

## Cleaners kill water . . .

That cleaner-than-white shirt or blouse you are wearing may be indirectly responsible for one of Canada's biggest problems.

Detergent pollution is killing Canadian waters at ever-increasing rates despite rumors that the detergent manufacturers had the problem solved two or three years ago. Mountains of suds which used to clog sewage plants have disappeared under the improvements in the detergent wetting agent which could be broken down by bacteria. Unfortunately the suds were only the symptom - the disease itself is still very much alive.

Phosphates, the major constituent of nearly all laundry detergents, are good fertilizers, and the culprits. They are good cleaning agents as well as being excellent fertilizers. Consequently, a detergent-polluted stream is a nutritious broth, ideal for producing algae, the plants which appear as green scum on water.

Algae are important to life processes in a normal aquatic community since they provide oxygen and food. But when water

becomes rich with detergent phosphates the algae "bloom". At night, an algal bloom absorbs oxygen. When the algae die and decompose more oxygen is used.

An "airless" environment is created in which only the hardiest and least-desirable fish and aquatic animals can survive. Excess algae will wash onto beaches and shorelines - decay and smell.

Canadian and American washing machines are turning out detergents which are poisoning water supplies. There are detergents available which employ only small amounts of phosphates and wash as clean as the other type. If the low-phosphate detergents were used the problem would be solved.

Why doesn't everyone buy the low-phosphate detergent? Likely because it costs about 15c more for the family size than the other.

That seems like a cheap price to pay for creating clean water.

The federal government has a new policy regarding its role in managing water resources. Surely this is one of the first areas where they should show concern.

## Uprooted families . . .

The plight of several families who live in trailers - described as mobile homes - at the Breezes, near Acton, is new to this area but one likely to increase as the cost of homes and apartments soars to heights above what the average wage earner can afford.

There is a prejudice in the minds of some district people against people who live in mobile homes. They are considered a poor class of citizens. But this only had a small bearing on Esquering council's decision to refuse a permit to the owners of the Breezes to allow the mobile homes to remain there for the winter.

There is really no evidence to suggest people who live in mobile homes are poor citizens. Sometimes they are making the best of a hard situation. Others prefer the mobile homes because they are convenient and comfortable.

Esquering council's decision was based on economics. They are guarding against "people who are trying to do a bit of free loading" as Councillor Marshall has said. Someone has to pay taxes to pay for schools and roads and services and in the past there have been examples in

the township of people escaping the tax levy by the expedient of living in a trailer.

Meanwhile, the people in the mobile homes have nowhere to go. For some of the families it was the second time they have been uprooted. They had been given six days to leave a Port Credit trailer camp that dragged into an 18 month battle with provincial government and council before they were displaced.

The sad part of a rapidly urbanized society is that society can dictate where a person should live. If a family prefers to live in a trailer, and is willing to pay its own way, what's the matter with that?

Esquering council's passed a by-law in 1959 which prohibits trailer camps to a site between Acton and Georgetown on Highway 7. There are 4 1/2 acres, almost half of which are taken up by a motel, but the owners are not interested in developing the remainder to accommodate permanent trailers.

Why not transfer the licence somewhere else, then? It would do a little to solve the plight of families who cannot afford today's high priced houses.

## Immigrants create jobs . . .

Those short-sighted (and usually narrow-minded) individuals who think immigrants to this country are contributing little of immediate value have had their answer from the Minister of Manpower and Immigration.

Mr. McEachen reveals that in the past 20 years new businesses started up by such newcomers total an astounding 27,000, involving some \$355 million in working capital. And these are only those immigrant-headed firms of which Ottawa has knowledge. There are

quite certainly many more.

But these 27,000 known enterprises alone have provided direct employment for more than 82,000 workers, many of them immigrants themselves. Indirectly, of course, they have created jobs for a great many more Canadians.

This is an aspect of immigration which is often overlooked. It is a reminder that many newcomers arrive in this country with material assets as well as great potential.

- St. Marys Journal-Argus



PRIME OBJECTIVE of Parks Board this summer has been the beautifying of town parks. Start of the program were new flower beds and ornamental shrubbery beside the community centre. The Board hopes to expand into more ornate gardens next year. Theo Papillon has been hired to look after the project and his work has been admired by many. - (Staff Photo)



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Why don't girls just get married, the way they used to? What is this desperate thing in modern society that insists a girl must get a degree or become a nurse or learn a skill, such as punching an adding machine.

Frightened, frantic parents, with the shadow of The Depression peeking over their shoulders, are ramming their daughters, willy-nilly, into something they can "fall back on".

The irony. Of course we want them to get married. Eventually. To a nice boy with a nice job and prospects; a nice home, nice children, a nice neighbourhood and at the end, a nice pension.

But first we want them to have "education" so they'll have something to fall back on. We are tacitly admitting that if they do get married, they're going to be abandoned, divorced, or their husbands are going to die at 28. So, they have to have something to fall back on.

Why don't we just let them get married and fall back on their husbands for a living? My wife has been falling back on me for almost 23 years and I'm still in reasonable condition. Even though my back has fallen a bit into my front.

I suppose you think this is just a diatribe. Well, you're right. But there's a reason for it.

My wife and I have nursed and cursed and wheedled and needed our daughter through high school. She hated it in Grade 11, loathed it in Grade 12 and abhorred it in Grade 13.

But by a combination of blackmail, bribery and piteous whimpering, we made her stagger through the process.

I promised, "If you just get your Grade 13, you can do whatever you want. Go to college. Get a job. Drop dead. But you'll never regret it."

Already she's regretting it. Now she has to go to university, which she's about as much interested in as she is in catching leprosy.

This whole column is inspired (or gimping) by the harrowing effort of getting Kim organized at university.

She thought she might be able to hack university if she had a pad of her own; a grill to burn beans on and burn toast on, and maybe a sleeping bag on the floor, and a few psychedelic posters and a few cockroaches and her cat for company.

This was all right by me. I've slept in barns and box cars. This was freedom from home and parents and all the awful things they represent, such as cleanliness and godliness and so on.

But her mum had different ideas. And her mum, as I have reason to know, is a

domineering, forceful, overpowering and illogical woman, like most other women.

So Kim is going to stay in a nice home, with a very nice middle-aged couple. As far as she's concerned, it's getting out of purgatory and into hell.

I've never heard of anybody being kicked out of hell, but I imagine she'll manage it within about three weeks. If you have a teenage daughter, you'll know what I mean. They're absolute slob until they're married, when, by some strange process, they go around emptying ash trays before anyone has used them.

But three weeks of dirty bare feet and a bedroom that looks like a Salvation Army old-clothes depot and a bathroom that looks as if it went down with the Titanic and even that charming, calm landlady will be screaming, "Out! Out!"

However, I guess the trip was worth it. We met a nice lady in the registrar's office who reads my column (hello, nice lady, keep an eye on my beloved). We had a couple of roaring fights with subsequent tears, which is good for everybody.

And we got home, after a fairly disastrous stopover with friends, to be greeted by our other - rotten kid, the vacuum cleaner salesman, who has decided to go back to university after two years of drop-out, who has made \$3,500 in the last eight months, who has "Maybe enough money to pay my fees," who was just dropping in at the old oil well to see if it was still pumping.

Somebody said, "Life is short and life is sweet." Thank goodness it's short.

## 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 8, 1949.

Seventeen cases of polio have been reported in Halton this year.

The supper hour crowd of citizens on Acton streets last night were horrified to witness and learn that Rod Ryder had fallen from his bicycle and slid under the rear wheels of the Gray Coach bus. It was raining when the accident occurred. He was a star and popular member of the baseball club and also played hockey. He was 35 years old. He was an employee of Force Electric products and was going home from work at the time of the accident.

He leaves his wife and three small children, Madeline, Bryan and Glen, parents Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ryder, sister Miss Marguerite and two brothers, Glen and Don.

We all welcome Cliff Sutton to Acton as general manager of the Y.M.C.A.

Hon. Leslie Frost paid a surprise visit in Acton passing through on his way to Blyth fair.

Andrew Molozzi, a pupil at Georgetown high school, won a bursary of \$400 which will permit him to enter the School of Practical Science, U. of Toronto.

By a majority of 24, Acton ratepayers gave assent on Tuesday to an expenditure of \$350,000 for the installation of sewers and the erection of a disposal plant. Only 382 voters went to the polls.

## 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 11, 1919.

Georgetown is hoping to become a town. The main street is paved now and the population is 2,100.

At the meeting of the executive of the Children's Aid Society for the counties of Halton and Peel at Milton, Mr. W. H. Stewart, late principal of the Acton Public and Continuation Schools, was appointed Inspector to succeed Mr. C. W. Norton, who has so capably fulfilled the office for the past 10 or 12 years. Mr. Stewart has

admirable qualifications and his friends here will offer sincere congratulations.

Dr. Coxe is preparing for the erection of his new garage on his lot on Main St. between the Patterson block and the Ryder and Mowat glove factory. He has purchased the old Storey Glove leather tannery on Main St. and it will be torn down. Part of this building was erected 40 or 50 years ago when good clear pine was plentiful and cheap.

The mushroom season is here but the supply seems to be limited.

The Epworth League had a bonfire service on the shore of Fairy Lake. After a time of song and story, toasted bologna, bread and butter were served.

Mr. W. J. Stuckey has completed a unique and skillfully carved sign for Dr. Hughes of Grand Valley. The sign bears the figure of a horse in action and is very attractive.

## 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 13, 1894.

While Mr. George Statham was delivering the staff of life to his customers on Saturday morning, his horses, which were attached to his delivery wagon, became frightened by a number of cranks, manipulated by some small boys on Bower Ave. and dashed down John St. The wagon became upset against a lamp post, thus shattering the glasses. The horses had broken their harness and were only brought to a standstill by the lines winding around the wheel. The boys who caused the runaway think they were not at fault but believe that a mutual agreement had been effected by the equines to bring the bread down.

A terrific thunderstorm passed over this district Monday morning accompanied by a terrible downpour of rain and in some places hailstones. Reflections of fires were visible all along the horizon. In Eramosa James Rae's barn was struck. As it was the old-fashioned kind they were able to save the horses from the rear, and the carriages. Beside all the hay and grain off a 100-acre farm the implements, save a harrow, were all destroyed. The loss is \$2,000 insured in the Eramosa Mutual for \$950.

## Salt and Pepper

by hartley coles



I've just finished reading an article in Grassroots Editor, a bi-weekly magazine devoted to us fellows from the grass roots. A writer from the Weekly Packet of Blue Hill, Maine, about how hard it is to find inspiration each week for editorial comment.

"You would think," he mused, "that with all that is happening in the world and community, there would be no end to subjects for editorial discourse." He admits that normally this is true. "But there comes a time when the mind draws a blank, when possible subjects seem too gigantic, or too trivial, to discuss."

That almost described my feelings last Friday afternoon. No inspiration. Stucky. Felt like I'd been run over by a herd of unicorns.

"Why don't you go home and lie down for a while?" asked the office manager.

"I might go to sleep," was my reply. "It's not sleep I need - it's inspiration."

"How about writing something about all the typographical errors we get each week," someone else piped up. Now that's an idea, I frightened.

A typographical error is a slip that passes in the type, if you aren't quite up on printer parlance. In spite of our precautions around here, we seem to wind up with at least our share of them. Sometimes they can be downright embarrassing. Other times they are hilariously funny to us.

Sometimes, after one of us has written a story and been mighty careful with it, the finished account as it appears has one or two of the paragraphs switched. It just doesn't make sense. We tear out our hair.

Other times, to our embarrassment, the power of advertising is predominant. For instance, a man advertised his house for sale recently in the classified columns. Somewhere along the line the wrong telephone number was inserted.

This journal had barely hit the streets before a gentleman phoned in a voice crackling with indignation. "I haven't got any house for sale," he fumed, "and my phone is ringing off the wall asking how much I'm asking for it."

Well what could a fella say? Sorry, naturally, but that wasn't going to stop the gentleman's phone bringing down the wall.

"When's the paper come out again?" asked the voice pitifully.

"Not till next week," was the answer in a voice hardly audible.

"Oh, no," was the rejoinder. Mentally,

we could picture him holding his head and yanking the receiver off the wall.

To err is human and to forgive divine. We hope this gentleman was full of divinity on that particular day.

Thankfully, we haven't been plagued with a string of errors a small daily newspaper in the United States had to contend with a couple of years back.

It started with the following classified ad on a Monday:

FOR SALE - R. D. Jones has one sewing machine for sale. Phone 958 after 7 p.m. and ask for Mrs. Kelly who lives with him cheap.

The next day the following appeared in the classified columns. NOTICE: We regret having erred in R. D. Jones' ad yesterday. It should have read: One sewing machine for sale. Cheap. Phone 958 and ask for Mrs. Kelly she lives with him after 7 p.m.

Wednesday the newspaper came out with a bold face notice in the classified columns. It said: R. D. Jones has informed us that he has received several annoying telephone calls because of the error we made in his classified ad yesterday. His ad stands corrected as follows:

FOR SALE - R. D. Jones has one sewing machine for sale. Cheap. Phone 958 after 7 p.m. and ask for Mrs. Kelly who loves with him.

The final smashing sequence came out in the newspaper the very next day. It read:

NOTICE - "I, R. D. Jones, have no sewing machine for sale. I smashed it. Don't call 958 as the telephone has been taken out. I have not been carrying on with Mrs. Kelly. Until yesterday she was my housekeeper, but she quit."

How do you like those onions? Aren't you glad you weren't connected with that newspaper while they were going through their purgatory, which in this case must have included a little bit of hell.

How does it happen?

Well, someone figured it out once and came up with the conclusion there was approximately 10,000 ways slips could pass in the type. After a few years you just moan and accept them, vowing it will never happen again or

We console ourselves with the thought we have made the people who look for mistakes ecstatically happy for another week. We adopt a hangdog look and sneak around corners.

But we make a complete recovery when someone comes in and says, "My, I enjoyed the paper last week."

## Photos from the past



REMEMBER WHEN Mill St. was shady? This parade heads east on Mill passing the old Free Press office and the Methodist church. Apparently many years ago the Free Press was painted cream and maroon - just the colors it's being repainted in. This picture was taken about 1917.

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