

**Free Press Editorial Page**

**Zoning need . . .**

The value of planning for town, township or city finds an apt illustration in Esqueving township over the past few months.

Proposals before the township council to establish a race track in the south end of Esqueving, a drag strip in the north end and a drive-in theatre in some central spot, have caused great concern among residents of the areas affected. There have been several delegations in the council chambers to protest establishment of these enterprises but it is doubtful that councillors will be able to do very much about them.

Passage of an agricultural holding by-law last week was an attempt to regulate the use of land, and the character, use and location of all buildings, but ratepayers can only hope this measure is not too late with too little.

The day when it was possible to allow any type of dwelling or land use in an area where there is an abundance of land has long passed in this area. Rapid development fanning out from Toronto has created situations where a zoning by-law would be the only suitable method of control.

It is a long, often difficult struggle to plan zoning, pass a by-law and then watch its progress grind to halt among the bureau-crats at Queen's Park, as the town of Acton has found out. Esqueving's holding by-law is an attempt to regulate while the planners work on a suitable zoning by-law, which could be years ahead.

Residents of areas where race tracks and drag strips are proposed will have to grin and bear it, unless the township is able to impose some sort of ban which will affect the time prior to passage of the holding by-law. This type of enterprise has a place but is certainly not desirable in areas where residents have built homes with the idea they could live in a rural area undisturbed by the raucous noise usually associated with tracks and drag strips.

Measures the township takes against developers may seem inadequate but even using all the weapons they have at their disposal it is like putting a catapult against a cannon if there is no zoning by-law to harness developments.

**No squawk on this raise . . .**

Members of the Ontario Legislature who have accused trade unions and the professions of adding to inflation pressures with large raises in pay should be hanging their own heads following acceptance of a 50 per cent hike in remuneration without any appreciable outcry.

The \$18,000 figure which M.P.P.'s will receive now for their services is not out of line with the importance of the job but it is an unflattering testimony to their lack of concern for the feelings of the public that they should decide it was necessary to raise their own pay at a time when the fight against inflation is in full swing.

Anything members of the Legislature say now about the trade unions and the professions contributing to inflation will be immediately suspect and taken with large doses of salt.

Formerly an M.P.P. was paid \$12,000 a year—\$8,000 in taxable salary and \$4,000 in the form of a tax-free expense allowance—the latter requiring no proof of expenditure. Now the figure will be made up of \$12,000 in straight taxable salary and \$6,000 in a tax free non-accountable expense allowance.

Cabinet ministers are expected to collect from \$34,000 to \$36,000 a year and the Prime Minister's pay is anticipated to go up from \$30,000 to \$40,000 or \$45,000.

Few will disagree with the total amount received by the legislators but the timing and amount of the pay hikes will raise more than eyebrows among taxpayers.

**Relief from din . . .**

We live in the midst of constant noise. Jets boom, sirens shrill; every radio and television ad is announced by a crash or a twanging guitar, and even the national news now begins with an ugly and strident series of electronic "Beep-Beeps."

Into all this din comes Christmas, and for a blessed two or three weeks the sounds are different, says an editor from the United Church the excited voices of children, the cheerful greetings exchanged by acquaintances on the street, even the "ho, ho, ho" of commercial Santas, are a blessed change from the frenzy which is our usual diet.

Why are we so enamored of all this racket?

If we search our hearts, our best moments don't come with a roar, they steal upon us. The bedtime hugs of children, their relaxed abandonment in sleep with "deceptively angelic faces" a good talk in a quiet corner with an old friend, moments of love between husband and wife, the pride in the eyes of one when the other has done something well—these are the cherished times for most of us.

Fanfare can be dazzling and has its limited place, but the heart's true homeland is in the warmth and simplicity which Christmas releases.

One of the carols says it:

"How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is given: So God imparts to human hearts the blessings of his heaven."



**STUDENTS AT WOODSIDE SCHOOL** in 1943 were, front row, Marie Kerr, Ronnie McEachern, Evelyn Sanders, Jean McIntyre, Edith Thompson, Ted Freeman; second row Wilma Butler, Betty Anne Kerr, Annie Leitch, Doreen Cole, Delia McIntyre, Doris Thompson, George Johnston, Pearl McDonald; back row, John McDonald, Jack McIntyre, Eileen McDonald, Sadie McIntyre, Andy Molozzi. Their teacher was Mrs. R. Shortill, who lent us the picture.



**Safe Driving Week - Dec. 1-7**



**Sugar and Spice**

by Bill Smiley

This column is dedicated to my namesake, Bill Smiley, a high school principal in Saskatchewan. He doesn't even read my column, but I do for him, and his wife does.

Recently, she forced him to listen as she read a column in which I hurled a dart into the raw hides of school administrators. It made him writhe, but it was a friendly letter and it's nice to hear from you, Cousin Bill.

He must be a cousin. The Smileys, five brothers of them, came out from Ireland during one of the periodic potato famines and with the skill and foresight that has always characterized the name, chose some of the most meagre land in Canada on which to strike it rich.

The crops were mainly stones, with an occasional bonanza of boulders. Most of them had enough dirt Irish wit to get out and move West, but my grandfather, with nine kids and no wife, stuck it out and the old family farm is still there in Pontiac, Quebec, pushing up its annual crop of milkweed, budlock and fieldstone.

Cousin Bill must be a descendant of one of the Smileys who went West and starved during the Depression, instead of staying home and almost starving.

We've lost contact completely. Bill I did meet a chap, Bev Smiley, directly ahead of me in a line-up on a township coming home, who turned out to be a son of my father's first cousin, Joe, who went West. Isn't this fascinating!

However, this is not a family history, though I know you're intrigued. It is a heart-felt expression of sympathy for high school principals, like Cousin Bill.

**Credibility . . .**

A man's life is full of trouble. He comes into the world without his consent. He goes out usually against his will and the trip between his coming and going is one of the features of his journey.

If he is poor, his is said to be a bad manager.

If his is rich, they'll claim he is dishonest.

If he gives to charity, it's for show.

If he doesn't, he's a stingy cuss.

If he's actively religious, some will say he's a hypocrite.

If he gives affection, he's a soft specimen.

If he cares for nobody, he's cold-blooded.

If he dies young, there was a great future for him.

If he lives to be an old man he missed his calling.

If he saves money, he's a miser.

If he spends it, he's a spendthrift.

If he works hard, they say he's crazy.

If he doesn't, he's a bum.

So what's the use?

Woodstock, N.B., Bugle.

**Free Press back issues**

**20 years ago**

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, December 1, 1949

The biggest nomination meeting in years put 40 candidates up for election and showed a keen interest in municipal affairs.

Monday will be election day with polls at the Y.M.C.A. and town hall open from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. When nine o'clock rolled around Saturday night qualification forms had been filled out for the following: for Mayor, A. Mason, F. J. McCutcheon; for Reeve, E. Tyler (accl.); for deputy-reeve W. McLeod (accl.); for council, six to be elected, N. Braida, S. Collett, T. Cooke, F. Davison, J. Greer, J. Hargrave, L. Hutchen, T. Nicol, W. Rozell, J. F. Royston and R. Thompson.

For Public Utilities Commission Thos. Ware (accl.).

For school board, all by acclamation, J. H. Creighton, Thos. Watson Jr., W. J. Wolfe.

Those eligible will also vote on the band by-law, asking if they are in favor of cancelling the annual grant of one-half of a mill on the whole ratable property to such band or bands as council may appoint, and if the present grant is cancelled, would they be in favor of a \$500 annual grant.

J. H. Creighton was chairman of the nomination meeting and reeve Theron Joney requested various committee men to give their reports.

Two former reeves will contest the election for the honor of being the first mayor of Acton, which has been raised from village status.

Between the seventh and sixth lines the power went off during the cyclone. For seven long hours the car stood stalled on the bridge. Shortly before three o'clock Sunday morning the power came on again and the train resumed its trip. The passengers have quite a story to relate.

Many barns were damaged and fruit trees uprooted.

**75 years ago**

Taken from the issue of the Free Press - Thursday, December 6, 1894.

After a long period of suffering death came peacefully to Miss Jessie McNabb, 22, daughter of Mr. Archibald McNabb, corner Church and Wilbur Sts. For several years this bright young lady had been afflicted with nervous prostration and latterly with an affection behind her ear which gradually grew worse.

During her long illness they engaged the best physicians and sent her to hospital for three months. The hundreds who viewed the remant, lovely in death could not fail to remark the evidences of calm and peace. The affliction is sorely felt by the family but they feel that the Lord knows best.

Acton Temperance Union has organized a Parliament and prospects are good for some lively debating. Rev. J. W. Rae is leader of the government and Rev. J. E. Howell leader of the opposition. Mr. H. Jean will introduce the first bill on prohibition of the liquor traffic. Messrs. John L. Charles and R. J. Edmiston are the Whips and H. P. Moore the speaker.

Limelouse Presbyterian Sunday School is now closed for the winter.

Rev. T. Adams, who has been preaching at the Congregational churches of Churchill and Greenlaw for the past year, has resigned these charges and accepted a call from Cobourg. The people of Churchill intend giving a farewell tea Dec. 11.

**50 years ago**

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, December 5, 1919.

The terrific cyclone which devastated so many buildings and created havoc at so many points in the province last Saturday evening did a large quota of damage here. In Acton the new shoe factory on Church St. was the scene of the greatest damage. During the height of the gale, when the wind had a velocity of 60 to 70 miles an hour, it struck the building broadside and the damage wrought in a few seconds was great indeed. The entire roof was carried off and distributed over the Grand Trunk yards. It was over, under and through freight cars, tore down telephone and telegraph wires and created havoc generally. A brakeman was injured and was taken to hospital at Stratford on the 8.12 train.

John Gibbons' barn fared badly. It was crushed like an eggshell. Contractor Mackenzie had still not completed the contract for the barn and therefore bears the loss of about \$3,000.

A number of passengers for Acton and other points west of the Toronto Suburban Railway had a trying experience.

**Off the cuff**

**Retirement:** When you stop lying about your age and start lying about the house.

**Courage:** The mastery of fear.

**"Well, Doc. How do I stand?"**  
 Doctor: "I don't know, it's a miracle."

**Wouldn't you know they'd come up with go-go girls just when most of us are about gone.**

**and Pepper** by hartley coles

Take John Diefenbaker, my grandmother and Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau. Mix them up in a pot of Irish stew and you'll get a concoction which this column is all about.

John Diefenbaker? Your grandmother? The prime minister? - Yep!

Perhaps you noticed where John Diefenbaker has been firing broadsides again. And you can hear the cannonading from St. John to Victoria.

He unleashed a 12 gun salute at the prime minister last week down in Bytown, where the Rideau River flows, which ended up in him striding across the floor and grasping Pierre's hand in a friendly western shake that would have floored a steer.

Mr. Trudeau apologized to Dief the former chief which led to the momentous occasion and the solid handshake which shook the foundations of confederation.

Where does my grandmother fit into the picture? No, she didn't join the Company of Young Canadians. At least not yet. If she could get a hold on some of them I'm sure she'd establish that they had no monopoly on violence.

My granma has always had a "thing" for John Diefenbaker. He could push the button to start World War III and she would playfully assert that it must be in the best interests of all of us or John wouldn't have done it.

There's no doubt that Bob Stanfield has been in Dief's shadow ever since he took over the mantle of the Conservative party.

When someone takes a trip to Russia it is John, not Bob, who travels, in spite of the fact that Stanfield underwear might find ready acceptance in Siberia's frozen wastes. Perhaps there was a subtle feeling among the young Tory turks that if Mr. Diefenbaker journeyed to Volkaville he would open his celebrated mouth too wide on some public occasion and the Comrades would clamp him in some forsaken Siberian salt mine.

But it turned out the Russians appreciated Mr. Diefenbaker's outspoken comments so much they returned him safely to Canada's capital where he continues to make political capital at Mr. Stanfield's expense.

Canadians, meanwhile, breathed a sigh of relief that their most colorful politician was once again back in our midst.

Pierre subsequent to the incident went to the Grey Cup game in a knitted Dutch Boy cap that set the fashion world gawking and booted a 28 yard ceremonial kick-off to set a new record for prime minister's pigskin accomplishments.

My grandmother sits at home chattering on John Diefenbaker and hoping someday he will once again stumble into the prime minister's office.

According to the press reports enthusiastic applause from the few M.P.'s who were still in the House, solidified alliances clean across the country. Afterwards Mr. Diefenbaker, who would sooner hit Pierre with a brick than an apology any day of the week, said Mr. Trudeau's action confirmed his view that the Commons was "a gentleman's club."

The prime minister apparently apologized to Mr. Diefenbaker for an erroneous reply he had made earlier in the session in regard to a letter claimed to have been sent him by a Montreal politician implicating the Company of Young Canadians in some devilry.

You did get a letter, Mr. Diefenbaker thundered across the Commons. No I didn't, replied Pierre.

At this juncture Mr. Trudeau's secretary reminded all and sundry in the House that Mr. Diefenbaker had once hidden a letter from U.S. president Dwight Eisenhower under his bed, and it had lain there for weeks apparently forgotten.

"I wonder," said the secretary, "if the prime minister would care to look under his bed to see whether the letter happens to be filed there."

An unkind cut. But it turned out there was a letter written on St. Patrick's Day by Mr. Saulnier to the prime minister. And

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