

Free Press Editorial Page

Milestone for town . . .

Official opening of Acton's new water pollution control plant is another milestone in the growth of the town.

The new facilities are both attractive and practical and a model for communities where the pollution battle is being fought with either none, or old decrepit plants, unable to process sewage to the degree required in an age when we are becoming increasingly aware of the need for stronger anti-pollution measures.

The new facility, which is really only an extension to the old plant but which complements and doubles its capacity, will allow growth in the municipality without fear of incurring the wrath of the Ontario Water Resources Commission.

Cost of the project (\$640,400) does seem huge for a community of almost 5,000 people to finance but, of course, there is aid from the federal government.

It seemed like a big step when the first sewage plant was being broached but thanks to the foresight of the council of the time and agreement from ratepayers in a vote it was taken. It meant the abolition

of the old backhouse but it was a giant step forward for the town.

We've added almost 2,000 more people since that time and the town has had problems and will continue to have them, but the citizens of Acton know it is a good place to live and will become better as the years go by.

We would like to hand a bouquet to council and the other people responsible for planning and developing the new water pollution control plant and the foresight they showed in the venture.

It is true the old plant was working at capacity but council could have likely stumbled by on some makeshift arrangement. Instead they installed the modern equipment, albeit with some pressure from the provincial powers-that-be.

Although it is sometimes popular to malign industry, it is also worthwhile to consider that Beardmore and Co. co-operated with the town in donating the site for the plant. The company could have chosen to ignore the needs of the community but they also realize that the town must go ahead.

The new extended plant is tangible evidence that it will.

How much better off . . .

There is abundant statistical evidence that the 1960's brought about a major advance in living standards but inflation and the multitude of taxes, both direct and indirect, have made many families wonder whether they are better off.

Special calculations made by The Financial Post show the devastating bite of higher prices and taxes.

For instance, the \$10,000 a year man of 1960 would have to earn \$14,342 this year to maintain his 1960 standard of living. Through the first half of the 1960's, he would have had to add only \$870 to keep abreast of increased prices and taxes - but to keep up from 1965 to 1970 he would need another \$3,472.

Further down the income scale, where numbers are more realistic, the \$5,000 earner of 1960 now requires \$6,993 to offset higher taxes and prices; the \$7,000 man needs \$9,916.

Politicians in their haste to

assume living standards are so much better today do not make much of higher taxes on incomes and the demand on income created by high prices. Yet for people who earned more than \$7,000 in 1960 (today \$10,000 taxes have cut the value of income much more than price inflation.

So, although the average person is better off, it is difficult to gauge the extent of their affluence.

There is another, and more devastating influence that is also forgotten—the effects of better standards of living.

People are very reluctant to let go when standards are raised. They neither want, nor intend, to slide back the income scale.

Taste is higher, sights raised and above all there is the urge to keep up with the Jones', who are getting blamed for much of the labor unrest sweeping the country.

and is now planning to climb a mountain.

These are gentle madnesses that made life worth living. They attest to individuality, to personal determination. They suggested in a quiet way that man is still basically all right.

We have no cause to worry until man is unable to take such foolishness seriously.

Gentle madness . . .

Those who believe all the old values have been destroyed in this world gone mad can take comfort that in many of the important things there has been little change.

People are as kooky as ever, claims the Vancouver Sun.

There's a widow hiking across the United States to Alaska, a man riding horseback over much of the same route; a legless man who has hiked from John O'Groats to Land's End



OH, THOSE LAZY, hazy days of summer! Brian Olson, John Cameron and John Pink may be a bit premature but they're putting in some practising for summer days now.—(Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

I have no sympathy for anyone except the public.

Mail service in this country has gone backwards about 50 years in the past two or three years.

Costs have steadily increased, and service has steadily decreased, until we have reached the point where many people would welcome the return of the pony express riders who used to carry the mail through dust and storm and hostile Indians.

Because it is a government monopoly, it is huge, sprawling and utterly inefficient in a modern society. No enterprising private business would put up with the incredible sloppiness of the present postal system. If it did, the public would soon put it out of business.

It's rather a paradox to note that the liquor stores, which used to operate on a five-day week, are now open six days, plus Friday evenings, while postal service has been cut to five days and post offices close earlier. Apparently there's more profit in booze than public utilities for government.

And that's what the postal service is, or should be—a public utility. Wouldn't we be in a fine state if hydro power, and the telephone service, and police and fire protection were lopped off on Friday, to recommence Monday or Tuesday, if there were a Federal holiday?

The only people who have benefited from Mr. Kieran's new, "efficient" postal service are the telephone and telegraph companies. They're reaping a harvest because big business has practically stopped using the mails.

What's the point of posting an important letter on Wednesday if you know it probably won't be delivered Friday, and therefore will be delivered the following Monday, or Tuesday if Monday's a holiday.

It's bad enough to drive a businessman to apoplexy, but it's just as frustrating, on a more personal basis, to the ordinary citizen.

Our daughter lives in the city, 90 miles away. She doesn't have a phone. If we write her on Monday, she gets the letter Thursday or Friday. If there's something

Off the cuff . . .

If it's true that miniskirts allow women to express themselves, some have little to say.

Nobody likes to be beaten to the punch, especially when there's a little gin in it.

Soft Soap: Something that can erase a dirty look.



I've mentioned before in this column that my propensity for admiring flowers and exotic plant life does not extend to a talent for growing them.

As a gardener I'd make a good fence viewer, although in front of me I have a press release which claims seven million Canadians with green thumbs are planting extra rows of flowers this spring.

According to the secretary of the Canadian Nursery Trades Association, who ought to know, many people seem to be staying home and gardening rather than buying a boat or renting a cottage. Enchanted with seed catalogues and the art of growing things, they are going to stick close to home this year instead of staying at a resort.

Tough on the resort operators and tourist pushers, but I can hear the nurserymen cheering from here.

Confronted with the choice of two weeks at a resort or a fortnight in the garden, I'm afraid there wouldn't be much indecision on my part. I'd take the resort every time and let someone else grow the flowers for me to admire.

This peculiar attitude has been with me all my life since an attempt to grow a geranium in a pot ended in a tulip popping up through the black soil. Frustrating but it doesn't stop me admiring anyone who can turn an acre of sandy soil into a garden of Eden.

I can remember the indelible impression the former premier of Ontario, Mitch Hepburn, left on me when he retired from politics.

Asked by some enterprising reporter what he was going to do, Mitch replied he just intended to stay home and watch the onions grow.

Some people interpreted this as meaning that the volatile Hepburn was going to take it easy. I thought he was hitting at something different—the crying power in the onions. As far as I could make out he was going to let the onions do the crying for him.

There is equal significance behind the growing of flowers. In merry old England, for instance, they fought the War of the Roses. Lancastrians wore a red rose as their badge. Yorkists wore white. Inspired by this, William Somerville wrote:

If this pale rose offends your sight,
In your bosom wear; 'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

And, of course, another William, Shakespeare penned these world-famous

words about roses in Romeo and Juliet:

What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

Shakespeare's works are heavy with allusions to flowers with the rose, England's national flower, foremost. Anyone who has been to old blighty doesn't have to ask why. Britain is an immense flower garden.

Switching to another locale, we just have to mention the word Carmen and you get a mental picture of a voluptuous girl with a rose clenched between her teeth, dancing with sensuous grace while the chorus lets fly with a rousing rendition that always reminded me of the Anvil Chorus, but was something else altogether.

And Carmen, of course, has plenty of imitators.

I was at a party one night where the hostess, fascinated by Spanish Eyes (the music not the orbs) and aware she bore a slight resemblance to Rita Hayworth, grabbed an artificial rose out of a bowl. Then, encouraged by all present, especially the males, she leaped to the coffee table top and did her own version of the flamenco with swirling skirts and glistening eyes. An enthusiastic guest, over come by the occasion, decided he would join the hostess in a heel-and-toe tapping routine.

He bounded to the top of the table, grabbed for the rose, which the senioria held firmly between her molars. She seemed reluctant to let go. He pulled harder. She held on until somebody from the transfixed audience urged her to clamp harder.

She relaxed her grip to answer. Out the rose flew, dragging a partial plate behind it.

The silence was awful until the lady's husband, a wit from the word go, let out a loud guffaw, which was picked up and magnified around the table.

Judging by the withering look he got, his life has been no bed of roses since—unless he is content to settle for the thorns.

The purpose of all this, of course, is to show that flower power is not something new. The power of the flower has been with us since our ancestors first emerged from the caves, trectrops or wherever scientists decide we came from next and adorned themselves with petals.

So I say a toast to the gardeners of the world. May their thumbs be evergreen and their flowers the envy of us dolts who couldn't even grow hair if the good Lord had not provided the roots.

Free Press

back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 1, 1950.

A fast-moving circus with all its splendour was presented to Acton audiences last Thursday and Friday by the members of the Acton Y.M.C.A. in Acton Park Pavilion. Fast and furious floor hockey, cornfield capers, a speedy gymnastic display, a battle 'mongst Knights of Yore in armour and fully-equipped with bloodstained swords and a fantasy in bronze were features included in the extravaganza. There were square dances with the old time music provided by George Fountain, Mrs. Oakes and calling off by Fred Hunter. Clowns on the program were Ken Hassard, Jock Calder and George Hollinger. Cliff Sutton and May Dumarsh directed the troupers in their tan bark presentation. Charles Kirkness acted as master of ceremonies and a myriad of other helpers assisted.

The life of Harold K. Roszell of Acton was saved by P. J. Hill, M.M.C., on the Queen Elizabeth Way last Saturday. Driving a truck, Mr. Roszell was overcome by carbon monoxide fumes from the engine and lost consciousness. Two policemen were called by Mr. Hill and they administered artificial respiration for over half an hour before reviving him.

In St. Alban's church Joan Elizabeth Waterhouse and Murray Albert Hood were married by Rev. Luxton. They will reside in Milton.

Ernest West, student at Osgoode Hall, was the subject of part of Kate Aitken's broadcast recently.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 3, 1920.

At a meeting held in the Soldiers' Memorial Home a baseball league was formed for the season composed of Acton, Brampton, Georgetown, Glen Williams, Limehouse and Milton clubs. Ed. Ryder of Acton is president and Neil McNabb is on the executive.

The distribution of flower seeds by Acton Horticultural Society was made a month ago. On Saturday the spring distribution of plants took place. Salvias, pansies, petunias, Flox Drummondii, etc. to the number of 5,000 or 6,000 plants were

distributed. Acton should "blossom as a rose."

Public School teachers of Ontario have now organized and adopted a salary schedule for rural teachers with one year experience at least \$800; up to \$1,300 for four years' experience. Principal, two to four rooms, at least \$1,200 up to \$1,600; more than five rooms, one year experience at least \$1,600 up to at least \$2,000.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 30, 1895.

The twenty-fourth dawned warm and bright and was just such a morning as would put in good spirits those upon whose shoulders rested the responsibility of providing for the public a day of pleasure. The joint committee of the Acton Cornet Band and the Clipper Base Ball club were in excellent spirits and the success of the day's celebrations showed they were fully competent to carry out the celebration. The crowd in the park was not far short of 1,000.

Following the lacrosse match between Glen Williams and Acton came the championship baseball game of Halton County League. I. Francis umpired the game and the final score was Acton 28, Campbellville 18.

When the bicycle matches were called for people thronged for vantage places. Fred Storey of Acton took the lead in the mile race and kept it to the end.

For the two-mile race there were only two entries, F. Jago of Rockwood and F. Storey of Acton and F. Storey was the winner. Great excitement prevailed when the five-mile bicycle race was announced. Though there were four entries but two started, F. Bailey and R. Gordon. The race occupied about 19 miles and the former easily won the silver cup.

Then followed the foot races. A noteworthy feature of the day's events was that with the exception of the 200 yard race, all were won by Acton boys.

The calithumpian parade was very funny but lacked much of merit. The arrangement was left almost entirely to juveniles. Acton Cornet Band cannot be commended too highly for the music they provided. The concert in the town hall in the evening was very enjoyable and fairly successful.

Photos from the past



Mrs. Kingshott, R. R. 4, Rockwood, lent this school picture.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

PHONE 853-2010

Business and Editorial Office

1875 and published every Wednesday at 58 Willow St. Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the C.N.A. and C.P.A. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance. \$6.00 in Canada, \$9.00 in all countries other than Canada. Single copies 15 cents. Second class mail Registration Number - 0515. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate. In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services in a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

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