

Mini-Comment

Statistics Canada released new figures this week on the final population counts of the 1971 Census for incorporated cities, towns and villages of 5,000 and over showing Acton with 5,031. This is up over 800 from the 1966 census. Georgetown's population is given at 17,053, up well over five thousand from the 11,832 of 1966. Milton has 7,018, up 417 from the 6,601 of 1966. Brampton's population is 41,211, Burlington 87,023, Oakville 61,483, Orangeville 8,074, Fergus 5,433 and nearby Guelph 60,087. Toronto's population is set at 2,628,043, up half a million from the 1966 figure. Most growth was not so spectacular.

Those union leaders in Quebec who advocate overthrowing a democratically elected government system can't really be serious. If they get the Marxist state some of them want, the first losers will be the unions. They'll be banned. Opponents of the wild-eyed fanatics who control the Quebec unions are aware of it, too, judging by the defections to the new Central des Syndicats Democratiques, which aims at putting some sanity back into the Quebec labor movement.

Ontario's ban on non-returnable three-quart milk jugs doesn't make that much sense, according to local supermarket manager Don Lindsay. He says the new jugs are as easily disposed of as plastic bags. They are made of materials that will rot the same as regular garbage. They can also be folded into a small paper-like bundle after use. But the Department of the Environment says, "The continuing trend to throw-away containers contributes substantially in volume to our waste disposal load in Ontario. It's time we put up a stop sign." They have the final word.

Students are entitled to Unemployment Insurance benefits this summer—for the first time. Under the new Unemployment Insurance Act, anyone who has paid UIC premiums for eight or more weeks in the past year can receive benefits. Anyone applying on July 1, 1972, for instance, can receive benefits if he or she has paid premiums for eight weeks after July 1, 1971. But students who apply for benefits must be unemployed, looking for work, and registered with Canada Manpower. Ah, to be a student now that summer is here.

One girl we know is so industrious she sits and knits her brows when she has nothing else to do.

Seven Ontario scholars at Acton district high school indicate strongly that a good portion of the students in the higher grades are bright, hard working examples of the younger generation who aren't afraid to tackle books with enthusiasm. Students must get a mark of 80 per cent or better to qualify for the provincial award.

Afraid this corner does not sympathize with the National Hockey League in its attempt to hold players from jumping to the new World Hockey Association. The NHL has become an American dominated business which makes few efforts to hide its U.S. bias. At least the new league is letting a few Canadian teams into the fold.

Free Press Editorial Page

ACTON, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1972



POETS AND CHILDREN aren't the only people who find flowers irresistible. For thousands of backyard gardeners, the growing season is the time for a labor of love. The blooms may only last for a few days after many months of coaxing and care. However, judging by this young lady's expression, the tender loving care is worth it. (Photo by the Ontario Ministry of Agriculture and Food)

Walkers use old railway

The route principally followed by the Radial Line hiking trail follows the old right-of-way used by the Toronto Suburban Railway Company between Toronto and Guelph.

The line was surveyed during 1911 and construction began in 1912, but because of delays due to the war, service was not started until April 14, 1917. The line was built to high standards for the day with good grading and filling and a number of impressive trestles and bridges, including a 71-foot steel bridge over the Humber and a 315-foot wooden trestle across the west branch of the Credit River. The route, which was almost all on private right-of-way, followed Dundas Street west out of Toronto to Meadowvale, Huttonville, Norval, Georgetown, Acton and Eden Mills.

Trains operated on 1,500 volt D.C. with catenary overhead, and the track was standard gauge. The cars were 59 feet long, carried 62 passengers and were of the centre door type, unique in Canadian interurban operation. Two larger cars, 81 feet-9 inches in length were built for the line by the Niagara, St. Catharines and

Toronto-Railway in 1924.

The line was hardly finished before Toronto Suburban was taken over by the CNR. After 1923 it was operated under the name, Canadian National Electric Railways, Toronto Suburban District. Operating deficits first appeared in 1921 and grew rapidly until Toronto Suburban acquired the dubious distinction of being by far the most unprofitable electric line in Canada during the period.

The final demise of the railway came on August 1, 1931 during which year only 300 passengers a day were being carried. Most of the equipment was sold to the Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Railway Company, and Car No. 107 which made the last run on the Toronto Suburban, also ran (as Car No. 83) on the final day of operation of the Niagara-St. Catharines line, in March of 1969.

Thus ended the brief career of the passenger service on the Radial Line between Toronto and Guelph. Its career as a hiking trail is just beginning.

—The Bruce Trail News

Why Dominion Day?

On July 1, we chanced to hear the Hon. John Diefenbaker interviewed on TV. He was asked why he supports and fights for the retention of Dominion Day as against the adoption of Canada Day.

After hearing his explanation, whatever doubts we had about retaining Dominion Day have been erased. Whatever explanation those who advocate changing it to Canada Day may have had, it is squelched forever as far as we are concerned.

We had been, like many others, under the impression that "Dominion" denoted a secondary role. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

As God-fearing men, if indeed, we

are, we must consider where and how the name originated.

According to Mr. Diefenbaker, while the fathers of Confederation were discussing and arguing over what they would call July 1, it was first proposed that it be called Kingdom Day, or some such name.

There was much opposition to this, and the decision was postponed to a later date.

In the interval between meetings, one of the fathers of Confederation was reading his Bible. He happened to run across a particular quotation which read, "and He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth."

Let's bury the hatchet . . .

Now that Councillor Peter Marks has made his views known (in this issue of the Free Press), it is time council and the centennial commission buried the hatchet and got back on friendlier terms.

Last week's row, partly caused by poor communications, and partly by misunderstanding of intent, was a good device to clear the air. Now it is time for the two bodies to forget differences and start thinking centennial again on amicable terms.

Council's intent in passing a resolution suggesting the centennial commission reconsider if the final project were supported by a majority

of residents, was prompted by comments individual councillors had heard.

The commission's view is that all in town had the opportunity to give their views on a centennial project at the public meeting in March. Individual polls and the results of that meeting have indicated the community centre project has more support than any other suggested — by a large margin.

The commission is upset that council's resolution should be conveyed by this newspaper rather than by personal contact and discussion. The commissioners feel any "static" council has heard must be identified

and traced to its source, rather than vague references to malcontents.

Council, for its part, really wants to assist, not obstruct, the commission, and the resolution calling for more research into the centennial project was based on the best motives.

It is time for both bodies to work out any real or imagined differences at a joint meeting rather than airing them in public for all to take sides.

No one will ever be entirely right or entirely wrong in a controversy that could destroy the fabric of extensive plans for the 1974 centennial year.

Bill Smiley



Don't hold your breath waiting for its publication, but this is the summer I'm going to write a book.

It's the tenth summer in a row that I've been going to write a book, but this year will be different. It's the year in which I'm not going to write a novel.

Other summers I didn't get around to writing a play, or an expose of the educational system, or a series of pungent essays, or an attack on marriage. This year it's the novel.

That doesn't leave too much, does it? Maybe I'll write a "slim" volume of verse. Any dam' fool can write poetry these days.

The secret is to avoid capital letters and punctuation, make your lines all different lengths, toss in a little erotic imagery, and make the end result a visceral experience which nobody understands.

Here, just to show you what I mean. If you don't get a real charge out of it, a profound emotional experience, that is, and haven't a clue what it's about, you're a connoisseur of modern poetry. Oh, one other thing: no rhyme please. We'll just call it

Poem

yesterday
in the supermarket
a fat lady
or maybe she wasn't really
a lady
ran over my foot
not really ran but walked
I guess it was her buggy
laden with a quarter-ton of
cut food and orange juice
and tide and glide and
wax and snacks
and four cases of non-
returnable bottles
and twelve pounds of
pallid meat

two bags of spuds
16 cans of chunky
soup
that ran over my foot (not
the soup)
driving my seed wart into
my metatarsal
I wept
not because it hurt like hell
but for lovable fat ladies
and unlovable super-
markets
and because I couldn't
do
a
thing.

Now, don't tell me that's not a poem. It was a vivid personal experience which I attempted to convey to the reader. It's got everything. There's sex in it: a secret yearn for fat ladies; the word metatarsal. There's plenty of concrete images. There's symbolism: how about seed wart? a fertility symbol if I ever saw one. There's misanthropy, social criticism and a deep personal sense of futility and frustration. It's what I would call universal in its appeal.

They won't all be so deep and bitter, of course. There'll be the hearty bucolic touch: The garden ain't hoed The lawn ain't mowed But I'll be blowed If she's going to goad Me into doing any of them.

Then there'll be the fragile, tender little lyric that makes real poetry lovers just wriggle and almost turn themselves inside out. Something like:

I love myself more than anybody but you sorry baby but maybe it's not even true.

Sorry about that rhyme, but sometimes it just comes so automatic-like you can't hold it back.

And of course there'll be some dramatic narrative stuff. I'm working on a sort of epic called The Day I Shot the Black Squirrel Thinking It Was a Black Bear. But it still needs a little polishing in the last twelve cantos.

Maybe you think this is just advance publicity for my book. But I guarantee there'll be something for everyone, though some of it will be pretty strong stuff, and you may have to hide it from your teenage kids. I was thinking particularly of a couple: Down By the Old Gravel Pit, and Let Me Call You Meathhead.

But there's also some stuff coming up that is really haunting. One is entitled simply "Puke". It is based on a great storm when I, as junior porter, did great things with a mop after people were sea-sick. It's been haunting me ever since, anyway.

So, there's a delectable foretaste of my summer project. I can hardly wait to get started. Except that I have a golf date, then I'm going swimming, then there's a barbecue, and somehow after a day like that, the Muse and I are both ready for the sack.

Back Issues of The Free Press

20 years ago

50 years ago

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 17, 1952.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 13, 1922.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 22, 1877.

The last 44 of Halton's senior citizens were transferred from Brampton to Halton Centennial Manor Monday.

Acton Citizens' band will play host to over 300 bandsmen Saturday night in a band tatter.

The first two soldiers from Eramosa township to reach Korea were two brothers, Harold and Donald Robertson, R.R. 4, Rockwood. They wrote home about the poverty of Japan and say Korea is hot and dusty. Both are lance corporals.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at the United church parsonage by the Rev. E. A. Currey when Shirley Caroline, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Ralston, became the bride of Maurice Roberts, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roberts of London.

Piano pupils of Miss O. M. Barnard who passed their Toronto Conservatory examinations are Christina Lamb and Frank Bean.

You've heard people say that when they go to a hockey game they pay to see hockey and at a football game they pay to see football. Think of the surprise fans in Acton got then last Saturday when they paid to see lacrosse and got football, wrestling and boxing all for 50 cents. Now after two months' hesitancy we are convinced that lacrosse has caught on in Acton. There were 500 fans in attendance who lapped up the Bee-Hive win. Next game against Oshweken next Tuesday.

The fire hydrants have been painted a beautiful carmine, with caps in aluminum. Thank you, Mr. Municipal Officer. The hole in the Main St. pavement, which menaced the kiddies' limbs, has also been repaired.

There are several young men in town who drive motor cars who evidently have no regard for the speed laws or the safety of children.

The ladies of Acton Women's Institute may well feel gratified at the popularity of the drinking fountain they installed last fall at the municipal building.

Inland Revenue officer Floody with an officer of the Dominion Mounted Police, was here on Tuesday. He has another still under surveillance. Another man who thinks he can make swamp whiskey and not get caught will find himself in the meshes of the law one of these days.

Sunday was a great day for the motors. Most every one in this community was in commission.

The workmen on the new highway are making great progress with levelling between Acton and Crewsons Corners.

The "old swimmin' hole" is in great demand these days. Remember your bathing suits, boys. The police cells are not very comfortable in hot weather.

A number of Acton golfers now use the Willowby links at Georgetown. Milton high school board have received only one application for principal and the salary asked for is \$3,000! What do you know about that!

Boys and girls who jump on passing rigs are running risk of serious injury.

The excitement about the great gold strikes in the Yukon has been at fever heat for days. A score of prospectors who struck it rich arrived back at Seattle this week. More than \$1,000,000 in gold dust was brought down from Dawson City. A detachment of 20 men of Mounted Police have engaged in mining and becoming rich. The Canadian government declares these lands belong to Canada and wonders if Americans and other foreigners should be allowed to come in there and take away millions of dollars without leaving anything in the country or contributing to the public revenue.

Rev. Wm. Byers has always been noted for not allowing any appointment to go by owing to bad weather. He drove to Limehouse Sunday evening through the rain and was drenched to the skin and found an empty church upon arrival.

For years the need of a crossing over the GTR tracks has been felt and finally workmen have been engaged this week and made an excellent job of it. Mr. Wallace's fence will be moved back a few feet and the Mill St. sidewalk will run diagonally to connect with the crossing.

At the Hornby Presbyterian garden party the receipts were \$150.

Mr. Richard Marshall, Limehouse, has red currants as big as cherries.

Mrs. James Young has died. She is the widow of the man who surveyed that part of Acton past the Grand Trunk Railway and whose name the leading street there bears.

Prepare to view the eclipse of the sun Thursday.

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