

Mini-Comment

The tragic drowning last week in Fairy Lake should be ample warning to swimmers never to enter the water alone, or to swim in unsupervised areas unless they are sure of the depth, obstructions, and sudden drop-offs. Fairy Lake has many areas where the beach area may look safe but close investigation reveals sudden drop-offs into deep water. Be careful. Save a life. It may be your own.

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It is interesting to see the reaction of different newspapers to population growth figures. The Milton Champion last week noted that the latest statistics show Milton "jumped" from 6,601 in 1966 to 7,018 in 1971 while Acton "experienced a modest growth from 4,416 to 5,031" in the same period. Milton's "jump" consisted of 417 people or a six per cent increase. Acton's modest growth of 615 people amounts to an 11.3 per cent hike. Not that it matters because more people live within the boundaries of any given municipality, but it looks like they got their verbs misplaced.

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Georgetown, of course, took the prize for the most growth in North Halton during the five year period, leaping from 11,832 in 1966 to a whopping 17,053, but the Herald notes that a scarcity of residential lots in Georgetown will bring house building to a stop shortly. It seems strange that on the eve of Go Train service the town should run out of available building lots. To expand, Georgetown will have to take in more Esquensing land, a move the township no doubt will resist as strongly as they have Acton's annexation bids.

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Councillor Norm Elliott is right. Weeds in Fairy Lake are the worst they have been since the lake was dredged and the school creek, which was cleaned out last year with a shovel also shows another crop of weeds, despite all the efforts to keep it weed-free. It is a good year for weeds on land and in the water and obviously the only solution is to have them cut.

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Hardly a holiday of any note escapes some sort of local celebration. Civic holiday is going to be occupied by a lacrosse tournament with the prize for the winning team a trip to Edmonton to play the western representative. And how about that Gay Nineties Night the combined junior hockey and lacrosse clubs are planning? Should be a gala evening with lots of bowlers and handlebar mustaches.

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Man of the hour—the one whose wife told him to wait a minute.

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Our neighbor tells us that the best cure for water on the knee is to give the baby back to the mother.

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The goose that was lent to the village of Bolton to add color to the town's centennial has been sent back to the farm he came from. Reason? The big fellow honked so much in the early hours of the morning lightsleepers objected to the town fathers. Now he's a gone goose.

Free Press Editorial Page

ACTON, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1972

Second Section



Many faces of summer

When the warm, humid weather finally arrives it brings varying reactions from the townspeople. Upper left Anne Luty looks cool as she strides down the street. What better place and weather to discuss problems than beside a baby carriage and Mrs. Gord McCutcheon and Mrs. Peter Turkosz enjoy a chat. Middle left Craig Weldon smirks, as he spies Dave Pink with the Free Press camera. He's just finished carrying out groceries. Dianne Charette, centre right, frowns as she pulls up weeds in the Opportunities for Youth creek cleanup. Bottom, Danny Schonop has a sly look as he passes anglers Murray and Eddie Allen either on their way or returning from Fairy Lake. (Photos by Dave Pink)

Senior citizens are welcome

We fully endorse the efforts of Acton Council in having the Ontario Housing Corporation conduct another survey to determine the need and demand for additional senior citizen housing in Acton.

Much of today's emphasis is on youth so we feel that no effort should be spared to see that senior citizens living in town should have to contend with inadequate housing or which is beyond their financial capabilities.

We think the OHC's senior citizen

apartments are excellent accommodation for our senior residents. They are geared-to-income so that residents do not have to pay through the nose for accommodation that may be well beyond their ability to pay. They are bright and attractive, with adequate room for most activities.

If the survey, which begins July 14, does show a need for more senior citizens' housing, it will likely be an apartment building, although consideration is given to one-storey units which do not require stairways.

If it is possible and suitable land could be found it would be ideal if one-storey units were built so senior citizens from town could have a choice. Some no doubt, would prefer the apartment, others the one-storey units.

We would urge all senior citizens with a need for adequate housing at a price they can afford to fill out the questionnaires provided for their use and return them as soon as possible.

If there is a need, the sooner the new housing is built the better.

City life more cultured?

Somehow, says the Elmira Signet, a set of myths has developed that city life is more sophisticated, more cultured and generally superior to a hick-town existence. Then in a well written editorial, which we reproduce in part, the Signet shoots the big city theories full of holes, using facts for cannon balls.

"It is a tragedy that government leaders, and the bureaucrats and planners who lead the leaders, almost all live in cities, especially big cities like Toronto," says the Signet.

"They cannot conceive of growth, development or a high standard of living existing anywhere but in big cities.

"It is easy for them to 'direct' growth to big cities because the forces of private enterprise will concentrate their efforts there regardless. Officials can take credit for something which

happens anyway. Many businesses and industries relocate or expand in large urban areas simply to be near the market and this trend is self-feeding....

"While all this 'planned' city growth is taking place, there are hundreds of towns and villages well away from the cities that are slowly dying. The agricultural economy is fading and there are few local employment opportunities to replace work associated with the farm....

"Somehow a set of myths has developed that city life is more sophisticated, more cultured and generally superior to a hick-town existence.

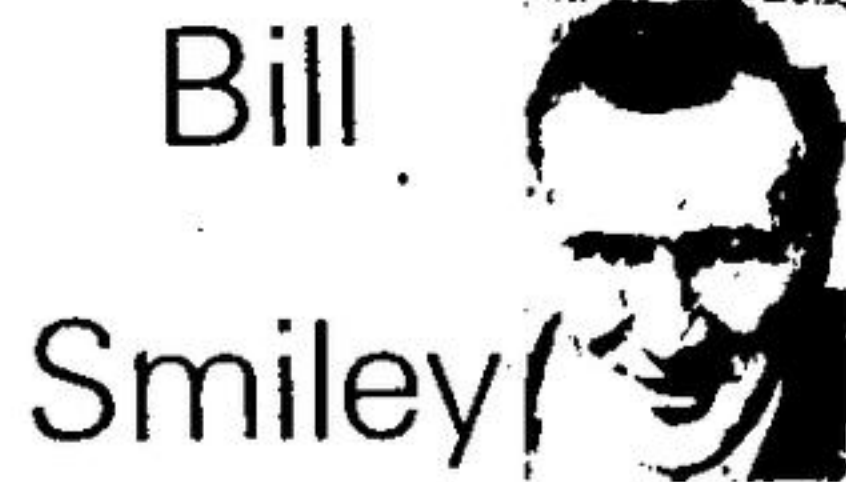
"They really are myths and a lengthy explanation is unnecessary. It is sufficient to note that a very small minority of self-professed swingers does exist, but these people tend to live right downtown, not in the sprawling

suburbs and the 'new towns'.

"The rest of the people in the city live there because they must find work. They would gladly live and work in a small community if they could. They would quickly drop any superior city notions and happily join their friends at an old-fashioned church supper and thoroughly enjoy a cornball variety program afterwards....

"The only way, short of ordering industry where it may locate, is to change the transportation realities which encourage business and industry to locate in the cities near the greatest portion of the market.

"It would astound government officials to realize how many people could be accommodated in existing communities without radically changing them."



suddenly in all directions, for no apparent reason.

And that's why my wife reminds me of a flicker. That's how our vaunted holidays began this year. I had one day off after ten months in the sausage factory. It was a Saturday, which I have off every week anyway.

It seems we had to go and see our daughter, the bride. Right away. Holiday weekend, with all the horror that entails, but never mind. Wedding pictures. Late gifts. How is she? Is the marriage working out? Motel room? Just like a flicker banging away at the grubs in the ground.

I was caught by surprise, just as a grub is by a flicker. No money and the banks were closed. The car needed a muffler. I needed about three days of intensive care.

During the same 24 hours, the flicker had phoned friends of ours who'd invited us down to lie around their pool. She had agreed that as soon as we had spent a day or two with the bride, we'd go straight to their place.

The bride is about 70 miles north, in the resort area, through hairy traffic. The friends lie about 85 miles south, through hairy traffic trying to get north. No problem. The flicker's mate does the driving.

And right in the midst of all this flickering, who calls up to see if I want to go out bass fishing but my old friend, Capt.

Dalt Hudson. I'll give you three guesses. Where do you think I wanted to go?

Well, we flickered off, north. Nice day. Traffic just below manic level. Arrived late. Great dinner with new in-laws. Motel room surrounded by green, with falls rushing in background. Idyllic.

Next day, cold. Motel toilet backing up. Kids visited. Went for chilly swim in lake. Blew kids to terrific smorgasbord at hotel. Drove them home to apartment with mother cat and four kittens. Mother flicker somewhat horrified. Invited kids to lunch next day at motel. Immediate acceptance.

Midnight. Temperature about 52. Couldn't get motel window closed. Romantic falls now sounding like locomotive in trouble.

Next morning. Motel room just above freezing. Cold wind. Rain. Tattered up to main lodge for coffee. Discovered no lunch served Sundays and holidays. Kids arrive noon, starving. Give them two breadsticks stolen from table night before. Atmosphere cool.

Mother flicker starts pecking grubs again. Grubs are kids. Kids resent being grubs. Show us their 'studio'. Have conceded government into \$7,000 art program. Looks intelligent but don't ask me to explain it. Forms, colors, shapes.

Finally, head for home in rain and bumper-to-bumper. No breakfast. No lunch. No brains. Nothing but intense desire to see normal abode of habitation.

Arrive. Collapse. Faintly revived by hot soup. Sleep thirteen hours.

Up this morning to find own toilet backing up (or is it a dream?), vacuum cleaner on blink, and mother flicker already making new plans for further forays.

Aren't you sorry you aren't a school teacher, with all those 'holidays'?"

20 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 24, 1952.

Everybody loves a band and on Saturday night some 2,000 proved the truth of the statement by attending the Band Tattoo of Acton Citizens' Band in the park when the local band played host to six bands and more than 300 bandsmen. Climaxing the event was a colorful display of fireworks. Bands here were Oakville, Hillsburgh, Brampton, Burlington, Rockwood Community Band, and the Lorne Scots pipe band. In the park a singsong was presided over by Master of Ceremonies Theron Jones. Mayor Rachlin welcomed the bands. Bands took their place in turn on the bandstand facing the crowded grandstand and the highlight of the evening was massed numbers by three massed bands.

Burlington had a 60-piece band with color guard and 15 majorettes, taking up almost a full block in the parade.

Proceeds from the tattoo are to buy additional uniforms for the band.

With a sudden crack, lightning Monday ducked a tree and dived at Jack Creighton's garage that adjoins his Willow St. home.

About 40 neighbors and friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Matthews, No. 7 highway, on the occasion of their 25th wedding anniversary.

The congregation of Ebenezer United church gathered recently to bid farewell to Rev. and Mrs. Pickersgill. The new minister Mr. Slinn and his wife have been welcomed by Ebenezer, Eden Mills and Arkell families on the circuit.

50 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 20, 1922.

Just as we were going to press the County Inspector phoned the names of the pupils who passed the High School entrance examinations. They are Fred Anthony, Nellie Bard, Charles Bell, Elmer Cox, Nellie and Violet Chapman, Mary and Lillian Darby, Annie Dunn, John Dunn, Reggie Finnien Thelma Gamble, Jno. D. Gibbons, Frances Gibbons, Leslie Gregory, Addie Hurst, Gordon Johnstone, Charles Landsborough, Dobbie Lappin, Jean McDonald, Jack McDougall, Angus McEachern, Stanley Mackie, Madeline Masales, Kathleen Miller, Archie Moffat, Jessie Morton, Laura Murray, Nellie Reeser, Stanley Robinson, Marjory Smehurst, Annie Stewart, Harold Swackhamer, Matthew Tyler, George Wallace, Maxine Webster.

Sir Donald Mann, one of Acton's sons who is visiting in London, England, is the subject of an article in The Times. It narrates the romance of the Canadian Northern creation, especially the part taken in it by "this giant of a man with the softness and suavity of an ambassador to Royal Court, covering stern iron strength. We don't give half the recognition they deserve to these great men of our race who are building up outside the Motherland a vast new empire in our great sister nation overseas."

Father Goodrow is leaving St. Joseph's and his successor is Rev. Father McCreary.

Mr. James Loutit has returned from military hospital, Toronto. He is still feeling the effects of the gas in the war.

75 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 23, 1897.

"Not for 28 years have we had such generally excellent crops," said a prominent agriculturist to the Free Press. The farmers are likely to have fat pocket-books this fall, and everybody will rejoice that appearances are so favorable to them.

It is high time the policy of the Streets and Walks committee in keeping the town in darkness during the nights of the summer months should come to an end. The idea of forcing citizens and possible visitors to grope their way through town on nights when there was such pitchy darkness as Monday and Tuesday is preposterous. It is not only a discomfort to pedestrians; it is positively dangerous to life and limb and it is an advertisement most adverse to Acton's good name. Let there be light! If we must adhere for a few months longer to the ancient plan of lighting the streets with coal oil lamps, let them be lighted when necessity demands. The saving of a few gallons of coal oil is "penny wise and pound foolish" economy and is regarded as absurd by ratepayers and outsiders.

Landlord Clark now sports a fine pneumatic tired sulky in practicing his speedy steed.

Ex-mayor Thomas Watson of Ridgetown visited his native town after an absence of 14 years. He expressed pleasure with Acton's progress and industries but on the other hand was surprised electric light had not been adopted for street lighting and that asphalt pavement had not been introduced for sidewalks. Ridgetown has put down 10 miles of the latter.

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