. Warrants were issued for the arrest of three strangers who were in town, and they were searched, but nothing could be proved.

Several of the tombstones in the burying ground at Haltonville have been broken by persons unknown.

A couple of young ladies, of questionable character, have been insulting ladies they meet by addressing them with most profane and obscene language. All such characters should be sent to some public institution for safe keeping.

Coles' slaw

This is the time of year when schools hold ceremonies for their graduates, a system that was unknown when this scribbler attended classes, except when going from high school to the job market or to higher education. Now they have them for the elementary schools. Some nursery schools also dress their toddlers up in gowns and caps and send them out to kindergarten with that first certificate to hang on their wall.

When this fuzzy faced one was at school the lone advantage of obtaining high marks in Senior IV (grade 8 to you youngsters) was skipping the Entrance Examinations and getting out of school about the middle of June while the unfortunates who had to write them toiled in the classroom. If you had to try the Entrance exams it meant spending a summer fraught with anxiety until the results were mailed to you or printed in The Free Press.

They weren't so sensitive about bruising your ego in those days, either. The usually printed failures as well as the passes, depending on the whim of the teacher and the principal. Honors may have been there for the whole town and district to see, but so were the failures as well.

If you blew the exams then the whole town figured you were either (a) a dummy (b) inattentive (c) a candidate for the tannery or (d)

didn't get along with the teacher, who was sometimes intolerant enough to let you suffer the consequences of your actions. That never happened with the entrance exams, though. They were marked by outside teachers. You were left to your own devices, which often due to a year of inattention and tomfoolery, was often composed of little or none.

That old system resulted in inequities of both physical size and sizing up of a student's abilities, especially among the boys who failed regularly and often grew larger than the teacher. In view of their spectacular lack of ambition they inhabited the back seats in the graduating class, usually taught by the principal. Some went on to become big successes. Most saw the other kids grow up to their size eventually.

These thoughts come to mind at this time of year as I see some of the smaller boys, squirts of their classes, coming up to get diplomas, sandwiched between students of both sexes who are already almost fully developed. It comes back because I was one of those squirts when I attended school. I know some of the problems they faced daily on the playgrounds trying to compete physically with the more fully developed and always, it seems in their shadows.

Intellectually usually there was no problem. It was when you had to



by Hartley Coles
Managing Editor

throw a tackle or block a line drive on the playground that your size often was the handicap. Later when you matched their size in high school the problems dissipated.

I look back at those years with a nostalgia now almost every time I see a graduation picture. They were non-existent when I attended the local academy. Cameras were locked up in leather cases at home and only taken out for rare family occasions. Parents now, however, come loaded with photographic equipment for graduation. Some of it makes my fairly expensive camera and strobe light look like they came from the five and dime.

When I first transferred to the editorial end of the newspaper I was usually the only photographer at a graduation. If I blew the

picture then the whole town was down my neck. Necessity it is said, is the mother of invention. When I did blow one I knew enough to take an instant vacation until the heat was off. A few days off were useful, too, if your pictures caught the grads in face grimaces, ogling the girls, or scratching, a not uncommon reaction.

Now when a student receives his diploma a barrage of flash guns explode from all parts of the room. Most of them won't be entries for a photo contest because they exceed the three mile limit, but occasionally it gives relatives and friends of the graduates special delight in taking a better shot than the professional or the press photographer.

Others come equipped with Polaroid cameras loaded with color. They have results 60 seconds after they've made the exposure. Perhaps they have a right to look down their noses at anachronisms like me who must wait until their film is developed and then make a print from a negative. But I'm not impressed.

Experience has taught me that the best way to take a graduation picture is after the event, unless it is something special such as a grateful student with tears streaming down their cheeks in gratitude of being chosen top student of the year. Most often, with everyone jostling for position when the