

Free Press Editorial Page

Industrial park resolve . . .

Development of the industrial park on Main St. North could be realized if Acton council's resolve is matched by constructive action.

A resolution passed last week from those on council who favor developing the almost 50-acre area immediately, coincided with a similar plea from the Chamber of Commerce that council do something for get rid of the property.

The Chamber's submission was well presented and to the point, especially where it emphasized if the park had been developed the municipality would now be in the enviable position of drawing revenue from the area. The land has been sitting like the proverbial dead duck since it was purchased six years ago, with sporadic bursts of interest from those entrusted with development.

It would be foolish as well as false to say that council or the industrial development committee have opposed the development of the area. Opinion on how it should be developed and lack of working capital has definitely played a part in slowing it down. There have also been members of council who were loath to spend a cent in making the industrial park more attractive to industry. Their opposition further delayed any positive action.

Construction of a road through the industrial park was a long drawn out process because of the opposition from some members of council who honestly believed it was not in the best interests of the town to spend money on that area, when so many other things were needed. We think they were wrong but they had both the right and obligation to oppose action when they thought it wrong. That is part and parcel of the democratic process we are fond of referring to in Canada.

The Chamber of Commerce was also justified in making their presentation because it is not good business to let an investment (in which a lot of the taxpayers' money has been sunk) to sit when there are so many other facilities needed. For instance, all the money tied up could go into sidewalks and roads that would only solve part of the problem.

Council has repeatedly found that any time they venture into the real estate business they get stung, but their experience is adding up and they may yet emerge from the industrial park smelling like roses.

Bird in the hand . . .

The burning question about industrial park development last week was not whether the area should be developed but whether any action should be delayed for two weeks until a report was received from a meeting between the industrial development committee and Building Products of Canada.

The Acton company is located on the northern fringe of the park and is presently in the first phase of expansion which may entail purchasing more land. They are also proposing to build a railway spur to the Main St. N. plant which would pass through land in the industrial park.

There was some conflict about whether it would be right to go ahead with plans when this industry,

which employs a large part of the town's labor pool, needs park land for expansion.

Really we can't see where there should be any friction.

The existing company should be given every encouragement to expand but it should not jeopardize the future of the entire area. Conversely, new industries naturally will be given every support to locate in Acton but not at the expense of the industry already located here.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush as the old saw says and this no doubt has and will influence thinking by both the development commission and council on any plans for the industrial park, no matter what the wording of a resolution.



Sugar and Spice

by Bill Smiley

There's nothing more boring than listening to a group of old sweats talking about "The War," unless you yourself happen to be an Old Sweat, as we old sweats are called. Then, it's fun.

This year, I was asked to speak at two different Remembrance Day banquets. I was unable to accept either, and was genuinely sorry about that. There's nothing like a crowd of old sweats lying their heads off on Remembrance Day.

Don't think of it as a brood of middle-aged and elderly men sitting around all day, Nov. 11th, "remembering" their "fallen comrades" lugubriously.

Oh, they do that, but it takes place in the morning, at the cenotaph, at 11 a.m., when the guns stopped firing in World War I and the stunned survivors looked at each other and every man alive could scarcely believe it.

And there's nothing lugubrious or mournful about the ceremony. There's a certain pride as the oldsters step out in something resembling their old quick march. There's a poignancy as the colors dip and the Last Post sounds. There's a lump in the throat and the odd contorted face, and a few tears in the two minutes' silence. But then there's the triumphant, jaunty sound of Reveille.

And off they swing, purged once more, and ready to get down to the serious observance of Remembrance Day. Back at the Legion Hall.

A few of the smart ones, the timid ones, and the wife-scared ones go home for lunch, but most of the old sweats have planned to make a day of it, even though they might need plasma the next morning.

I don't mean it's an orgy. Far from it. But it is a shucking off of the daily rut and routine, a once-a-year get-together where you can retell old stories with fresh embroidery, and laugh a lot, and recapture, fragmentarily, the feeling that you're 20 again, not 50 or 70.

Psychologists, veterans' wives, and other non-old sweats may well look down their noses and call the whole thing childish. Of course, it is. But there's a bond there (and it doesn't matter which war you were in), that you can't find anywhere else.

It's not nearly as childish as university class reunions, at which a lot of middle-aged people who never did know each other very well, get stoned and maudlin and nostalgic trying to recapture something they never had. Nor is it as childish as business conventions where a lot of people get drunk and try to capture something they never will have.

That's because these men did have something and they retain some part of it, even though it might be 50 years old or more.

Lice, mud, snotty officers and a military system of incredible stupidity could not quench them. The only thing that could do that was death. And they licked death.

So they have something to lie about, and laugh about and bandy insults about, and just plain celebrate.

Canadian Legion celebrations have nothing quasi-military about them. There are no officers and other ranks. There are just legionnaires, whatever their color or creed.

There is no linking of arms and singing old war songs, as you might find in a German veteran's organization. Anybody who tried to sing "It's A Long Way to Tipperary" would probably be slung out into the alley.

There's only one thing that's beginning to cast a shadow over it. They're beginning to let the women in on it. This is going to enrage the ladies of the Legion Auxiliary, but, girls, why don't you just get a big dinner ready, clear out at 6 p.m., and come back and do the dishes in the morning.

Even if your husband is a little green



The Dutch remember, do you?

TO CANADIAN SOLDIERS BURIED IN HOLLAND
By Laura Schippers

Bright flowers adorn each Maple Leaved white stone
Under which rest in peace these boys from far away,
Forever will rest the soil they helped fight free
Be precious for the blood of those for whom we pray . . .

We heard in darkness deep them moving through the nights,
Their rattling tanks . . . our hearts were full of fears . . .
And, thinking of the homes where they were loved so much,
We felt our eyes get moist and could not keep our tears.

We never shall forget you, dear, good boys!
We know too well how much for you you gave,
Your aims, your strength, your love, your whole life
Lay buried with you there in that befloored grave . . .

But, for the noble valiant part you took
In our small country's priceless liberation
May we at least reward the heritage you left
With all we can express in loyal dedication.

May what you did for us come back now to your land,
Which has deserved so high our people's pride and faith
And may our love for it once prove us worth
The great, uniting sacrifice you made.

Vanishing farmer . . .

The Ontario deputy minister of agriculture predicts that 65,000 of Ontario's 100,000 farmers will leave the land within the next 10 years because their farms aren't large enough to be economic.

If Everette Biggs expects a general exodus to the cities, he'll be disappointed.

Most farmers are far too intelligent to be in a hurry to exchange low housing costs, comparatively low taxes, clean air and plenty of living space for city living.

What likely will happen will be the same process that's been going on for the last decade. As farming alone becomes uneconomical, many farmers will find work at the nearest industries, mines or towns, commute from the farm to work five days a week and run the farm on weekends.

Besides continuing to provide part of the family's living, the farm produces an accounting loss for an income benefit.

As farming declines as a full-time occupation, however, much land will inevitably become vacant, particularly in regions remote from employment opportunities and in areas of marginally productive soils.

Just as inevitably, a large proportion of this land will be bought by city dwellers, as is being done now, for weekend, vacation

and retirement purposes.

around the girls next day, and you don't speak to him for two days, I think he'd appreciate it.

Taking women to a legion party is like taking your mother on your honeymoon.

On Remembrance Day, remember, it's only once a year. Give the poor old devil a chance to be 20 again, for a few hours.

Salt and Pepper



Different cultures produce some distinctive characteristics in the various nationalities which girdle the old globe. Sometimes when they are exposed to one another they create explosive situations.

Ask my mother-in-law, if you don't believe me.

She visited recently at a nephew's for a wedding when an abrasive difference between French and English became evident over the Saturday night hockey game.

In this particular part of Ontario if you don't cheer for the Toronto Maple Leafs to clean up on everything in sight, you're considered unpatriotic, parlor pinkist and slightly subversive. Not cheering for the Leafs is almost as bad as not applauding when the 48th Highlanders march past.

So when the time came for the Saturday night game to come on the magic lantern, the host naturally turned to the channel where the Leafs were beating the bejabbers out of the St. Louis Blues. The audience gradually became larger as wedding guests filtered in to see the fun.

Included among those who turned up was one suave looking young man with Gallic features, who observed the scene with interest and plopped himself down on a chair beside the mother-in-law. She nodded politely. He smiled back.

Then all eyes went back to the game where the cameras swung from a bird's eye view of the ice back to the commercial. The audience relaxed while the announcer extolled the virtues of a particular brand of amber liquid, which several guests clutched in their hands.

At this juncture while everyone was off guard, the young man with the suave look got up out of his chair, strode to the TV and turned the channel.

"Let's have a look at what Canadians are doing," he suggested. Sure enough what should come on but the Montreal-Chicago game from the forum in Montreal. The Black Hawks were scalping the Habs in a real upset.

Free Press

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, November 3, 1949.

Many months of hard work and planning were brought to a climax Friday when about 200 workers, financial assistants and interested citizens gathered for the official opening of Acton's Scout House Hodonawnee. Chairman of the evening was J. H. Goy. The deed for the land was presented by Tom Jones to Mr. Goy, chairman of the group committee. W. Middleton accepted the deed and in turn placed it in the custody of the trustees of the building, J. Goy, D. Dills and W. Wolfe.

The building was officially declared open by Mr. Goy with Mrs. Goy ceremoniously christening the community project Hodonawnee. "Hodonawnee" was given an interpretation through George Elliott's research and James Dills' reading. The Iniquous word means People of the Long House, the council place of the Senecas. Scout Bill Coon led those assembled in the Scout Promise.

A high honor was invoked by the scouting world on W. Coon, E. Davidson, G. A. Dills, J. H. Goy, K. Gardiner, Theron Jones, Ted Tyler, A. Leishman, K. Mackenzie, J. McMullen, S. Norton, Mr. Norton Sr., S. Pobjakovics, S. Snow, M. Symon, L. Thompson, A. Van Gils, M. Van Gils, T. Watson, and C. Wilson when they were presented with what is known as the "Thanks" badge for their efforts in the erection of the building.

Roses were also presented to the wives of these gentlemen and gold star Charter Membership cards to Mrs. Agar, Miss Kay Brown, Mrs. W. Coon, Miss S. Elliott, Mrs. G. A. Dills, Mrs. J. H. Goy, Mrs. W. Middleton, Mrs. Theron Jones, Mrs. A. Kirkness, Mrs. C. Leishman, Mrs. G. McKenzie, Mrs. R. MacArthur, Mrs. W. D. E. Smith, Mrs. S. Snow, Mrs. E. Tyler, Mrs. A. Van Gils, Mrs. S. Norton, Mrs. T. Watson and Mrs. C. Wilson.

Secretary-treasurer W. Middleton was presented with a beautiful lighter suitably engraved in recognition of his outstanding services, and he was congratulated on his work and enthusiasm.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, November 6, 1919.

With splendid spirit of unanimity the people of Acton gave their endorsement to the scheme to install a system of waterworks at the polls last Friday. Voting for the waterworks at the town hall and Speights were 205 voters; against, 56.

Some dastardly work was done at Dublin school on Hallowe'en. The trustees are greatly incensed. Owing to the disordered state of the school there were no classes held for several days.

Capt. W. G. C. Kenney of the Imperial Veterinary Forces arrived Monday at the home of his father W. R. Kenney, J.P., after being en route from Cairo, Egypt,

This sat well with those who gathered around the tube. But the host was having none of that. "Turn back to the other channel," he ordered. Smiling, the young man whom we will call Pierre, turned back to where the Leafs were once again giving St. Louis the blues.

There the whole thing might have ended but for the commercials. Each time the host left his chair, Pierre changed the channel. Back would come the host and the battle of the Plains of Abraham was nearly forgotten with a new cast. But a funny thing happened on the way back to the forum.

Sitting back, observing the performance, was my dear old mother-in-law. Sensing that Pierre was outnumbered among the Leaf supporters, she observed that the Habs and Canadiens were favorites of hers and had been ever since handsome "Rocket" Richard used to explode on the ice with clusters of goals.

As a matter of fact, she declared, with mounting indignation, as far as the Stanley Cup went she didn't care who won it as long as it was Montreal or Toronto and the cup stayed in Canada.

The effect was electric. It was like running up the Maple Leaf flag and everyone at once realized they were all Canadians. Tension melted.

Pierre grabbed my mother-in-law's hand and gravely bent over and pinned a kiss on the back in approved cavalier fashion. "My sentiments exactly," he beamed.

The mother-in-law smiled and extended her other hand. "I've got two, you know," she said. Pierre gallantly bent down and pressed his lips to the left one.

Pleased? My mother-in-law climbed out on cloud nine.

I can't vouch for this but I don't think she has washed those hands since.

Would you?

back issues

since August. He has been with the Imperial army four years and six months. At one time on the boundary between Egypt and Palestine he had 2,500 horses, mules, donkeys and camels under his command. In 1917 he rode through the holy city of Jerusalem with the victorious troops. He was invalided to hospital several times.

Capt. Kenney is eighth and last member of the Free Press honour roll of former employees to return home. Capt. W. G. Kennedy and Bugler Moore sleep in the Canadian soldiers' cemetery at Flanders. His younger brother Capt. Arthur Kenney is still at Vladivostok, Siberia.

For a quarter century or more it has pleased a certain element among the older Hallowe'en pranksters to decorate the Free Press office with empty bottles which had contained liquid refreshment of alcoholic strength. But last Friday night there were none of the usual bottles. There were gingerale bottles, soda, sarsaparilla, Coca Cola, and hoch beer bottles, but nary a liquor bottle among them. Evidently the stock of strong liquors has about run out and that prohibition prohibits is actually a fact.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, November 8, 1894.

The pupils who stood highest in the monthly examinations at the school are Maggie Laird, Maggie Wallace, Ada Francis, Gordon Henderson, Annie Hynds, Ertie Laird, Jos. Stewart, Chas. McLam, Edwin Francis, Wm. Stewart, Jessie Harvey, Edith Charles, Clara Cobban, Thomas Henderson, Edison Smith.

Bertha Speight, Bennett Clark, Jane Gurney, Ethel Anthony, Robina Wallace, Mabel Moore, Charlie Holmes, Mabel Mann, Arthur McDonald, John Ruddick, Willie Laird, Oliver Cook, Nelson Ryder, Bertha Williams, Wesley Bingham, Mabel Soper, Ettie McDonald, Edna Swackhamer, Clara Ebbage, Ida Laird, Josie Stephenson, Elmina Ruddick, Alice Lewis, Maud Chambers, Jennie McPherson, Pearl Stewart, Ethel Coleman, Jennie Grant, Alice Bescoby, Tillie Bingham, Annie McCann.

Teachers were T. T. Moore, C. McPhail, Belle Peters and M. E. Nelson.

Guy Fawkes day on Monday without excitement.

Guelph's new \$48,000 opera house has opened.

The usual gate and untavory pranks were perpetrated by mischievous boys on Hallowe'en. No arrests were made.

Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the famous Chicago evangelist, arrived in Toronto very quietly and unostentatiously on Saturday morning. The great Massey Hall was packed to the doors on Sunday for his inaugural service. Thousands are said to have been turned away.

A chess and checker room has been set up over the feed and flour store.

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