



A PICTURESQUE SIGHT from the air, the reservoir at Hilton Falls Dam appears to be nearly full. The project includes 523 acres of land in Nassagaweya and the reservoir itself will cover 75 acres of land and have the ability to store 1,800 acre feet of water. (Photo by R. Downs)

Name the new town "Esquesing"

Although we have heard a few suggestions for the name of the new North Halton town which envelopes Acton, Esquesing and Georgetown, we believe the committee set up to choose it should seriously consider Esquesing as a leading contender.

The traditional meaning of the Indian word Esquesing handed down through the years has been "Land of Tall Pines," although historian Ben Case in Silvercreek seems to have uncovered some substantial evidence that a besotted clerk in the Upper Canada surveyor-general's office may have transposed the meanings of Esquesing and Nassagaweya.

Despite this, the fact that both Acton and Georgetown were both once part of the original large tract of Esquesing, is in itself ample reason to consider the township name as appropriate for the North Halton town.

It is true; there are not many tall pines left in the area but it seems fitting we should go back to our roots in naming the town.

Esquesing is unique, has character, stability and is not likely to be duplicated anywhere else in the world. It is a tribute to the Indian people who lived here and a salute in the direction of the first settlers who hewed their way

through the dense pine forests of the township.

We have heard other names coined from a composite of the three municipalities such as Agetown and Mt. Egan, and still others, Credit Valley, Escarpmentville, and North Halton which can match Esquesing for the proper ring, dignity, authenticity and North Halton flavor.

But then perhaps you have a better suggestion. If so, fill out the form in this week's newspaper and send it to the Free Press. Now is the time to do it to ensure the new town has a name which fits.

Free Press Editorial Page

The Acton Free Press, Wednesday, June 27, 1973

Regional government must work

Now that all the preliminary legislation for regional government has passed, it seems to be the appropriate time to forget all the particular things we may not like about the proposals and concentrate on making them work.

Acton mayor Les Duby, speaking to the planning board last Thursday, noted he was not exactly ecstatic about all the proposals either, but he intended to do everything in his power to see that the new concepts worked.

We think this is a good attitude for all to take.

Although most of the political figures in the north are convinced it is going to be one of the best things that ever happened in Halton, we will reserve judgment until we see the results. Nevertheless, we think part of their job is going to consist in making the public see where the advantages of regionalization might lie, since it is obvious most of us are weak on the advantages it has introduced in other places.

We have heard much of the confusion and ill effects of regional government from colleagues in the region of York but few of the positive results. It is human to stress the things that tend to go wrong instead of pinpointing all which might have gone according to plan.

In Acton's case, we would rather have seen the town and surrounding territory go it alone instead of being hooked up in an alliance with Georgetown and

Esquesing, realizing the political implications and the lack of assessment which make it virtually impossible without large government grants. However, on the positive side, people in all three communities have a natural affinity which borders could never stifle.

At the same time we cannot agree with those who say that borders are not important because they have proven to be so many times in the past.

We can't help but agree that transferring the entire township of Nassagaweya into the Central Halton region with Milton was a decision fraught with old-fashioned horse trading politics. The north end of the township has some of the prettiest scenery but few of the figures that swell assessment rolls. It is going to be difficult for Milton to service the area without some form of agreement with the North Halton town and it seems logical, despite Mrs. MacArthur, to divide the township up for practical reasons on a line along 15 Sideroad.

Since Georgetown is the larger community, the majority of people will expect most of the services in the North will be headquartered there, with branch offices in Acton, perhaps, to serve the eight to ten thousand people of the area. The residents of Acton are going to resent having to travel to

Georgetown to pay taxes or pay bills so if branch offices are necessary it is difficult to see where many savings will be made and duplication eliminated.

We would suggest the North Halton centre should be somewhere in Esquesing perhaps where all have equal access and few would quarrel with the decision.

It may seem these observations are much like Marc Antony's famous funeral oration over Julius Caesar, he damning Queen's Park with faint praise.

But this is perhaps symptomatic of the mood of the provincial government at the moment. The Minister in charge of the transition has said that when the current crop of regional government bills is passed, there will be no more introduced unless a group of municipalities request it. That statement is a flat testimonial to the squabbling and in-fighting that has characterized the struggle to introduce regional government to Ontario.

The irony of it all is that all parties agree it must come someday if the province is to achieve equilibrium. The disagreement is about form and methods.

That is why we say everyone must get behind it and make sure it works despite all the imperfections. No system of government is perfect and the newest brand is hopefully a step forward

This year, as I mentioned previously, my wife taught English in a private school. It was her first crack at teaching, aside from kindergarten and music, and she taught a Grade 13 class, so it was no cinch. She worked hard at it.

But the strain on me was something else. Every day when I got home from teaching 150 students, I had to endure a two-hour monologue about her "kids" and what they'd said and done today. Once in a while I'd try to get in a word or phrase about what my "kids" had said and done, but it was like trying to stop Secretariat, in full gallop, with a piece of thread.

At the first of the year, she was worried about a few of them, who gave promise of becoming recalcitrant. But by sheer charm, and her innate interest in other people, she was able to establish a close and friendly relationship with every single one of her huge class of ten.

By the time the last day of school came around, she was almost in tears as she realized she'd probably never see any of them again, or only as comparative strangers.

This is something that happens to most teachers who really like youngsters, especially when it's a graduating class. There is generally a mutual warmth on the last day of school. The students suddenly realize that it's their last day in high school, surely one of the happiest times of their lives. The teacher suddenly realizes that this is the last day, that he's made it once again without going around the bend, and that this is a pretty good lot of kids.

Some of the youngsters are actually scared when it comes upon them that another umbilical cord has been cut and the great big hard world is waiting to swallow them. Occasionally there are tears.

One young lady wanted to know, as she wept, "How did you feel when you left high school?"



Bill Smiley

school?" She obviously meant that she was almost heart-broken. But she received the realistic answer, "Great. It was the happiest day of my life."

At any rate, the last day of school usually produces a feeling of fondness and exchanges of "Have a good summer, sir" and the response, "Will do. You too. See you in the fall." Or, if they're graduating, "Come and see us when you're home from college." They usually do. Once.

Of course, the longer you teach, the tougher you get. In my first couple of years, over a decade ago, I was almost stunned by the good will on closing day. The class president would advance to the front, watched by 35 hawklike pairs of eyes, each pair of which had kicked in a quarter, and after a shy, unintelligible mumble, present me with a nanosomely wrapped gift.

Now, when the kids are choosing their class president, at the beginning of the year, I assure the reluctant nominees that "there's nothing much to the job, except to collect the money for my Christmas and end-of-year gifts." It shakes them a bit, but it pays off.

Over the years, I've been the recipient of dozens of golf balls, a bottle of good wine, a smart desk set, a lawn chair, and shelves

full of fancy shaving lotion and exotic talc and stuff I never use.

This year, I didn't have a home form. No present. But I got a pleasant surprise. Last class I had with my four-year Grade 11, a group I would have considered least likely to do it, they kicked through.

Marlene came up and said, "Mr. Smiley, this is for you, for being such a nice teacher." Not a good teacher, mind. Just a nice one. And speaking of nice, it was one of the simplest and nicest speeches I have ever heard.

Half suspecting a practical joke, for this was a group I'd tangled with in the fall, I opened it standing well back. No joke. There was a handsome little book of inspirational poems and prayers. I thought this might be a pointed suggestion that I needed both, and was still slightly wary.

Then I opened the other package. It contained an eternal match. This is a fancy type of cigarette lighter. You pull a sort of stick out of a little round barrel, it strikes a flint, and you have a long match-like light. It would be great for a pipe-smoker.

Unfortunately, it wouldn't work when I tried it. Typically, Marlene had tried it thoroughly before wrapping it, so thoroughly that she'd used all the fuel. She tried to get it going for me, and was greeted with looks of derision when she couldn't.

However, the thought was there, and they yelled at me that I could take it back to the store.

A small thing, in their busy lives and mine. But it's warming to know that somebody out there loves you a little bit, even though you are a teacher, and is willing to ante up a dime or even a quarter to prove it.

I'd rather have that, once a year, than a gold watch and a stupid scroll at the end of 25 years.

Back Issues of The Free Press

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 28, 1973.

The provincial elections are over the U.F.O. group was defeated disastrously, the premier has lost his seat and the Liberal leader was defeated and the Conservatives go into power with sufficient of a majority to enable them to carry on without any difficulty. The result is a surprise to most people. George Hillier defeated Premier Drury in Halton. The Women's Institute had the honor this year of putting on the first garden party of the season and it was a success from every point of view. At intervals in the program brief addresses were given and the booth did a lively business. The affair was financially a decided success.

Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Fred McCleary are going to Brantford to attend the wedding of Miss Vera Howatson to Mr. Greenville Davis, a rising young lawyer.

Miss Sabra Nelson is home from Hamilton Normal School.

With their usual generous response, Monday night when election results were in, Acton Citizens' band-parade and serenaded the Conservatives at their committee room.

Monday's cyclone did damage in this vicinity. Fyfe Somerville lost the roof of his driving shed, Charles Darby, Knatchbull, had his barn practically demolished, the roof was torn off the barn at the farms of Neil Gillies, George Leslie and Thomas Bird.

Mrs. C. C. Spaight and Bertie are moving into their new home on Church St. Mrs. Spaight advertises clean, comfortable rooms for roomers.

The largest number of autos ever parked on Acton streets were seen here on Monday night. The streets were filled with cars all night long.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 21, 1973.

Not since the days when Col. Allen and Capt. Shaw were connected with Company 6 when the red coats mustered on parade was the hearts not only of the pretty girls but of the populace generally, have our soldier boys presented such a fine appearance and received so many expressions of praise as was the case with the company as they paraded to the depot to embark for Niagara to join the 20th Battalion. Capt. Langton is every inch a soldier and his kindly treatment of the men has put the company in splendid form and enthusiastic spirits. Acton Corned Band led the parade followed by a bagpipe band brought from the city by Capt. Langton at considerable personal expense. Also in the parade were the 32 members of the Acton Fire Brigade in their newly new uniforms. The town was out en masse to give eclat to the occasion.

On Friday afternoon one of the finest farm buildings in the country was raised by Mr. Robert Watson in Esquesing. The sides were captured by Messrs. Peter McIsaac and Peter Gibbons.

Never in the history of this section were strawberries sold so low as on the 15th June. Four cents a basket was a common price last week. Usually the first week's berries bring 10 to 12 cents.

Miss Mary Kennedy, who has presided over the organ at Limehouse Presbyterian church ever since it was introduced into the church service, was presented with a purse of money. She is about to move to Dryden.

The performance of Statute labor is the order of the day in Nassagaweya. Special care should be taken to prevent animals running at large. In addition to the expenses of pound fees there is the danger of poison, every potato patch being sprinkled with paris green.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 2, 1973.

A two hour job of catching a swarm of bees on Bowen Ave. was successfully completed last Saturday by Colin McCall. The bees had swarmed to a tree behind the Storey Glove Company. Mr. McCall cut the limb off the tree and searched through the bees with his bare hands for the Queen. No stings were reported. The bees were taken to Mr. McCall's hive.

Lorne Home and School took charge of the annual picnic Friday evening. Winners in races included Margaret Guthrie, Simmy McPhedran, Valerie Crofts, Linda Swackhamer, Lloyd McIntyre, Lyle Broughton, Sandra Davidson, Leslie McPhedran, Wayne Bowen, Beverly Holmes, Jane McPhedran, Don Swackhamer, Gail Dobbie, Charlie Saul, Barbara Davidson, Mervin Broughton.

Jean Harris and Kerwin McPhail were married in Acton United church Saturday, June 20. The bride wore an ankle length gown of net and white lace. Attendants were Mrs. Joan Floto, Kenneth Allan, Melvin Jordan and Harold Floto.

The Friendly Circle held its annual picnic meeting in the Sunday School room of the church. Special letters will be put on a plaque for the picture of Miss Bennett which is to hang in the new school.

Rockwood was saddened by word of the sudden passing of Mrs. Henry Hosking. She had been present the night before at the presentation for Rev. and Mrs. John Oliver.

Rev. Gibb preached his farewell sermon at Ballinfad. He came as a student and was ordained recently.

George Ware, who has been on the staff of the Free Press, left this week to join the Royal Canadian Navy.

Mike Cox will operate his plumbing and heating business from a store on Mill St.

O.F.Y. students to be congratulated

Based on the initiative they have shown by snaring three of the 10 Opportunity for Youth grants awarded in Halton County the youth of Acton have demonstrated they are very much aware of what is going on in this country.

The Halton projects involve about 50 people and approximately \$72,500 has been made available for their use. Acton students applied for four and were successful on three, all of them useful services, which demonstrates effectively the projects need not be the valueless or even foolish as some far-out projects elsewhere seemed to be last year.

The Acton projects include a day care centre, a recycling program and an instrumental music program where music is taught by the youthful members of the Acton Citizens' Band. Last year members of the band applied for a grant and were turned down. It is a credit to them that they didn't pout or complain, just streamlined their program, applied and were accepted in 1973.

We have heard the Opportunities for Youth program criticized many times by those who felt somebody was getting something for nothing.

It has been our observation that

any of the grants awarded to groups in this district have been deserved and the young people in charge have shown initiative and energy in carrying out the programs.

The programs have provided summer employment and introduced students to a world where they have to fend for themselves, accept criticism and responsibility.

Students in Acton who displayed the resourcefulness and imagination to apply and operate an Opportunity for Youth program are to be congratulated, not criticized for participating.

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Mini-Comment . . .

News that the Queen was again coming through Acton on the royal train brought back many memories to those who have stood by the station on other occasions hoping to catch a glimpse of the royal personages and were greeted by drawn blinds as the train thundered through. On one occasion local people were assured the king and queen would be standing on the rear of the train—waving. They were a big disappointment for those who had waited hours. The lucky ones on that occasion were those who went to Guelph for a scheduled stop and feasted their eyes on royalty. We have often wondered if it is instances like these which turn Canadians into anti-royalists and vice versa. And we can't blame the royal family, it's those who arrange the tours. Usually they ignore small town Canada, the dopes.

Now that summer has officially arrived and the longest day of the year passed, we can look forward to the advent of fall and the coming of winter. We could count only two days of the traditional spring weather which gradually turns into summer. Now the seasons seem to be sharply separated.

Anyone for tennis? We endorse the Acton

campaign to have tennis courts erected in town as a bow in the direction of adult recreation, something that has been sadly neglected here in the last few years. It is coincidental, perhaps that Rockwood is also staging a campaign to erect courts there. It has been many years since the old Acton courts closed due to lack of interest but there has been a resurgence of demand for the game again as more and more people abandon their seat in front of the TV set.

Can anyone say Acton and district people don't have hearts after the success of two campaigns for charitable organizations conducted recently? C.N.I.B. chairman Vic Bristol reports this week that their campaign went way over the top. It was the same story with the L'Arche Auxiliary's Flowers of Hope campaign. When the cause is right people here loosen their purse strings.

At last, those discarded sidewalks along Main St. S. from Church St. to the new condominium subdivision on the "eastern hill," have been reconstructed. There's a new ribbon of concrete running along the west side of the road and showing the horrible black top along the east side section.