



ANOTHER IN THE SERIES of aerial photographs of Acton and area taken for the Halton Industrial Committee by photographer Phil Aggus. The helicopter

was over Main St. N. when the camera shot this view over the oldest section of town and newer areas on the north side of the CNR tracks.

Saving face and blasting . . .

There is no doubt the Minister of Mines for Ontario has been invested with wide, sweeping powers by the passage of an Act to provide for the preservation of the Niagara Escarpment and its vicinity.

Quarrying operations have already been hit with closures slapped on 15 firms who either through neglect or objection did not apply for permits to operate.

According to Section Five of the Bill, the Minister may refuse to issue a permit where, in his opinion, the operation of the mine would be against the interest of the public in preserving the character of the formation that includes the escarpment and the availability of its natural attributes for enjoyment by the public.

This of course, is aimed at those pit and quarry operations which defaced this natural beauty spot especially on the face and made no plans to rehabilitate gaping holes and piles of refuse.

It took some intestinal fortitude to pass legislation but before we stand up and cheer, we'd like to see concrete evidence that the quarry operators intend to rehabilitate the escarpment over which they have had stewardship. It is true some quarries have already done something tangible in this regard but the lack of any improvements in this area is noticeable.

There is another area where there should be more control and perhaps the wide interpretation of section five would give the minister some ammunition. That is excessive blasting!

Despite strong denials by some of the large quarries, there are few people who live in the vicinity of the pits who haven't felt their house tremble from the effects of a large blast. We sometimes feel blasts from a nearby operation in Acton.

Efforts by the Department of Mines to exercise some form of

control over blasting have been ludicrous in the past, sometimes approaching the point of incredulity.

Complaints of excessive blasting has brought a seismograph and operator from Toronto to measure effects. However, quarry owners are notified when the machine is operating. It certainly requires no stretch of the imagination to believe some would cut down when the machine was operating. Why not sneak up on those who abuse the privilege and then measure the blast?

Police cruisers certainly exercise this type of action with radar along the highways and charges seem to stick.

If the government is going to exercise control over abuses of the escarpment they might as well extend their control to an area bothering many people now.

Dropping the hem line . . .

According to the Financial Post, Canadian men will have to have some pretty good reasons to oppose their wives' misdoings — that is if the fair sex drop hemlines because men's fashion experts predict that Johnny Canuck is going into a longer-length topcoat this fall.

Lengths of the new coats will vary from about the knee level to about the mid-calf. And if you are already steaming because you just bought one that went over your knees, hold your breath — you've got another shock coming!

Another innovation for men this fall is the emergence of the country suit — complete with half-vest and peacocks on the back of the jacket.

The country suit has been around before, of course, but worn mostly by gentleman farmers. Now you'll likely see them in offices and

anywhere else where men wear suits.

For those of us who have not yet accepted the return of the wide tie and flared trousers, these fashion innovations are not going to create a stampede to the men's clothing stores. But perhaps we'll keep a closer eye on the fashion plates we personally know, so we don't get too out of date.

According to the Financial Post, there is some reason for paying more heed to what goes on your back. A Montreal industrialist who dresses with exceptional good taste confided to an interviewer "Clothes tell me a lot about a man."

Times evidently have changed. Remember when the ladies said, "Clothes don't make the man." In fact, to be a fashionably

dressed male was viewed rather suspiciously by ho-man types. There was evidence that he was slightly vain, with an accompanying eye for the women. They called him a "dandy."

Now the pendulum has taken a pronounced swing in the other direction, led by fashionable football and hockey stars who keep "mod" clothes in their closets and wear them as well.

For those who can afford to indulge their taste in clothes there'll likely be a drop in the hemline. It makes one suspect there must be an awful lot of cloth around that clothing manufacturers want to get rid of because this writer for one is perfectly happy with hemlines the way they are.

Drop-outs not unmotivated . . .

High school dropouts are not unmotivated young people nor do they necessarily lack the intelligence to finish Grade 12 or 13, contrary to much public opinion.

This is a conclusion of a recently completed study by the Calgary Family Service Bureau.

Bert Marcuse, executive director of the bureau, launched the survey because he became concerned about the stereotyped opinions of students who drop out, which label them as "no good, unmotivated people." His interviews disclosed that two-thirds of the dropouts were taking other courses or special training elsewhere.

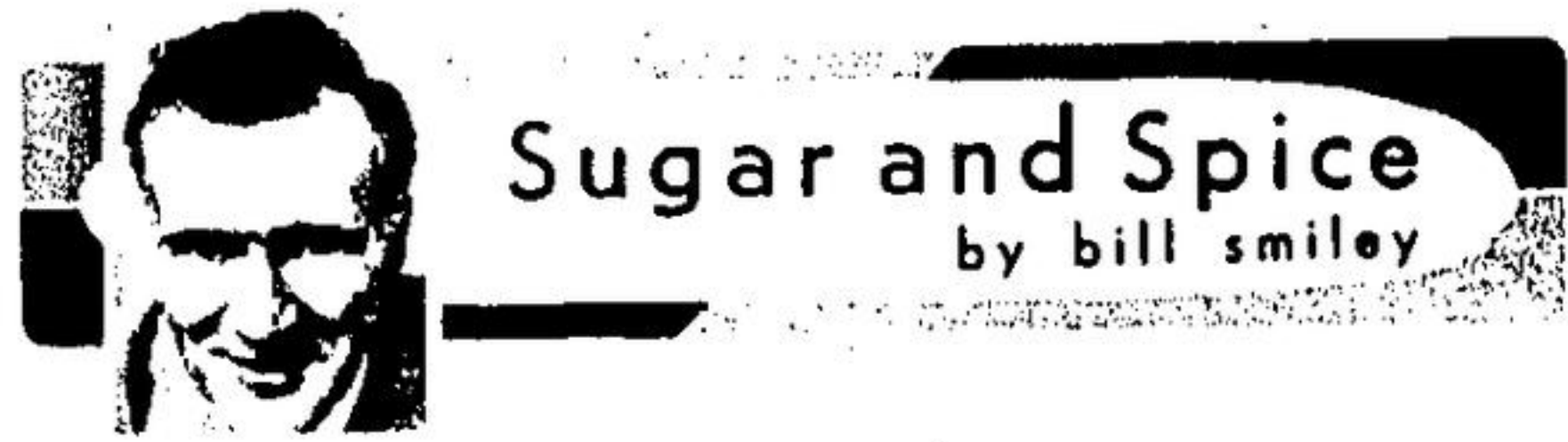
Boredom causes many students to quit school, he found. Another cause is the fact that many older students who have left school and come back to try again, just can't face it — "they feel left out, isolated and uncomfortable."

Poverty is also blamed for poor academic performance, he points out, but adds: "It is not true that children from deprived areas are not motivated. They may have different values, but they are not unaware of the value of education. They just don't have the expectation of being able to go to university."

University is still not available to most lower income students,

even less so in Canada than the U.S. says Marcuse. "But economically deprived children often know that if they finish Grade 11 or 12, they will have to contribute to their family's upkeep, or their own," he adds. "They have to accept the fact that education is still for the privileged people in our society."

Marcuse stresses that understanding the problems of youngsters from poor homes is essential if they are to have equal opportunities with more fortunate children, "but most middle-class people—including many teachers—have a fantastic ignorance of the culture of poverty."



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

If you heard a sigh sometime recently like an elephant about to lie down and die, there was nothing to be alarmed about. It was just the Smileys getting the last of two kids off to college.

Hugh isn't so bad any more. Boys aren't, generally. They'll jam some clothes and junk into a suitcase or two and a duffel bag, and off they go.

He had decided, after a couple of years of waiting table and selling vacuum cleaners, that there might be something in that higher education stuff after all, and went back last year.

Unfortunately, I promised that if he buckled down, I'd give him some financial help. He buckled down just enough to get through his year, so this year I'm stuck with paying his fees. As far as eating goes, he's on his own.

Got him off on an early bus, bound for Halifax with a big box of books and frayed shirts and one suitcase, nine, bulging. He was full, as usual, of fondness and optimism and great expectations. No problem.

Kim is another kettle of fish. Or fowl. A year ago we took her off to university, got her registered, found her a place to live, and made about four long trips in six weeks to

allay her loneliness, buy her more clothes, and change her living quarters twice.

She quit at Christmas and my story heart bled tears when I counted the dollars down the drain. She was ill for a time. Then she went out into the world to seek her fortune.

She discovered that the streets of the city were paved with soot, not gold. After a few months of being broke or working, she chose the lesser of three evils, and decided to go back to school.

After an incredible delay, and weeks of agonizing anxiety for her mother, her application was accepted. (Dealing with university bureaucracy is like dealing with the government.)

I took her down and we checked out the university. She liked it, to my amazement. I think what sold her was that an English professor we talked to introduced himself by his first name, had long hair and a beard, and when he stood up, turned out to be in his bare feet.

She had expressed a desire to get out of the city. Sick of the smog, traffic and everything else that goes with it. She wished she could go to college in a small town. I pointed out that small towns do not boast universities.



and Pepper by hartley coles

I'm a hockey nut from way back and every fall when the training camps start up the old nostalgia returns. I could fill columns and columns with stories of the palmy days when hockey was king in the winter months here.

It isn't too long ago when the rinks were packed with people, many of them characters difficult to describe. Two I have no difficulty remembering were rabid rooters for the Georgetown Raiders. They never failed to attend games — home or away.

Core of the Raider rooting section they were two very lively ladies. A trace of accent proclaimed they hailed from England at one time where they picked up a peculiar idiom which might have been at home on a cricket field but was foreign to hockey rinks.

Despite the fact they sometimes rankled fans from other centres, almost everyone professed a grudging admiration for their enthusiasm. They cheered, booted, chatted, chortled and booed with such gusto they could even get under the referees' skin, which is a tribute in itself.

However, their ribald remarks and caustic comments also disturbed the more serious fans who were often tempted to bounce a brick off the pair's heads.

But all was forgiven when the two ladies followed an outburst with shrieks of laughter and the comment, "We may not have money but we sure enjoy life."

I didn't know the state of their bank deposits but there was no doubting the validity of the second half of their statement. They sparkled with a vitality that you see little of nowadays.

I wish sometimes this sort of enthusiasm could be carried over into other avenues of life. But I realize the world would be in constant turmoil — and stitches.

I would even be happy if I could catch some of that spirit when my wife and I go on shopping expeditions. It would help take away some of the abrasive feelings and ensuing silences. You see my better half suspects I don't like shopping and merely go along morosely out of a sense of duty.

She's wrong, of course. If I had the choice of going shopping or undergoing a tonsil operation I'd take shopping every time. Of course, it would be a difficult decision.

And it seems shopping is now a way of life. They even make provision for it at conventions.

During a newspaper convention we attended in the spring, organizers, thinking along these lines, ordained the ladies should have one afternoon free for shopping in downtown Toronto. Working newspaper people, meanwhile, would be closeted in business sessions. The next day, however, was left free for all to do their own thing.

Naturally, we headed downtown from the hotel — ostensibly to see a show. We arranged to meet another couple on the eighth floor of the hotel where they stayed. We were on the 11th so that meant we would merely step off the elevator, join them, and then catch another car to the lobby.

We made it to the eighth floor.

I stepped off to greet the friends who were watching descending elevators and turned to assist my wife off. At this point the elevator door closed interrupting our communication and taking wife down below while I stood on the eighth.

Naturally, we wondered whether she would get off and come back up on another shaft. We also wondered whether she would continue to the lobby and meet us there. We also wondered if she would go shopping interpreting this change of plan as the will of the gods.

But this was as close to it as you could get. Campus surrounded by orchards. A river winding through it. Well out of the city proper. No heavy traffic within two miles.

By sheer good luck, caught the last bed in a girls' residence. It's a co-operative, with 14 girls. They do their own cooking, cleaning, and make their own rules. Great.

A girl who lived in the house said it was fine. A stone's throw from the college. It was a mess, but professional cleaners were coming in to clean, decorate and put everything in order.

Then the doubts set in. "Dad, how can I get along with 13 girls? What if my roommates don't like me? Wait'll they see me come in with my guitar, in jeans and sneakers." And so on.

In my jovial, fatherly way, I retorted: "Look, kid, 25 years ago I was living with 17 other fellows in a room the size of yours, and we got along."

The answer was typical of all kids, the minute you start talking about the tough old days. "Yeah, yeah, I know, Dad, but that was in camp, and you had no choice and I've heard it all before."

For once, I was firm. She was actually pleased by my firmness. All settled. So we took her down on a Sunday, to get settled. The house was still a mess. No cleaners. No drapes up. No pillow cases. Two or three girls struggling around with furniture. No heat in the house on a cold, drizzly day.

It was bleak and dreary and her spirits went down like a thermometer in an ice bucket. Typically, she hadn't even packed a sweater. I left her the one I was wearing.

When we left, she looked as woe-begone as a drunk at a tea party. Her mother moaned softly all the way home and has been wringing her hands ever since. We'll see.

Fortunately we guessed right. She waited for us in the lobby and there was a joyous reunion.

But it was close and the temptation of those big Toronto stores is one which few ladies would want to miss.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS PHONE 853-2010 Business and Editorial Office... Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 58 Wilton St., Acton, Ontario...

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, September 28, 1950

The community was indeed shocked to learn of the passing on Tuesday of Kenneth A. Mackenzie, a prominent businessman here for the past few years and younger son of Mrs. and the late J. B. Mackenzie. He was 33 years old. He was a fine type of young citizen who took a keen interest in Acton and its progress.

Acton fair for 1950 was a success in all respects except the weather. Mr. R. R. Parker was in charge of the Friday night show and the 11th Field Artillery Band played and marched. The saddle horse classes were the highlight of the arena show. There were vaudeville acts and the band under Charles Mason. The fair was opened Saturday by Mayor Mason. The prizes for best decorated bikes and doll carriages went to Bob Healey, Janet Rognvaldson and Sandra Hargrave. Kings and Queens of the crawlers at the baby show were Gary Dobbie, Lois Burt, Nancy Jestin, Robert Bittorf, Gordon Burt and Sharon Lyons. Judges were Mrs. Collen of Guelph and Miss Gibbons. Acton, both nurses. There were 12 babies in the tent competing for the prizes.

Best freckled face boys were Don Dawson, Bob Coxe and James Lillie and girls Linda Coxe, Alleda Bacon and Betty Ann Barr. Joe Jany proved the best pie eater. Cold weather played havoc with the parade and the stock parade was cancelled. A miniature rodeo and ventriloquist entertained Saturday afternoon. Walter Linham as president and his committees may well be congratulated.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 7, 1920

A real old-fashioned snow storm which lasted for several hours came on October 1. Acton Checker Club, which has been in successful operation in the old post office building for four or five years has been succeeded by Acton Amusement Club. George Barber is the first president of the club and Robert Scott secretary-treasurer. The club has leased the billiard room in the Soldiers' Community Home and will keep it constantly open for the members and their friends.

Dr. W. G. C. Kenney went to Toronto University on Monday to commence his medical course there.

Nassagaweya school fair held at Brookville was a gratifying success. Winners in the school parade were No. 9, Miss Vanatter; No. 2 Miss Pennington; No. 8 Miss Harvey; No. 7 Miss Mahon. Among the many winners were Bessie Kingsbury, Edith Norrish, Ethel Dredge, Mary Darby, Ruby Elsley, John Wallace, Stella Elsley, Bert Lamb, Lucy Elliott, Cora McNiven, Stanley Norrish, Geo. Nightingale, Reggie Wilson, Lloyd Chisholm, Elsie Storey, Joseph Henderson, Jas Britton, Chas. Fatt, Alex McNiven, Mac McLaughlin, Ernest Wilson, Irene Twiss, Irene Darby, Bob Kingsbury, Margaret Stokes, Annie Elliott, Archie Cairns, Grace Laking, Alex Job, Emma Land, Elsie Easterbrook, Dan Billings, Grant McMillan, Elmer Chisholm, Crawford Mahon, Clark Donaven, Lane Hall.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, September 19, 1895.

A hitch in the negotiations for the proposed electric light plant has occurred during the past week and, we understand, Mr. Ebbage is not likely to proceed with the erection of the plant for which he had made arrangements. The dynamo has arrived and the National Electric Co. are naturally anxious to place it in town. It is rumored that it will in all probability remain as another party is contemplating the electric business.

Some of the old heads of Rockwood village started out valiantly last Sunday to ferret out the burglars who have been terrorizing the neighborhood, but had the misfortune to get lost in Strange's swamp.

Visitors to Erin village are impressed with the extent of the late fire when they see nothing left but the foundations of what was a few weeks ago a prosperous business part of the village. Erin will now agitate for a fire engine and company.

A number of boys with catapults smashed a number of panes in the unused room at the school Saturday and on previous occasions. This action makes them candidates for the county gaol.

The heavy frost at the beginning of the week cut off the tender plants and vines.

Street railway men in Guelph were busy stringing wires on Sunday and after several complaints they have been summoned and charged with breaking the Lord's Day Act. The foreman said the men worked on Sunday to have the electric railroad running for the Central Fair there this week.