

The Acton Free Press

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Congratulations Ted

We'd once again like to congratulate Ted Tyler and his family on his being honored as Acton's Citizen of the Year for 1982.

Citizens like Ted Tyler don't do things in half measures, they tackle life head on and fight for their beliefs.

They earn fierce loyalty and admiration from their friends, but also tend to pile up detractors.

Saturday night's banquet was one of the most fun in memory, a reelection of the recipient to a great degree.

People like Ted Tyler are

where the action is in Acton. They make things happen. They become embroiled in controversies. They go above and beyond for their project or cause.

Ted's list of accomplishments doesn't need repeating here.

Suffice to say that words like interesting, dynamic, dedicated, and extraordinary do, in our view, describe Ted Tyler to a T.

Just think what a fantastic little town this would be if everyone approached life with Ted's vim and vigor.—G.M.

Jack will be missed

The resignation of regional chairman Jack Raftis shouldn't be viewed as positive in North Halton.

There's a natural tendency up here to on the surface dismiss a regional chairman with his roots in the south, especially deep in big, bad Burlington.

However, Raftis proved many times on crucial votes as well in his lobbying that he was a friend of the north.

Generally he behaved as if he was a ninth vote for the north.

There's so many definite and possible candidates it's pretty hard to guess who will win the race to fill his shoes. We can only hope that it will be someone from the north or a southern councillor strongly sympathetic to our situation.

Raftis wasn't all that visible up here because he only worked at the chairman's post part-time and it's a mighty big region, but his performance at the "green monster" earned him the north's gratitude and admiration.—G.M.

Our readers write

Reader defends hunt

Dear Sir:
I am writing concerning the deer hunt here in Halton County.

In the last few years there have been many people protesting the four day season. These people seem to think that hunters are endangering the number of the deer by killing them off. I think it should be mentioned that some blame must also be borne with the people who are building houses and filling in marshland and destroying the deer's natural habitat.

Last year more deer were killed by cars in Halton County, than by hunters in Puslinch Township, Wentworth County and Halton County combined. Should we ban cars?

If the deer aren't taken by hunters during the season, then nature will take them by starvation, disease or predators such as wolves and coyotes which are in great abundance this year. If disease strikes, the deer will die and are just left to rot, rather than have people make use of the meat. Dying slowly from starvation is probably more painful than being taken instantly by a well placed slug.

Deer have been causing problems lately by destroying farmers' crops and apple orchards

and also a lot of property damage in motor vehicle accidents.

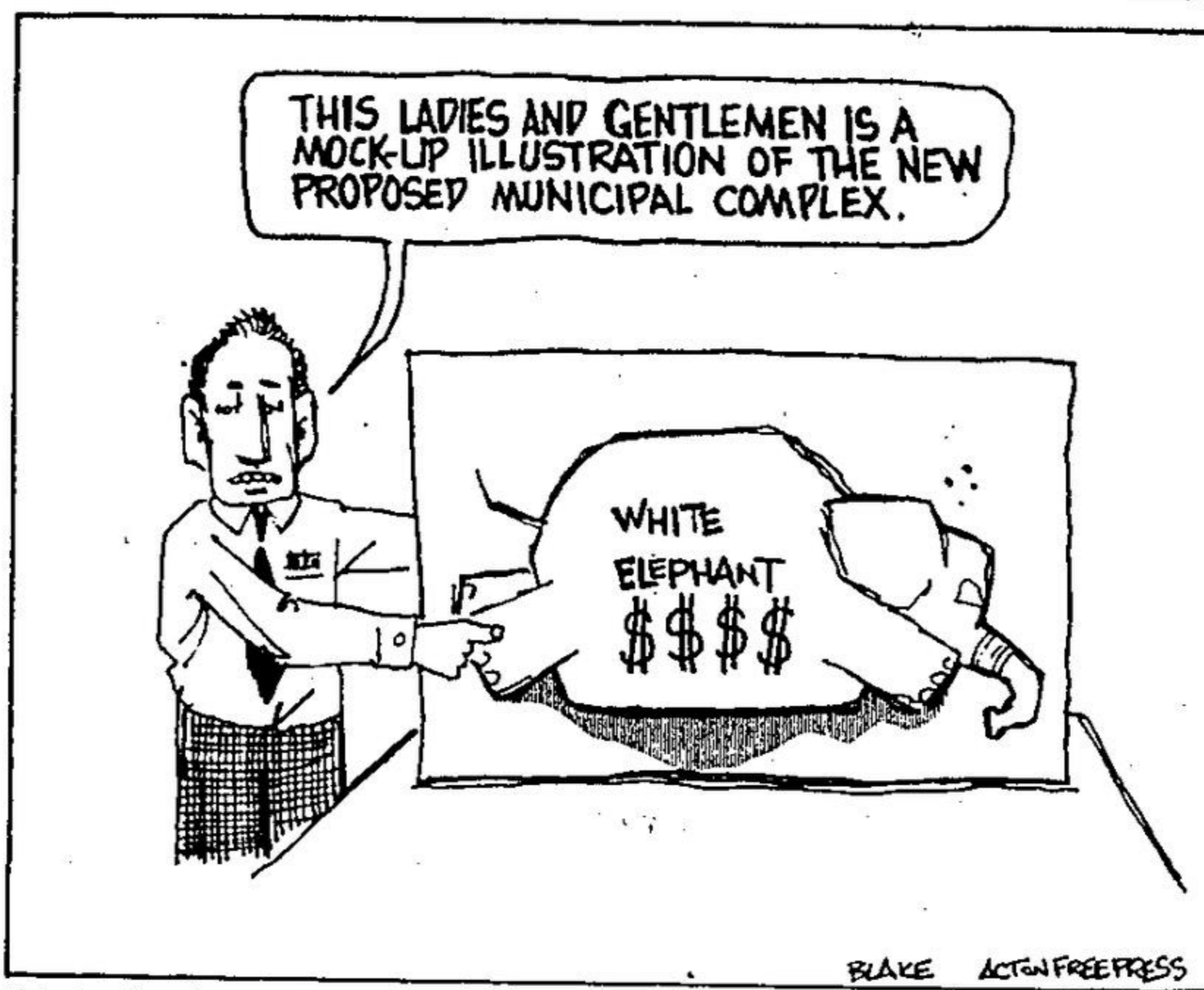
The Ministry of Natural Resources hires competent people to make a study of whether or not there should be a deer season. Halton had been closed for a number of years. The Ministry then decided it was necessary to have a season in 1981, 1982 and 1983.

Regarding safety during the hunt, most hunters are very responsible people, such as doctors, dentists, clergymen, teachers, lawyers, veterinarians as well as ordinary working people. They all enjoy the four days out walking in the bush and tagging a deer is a bonus.

Anyone not wishing hunting on their property need only put up "No Trespassing" signs and if any hunter is seen breaking the law, then they should be reported to the proper authorities. We don't need them to give the rest of us a bad name.

I'm sure if everyone uses common sense and co-operates with each other, we could have a safe and successful hunt in Halton.

Yours truly,
C. Clow



From the editor's desk

Too much political news?

Local politics gets preferential treatment here, you may have noticed. We're more than willing to devote a lot of reporters' time and space in the paper to covering Halton Hills council, Halton region council and Halton Board of Education.

We're well aware that a good percentage of readers don't read all we write about the goings on at council. In fact I'm certain some never read a word of it.

I remember once pushing for a reduction in the amount of regional and school board stories published for simply that reason, lack of broad readership, and Harold and I having a lengthy debate on the subject of, if our job is to give the readers what they need to know or what they want to know. I can't recall us coming to a definite conclusion on exactly how much political news we should carry, just that we should continue to publish stories, even if they are long and very involved, that we are certain in our hearts they won't be read by the majority of subscribers.

If you tried to totally base your news judgment on what people will read you'd go nuts trying to figure it out.

I guess what I try and do is give highest priority to stories which could impact on the most readers. Well, we're all taxpayers, so local council and school board stories should be the most important.

Sometimes people don't agree with our judgment, most of the time in fact, someone disagrees. Everyone's special interest is important to them and they believe it should be given that same priority in the paper.

There's no realistic way to solve the problem that I know of.

Which finally brings me to the point. I received a letter from a reader I talk with quite often, Eva Sansom of Speyside, who raps my judgment in giving priority to

political stories at the expense of social issues subjects, like Hospice Care.

Here's Eva's letter:
"I could not resist a comment on your last editorial column re: the grass roots movement opposing the municipal complex."

"I'd like to quote you:
"Once in a blue moon, you get tipped that a meeting is being held for the delivery of a new movement. But I can't recall a single time I was allowed to watch the event."

"I recall one January 21, '81 when you were invited to attend the 'delivery' of the 'grassroots' Hospice Movement in North Halton at a meeting organized by Karen Ferguson, Barb Stephens, Marguarite Knechtel and myself. We then invited you to cover subsequent meetings and sent you countless news releases. I have also been involved in helping 'deliver' the Wellington Hospice movement.

"I gathered from our many subsequent conversations that for you, Hospice was not 'interesting...to see...working at its grassiest roots, but it was also depressing and not of interest to your readers. It seemed to me that in the case of Hospice you did also as 'most folks' prefer (red) to avoid the limelight in controversies." A reflection of your own fears, perhaps?

"I do applaud the group's enthusiasm in the municipal complex issue. Indeed, any citizen's commitment to the social well being is strongly encouraged. It seems however that in your bias for political stories you are overlooking, and therefore failing to encourage some of the most socially committed hardworking and courageous citizens in the area: the Hospice volunteers...This grassroots' baby is now almost three years old!



by Gord Murray
Free Press editor

"I am no longer connected with the North Halton Hospice and these are my personal views.

"I've enjoyed this opportunity to continue our sporadic dialogue." Well, Eva you got me. I guess I have been invited to movement births before, though I wasn't thinking of Hospice and other social movements, such as the anti-nuke weapons movement. By movement I was thinking strictly of citizen political movements like the municipal complex group or those fighting provincial aggregate plans.

I missed the birth of hospice, though I know from glancing through back issues that we did cover meetings held by the group in Acton (I remember covering one myself at one of the schools) and in other areas of the north. I'll concede though that we didn't give the movement the attention the organizers thought it should receive, a point Eva and I discussed frequently. And yes I passed on the opinion to Eva that Hospice wasn't of great interest to our readers and it was depressing, a comment I'd heard from a few readers.

It's the same old story, you can provide the information, but you can't make them read it. It's an arguable point to say something like Hospice or the peace movement in Halton Hills haven't grown more than they have, or attracted more interest, because of lack of coverage in the paper or because of simple lack of interest.

Back issues

10 years ago

November 14, 1973

Many of the same people who had happily applauded Elmer Smith at Principal's Recognition Day in May were together again Remembrance Day afternoon, part of a mournful crowd of 450 attending his funeral at Trinity United Church.

One of the unusual wrinkles which have cropped up for Halton's Regional Chairman Allan Masson in arranging transformation from county to region has all been in the family. While Allan Masson was busy arranging the transition, son David, a resident of Eden Mills, has been one of the trustees arranging for transfer of part of the village into Wellington County.

At a general meeting at the Legion Monday evening, 25 year pins were presented by President Bob Angell. Six of the veterans were present to receive their pins: Mel Jordan, Mervin Nessett, Hector Lambert, Harvey Lambert, Albert Roberts and John Chapman. Also receiving pins but not present at the ceremony were Ivan Vickers, Bill Blanche, Bill Buchanan, Gord McCutcheon and John McCallum.

20 years ago

November 14, 1963

A dead Jersey Steer found lying in a field on the farm of Gordon Hitchcock is believed to have been shot to death. Mr. Hitchcock was watering the cattle when he noticed the Jersey was still lying on the ground. Upon closer inspection the cow was seen to be bleeding profusely from its nose. North Halton Police investigated 33 accidents in the month of October resulting in property damage valued at \$28,348. Fifteen persons were injured and luckily no one was killed.

Nearly 70 elementary public school teachers from Acton, Wellington and Milton heard D.L. Bornhold, a specialist in the field of mathematics speak on Problem Solving. Mr. Bornhold explained the general objectives of problem solving are to make children competent and speedy in solving mathematical problems.

50 years ago

November 9, 1933

Winners of the Legion competition for the best essay on The Poppy were Madalin Gibbons and Alfred Duby.

The first sleighs made their appearance today and the sleighing is fair.

The Lakeside chapter I.O.D.E. was entertained by Miss Marguerite Symon to an evening of bridge. Prizes presented to Miss Bernice Reid and Mrs. Jas. Adamson were bridge score pads with hand-tooled leather covers made by the hostess.

No fewer than 50 have signed to take the Commercial course in the evenings at the High School. Rev. Father McBride will teach typing, Mrs. B.D. Rachlin shorthand, Mr. F. Salt and Mrs. F. McCleary book-keeping. The cost is 40 cents a week, which includes the rental of typewriters.

75 years ago

November 12, 1908

Through the efforts of Mrs. Asa Gordon, evangelist, a well-attended meeting of ladies was held at Moorecroft for the purpose of organizing a Women's Christian Temperance Union here. The W.C.T.U. can do useful and aggressive work for the moral betterment of the community.

Rev. Barker had the unusual experience on Sunday of announcing three funerals. John Coleman fell asleep on Sunday as the church bells were ringing. He was born in Ireland in 1834. John T. Brown had been building a fine brick residence on Mill St. for his declining years but took cold and died of an acute attack of asthma. During Acton's bustling lumbering days he was a foreman in the yards of Charles Symon. The other death was that of Mr. Eli Stout of Rockwood.

100 years ago

November 15, 1883

It is satisfactory to be able to report that Acton has not a single resident requiring aid from the municipality. Not a dollar has been paid during the last year by council to local charity.

The burning of Mrs. Soper's residence at Crewson's Corners was more serious than initially anticipated as \$250 in cash was burned in the building.

The body of an old man named Alex McDonald of Morden, near Guelph, was found floating in the river at Guelph. He had been missing since Wednesday last, Fair Day, and was considerably under the influence of alcohol when last seen.

Brief Indian summer leads to paint and paper

Contentious issues and associated letters crowded out columns on this page last week just when I was all set to do an expose of Indian summer. But I'm glad they did because it turned out my weather predictions were all wet.

According to legend, Indian summer is supposed to fall in the period after the first snowfall. The snow was a warning to the Indians that winter would soon cover the land they had better get their long-johns out of storage and their squaws into tepees before it hit with a vengeance.

Well, if this year's weather is an indication of the time the Great Spirit gave the Indians to prepare for winter then a July preparation would have been better. Indian summer was short—maybe two days long.

The first snow fell here on November 4. After the period of fairly warm bright weather which ensued, cold weather came howling down from the northwest. By last Friday the weather outside was frightful, rain turning to snow, freezing temperatures. It resembled mid-winter.

Any Indians out in that weather would have frozen solid. As a result we're now having the usual predictions about a dreadfully cold winter. Some old fellow who has seen about 97 winters pass

says the caterpillars are woollier this year, ducks flew south faster and the moss on the north side of the trees curled up earlier. He interprets these as meaning Ma Nature is going to make us pay for the mild winter we enjoyed last year.

To which I say—nerfs. Last year the experts were calling the shots again, telling us we would be buried in snow, encased in ice and shivering for about six months. Then about the middle of March when it looked like they were about as accurate as Gallup polls on Trudeau, you couldn't find a weather prophet in sight. Likely all in Florida. They're all back out of the woodwork this year, predicting that if their big toe turns brown on November 30, we won't see Spring until 1985.

Scary but this nonsense does not fool my wife one wit. I've been telling her for almost a year that as soon as the weather got foul this amiable scabbler would tear the wallpaper of the master bedroom and replace it with either new paper or paint, of her choice. This promise was extracted before the advent of last winter.

In expectation of a completely renovated bedroom just around the corner she shopped and found an appropriate bedspread from which to evolve a color scheme for the

Coles' slaw



by Hartley Coles
Managing Editor

room. After making the selection she patiently waited for the snow to pile up, the cars to freeze, and me to be grounded so she could put me to work.

Alas for her and hurrah for me; the expectant winter did not materialize. It was so balmy the flowers in the back garden started to stick heads above the ground in February. You know the rest. Summer, one of the hottest in years, started in May. It stuck around till almost the end of October. Chaos. Unfortunately, there was no wallpaper fairy to do the work.

During one recent weekend when I was momentarily discommodated by the appearance of rainy weather, she caught me off balance and handed me a scraper to get busy on the wallpaper. I relented. It took all of one rainy Saturday afternoon to uncover the blue paint underneath.

I worked so hard my arm felt like rubber and my arm socket and elbow were both yelling, "Get the horse liniment."

I suggested that this was a good time to move to another bedroom down the hall while the room remained in such a depressing appearance. But she was wise to that trick.

No way, she said. We're sleeping in this room until you get it finished. She knew that once I got out of that mess it would be a long time before I could be coaxed back.

I've always maintained that as a decorator I would make a good zoo keeper, just cleaning up after animals. But she has never lost faith in my abilities, she repeatedly assures me of her confidence in me.

It's a great ego builder until the moment I put my talents to the test. Then I have noticed she stays to supervise, points out patches of wall I have missed with the paint brush, notes the wallpaper just pasted on the wall with such pain-

staking effort, is crooked. And other minute details.

It is then that my battered ego reacts and I snarl things like, "Well, do it yourself then," or "Let's sell this house and buy one that's already papered and painted."

These attempts at escaping are completely negated by the response, "Don't you want the house to look nice? We haven't done this room for 10 years."

I'm sure I had done the job only a year ago. But she points to the original blue paint which lay underneath the wallpaper and recalls we've lived there for over 20 years.

"Three times in 20 years," she mocks, "and you act like I'm a tyrant."

Well they say one man's filly is another man's folly. Who told me housewives never die, they just wash away. Here is one woman with perseverance who is not going to be swayed by cool reasoning. She's going to stand her ground and I'll likely be painting and papering till Christmas. It brings back the old rhyme: It's sad for a girl to reach the age, When men consider her charmless, But it's worse for the man to attain the age, When the girl consider him harmless