

# Esquering fears people — not Hydro

Esquering council's decision not to support the application of the Credit Valley Railway to have the old Canadian National Railway line between Cheltenham and Georgetown declared "abandoned", could be interpreted as showing councillors are opposed to the scheme to convert the line into a steam railway line.

However, councillors made it clear at a recent meeting that they were not opposed to the application—they just were not going to support it.

By this means the council hoped to shift the onus of the decision from the local council back to the CN, where they felt it belonged. Reeve Tom Hill indicated it would be up to the CN to shove the decision on the people—not Esquering council.

By this Pilate-like attitude, council is also saving face, because it was obvious they were split about the merits of the scheme to run a steam railroad line.

Reeve Hill made no bones about his opposition. He sympathized with residents who declared the railroad would be nothing but a damn nuisance and pollution-cause.

At the other end of the table, Councillor Wilfrid Leslie, steam buff himself, indicated he supported the proposal.

Other councillors were more cautious, and never publicly asserted they were pro or con.

This newspaper has stated the proposal could be a good one and with the proper safeguards could make excellent tourist attraction, satisfying some of the nostalgia for the "good old days" when steam trains thundered into every hamlet. Our opinions have not altered. We have seen a similar operation in Florida which created no pollution and created many hours of pleasant diversion for steam people as well as ordinary laymen, like ourselves.

We don't blame the township

councillors for partially sitting on the fence but it does seem their decision is totally unlike the position they have taken regarding Ontario Hydro's request for permission to build two distribution stations in the township.

In this case the township has taken the position that Ontario Hydro must abide by the same agricultural holding by-laws as anyone else—a dubious stand in view of Ontario Hydro's veiled threat that power in Esquering might be affected if an amendment is not soon forthcoming.

The township council obviously has decided Hydro's threats of a power shortage are pure bluff. In their view Hydro is just exerting pressure to force the issue.

The council has also decided the people of the township opposed to the steam railway are much more to be feared than the giant Ontario Hydro, which wants the by-law amendment to build power stations, which likely will be constructed anyway, in time.



REFUGE FOR FOWL on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Barr, R.R. 3, Acton, is this shaded pond, mirroring the new Spring foliage on its placid top.

—H. Coles Photo

One minute you are a Dad, in your prime, just a brood of a boy taking a breather after raising a family. The next, you are a Grandad, doddering, heading into the lean and slippered pantaloons stage.

That's what happened to me this week. Over the phone, long-distance, a familiar and dear voice asked with a giggle, "Hi, Dad; how'd you like to be a grandfather?"

Immediate reaction was, "Oh, no!" Followed at once, as I realized the enormity of my mistake, by, "Oh, yes! Great!"

The kid then talked to her mother, but for some reason, didn't mention the main item on the agenda. She left that to me.

When I'd picked the Old Lady off the floor, fanned her back into consciousness, and wiped away the tears, the whole thing struck me in its bleak truth.

Here we were. Not even middle-aged, except by the calendar. My wife still attracts whistles. I still have an eye for a thigh at the beach. And we're about to be plunged back into a world of bottles and nappies and colic and constipation and talcum powder.

At first it seemed as though someone was playing a practical joke. But fortunately, the resilience of human nature came into play and we bounced back to not only acceptance, but anticipation.

"That girl should be right here with me," announced her mother. "If she's as sick as I always was..." And was she sick! She threw up every day, all day until you could see the insides of her heels. This lasted for about four months, with each of them. It runs in the family. Her mother was the same.

I used to bring my wife tea, and soup, cold drinks and not, and everything came up.

## Bill Smiley



You'd think the babies would appear looking like something out of Belsen or Buchenwald. But then she'd settle down, eat like a hyena for three months, and produce a little fatso.

However, maybe the child will escape this. Modern girls don't seem to do anything the way their mothers did. Last night she was eating beef as though the last steer in the world had been slaughtered, and today she was out raking the lawn.

Anyway, I'm now looking at the positive side. I can hardly wait for the kid to arrive. I've been watching the television commercials for those disposable diapers, and am keen to have a go at them.

I've told everybody so often about how I won the war practically single-handed that all I get now when I casually mention the Normandy campaign and the Falaise Gap is a rolling of eyes, which then become utterly apathetic. Here comes a new listener.

And then there are the bed-time stories. There's nothing finer in life than to blow and burble in the stomach of a fresh-bathed child, bundle it into its night-wear, then launch into a story, with its eyes wide, the occasional chuckle, then the eyelids falling and the gentle breathing of deep sleep.

So I must dust off some of my dandies. They were a mixture of Mowgli and Tarzan and Kaa the Snake and Munkle-Unkle-Unky, the oldest and wisest monkey in the whole jungle.

They might have been a little confusing to the adults who had read the books, but the kids loved them. Geography got a bit mixed. Tigers turned up in Africa, and gorillas in India, but nobody cared. Sometime I must tell you about how Mowgli, the wolf boy, after seeking the advice of Munkle-Unkle-Unky, scattered a band of marauding elephants by swinging through the tree-tops and sprinkling the ground with thumb-tacks. It was a real gas to see those elephants hopping around on two feet, trying to pick out thumbtacks from the other feet with their trunks.

Then there's going to be the fun of teaching the little blighter all sorts of things. If it's a boy I'll teach him to fish and swim. If it's a girl I'll teach her to swim and fish. Their granma can teach them all the other things, everything from playing Mozart sonatas to making out the income tax return. She's much better at practically everything than I. So she says, anyway.

Maybe it'll be twins. I have a vision of the Old Lady and me, she sitting with boy on her lap, I with the girl on mine, burping them on a Saturday night while their mother is out on the town.

One thing worries me. What kind of a world is the little stranger going to grow up in? I hope the general out-look improves by about 30 per cent in the next ten years, or it's not going to be a pretty place to be young in.

There's only seven and half months to go. Wouldn't it be a real bumner, after I've adjusted so well and made all these plans, it turned out to be a false alarm?

## Attracting Amerks with local foods

"I believe Americans visiting Canada would prefer to feel that they're really in a foreign country, with a foreign flag over their hotel canopy. Thinking like a tourist, I believe that Americans visiting us would prefer Habitant pea soup on the menu instead of New England clam chowder—imported in the can... I believe that Americans would like to hear something about Canadian heroes on the juke box instead of eulogies to one of their own heroes of the Alamo."

These sensible words were spoken by Ontario's minister of industry and tourism, Claude Bennett, a clean cut Ottawa bachelor who recently took over the post, and in this instance was speaking to a convention dinner for the Association of American editorial cartoonists.

To become good marketeers of tourism we must learn to think like a tourist, Bennett says, noting the Canadian community must offer the American visitor more than Old Glory, Southern fried chicken, Virginia ham, Boston beans and

the late Davy Crockett.

If you have noticed lately the Americans are spending many hundreds of thousands of dollars attracting Canucks to the republic to our south. And they are not using bits of Canadiana to dangle as bait. They offer something different and exciting to entice us. If tourism is to become a two way street, we have to offer the Yanks things they cannot get in their own bailiwick.

Bennett says there is now talk of such things as wild rice, fresh pickerel and smoked herring in Ontario's north and there's increasing talk about Canadian wines, Ontario cheese and fruit spreads. He could have gone on indefinitely with attractions we have that the Amerks would like to see or taste and touch.

For instance if this penman was going to attract tourists to his restaurant or tavern he would serve such local delicacies as Esquering beef, Nassagaweya mutton, watercress from Acton, fresh mushrooms from local growers, Hillsburgh potatoes, corn

on the cob from Erin township, cherries and McIntosh apples from growers along the Niagara Escarpment.

How about some scrumptious turnips from Eramosa, fresh Acton asparagus, juicy local strawberries and raspberries in season and top it all off with some Esquering buckwheat honey and a glass of fresh homogenized milk which local cows have produced.

Perhaps we could even sneak in a few imports such as fresh peaches from the Niagara region, some Mennonite delicacies from Kitchener-Waterloo and ice cream topping that crusty apple pie.

There is really no need to go so far afield as Habitant pea soup or Nova Scotia lobsters. We have all the ingredients in the area to make any American mouth water.

As the late President John Kennedy said about U.S.-Canadian relations: "Geography has made us neighbors. History has made us friends. Economics has made us partners."

A little table talk should bring us even closer.

## Mini-Comment . . .

The Ridgetown Dominion complains that after studying the long lists of those awarded Opportunity for Youth grants, Ridgetown and area was never mentioned. "This may be greed, or sour grapes, but we are just wondering how you go about getting such grants, whose job it is to push for such grants, and on what basis are they given?" the paper asks.

Advance publicity and application forms came to this office and to all other weekly and daily newspapers as well as to local schools. Indeed Ridgetown was short-changed if they did not receive them.

Grants for Opportunities for Youth totalled \$35.6 million to date in the federal government campaign to get young Canadians involved during the summer months with pay.

The centennial signs on the town's fleet of trucks are a constant reminder that 1974 is the date of Acton's 100th birthday. The design stands out well on the red vehicles.

Georgetown has decided to spend \$160,000 for 16 acres of land north of Highway 7 to build their new arena and hall complex and has also applied for a \$700,000 loan under the federal-provincial winter capital project fund. The land is directly across from the Georgetown market centre (the large plaza along Highway 7) where industry takes up most of the space at present.

What ever you may think of Tom Ramantarsingh, president of district 9 of the Ontario Secondary School Teachers' Federation, one has to give him full marks for his zealous efforts on behalf of the high school teachers in Halton. Tom has decided to throw in the towel and give some other member a chance at the office. His militant policies during his two year term have not always endeared himself to the board of education or those of the public who think teachers should be seen and not heard, but he has done a good job and leaves a large pair of shoes to fill.

Speaking of retirements, we are sorry to see Dave Muckle shaking Acton's dust from his shoes and heading for Guelph. A pilot, never got that much spare time but he served on planning board, joined the Rotarians and got involved in Acton's community life while he was here. We wish him the best wishes in his new location and, of course, safe flying. To use an old bromide—Acton's loss is Guelph's gain.

Taxpayers in Fergus are anticipating a \$22 drop in taxes this year as a result of the new provincial grants. Prior to the increase, the town contemplated a one mill hike in taxes. The \$20 drop for the average taxpayer seems to be a general figure across the province as the government attempts to take some of the load off the property tax load and put it on the consumer with sales tax.

The Milton Canadian Champion again champions Sunday as a day set aside during the week for reduced activity. We fully endorse our sister newspaper's stand. The Champion suggests Sundays should help stop the erosion of family life, which the wide open concept endangers. If you are concerned drop George Kerr, Jim Snow or Premier Bill Davis a line and let them know you are.

Many people are concerned with the trend of booming business on Sunday. Some day it might mean all of us have to work and miss the one day in the week when we can be with families. During the annual meeting of the Women's Institutes of the

area here last week it was disclosed merchants are being forced to stay open Sundays by some plaza operators. If they won't, they are either evicted or in the case of new malls or plazas, are not rented space. It is this kind of pressure which will eventually force the Government to act against their own wishes if something isn't done. We think the majority of the people would never relish going back to Sundays which were the dull day of the week, but they don't want it to become just another day, either. Business has six days of the week to perform. For the seventh, let's get off the treadmill and allow time for relaxation, rest and worship and not necessarily in that order.

## Uncle Bill and Uncle Bob

My Uncle Bill's most bitter pill, Has all my money spent, With tricky cracks, he raised my tax, From five to seven per cent.

He knows I have to buy some pants, To cover up my bottom, Some shirts and shorts like other sports, Because I haven't got 'em.

I dare not go round naked, It's against our Moral Law, My tailor-shop would call a "cop" And tell him what they saw.

My girl friend too, pays seven per cent, For her dresses and panty-hose, My Uncle Bill, will get his fill, Because we must wear clothes.

From father's shirt, and mother's skirt, He reaps a pot of gold, Each dollar spent, gains seven per cent, On everything that's sold.

His most everything takes a hefty slice, From government buying we buy, Inflation sure we'll never cure, No matter how we try.

Now, Uncle Bill may lose his job, Cause he's new in wrong with Uncle Bob, There'll be no profit anywhere, When we can't afford our UNDERWEAR!

Victor Smith R.R. 3, Rockwood

## Back Issues of The Free Press

20 years ago

50 years ago

75 years ago

**Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 4, 1883.**  
Bunting, flags and colorfully decorated buildings lined the half-mile parade route for the largest parade ever staged in Acton with more than 1,000 participating. The crowd at the park was estimated at 2,500 to mark the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Mayor Oakes led citizens in proclaiming loyalty. Speaker was Capt. Crawford Smith. A 55-voice choir under the direction of Ted Hansen was accompanied by Miss O. Lampard, Acton Citizens Band, Guelph Pipe Band, the Canadian Field Artillery Trumpet Band and Hillsburgh Citizens band played. There was a band concert in the park in the evening.  
The town hall was decorated with flags for the Coronation Ball Monday evening sponsored by Lakeside chapter. About 225 danced to the music of the Debonaires.  
Dr. A. J. Buchanan headed the Coronation committee planning the celebration with Mrs. G. Angeli, J. H. Goy, Mrs. F. Anderson, Mrs. J. C. Bradshaw, E. Footitt, Mrs. A. Gervais, E. Hansen, C. Heard, Mrs. A. Mercer, J. McHugh, T. K. Nicol, Mrs. F. G. Oakes, Mrs. M. Symon, S. W. Tennant, L. Weick and D. Dills assisting.  
The Boy Scouts lit a beacon fire on the eve of Coronation Day at Blue Springs scout reserve, in conjunction with scouts all across the Dominion.  
An English oak tree was planted at the school on Sunday before the ceremony dedicated by Rev. R. Price.  
Coronation medals were given to all the school children and they received flags to carry in the parade.  
Monte Ranney was killed in an accident Saturday. In his 23rd year, he was a radio technician with radio station CKEY.  
Construction of the junior swimming pool is nearing completion.

**Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 31, 1923.**  
Saturday was an unusually busy day in town. Farmers were here from a wide area with stock. Messrs. Holmes and Son shipped two cars of cattle and one of hogs and the Acton Farmers Club a mixed car. An oil stove which exploded at the home of Mr. Wesley Masales, dairyman, Sunday caused a fire alarm to be rung. The fire was extinguished with a few pails of water.  
Members of the Acton Great War Veterans Association have removed the small Soldiers' Monument which has stood for the past two years on the lawn of Sunderland House (now Rumley-Shoemaker) to Fairview cemetery. It will be there occupying a commanding position in the G.W.V.A. plot.  
The marriage of Mr. Allan Smith and Miss Anna Maria Wansbrough was solemnized.  
The annual Empire Day prizes presented by the Duke of Devonshire chapter were presented at a tea at Mrs. D. Ross' home to George Switzer, Fred Wilda, Nora Waterhouse, Helen Ostrander, Phyllis Howard, Eva Wheeler, Howard Statham and Olive Precious.  
Mr. William Landsborough, Lake Ave., is preparing the site for a new brick residence.  
Main St. roadway from Mill to the railway crossing has become very rough. A day with the road drag would prove beneficial.  
Two young men of Acton who have been taking the course at the Faculty of Medicine at Toronto University have been successful in passing their year's examinations: Harold Mowat, who is only 22, has completed his college course. Capt. W. G. C. Kenney has passed his third year with very creditable standing.

**Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 26, 1898.**  
Dr. Buck commenced the practice of his profession in Palermo 45 years ago on the 17th of May. The doctor looks good for a number of years yet.  
When last December the Methodist Sunday School decided to celebrate the Queen's birthday with the rendition of Mr. Payne's cantata "The Arch of Fame" their most sanguine hopes failed to anticipate the splendid success which marked the consummation of their efforts in relation thereto last Tuesday evening, the community turned out en masse. There were 68 numbers. Monarchs were represented in splendid costume. The crowning event was reached when Miss Lizzie McLam, in her regal robes, crown and jewels appeared followed by her pages, Masters Charlie Matthews and Willie Kenney as Queen Victoria. Miss Annie Stephenson in a dainty gown with maple leaves and coronet personified our native land. Miss Minnie Nelson followed as Christianity in angel robes with 12 soldiers.  
The elocutionary part was taken by well-known readers of the school Miss Mina Walker, Clara Moore and Maggie Wilson.  
To cure a cold in one day take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25 cents.  
Complaints are made that certain farmers in the south east of town seem not to care how much their stock, cattle, sheep and pigs annoy the residents in that end of town. It is very annoying to get up in the morning and find those animals enjoying themselves in the gardens and ruining the crops.  
T. T. Harris, dentist, will visit Acton professionally today.  
These are sheep-washing and shearing days.

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