

Compounding problems . . .

A waste disposal plant immediately south of Acton? We don't like the idea.

Why should this area become the dumping ground for waste from all over the district?

We can picture endless lines of trucks waiting their turn to dump garbage and industrial waste. We can see them lumbering through town and leaving paper and other waste all along the route.

If the cities want to get rid of their waste products let them find some place close to themselves. We don't want their garbage or their industrial waste.

We agree there has to be some other method of dealing with the garbage from the towns and townships in the district. We also agree that incineration is the answer to many of the problems, that plans unveiled for the Rognvaldson farm appear to be as clean an operation as is possible. But why does it have to be close to any habitation?

Surely there are some isolated spots where the land is poor, where there are few people to disturb, which would house a waste disposal plant far better than this area? The site is too close to town, right off a main highway, besides being adjacent to the Niagara escarpment which the provincial government professes to be vitally interested in preserving.

The centralized waste system is an excellent idea and appears to be the answer to getting rid of garbage and industrial waste. But we have enough disposal problems up this way without compounding them with everyone else's.

Our main concern with the location, however, is the number of trucks which already rumble up and down Highway 25 loaded with stone and gravel. They'll be joined by streams of others filled with refuse and industrial wastes which can't help adding to the hazard and certainly are not going to act as a deodorant.

Let's try and keep the country green and free from eyesores.

Starts with "grass" . . .

Is marijuana just the first step towards eventual use of stronger and more destructive drugs?

Countless articles and arguments said no. An increasing crescendo of opinion said yes - the use of marijuana led to users getting "hooked" on acid and speed.

We got what we felt was an authoritative answer on the quandy last Thursday night from Major McCordale of the Salvation Army when he spoke to the Tri-Angel club.

The major said marijuana satisfies the drug user who is just starting out for a short time. Then he goes to something stronger.

He is in the midst of the struggle to salvage human wrecks the drug trade is destroying with callous indifference. His opinions are educated. Anyone who has any doubts on the matter, need only consult the major or former Acton physician, Dr. Robert Buckner, who are involved deeply with young people at Concord House.

The deep concern of those who care for the carnage left by drug pushers will be classed as do-goodism and meddling by some, but the work they are doing needs publicity and more support if it is to counteract the utterances that emanate from types who would even start children of public school age on drugs.

Newspapers reflect life . . .

Newspapers "tell it like it is," to use a modern solecism.

Some say there is not enough good news. We challenge anybody to read any weekly newspaper and say that unblushingly. Nor will it hold water where most dailies are concerned.

As for violence and crime, they too are news. And they happen to be plentiful nowadays. The dirt of life cannot be swept under the rug of silence. Putting the light on what is happening is the best way to correct it.

Many of the critics of the press would know nothing about matters which have been brought to light if the press had not been alert and publicized them.

As for governments, their actions must be subject to scrutiny if tyranny and injustice are to be avoided. Arbitrary power fattens on lack of publicity and exposure to criticism.

The press must bring to light the hidden things despite all the tendencies to secret meetings and news by sterilized press release.

Truth is what we exist for, and we must say it, no matter on whose toes it treads. The balance between "good" and "bad" news in Canadian papers is about the balance between good and bad in life.

How else could it be, since newspapers merely reflect what is going on?

St. Marys Journal-Argus

Off the cuff . . .

First day of March comes on Sunday. Three weeks until Spring! - according to the calendar.

"I'm not a feminist. I merely agree with the Suffragette leader who admonished her followers: 'Put your trust in God, and she will see you through'". Mrs. Barbara Castle.

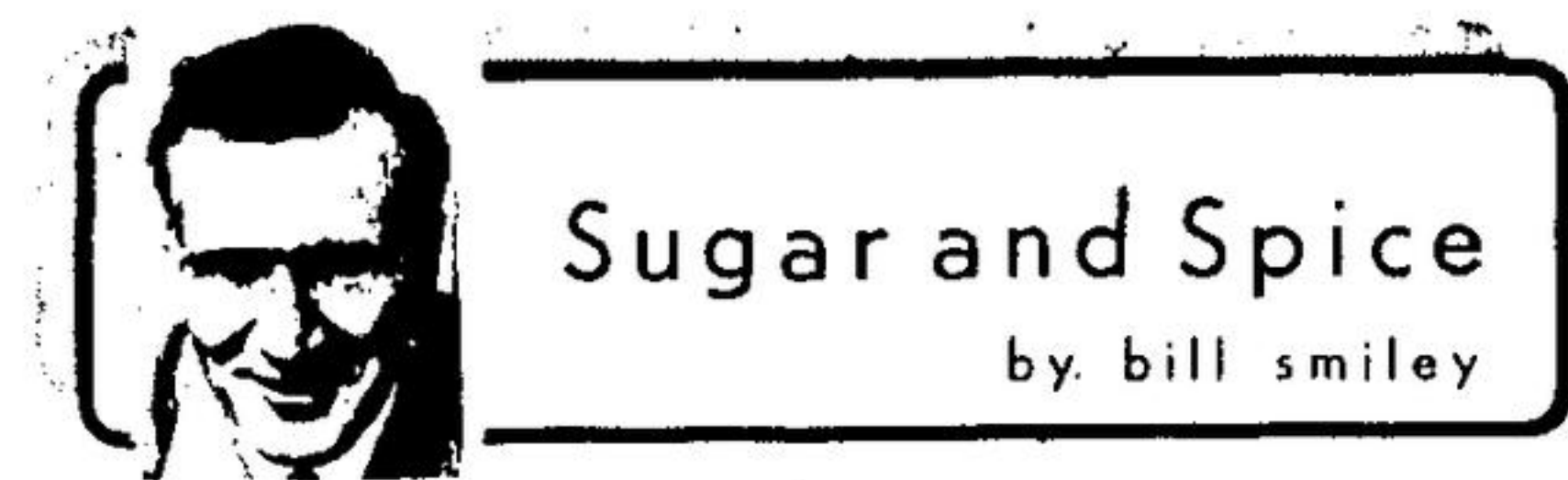


Brotherhood

Week

Feb. 22-March 1

"What does brotherhood mean, Dad...?"



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

It's an unpleasant but indisputed fact that most of us in today's material society envy those who are making more money than we are.

I'm as guilty as anyone else, simultaneously knowing that it's silly. But there's one breed the doctors - that makes a whole lot more money than I do. And I have no envy; nothing but admiration.

We've met some new ones in the past couple of weeks, and they have confirmed by long-held opinion that their's is a noble profession.

I know, I know. There are some rotten apples in every barrel. There are some doctors who are interested only in the buck. There are others who wouldn't take a night call even if you were dying. There are the specialists who work office hours only, and knock off \$45,000 a year. (Tried to get an appointment with an eye doctor lately? Takes months.)

But the vast majority of today's doctors are just as dedicated as their predecessors, work just as hard and long, and are just as interested in healing body and mind. And proportionately, in terms of today's living costs, they're no better off than the doctor of 50 years ago.

First doctor I ever met, I guess, was the one who delivered me, and our acquaintance was casual. Just a whack on the bum from him, and a squall of protest from me.

When I was a kid, our family doctor was Dr. Hayyard. He was a massive man with a massive calm. When he arrived, at any hour, you felt as though God had just taken over and everything was O.K. In the winter, he charged about the country with a device of his own creation, a sort of snowmobile built from a Model T Ford. In summer, his favorite recreation was hitting fly balls to the outfielders in our pro-baseball team. He could hit them half a mile.

In prison camp, I met a couple of dandies. One was coal-black, six-foot-six

and reputed to be the son of an African chief. I went to him in some perturbation, and he said, "If you had that excrecence on your nose, you'd call it pimple."

The other was a ginger-haired British major, a surgeon. He was going around the bend because there wasn't enough surgery to keep his hand in. When he had removed all possible appendicities and tonsils, on the slightest provocation, he spent most of his time sidling up to people and asking if they'd been circumcised. We used to hide when wysaw him coming.

When our kids came along, both were delivered by a wonderful doctor, Frank Williamson. Four o'clock in the morning meant nothing to him. He'd be there, quiet and calm and rational, in a flash. He grew roses.

When we came here, we had Bill Neill. He had a theory that people needed only four hours sleep a night. He grooved on tropical fish and tape recorders, didn't give a hoot about money, forgot to bill you, but was always compassionate and on the job when you needed him.

Now our family doctor is a quiet Englishman with a complete lack of the affectation that the odd little-tin-god type doctor assumes. He has a propensity for Christmas carolling outside your house with his wife and children, and has learned to play a creditable trumpet.

I've been curling with a doctor in his 70's lately. I enjoy his stories about the old days, when he used a dog team to cross the bay, hoping there wouldn't be a gap of open water when he got to the other side. He's a courtly gentleman.

When we picked up our daughter at the hospital recently, we met another species of the breed. Youngish, tough, red-eyed from lack of sleep, he took two hours, including his lunch hour, to talk to us, without recompense. He cared.

And one more. An eminent city specialist, who is married to an old friend of my wife, took time from his busy schedule to check on Kim and alleviate our fears. He doesn't even know us.

A pretty fine bunch, the Docs, in my experience.

Salt and Pepper



An Acton soap opera . . .

When Maggie Stilllegs took a trip down to Toronto last week, it marked the first time she had visited the big city since the radial line folded up in the depression.

Maybe you can understand her apprehension while queuing up at Len Adams' bus depot to purchase a ticket.

She should rather have hopped onto a last Grand Trunk train but no one seemed to know whether any trains stopped at the Acton railway station nowadays. They'd taken all the romance out of railwaying when they took away the steam engine.

However, she commiserated, it was quite possible there might be an eligible man riding on a bus.

Maggie crowded 60 but she never gave up thinking the good Lord might send her another man to take the place of just plain Bill who led her a merry chase before he disappeared down the Second Line one foggy February Friday.

Nostalgically, she recalled the good times they had had before Bill's untimely disappearing act. Her father expressed stern disapproval when she announced she and Bill would tie the knot.

"Bill will be nothing but a bill to you," he warned, his moustache brushing over the tea cups. "He'll wed you, make you bear a bunch of kids and then leave you in the lurch."

Maggie was glad her father had been wrong on one count. They never had any children.

But the old man had been right about Bill's bills. He ran up accounts at Pa Jones' grocery store, A. T. Brown's drug counter, McKenzie's coal office and even charged his pool room tabs.

Nevertheless she had some moments when strolling down the School Lane with just plain Bill, when she didn't care whether the squirrels thought they were a couple of nuts. She was ecstatically happy holding Bill's hand while he crooned tunes like, "I wandered today to the hills, Maggie . . ."

She had to confess, just plain Bill had never shown an aptitude for work, preferring to commune with nature on Cobble Hill or look for beavers on Beaver Meadow.

The gossips around town said he was

"no good". But then they had never seen the sweet side, nor recognized the intellect that refused to be tied down to menial tasks suited to lesser men. With his imagination he could turn the filter beds into fairy fountains.

When he strutted down Mill St., his spats yellow against his brown boots, a dandelion in his buttonhole and a bowler on his head, shading a moustache superbly trimmed, her heart leaped wildly and she longed to crush his angular frame in her arms.

She blushed at the thought now as the lady at the front of the line waiting for the bus, recognized her and smiled.

Perhaps she was foolish to believe the idle bit of gossip that said just plain Bill was seen in Toronto skating on the new city hall rink. But she wouldn't be content until she had satisfied her curiosity . . . and her heart.

She was still in love with Bill after all these years. And a trip to Toronto wouldn't hurt her although her rooster, Mervyn Muddside, warned about strange men she had read about who molested ladies in fresh from the country.

That's why she was wearing her "woman of the world" look, a touch of lipstick and a pair of pat-brook. She borrowed fromilly Susan Seaport. She would be right at home on Bay St. in the middle of the city . . . and there was always the chance she would again see just plain Bill!

"I wonder what he looks like now?" she thought as the bus pulled up a front of the depot and disgorged passengers. "Will he recognize me after all these years?"

Maggie, although she had lost her youthful figure, was still proud of her fine bust and carriage. Her years at home with only roomers for company had not dimmed her love for walking and this kept her figure from every being plabby like other women her age.

She gave the driver her ticket, hopped down beside a grimy urchin with his ticket pinned to his coat and started on the first lap of a journey that would take a strange turn before she would again see the quiet, shaded streets of Acton or smell the aroma which made the town distinctive.

(Continued next week)



20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 23, 1950

The Magic Piper was a delightful musical production by the pupils and teachers of Acton Public School which played for two nights. The poem was recited by Maureen Kinread before the production and included in the list of characters were town crier Robert Armstrong, mayor Bill McHugh, paper Paul Lawson with Mary Maddox, Betty Sinclair, David Cullen, George Fountain, Ronald Sinclair, Ronald Emmerson, Bill Skilling, Diane Dawkins, Raymond Braida, Wayne Arbie, Robert Wahlman, Ronald Sheppard, Terry Coles, Ross Morton, Bob Coon, Herb Dodds, Joe Jany, Jean Oakley, Frances Oakes, Helen Luxton, Peggy Oakes and Marjorie Winter in the main parts. Miss Linda Stewart directed. Violin solos were contributed between the acts by Sheila Paul and cornet solos by Emmerson Baxter. Chairman for the performances were Dr. Oakes, chairman of the board, and the Rev. Luxton.

Last Sunday the congregation of Acton Baptist church celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the building. On display was a communion set presented in 1900 by the sons of Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Cook and a quilt which raised the first funds toward the erection of the edifice. Also shown was the 50-year-old roll of the church.

On Monday evening the teaching staff of both the Public and High School waited upon the trustee board to request substantial increases in their salaries. The five teachers of the junior department requested that they be increased from \$650 to \$950 from January 1 and hinted that next year's salaries be considered in June. Miss Bennett, the very efficient entrance teacher requested that her salary be increased from \$850 to \$1,100, the same as the entrance teacher at Burlington. Mr. Roszell, the principal, requested an increase from \$1,800 to \$2,000.

Great sorrow came to a bright and happy home in Eramosa when Joseph T. C. Ostrander was taken by death after an attack of influenza. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ostrander were ill at the same time. One

dear little daughter, Helen, is the only child.

Saturday morning the body of Mrs. Elizabeth Gray, the mother of editor H.P. Moore of the Free Press, was brought from Toronto and the funeral was held from the spot to which she came as a bride 63 years ago. Her first husband, a builder, had erected the home at the corner of Church and Frederick Sts.

Mr. Ernest Brown and Mrs. Bertha, both of whom came home from Toronto ill with influenza a couple of weeks ago, have both recovered.

Miss Nora Kenney, nurse, was home from the General Hospital, Cochrane, for a couple of days.

The local trappers have all received fancy prices for their fur skins this season.

With a view to improving the sanitary condition of the schools, all rooms were disinfected Tuesday. Of course all the pupils had a holiday.

The Seaman-Kent Co. of Meaford has resumed the ten hour day.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 21, 1895.

The last service in the old building, which has been used by the congregation of Knox Church for the past 50 years, was held last Sunday evening by the pastor Rev. J. W. Rae. The old edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity and much interest was manifested. The hallowed memories were tender and affecting to the older members of the congregation. Reference was made to the early struggles and succeeding history of the work of the Lord. From this church has grown the Presbyterian congregations at Boston, Ballinfad, Lamhouse and Ospringe. The increase in membership has been remarkable, having swelled from 135 at the inception of Rev. Rae's pastorate to 282 at present enrolled.

It is fitting that the new church should be opened in the Jubilee year of the congregation. In the spring of 1845 the first timber was cut and drawn to Acton preparatory to the erection of their first church. The building was not completed until the following year, the frame being raised in June 1846. Rev. James Cameron, later of Glenary, was the first regular minister to the congregation. Rev. John McLachlan was the first settled pastor. He was inducted in 1851 and the church had 40 communicants. The beautiful new church will be dedicated next Sunday.

Limehouse - The Valentine craze was rather overdone here last week.

Antique Corner

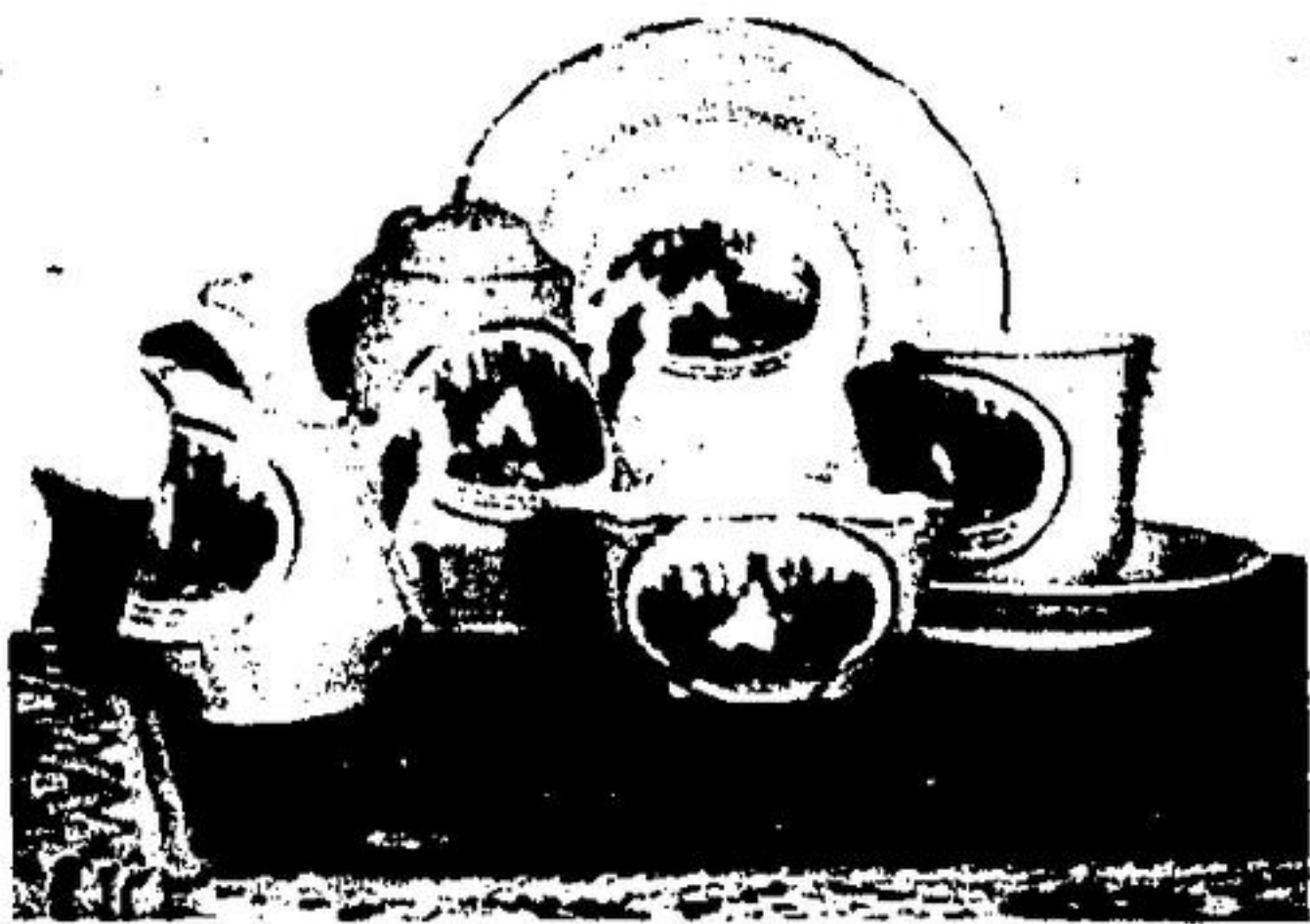
FROM YOSEF DRENTERS' COLLECTION

Victorian Tea Sets were made in England about the 1870's for export to the American continent. They are interesting in that scenes on such sets were strictly Canadian.

The particular one shown here is of an Indian tepee in the thickets with a background of gently rolling hills. The foreground shows three Indian squaws of the Macakiv, and Mucayiomoxin and Otokeman Sarcee tribes; one holding an ace and another leading a dog with a pull sled. A crudely-made tripod of sticks loaded with fur hides and skins is also in the scene.

These tea sets are very unusual and exceptionally rare.

The one depicted here is made of pink china trimmed with gold and the scene is in black and white.



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