



EXCEPT FOR THE JUG MILK sign, this scene could almost be a picture from the past. Taken by Jennifer Barr who happened by the Ballinafad store at the same time as "Smoky" and "Rock", two Ballinafad ponies owned by Herbert Fisher and Albert Cuthbert were tethered. The store's appearance hasn't substantially

altered in years although it has always been kept in good condition. It is situated at the four corners where Esquesing blends into Erin township. The store, owned by the Shortill family, is on the Erin side of the boundary.

When I was young and ignorant and life was forever, nothing bored me more than "old people" talking so much about death.

As soon as my Dad received his hometown weekly paper, he would flip to the obituaries and read them to my mother, interspersing the printed word with comments about the deceased.

Often the latter was a distant cousin, or someone father had gone to school with or someone he'd worked for as a boy. He'd recall where the dead person had lived, what he'd done and some of his peculiarities.

I couldn't imagine why my mother could be bothered listening. She didn't of course. She was much too busy bustling around, cooking or sewing or doing a wash. But she pretended to, and would drop in the occasional comment or correct him on a date.

Now that I am old and not quite so ignorant and realize the brevity of our stay, I can understand. It wasn't a morbidity on my father's part. It was an interest in, and awareness of, the fact that death comes for us all, even for the archbishop. He knew it was closing in on his generation, quietly but relentlessly.

I am not about to start reading obituaries as a regular pre-dinner treat, but I did read three lately, with a sense of almost personal loss, though I didn't know any of the three "involved", if that's the word.

Joe E. Brown. The name means nothing to young people today. But it recalled for me Saturday afternoon at the matinee, almost falling out of my seat from laughing at the antics of this great clown.

Betty Grable. She was never much of an actress, but she was a great Hollywood personality. In the days when there were such creatures. Pin-up girl of the western world before the centrepiece, all-nude fold-out was dreamed of.

Bill Smiley



Veronica Lake. Fell half in love with her when I saw her first movie. She contrived to look sexy and sinful in the days before bikini and bra were invented.

Brown was an old man. But Grable and Lake were in their fifties, forgotten by the world but not exactly doddering. Each had a distinguishing specialty. Joe E. Brown had a mouth about the size of half a watermelon. Grable had legs that inspired an innocent sort of lust at a time when an ugly, exposed navel would have been just that. Lake wore long, blonde hair over one eye. Half the girls in town went around half-blind trying to emulate her hair-do.

My feelings of nostalgia were brought to a focus yesterday. My wife and I were at the beach. She was flat out, turning black under the sun, as is her wont. I was sitting up like a gentleman, in a chair, carefully covered, but still turning red in exposed areas, as is my wont.

Near us on the sand was a young couple, very handsome, with a little boy, very bad. He was bugging the life out of them, kicking sand in their faces, throwing coldwater on their hot, dry bodies, running off having to be fetched; demanding that his father do six things at once. But he was cute.

My wife watched, then asked nostalgically and tenderly, "Would you like

to be young again like that, with the little ones?"

I thought carefully for 12 or 13 seconds and replied, "No."

I meant it. When I look at my flab, I'd like to be 20, even 10 years younger. When my seed wart is throbbing and my bursitis in the shoulder is burning like acid, I'd like to be 30 years younger.

But when I think of the agony and the ecstasy of starting all over again, raising those kids, sanity speaks.

Days at the beach, sure. But, even though watching them like hawks, the sudden disappearance of one, and the frenzied running up and down, searching, until the child was found playing with a dog, 50 feet from the water.

Summer nights in a small town, yes. Until a four-year-old vanished at bedtime, and the frantic running around the block, calling wildly, knowing there was a deep ditch full of water, and their garage when little miss was discovered watching TV next door. Nope.

Sweating out music festival adjudicators' remarks I can do without.

Trying to steer out of drugs and into education I can manage to give up.

I think I can even sacrifice Santa Claus parades and riding with tols on the ferris wheel at the midway.

No, I don't want to be young again. It's too hard on a chap. I'm saving what's left for my grandchildren.

We'll walk on the beach, and in the woods. And I'll answer, from my pinnacle of ignorance, all those impossible questions kids ask, and when I'm stuck, I'll say, "Go and ask your granmie."

Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory? It's great to be getting old. Well, anyway, older.

Honest men needed in government

It is an increasingly saddening spectacle to watch the Watergate scandal as it unfolds week by week. For it demonstrates that many men in high places—people in public positions of trust—are gradually forgetting the meaning of plain honesty.

The Watergate is so much more than a series of monstrous mistakes and serious crimes emanating from the White House. The Watergate is a symbol of our times. Certain men are prepared to go to extremes to gain either wealth or power—and indeed both, for power equals money, and money usually can buy power.

The fact that Watergate and the sex scandals in Britain—as well as the monumental money frauds now coming to light in different nations—capture the headlines is significant. For it indicates a yearning among the ordinary people for good and true men to lead them.

An honest man is the noblest work of creation. And there are countless millions of honest men around the world.

But too often they are deprived, by lack of educational opportunities, by mere circumstance, of the chance to attain positions of leadership. Then

there are others, so disgusted by the fact that men who are but common criminals can gain such power and wealth, that they keep away from public life and politics altogether.

No amount of modern technology can replace the basic ethic that has been established by mankind over the centuries. The morality that guides good men along right paths has many names. It is to be hoped that the tragedy that is Watergate will throw forward men with vision—not just south of the border—but in all lands and regions where honest government today is lacking.



6 The Acton Free Press, Wednesday, July 25, 1973

On the bumpy road of finance

Anyone who has travelled Esquesing township roads lately couldn't help but agree with members of the township council that some of them leave much to be desired. And that's putting it mildly.

Councillors were mainly concerned about 17 Sideroad, which a letter had brought to their attention, but they needed no prodding. All agreed 17 was hardly fit for a camel which could stand parched throat and clouds of dust, but cars and pedestrians beware.

Councillors quizzed road superintendent Bud Snow about 17 and some of the other heavily travelled roads in the township, but got few words of consolation. Mr. Snow acknowledged the roads were bad but pointed out he only had so much money to work with. Some roads required major repairs. Haphazard measures, he indicated, would only be throwing good money after bad.

The reeve, who pointed out the matter had been discussed in some detail at committee, took another view. He said that if council decided to bring 17 Sideroad up to

specifications then there would be representation from other sections of the township where the roads were in similar shape.

Then where was the money to come from? he asked.

The reeve reminded council that Queen's Park had told them that there would be no more money for road maintenance delegated to Esquesing.

There is the crux of the matter. Queen's Park has said, rightly or otherwise, that no more money would be allotted to Esquesing roads this year. If the township is strapped for road dough then they have to look somewhere else because none would be forthcoming from the treasury.

It was dry. To the township council's credit, it must be said they have completed a needs study and allotted money for roads in a businesslike and capable manner. They have established priorities for the money which comes from the local pot and the province. Only so much can go towards maintenance because the township

roads in great part are a heritage from the horse and buggy days.

There just isn't enough money to meet the situation which is compounded by the heavy truck traffic going to and from the township quarries. The trucks break up the roads quickly and some of the arteries can't take the incessant pounding.

So what's the solution?

We think Queen's Park should make special concessions for municipalities which must bear the brunt of heavy truck traffic. The province licences trucks. It is up to them to see there is adequate provision made for the roads they use.

Some politicians are fond of tacking up signs at road projects listing the job being done and the officials from township and province responsible. There is one on the Sixth Line now before a project.

We would suggest residents who have legitimate beefs about roads could hang their own sign along the bad stretches and list those who are not doing anything about it.

Reflections on growing pains

A sure sign the police village of Rockwood is facing growing pains can be found in the complaints village trustees have to deal with at recent sessions.

It was unthinkable a few years ago that someone would complain about the presence of chickens, cattle and horses in the precincts of the village. It is happening today. Trustees are scratching their heads about remedies.

Not long ago a family cow and a yard full of chickens was proof a family was prudent, doing their bit to beat the high cost of living. You could throw in a horse and no one would complain. The manure made lovely fertilizer for roses and owning a horse was an exercise in aesthetics.

Tain't so today. Chickens are out, cattle are smelly. Horses? They belong out on the farm where they can romp over green pastures.

As the village grows it is inevitable complaints will start about noisy kids, church bells, barking dogs and prowling promiscuous pussies.

Of course, no one in the village is really looking forward to the changes which revolve around the imminence of municipal water and sewers. But it is one of the penalties which accompany progress. At one time a cow supplied milk for a family. Now it comes in bags or bottles. Now villagers supply their own water from wells. Quite likely, they will soon be getting it from one municipal source.

Many residents of Rockwood still cultivate their own gardens, grow their vegetables and find time to cultivate flowers as well. It's a trait that used to be common in Acton as well. As the town grew, gardens became grass. People theorized it was cheaper to buy than grow vegetables for the table.

Flowers are still in. A recent issue of the Toronto Star carried a story about a Milton couple who grew all their vegetables for \$30 a year in a large garden. Whenever they needed meat they had it on the hoof.

We thought many of us could learn an object lesson from people who still practiced some of what have been called the "old-fashioned virtues" but are really just common sense.

If people find the cost of living is too high, then why not go back to vegetable gardens? There's something about growing your own produce that the best commercially grown greens can never duplicate. They never seem to taste as good.

The high cost of feed makes chickens and cows prohibitive. Besides that rooster gets up too early in the morning.

Back Issues of The Free Press

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, July 20, 1973

Officials of the Department of Highways stopped all vehicles leaving Acton at No. 25 Highway for several days last week, compiling figures to assist in the planning of exits and entrances for the proposed Toronto to Windsor highway. The survey was made at the outskirts of town. The new highway would cross No. 25 Highway between Acton and Milton.

Tentative dates for frequency standardization of Acton and district are the second and third weeks of July 1974. There are 850 domestic customers and 120 commercial users to be affected by the changeover to 60 cycle power here. The survey of equipment was completed this week.

Halton candidates for the federal election August 10 were officially nominated at Milton on Monday. They are Stan Allen C.C.F., Sybil Bennett Progressive-Conservative and Murray McPhail Liberal.

"We need women at Ottawa because there is no place in the whole of Canada that needs a house-cleaning so badly as the House of Commons," said the Hon. George Drew, national leader of the Progressive-Conservative party, when he addressed an enthusiastic audience of 800 at the Brant Inn.

A crowd of 800 or more turned out Wednesday evening to welcome the Hon. Walter Harris, minister of Immigration, and to hear Liberal candidate Murray McPhail at his meeting in Acton. There was a garden party program and the band played.

Fifty years of married life have been spent in Acton by Mr. and Mrs. James Wilds. Many friends and relatives attended a dinner and reception in St. Alban's parish hall.

On Sunday 25 members of the Western Horse Association took their first trail ride

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 2, 1973

A rascally thief William Wicks, with several aliases, who made love to the adopted daughter of Elmer Schriber, a farmer near Mount Forest, and induced her to elope with him after stealing \$3,000 of her foster father's money, and then left the girl in the lurch at Arthur, was captured at Niagara Falls. He had bought an automobile, purchased expensive travelling luggage and clothing and had a cash balance in his pocket.

The I.O.O.F. issues a challenge to any other society in Acton for a tug-of-war contest Saturday afternoon in the park.

Each day preparations for Acton's jubilee celebration are drawing nearer completion and point to a bigger affair to commemorate Acton's 50th birthday than was at first dreamed of. Special rates on the railway have been obtained.

The nuisance of Sunday bathing has been complained of and brought before council. The law says it is not legal to bath on Sunday in any exposed situation within town limits.

Miss Mary Clarridge was appointed town deputy clerk and treasurer during the absence of Mr. Farmer.

No one citizen has ever done more for the interests of Acton than W. H. Storey. It was he who took the initiative in having Acton incorporated as a town 50 years ago. His large glove factory gave employment to hundreds for many years. His splendid home has been a landmark (now the funeral home). In 1873, when Acton was set apart from Esquesing township, he was the first reeve.

Miss Muriel Fleury is leaving the school staff. There have been 121 applications for the position. Principal Miss Knapp is also leaving the high school.

President Harding's tragic death has thrown the whole United States in mourning.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, July 21, 1973

On Monday ex-warden John Warren followed the binder all day and shocked wheat from 6 in the morning to 6 in the evening. Mr. Warren has always been an active farmer notwithstanding on the 9th of the month he celebrated his 73rd birthday. John Webb of the 1st line, Erin, had a very sick spell the other night, caused by inhaling paris green while mixing a dose for potatoes. The family were very much alarmed for a time but he is now all right again.

The sarcophagus to be placed at the head of the grave of the late W. H. Storey, Acton, is completed at the marble yard of Mr. J. H. Hamilton, Guelph, and is one of the most attractive monuments ever turned out there. When this sarcophagus is placed Fairview cemetery will be able to boast of having one of the most chaste and beautiful monuments in the province.

The Ideal Flashlight Co. is coming to Acton for one week only taking family groups in your own parlor; choirs, lodges etc. a specialty.

Chairman Murray has lost considerable prestige with the wheelmen by having the round stones raked into the centre of the road-bed on Mill St. The wheelmen should arrange a bee and rake them off the street entirely.

An incipient fire in the summer kitchen of Mr. G. A. Pannabaker's residence was quickly put out by the fire brigade with a pail or two of water.

The Board of Trustees set their school estimates for the year. Expenses are \$2,391.75, including \$1,465 for salaries, \$40 for maps, cyclopedias, and apparatus, \$90 for fuel, \$20 supplies and \$12 special caretaker. Council will be asked to raise by assessment the sum of \$1500. The necessity for another room and teacher was discussed.

Mini-Comment . . .

If you have not had the opportunity to see the film, "Catch the Sun," at Ontario Place's Cinesphere, do so at your earliest opportunity. It is worth the price of admission just to see it on the world's largest curved stretch screen, and catch the familiar face of Yusuf Dreeters of Rockwood sculpting with wood at the Rockwood Academy. The 20 minute film has more thrills than you'll likely ever encounter in such a short time but the pace is a mixed bag so you can recover from the roller coaster ride, speedboating on the Rideau Canal in Ottawa, flying through the spectacular Ouimet Canyon or following a Thunder Bay ski trail. In a change of pace, the film switches to a pub in nearby Arthur, a bird sanctuary at Streetsville and an organ recital in a Toronto cathedral. We heartily recommend it.

The Constellation Hotel in Metro Toronto has set aside an entire floor for those who do not smoke. Signs will be posted to warn the nicotine crowd that they should respect the wishes of management and refrain from lighting up while on the floor. It is not as customer-oriented as one might think. No smoking also means less cleaning for the hotel staff, keeps carpets and carpets cleaner and odorless for much longer.

A friend who lives in Kitchener, works in Acton and was raised in Montreal comments on how lucky people of Acton and area are to have swimming facilities so readily available in places such as Fairy Lake and the various conservation areas. He remembers early years in Montreal when paving stones were the only place to play and the Lachine Canal, an old and polluted body of filth, was the one available place to cool off. His observation strikes home. We never really appreciate the advantages we have until we have to do without them.

Will it be Mohawk or Milton? That's likely the choice for voters in the new Central Halton municipality carved from the heart and coal-tails of Halton. Nassagaweya has asked for Mohawk, in commemoration of E. P. Taylor, pardon me, for the race track which dominates the community, we presume, or perhaps for the Indian tribe of which Joseph Brant was an outstanding chief. We like Mohawk even if only to commemorate the inter-tribal warfare that took place to construct the central municipality. There are plenty of Miltons around, just as there are Actons and Georgetown's, but not many Mohawks once you leave the area around Brantford, which, as it turns out, is not a reserve. The

odd thing being that they reserved this reserve decision for many years.

Of course, legislation for the new region has decided that new names for the unnamed municipalities must be chosen by ballot at the same time as elections October 1 from among a maximum of three names. It is up to the three municipalities in North Halton to pare the list down to three. We still like Esquesing for the north but it will be electors who decide. Incidentally, this is the last week we will be accepting suggestions for the name of North Halton. There have been some new names submitted including Dubyville, Potsville, Aromatom and Hopeful, in a facetious vein no doubt, but the majority still favor Esquesing or North Halton.

Frankly, we are not surprised that Halton Warden and Nassagaweya Reeve Anne MacArthur does not want hydro corridors along 401 Highway, since they would cross her property, but we are surprised at her outburst in which she would deny the Halton Region Conservation Authority funds from the township because it would affect her property and her neighbour! Surely if one is committed to political impartiality one upholds what is best for all, in spite of one's feelings. We hope Mrs. MacArthur's outburst was precipitated by an undigested piece of Milton pudding or a piece of Oakville pie rather than representing her unblinded opinions.