

# Coles' Slaw

It's unfortunate for newshounds but our sins of omission and commission have a way of popping up when you least expect them.

Recently this fuzzy-cheeked fellow took some pictures of spring floods and overburdened creeks and then incorporated them all in a collage on the editorial page. Among the shots was one of the Credit Valley Conservation Authority symbol—a bird holding a fish in its mouth.

I referred to the bird as a woodpecker. Monday morning the phone rang and Joan Hollings, public relations officer for the Authority, asked politely, "Since when do woodpeckers eat fish?"

A bell rang in my head. The bird must be a kingfisher with tufted crest on its head. I'd committed the cardinal (no pun intended) sin of calling the kingfisher a woodpecker.

Joan was willing to concede I might have been so darn busy I hadn't been thinking properly. But alas it was not so. I just thought the CVCA symbol was a woodpecker and it never occurred to me they don't eat fish.

The lesson from this little story is that you should never take anything for granted if there is someone who is really observant. They'll trip you up every time.

Joan mentioned Bruce Cargill of Acton is the newest provincial appointee to the Authority and is serving on the Reforestation, Land Use and Wildlife committee, chaired by Alec Blackwell of Georgetown with Harold Darragh of Orangeville vice-chairman. Jack Creighton of Acton is also on the same advisory committee.

The Authority's latest land acquisition is 23 acres of land in Georgetown, following Silver Creek where it passes beside St. George's Anglican Church and behind the Georgetown high school. The land is low and unfit for building and quite likely will be leased back to the community for park use. Actually it would be excellent parkland because it is almost in the centre of Georgetown.

As a young lad this scribbler lived in Georgetown and remembers when Silver Creek was referred to as the "Colored Creek" because of the dyes from the papermill which were dumped into the waters hollus-bolus with no treatment whatsoever.

One day the creek would be red, another day blue, sometimes a chalky white; another day it would be grey. Outside of spring floods I can't really remember if it ever did possess the natural water look.

I don't ever remember hearing anyone complaining about the pollution there and there was no doubt Silver Creek was polluted. Fish were non-existent unless you went up beyond the paper mill outlet, where shiners and chub abounded.

Now the creek has been cleaned by action of the Authority and could one day be one of the pleasantest spots in Georgetown.

It shows attitudes change and pollution can be controlled when the determination is there.

You've probably read where Hillsburgh is planning a Potato Fest in the fall to promote the area, where some of the country's best spuds are grown. A committee has been busy arranging details for what is hoped will be an annual event.

Wonder if they thought of giving Stompin' Tom Connors a call? Connors was named the Prince Edward Island Goodwill Ambassador for that province's centennial this year and has been presented with special citation which credited him with boosting the province's tourist industry.

Connors' first big hit was "Bud the Spud" which is credited with doing more to promote P.E.I. potatoes than anything to date. So if Stompin' Tom can do that for Spud Island it is quite possible he could tout Hillsburgh spuds just as well. A personal appearance would ensure a crowd.



In the event the committee does manage to snare Stompin' Tom or someone of his ilk, I have composed a little ditty which can be sung to the tune of Pop Goes the Weasel. Now I'm no Vic Smith so if Pop Goes the Weasel doesn't scan properly, try the Minstrel Boy Tune.

Here goes:

On Hillsburgh's farms  
You'll find the 'mamas  
Are always cookin' 'taters;  
Pound for pound,  
The best around,  
They are appetizing baiters;  
Fry 'em, boil 'em, bake 'em,  
Eat 'em any way you want,  
Them Hillsburgh spuds,  
Will swell out your duds,  
And you'll label them first raters.

You may have noticed Xaviera Hollander is finding the road to riches immeasurably easier since all the recent publicity regarding her proposed visit to the campus of Sheridan College.

The unfortunate part of it is that she is using those opposed to her visit to spread her notoriety and this particular scribbler is not going to add to it. It has been my experience that those who sponsor this type of "education" use it to sneer at the "squares" in the interests of levity and their own self-esteem.

The subject is too serious to be bandied about by the sneer crowd, so the Happy Hooker be damned, and pox on their house.



## Spring on the farm!

WHEN SPRING DESCENDS on the farm the animals rejoice. Patrick Barr (centre photo) demonstrates that even a steer becomes friendly in the radiance of a spring sun, a thought shared by a Jersey bull calf (top left) and Anna Belle, the Barr's donkey (top right). Below a swan, two grizzled sheep and a barn cat all bask in the sun's rays. Photos were taken by Jennifer Barr at the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnston, R.R. 2, Rockwood, with the exception of Anna Belle who temporarily graces the corral at the farm of Mary Hatch, R.R. 5, Rockwood.



## Bill Smiley

Hereby a few notes of observation, condemnation and celebration.

What is there to celebrate? Why, man, it's Spring. Not only by the calendar, which happens every year, but by the signs, which happen about once a decade.

The grass is green  
And birds are seen

The cat wants out  
And I've lost my gout

The snow is gone  
I can see my lawn

No mounds of ice  
How awfully nice

I want to sing,  
It must be spring.

There, a Canadian who does not celebrate the actual as well as official arrival of the vernal equinox should be run out of the country as a base-born traitor.

Each time winter comes around, which it seems to do about every four months, I think we all have a little secret dread that this time it might never end, that winter will go on and on and on until we have shrivelled into arthritic, gnome-like creatures with permanently dripping noses and a perpetual cough.

Maybe I'd feel differently if I were a farmer, but I could have kissed that first crow I saw, drifting over the drifts in February.

That much-maligned creature, the crow, is to Canadian winter-haters what the warm breath of a maiden is to a juvenile just before his first kiss.

This year, the whole dream seems real, so crack open that creak of vintage stuff, do a little soft-shoe shuffle, and go out and kiss the mud in your back yard. It may be the last time you can celebrate such a miracle for the next fifteen Marches.

That's the celebration part. Now for some condemnation. With the disappearance of the snow, we can see what Nature so gracefully covered for a few months—all the filth that man has been sweeping under the white carpet.

It's a junk-man's paradise: rags, bones and bottles. A few companies who appear to have some semblance of conscience are announcing plans for recycling of cans and bottles but the great majority of canners and bottlers are rolling right ahead with their apparent project of covering Canada to a depth of one foot, from coast to coast, with empty cans and non-returnable bottles.

Congratulations are due to those who are making an effort, and the utmost contempt must be awarded to those who show their

contempt for everything except the bucks by defecating their cans and bottles in our living room—Canada.

Strange, isn't it, how government responds? Let a little guy burn some leaves in his back yard and the law is right on his back. He's broken the by-law, he's a rotten polluter, he's a disgrace to the community, and he shall be punished, promptly and ruthlessly.

But when it comes to taking on a big guy, a vast corporation, government stands by, deploring and wringing its hands, and occasionally administering a slap on the wrist with a velvet glove, in the form of a tiny fine that makes the company's directors roar with laughter before they go happily back to pouring their poisons into the environment.

In the matter of bottles, government could show a lead that would not imperil a single politician, which seems to be the Canadian Dream. It could insist that liquor and wine bottles be returned for use over and over again.

I'm sure the distillers and vintners wouldn't quarrel with such a practice, as long as it didn't cost them. In fact, they'd be ahead. Some of those fancy bottles must cost as much as it does to produce the poison that goes into them.

That's my condemnation bit for this week. Now, some observations on these peculiar days in which we live.

A couple of big-league American baseball pitchers decided, according to the news, to swap not only wives but families. Then one of them tried to back out. The other was indignant. "I thought he was my buddy," he wailed.

Wife-swapping, particularly in suburbia, is no new phenomenon. These chaps merely extended the custom.

It's one that has never appealed much to me. There have been occasions, and I know it's mutual, when I would have swapped my wife for a second-hand pair of hip waders.

But for another woman? Well, I look around at the wives of all my men friends. They're lovely girls, the wives every one of them. However, I'm one of those old-fashioned chaps who can see little advantage to deserting the frying-pan for the fire.

And you know what? I'll bet my wife won't understand that as a compliment.



# One of the most worthy causes

The Acton Branch of the Canadian Cancer Society is making a concerted drive during April to raise funds for research and assistance to fight the disease.

There are few families that have not been touched by the ravages of cancer so the society's appeal has a special message for all people.

Anyone who has the disease or those who have conquered it—and it can be conquered—have good words for the efforts of the Canadian Cancer Society.

Unfortunately, some donors do not realize that a dollar today does not represent the sum it once did. This makes it increasingly difficult for the society to raise adequate funds to maintain the research work which is so important in the treatment and eventual defeat of cancer.

The industries of Acton are contributing towards covering the campaign expenses. Now it is up to the general public to contribute to this most deserving cause. Those who have

had the comfort and aid from the society can vouch for the important part it plays in the treatment and prevention of the disease.

When canvassers knock on your door and solicit your support be as generous as you can. The day may come when cancer is a dread name out of the past and it will be those who have assisted in the fight that can claim the credit.

## Free Press Editorial Page

B2 The Acton Free Press, Wednesday, March 28, 1973

# Hydro line ball in public's court

When the Coalition of Concerned Citizens (C.C.C.) first started campaigning for active public participation in decisions relating to the proposed hydro transmission line from Middleport to Pickering, few would have given them much chance of success. Most people likely ticked them off as another special interest group with a political axe to grind.

It is to the credit of the Ontario Government that they listened, recognized the need for the people of the province to have a voice in public matters, which would have a direct bearing on their lives.

The Government appointed a one man commission under Dr. Ormond Solandt to investigate the concern over the route Ontario Hydro proposed. It originally would have gone through some of the most scenic and arable land in the province, passing through Erin, Eramosa and Nassagaweya townships, in a series of five abreast towers.

Following a series of meetings and submissions by citizens and environmental protection groups, the

Solandt Commission decided further study of the route was needed. Bruce Howlett Inc., an independent consultant firm, was hired to conduct an environmental study before any route was decided for the 610 foot wide corridor.

This study is not confined to examining the routes originally proposed by Hydro; it takes in the entire 3,500 square mile region where the lines could possibly run. Information on environmental features has been collected and a series of public meetings is to be held to examine the information and enable citizens to take part in planning a route which will be least harmful and more harmonious with public opinion.

This type of participation must gall some of the old-type politicians and civil servants who are used to bulldozing their way through public opinion with swaths of backhands. They likely never will understand the "new politics."

It was obvious last week, however, that Ontario Hydro got the message. At a public meeting in Hillsburgh

they actively sought opinions and seemed eager to run the power corridor from the Bruce Generating Station on Lake Huron to this area in a manner which would be the least damaging to the environment preserving that part of Ontario's heritage which can never be replaced.

They got a few lumps from the crowd but it was patently obvious that most people in attendance found Ontario Hydro's new posture convincing, perhaps even slightly patronizing. But it was welcome.

Hydro has said that the route of the power corridor will eventually be their decision and not that of public opinion, but they will use all the pertinent information they can accumulate to ensure the best route is selected.

Forearmed with the knowledge that increasing demand for power has made all these power corridors necessary, it seems to us Ontario Hydro is doing more than is necessary to invite public participation in the decision.

The ball is now in the public's court.

# What is sauce for the goose

Further to the Government's concern for the environment, which was buttressed by the Speech from the Throne, it is unfortunate the same philosophy is not practised in implementing regional government.

Although we have been rebuked for our concern over many of the regional decisions it is obvious many people in the province have similar views. The results of two recent provincial by-elections should be food for thought for Mr. Davis and his Cabinet.

In Halton, for instance, the Government has decided the county pie should be divided into four slices, while neighboring Peel, despite loud outcries from Streetsville, was cut up into three sections.

Although we have made every effort to see where Halton differs from Peel, the evidence is lacking that could show why Milton should be the centre of a central Halton region any more than Streetsville in Peel. There is a wide community of interest for Streetsville

as well as Milton. The province obviously is discriminating when it can give with one hand and take away identity with the other.

We have yet to meet anyone who could explain this to our satisfaction.

If there are some hidden motives behind the divisions it is time the public was aware of them, but we suspect what is sauce for the goose is not necessarily so for the gander in this case.

# Back Issues of The Free Press

## 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 2, 1953.

S. G. Bennett, head of Beardmore and Co., was elected president of the Royal Winter Fair for its silver jubilee year.

When a brooder house at the farm of Walter Lewandowski, R.R. 1, burned to the ground Monday night 200 chicks were lost in the blaze.

Contract for the junior swimming pool for the park was awarded for \$4,300 to Jones and Van Gils.

Jack Greer has been named to head Acton's Men with secretary Jack McGeachie, treasurer T. Jones and sergeant-at-arms J. Calder.

William Mainprize observed his 96th birthday quietly at home. Tanning and glove making were the only industries in town when he came here 40 years ago from Bracebridge.

Joe Hurst reports the European Flood Relief fund closed with total contribution \$1,831.42.

A crowd of 350 attended a band concert for flood relief in the theatre Sunday evening. Bob Redfern announced numbers including Joseph Seelen who played the accordion, Leslie Doby and Garnet Rose cowboy numbers, Sheila Paul violin, Frances and Peggy Oakes duets, Freddy Hackey who played the guitar and sang. Crawford Douglas was accompanist.

Y gold stars for the months were won by Jim Lindsay and Grace Clow. Perfect attendance has been attained by two girls, Edith Francescato and Sheila Paul.

Acton Jersey Dairy has commenced pasteurizing in its new building on highway 7.

## 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 29, 1923.

Robert J. McPherson was appointed Municipal Officer and Chief of Police, with salary fixed at \$100 per month. The by-law also appointed Mr. McPherson as special officer to enforce the Ontario Temperance Act. There were 12 applications for the position.

Mr. McPherson is a son of the community. He has been for years a member of the Board of Education and a prominent member of the Fire Brigade. He is a property-owner and the father of a family and is therefore naturally interested in maintaining the moral status of the community and the preservation of the public peace.

Mr. D. H. Lindsay is about to instal machinery for a flour mill of 100 barrels capacity in the premises where he has operated a chopping mill for several years.

On Saturday the two-year-old babe of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Lambert fell down the stairs, fracturing the arm. The little one is running about with the fracture safely bound up and making very little fuss over the injury.

Rev. and Mrs. Hackett and Mrs. H. P.

Moore took to Toronto Mildred and Evelyn Watson, the orphaned daughters of the late John Watson and installed them in the Earlescourt School, a famous school and home for little girls. They will receive loving care and attention and be taught deportment, domestic accomplishments and with the common sense discipline to valuable to growing children.

## 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 31, 1898.

No visitor would have imagined that a keen contest for the chair of Chief Magistrate of this municipality was in progress Saturday so quiet, orderly and good-natured it was. The result was that ex-reeve J. B. Pearson was elected reeve by a majority of 28 out of a total vote of 272. Ex-councillor Denny was not snubbed under by any means, as some predicted he would be.

A lecture was given in Rockwood town hall introducing a spray method to fruit growers.

The singing school at Everton has closed after meeting weekly for three months.

Millinery opening is one day of the early spring that the ladies like to see bright and pleasant. However what yesterday's weather lacked in brightness and springliness was amply made up in the beautiful creations of the skillful fingers of the milliners. At Henderson and Co's Miss Campbell of Seaford presided. Miss Jordan is again in charge at J. G. McBeath's. This season both hats and bonnets show a profusion of flowers. Blues, greens, yellows and reds are all favorite colors. Feathers are hardly seen at all. Of course the Klondike must enter into millinery work and you will find the Klondike in both style and color.

The boys have already begun their thoughtless annual slaughter of robins and bluebirds. The only birds they can legally shoot now are crows, blackbirds, hawks and English sparrows. All others are protected by the game laws till Sept. 1.

Eggs are a trifle on the upward tendency. Nine cents a dozen is an unprecedented pre-Easter price.

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