

GRAPE VINE

hurt if it was known that a politician was the new co-owner.

Warren Grove residents prepare for reunion

There will be another meeting of the wartime housing residents' committee at the Acton Legion tonight (Tuesday). Twenty people turned up at last week's initial meeting, called to determine if there was enough interest to hold a reunion for people who live, or lived, in the McDonald-Mason area from 1947 until the present. The group will hold a garage sale on Sept. 12 to raise money to help pay for the reunion.

Acton kids tred the boards

Budding Acton actors and actresses can hone their skills at a special theatre camp being run by the Town this summer at Acton High. Participants will learn how to write scripts, design sets, learn lines, negotiate for points and take lunch with the director. The public is invited to the theatre camp's presentation on Aug. 6 at AHS. For details you can call 873-2600, ext. 270.

Young Moms Invited to Community Kitchen

Acton's first community kitchen for young moms and their babies will be held next Tuesday, July 28 at Acton FoodShare on Elgin Street. Young moms are invited to come and help cook enough food for three meals. The program is aimed at saving moms money, helping them meet new friends and learning how to cook. For details call Lin Sallay at ASSIC 853-3310.

Family Restaurant goes upscale

Devotees of the Family Restaurant on Mill Street will have to find a new place to nosh and gossip for a while. Next week, owner Andy Katsilieris will be closed for major renovations and when he re-opens on Aug. 10 we will find a new 100-seat eatery with a "new and improved menu and new atmosphere." Andy is doubling the size of the restaurant, hiring six new employees and may even make a slight name change.

New Acton bakery opening tomorrow

Forget about the diet — there's a new bakery opening tomorrow (Wednesday) on Mill Street. Jeannine Fronteddu of Rockwood is moving into the old Melina Bakery and changing the name to "Acton Bakery." Jeannine helped open Melina Bakery back in the early '80s.

Politician — publican

Rumour has it that a local politician is now a part-time publican. The councillor, who wishes to remain nameless, and his partner took over operating a Georgetown sports bar last week. The councillor is worried business might be

Please submit your comments, complaints or concerns to the editor of The Acton Tanner. All letters are welcome!

HEY!

"If you could invite anyone to dinner, living or dead, who would it be and why?"



"I would invite Pierre Elliot Trudeau because I want to talk over the constitutional question with him. He is the one responsible for repatriating the Constitution and we have been in a hell of a mess ever since. I would like to know his thoughts on the matter."

PAUL NIELSEN, Mill Street, Acton.

"I would invite my father's mother to see what it was like to live in that era. My father doesn't talk about his family very much and I would like to know more about my family."

MARY RIDLEY, Poplar Ave., Acton.

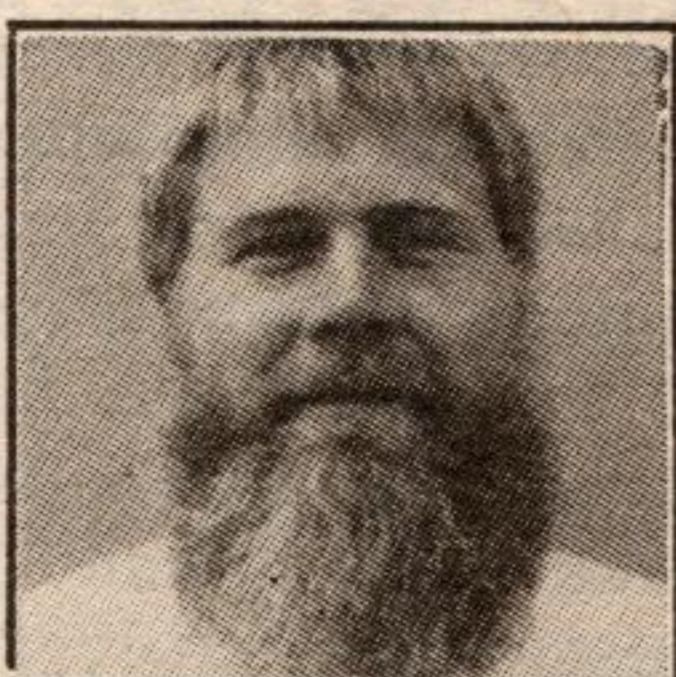


"I would invite my mother — her name was Maria. She died before I was even two-years-old and I never got to know her and I miss her. I have heard that she was beautiful and I have so many things to ask her."

EFFIE KATSILIERIS, Mill Street.

"I would invite Mahatma Ghandi. I think he had a lot of good ideas and a lot of admirable principles and helpful directions for society."

JIM REEVE, Cook Street, Acton.



Acton's Rotary Club had some rainy weather for it's Hot Dog Days fund-raiser last week in front of the IGA. The sun did come out long enough on Saturday afternoon for mom Diana Gunn and daughter Tiffany, 4, and Vanessa, 8, to grab a dog and a pop. Rotary member Ron McKnight counted the cash. (Photo by Paul Nolan.)

My early employment: Some reminiscences

"No bleeping way am I gonna work for any bleeping five dollars an hour!"

This was the gist of the reply to a retired Acton businessman who had offered a temporary job to a local youth from the ranks of the unemployed. The old-timer, with a long memory of earlier days in his home town, chortled to his cronies after recovering from the lurid refusal.

"It isn't a generation gap between these young sprouts and us — it's a flaming gorge, impossible to cross!"

The incident triggered a spate of recollections vintage 1933 to '40, when five dollars an hour was something too exotic to even dream about.

I remembered my first job out of high school, on an Erin township farm, where I went in unblissful ignorance to help with the delayed spring cleaning for one month at six dollars. My employers were kind, Christian people, desperately coping with the Depression. They had to practice economies unbelievable by today's standards. One tea bag for the hired man and me seeped for each of the three meals until by supertime the beverage was hot water very faintly coloured.

One morning, half asleep as usual, I inadvertently broke a glass jar when wrestling with the dishes, a job I loathed mainly because of the milk separator, which had to be washed twice a day. The lady of the house burst into tears when she saw the ruptured jar. It took her all afternoon to recover from the loss because there was nothing else to do about it.

As domestic help, I was something less than a bargain, really not worth six dollars a month with room and board. I hated housework. However I did each job scheduled and having completed it, sat down to read, awaiting further instructions. My employers and I jogged along harmoniously, regardless of my working quirks, until the day a herd of cows escaped to take a stroll down the road. A young boy in the family reported I had left the gate open. That did it. I threw a typical

PETUNIA PATCH

With Esther Taylor



tantrum, enraged at being blamed unjustly. I gathered my bits and pieces together and took off in a fury that speeded my feet on the six-mile homeward trek. I did not cover myself with glory on my first job.

Job number two found me in the roll of an inexperienced store clerk in a clothing shop on Mill Street. Wages: four dollars per week. Hours: Monday to Thursday, 8:30 am to 6 pm; Friday and Saturday, half past eight until 12:30 am, sometimes one o'clock, Sunday morning.

After a year catering to the public, I got a two-dollar raise, which made me proud and happy. District farmers were to blame for late weekends at the store. Having finished their chores, and some still driving horses and wagons, they reached town around 10 or 11, did their grocery shopping, and headed last to the clothing store for a chat and bargains.

And bargains there were. Silk stockings sold for 69 cents a pair, 59 cents for sub-standards. Men's woolsox went for 35 cents and up. You could buy a cotton dress for 98 cents, while crepe frocks started at two dollars and ninety-eight cents.

Hose and sox were strung above the counters. Men's underwear, in stout paper parcels, was stored on high shelves reached only by a ladder. I learned all about climbing ladders in my second job.

Many people bought on credit, stretching their meager pay cheques from fortnight to fortnight. You could buy a loaf of bread for 10 cents, and a quart of milk for the same amount. Ice cream cones cost five cents. A ton of coal was a major investment of 12 dollars.

Acton wages did not climb noticeably until after the Second World War was on the road for two or three years. In 1939,

Beardmore Tannery was still hiring unskilled labour at 27 and 28 cents per hour. A rookie school teacher, I remember, was the envy of less-educated friends because her salary started at five hundred dollars a year.

At Mason Knitting Company beginners earned eight dollars a week working from 7:30 to 5:30, and sometimes six o'clock. A folder and much later a machine operator at this plant, after 10 years I was earning 30 cents an hour, receiving this amount for about two months before I was fired. In retrospect, probably I did not rate more money, because I was no great shakes as a factory hand.

In 1933, an 18-year-old girl lacking the funds to train for teaching or nursing had to settle for factory work, clerking, or domestic chores with room and board. If anyone had offered the young of my generation five dollars an hour we would have suffered hysterics — or headed for the hills!

Small wonder the generation gap is a "flaming gorge."

Eramosa Library: Entertainment for All

The new Eramosa Community Library is already planning several entertaining afternoons. The first event is being held tomorrow (Wednesday) at 2:30 pm. Hotcha Chmarzinski, "The One Man Parade," will be entertainment for the whole family. Admission is just \$2.

ADVERTISE YOUR GARAGE SALES in the Tanner Classifieds! 853-5100