



—W. Thomson Photo

A llama likes a lot of love!!

TIPPI PULLS his finicky act when offered oats, to get a little more attention from Judi Ionson. Both lived at Wynfield Farm, R.R. 3, Georgetown.

Regional salaries tax public purse

It is apparent regional councillors consider their job a full time commitment, judging by the \$8,500 salaries they voted themselves at the first meeting of the new council.

Most of them will also pick up a few more grand as members of their own area councils, so the pickings for the first term of regional government will not exactly be driving anyone to the pogy lines. However, we wonder whether councillors weren't premature in lading out an \$8,500 sum before they know the extent of their duties.

We thought Georgetown reeve Ric Morrow's suggestion to set the salaries at \$4,000 a year (same as present county councillors receive), and have a salary review in six months time was a good suggestion. However, members of the new council didn't think so. In fact, Burlington

councillor David Coons wants to be paid starting with the inaugural meeting, which would mean the county would be duplicating salaries—paying both county and regional representatives.

Few people begrudge adequate pay for their representatives on the region or at the county, enough to compensate them for pay they might receive in their own profession or line of work, but it seems this time the councillors are in there to get all they can out of the public purse.

Why couldn't they have waited to see how much work the job was going to entail before voting themselves such a sum?

Their action is certainly increasing the public fear of escalating regional government costs, which Liberal leader Bob Nixon said recently will go up by no less than 35 per cent of total costs now. His figures are based on costs

in the Waterloo region where regional government resulted in a 38 per cent increase in costs. Allowing for inflation this is still a pretty hefty hike and needs some large cost paring in some other area to make it less costly than the former system.

As Oakville councillor Archie Donaghey observed, introducing such a controversy at the first meeting of the regional council makes it appear people's fears about swelling costs were well founded. Based on the number of meetings as presently laid out the regional councillors will be receiving about \$52 an hour for their time. Of course, meetings will increase as time goes on but it is doubtful if public confidence will swell accordingly.

The new regional council has set guidelines which everyone else who can dip into the public purse will follow.

Free Press Editorial Page

B2 The Acton Free Press, Wed., Nov. 7, 1973

Bill SMILEY



A number of deep and troubling questions are puzzling me this fall. Perhaps if I get them out in the open, those stabbing cramps in my stomach will ease off.

Leaves. I have six maples and two huge oaks on my front lawn. That produces leaves to the knees. My neighbor across the street has four maples around his property. Also a fair crop of leaves, but nothing like ours.

My neighbor rakes up his leaves. At least his wife does. I contemplate mine with a judicious eye, waiting for the right moment to strike. "Might as well wait till they're all down."

My neighbors are godly and righteous people. I am an acknowledged sinner. Yet every fall, about this time, we get one of those howling north winds that make you shiver in bed, glad you're there.

I get up the next morning, and my front lawn is as clean as the cat's dish. I look out the other window in dismay, and sure enough, my neighbor's tidy lawn looks like the Maple Leaf Forever. My leaves. Why?

I've thought this time of telling him he should put up a snow fence, but I think I'd better give him a couple of weeks to cool off. And get those leaves raked up.

There. I feel better already, getting that off my chest. As good as the confessional.

Football. In my youth, I dearly loved the game. Played five years in high school, two in college before I went off to play another kind of game.

Every night I'd draggle home in the dark, after practice, aching in every limb, drinking in the sharp fall air, completely satisfied.

During the games, there was the heady knowledge that every girl in the school was out there watching you. This, of course, was a two-edged sword. You might catch a pass for a touch-down. You might also drop it, for a red face.

We had some great teams in high school, because our principal was a football nut. When I think over the names, I have more than a sense of nostalgia. Half a dozen were killed in the war.

We didn't have much going for us besides lots of spirit. There were about four helmets on the team. Our uniforms were ragged. We made our own pads of felt obtained at the local felt mill. Some had cleated boots, others played in sneakers.

One of my great thrills was when my big brother took me to Ottawa for the Grey Cup final. In those days the Grey Cup game wasn't the silly-ass spectacle it is now, with beauty contest, marching bands, parades and such foolawraw.

It was serious business. You were there to see a football game, not to get drunk and make an idiot of yourself.

You could get good seats for 75 cents. I sat between two voluble French-Canadians who, quietly and with dignity, passed a mickey of rye (85c) back and forth, but only to keep off the chill. Today they'd have a twenty-sixer each and be glassy-eyed by half time.

It was a great game. Those were the days of giants: Bumner Stirling, who could boot a ball the length of the field; Bunny Wadsworth, who was like a tank in the line. This day, the centre of attention was Fritz Hanson, who was as hard to pin down as a dragon-fly. But for all his scampering, the bigger Ottawa team won 7-6 on the last play.

At any rate, in those days I knew the game. From there it was all downhill. The Yanks took over, and, as usual, we adopted their terms.

Outside wings became ends. Middle wings became tackles. Inner wings became guards. And the flying wing, my own favorite position, vanished into limbo.

Today, I am baffled by the terminology of football as an elderly librarian would have been by the terminology at the recent fighter pilots' reunion in Ottawa.

What is a tight end, for example? Is that what we see when the players go into a huddle, and stick those extremely tight pants into our faces on TV?

What is the opposite of a tight end? Is this someone who has the skitters? Is that why they are always running off the field?

What is an offensive tackle? Is this someone whose language or behavior you find offensive to your sensibilities?

Is the familiar phrase, "I gave him a pretty good shot", an indication that the players are now carrying concealed, not to mention offensive, weapons?

One of the universities is giving an extension course at its night school. It's for girl friends and wives of football players, so that they can enjoy the game more.

I think I'll sign up for the course. I'm dying to know what a middle line-backer does for a living.

Restructuring counties sensible

Following up earlier statements in which he suggested there would be no more imposition of regional government on counties, Ontario treasurer John White has now invited county officials to submit suggestions for guidelines on the restructuring of Ontario's county governments.

Erin and Eramosa townships must be heaving a collective sigh of relief. Unless Wellington initiates action it is unlikely they will be compelled to participate in a regional form of government. Instead the province is contemplating restructuring the present county system.

The idea is to strengthen local government so it can cope with the problems which are cropping up with increasing frequency in this decade of booming development.

The province intends to give restructured counties the same grants it now gives to regions. As a starting point the government suggests the counties should provide seven services: water, sewage collection and treatment, an arterial road system, planning, health services, a welfare program and capital borrowing.

At last we have some plain thinking on the part of the government. It is too bad many of these ideas had not been advanced before the advent of regional governments. Streamlining the county system would have been much more realistic than dragging reluctant counties into regional tie-ups they neither wanted or believed in.

Queen's Park has endorsed four

major phases of reform in the new program to restructure counties; (1) consolidation of local municipalities (2) return of cities and separated towns to their counties (3) equitable representation on county councils and (4) enlarging and updating the responsibility of county units. A fifth factor is the need to tailor local government to suit local needs, probably the most important point of all.

It is too late now, when the horse has already left the barn to moan about being involved in a regional form of government, but it shows the Government recognizes that there are preferable alternatives which won't generate such opposition as the new regions have.

It is just too bad they were not available for Halton.

Let's also remember the living

Bands play, veterans march, crowds watch as wreaths are laid on cenotaphs to honour the dead of two World Wars. How many remember the living confined to veteran's hospitals across Canada!

Are the only ones who care the wives, mother and sisters, mostly older women, who day after day and year after year visit husbands, sons and brothers?

Many of the older patients are paralyzed, senile or in a state of near-coma. They do not really know who has visited them, yet their wives make the daily pilgrimage. Love does not recognize these changes, but it

cannot abandon the loved one. These are the women who endure, as Shakespeare says: "Like patience on a monument smiling at grief."

Others, the wives of younger and physically-disabled patients who require constant nursing care, come daily to provide the companionship all of us need, especially in ill-health or old age. Day after day, you see these women pushing the chairs of their legless, armless, crippled, near-paralyzed men down the hospital's long corridors.

Over the heads of their husbands, the eyes of "the Colonel's Lady and

Judy O'Grady" meet—there's a faint smile of recognition for they've grown to know one another. Above all there is a sense of silent communication—of sympathetic understanding.

A number of the patients are without families and without visitors. There can be nothing so lonely as old age without loved ones. The years pass for all of us. We, too, may need friends when old and alone.

On Remembrance Day, we honour the dead of two World Wars. Wouldn't it be better to honor the dead by also remembering the living?

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, November 12, 1953.

Acton High school paced the Georgetown gridiron representatives to a 16-10 win, ensuring the North Halton championship for the local Red Devils. On the championship team are Bob Cox, Garry Dawkins, Ross Morton, Don Blacklock, Fred Gordon, Ron Ralson, Don Dawkins, David McVey, Bill Skilling, Richard Mason, Paul Lawson, Wayne Arbie. They are undefeated this season. Coach is Mr. Heron and manager Russell Arbie.

Cheering the champions on were pert cheerleaders Betty May Lambert, Frances Oakes, Arlene Gordon, Donna McMillan, Dorothy Dawkins and Peggy Oakes.

Worden cemetery will be beautiful next spring with daffodils and tulips planted by members of the Bannockburn community. Stones date back as far as 1836. Mrs. J. McGeachie and Herb Cook are descendants of the United Empire Loyalist Warden family.

"Warren Grove" has been selected as the new name to replace "Wartime Housing" to designate Mason and McDonald Bldgs. in the subdivision at the north-east limits of town. Of the votes cast 78 per cent were for Warren Grove. This is the name the area was called years ago.

Public school pupils observed remembrance day. Mary Jane Force was chairlady, Rev. Currey guest speaker, Bill Greer recited in Flanders Fields, Sandra Cripps led in prayer and Margaret Armstrong read from the Bible. Flags were lowered and raised by Ernie Lawson and Bill Johnson. Teachers sat in the audience as the pupils carried out the program.

A cheque for \$900 was presented to Gordon Ode of the Y.M.C.A. by Tom Watson, projects treasurer of the Y's Men.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, November 1, 1923.

For 60 years No 8 school in Nassagaweya has been an important point in the community. But the old school became unequal to modern requirements and the trustees decided a new building should be erected. This fine new building was formally opened Monday night with an enjoyable social entertainment. The finishing touches were put on last week. The cost of the building, furnace and furnishings was \$3,500. Contractors were, for mason and brick work R. Rudd, Rockwood; carpenter work Bert Ibbotson, Fergus; painting Len Worden, Acton; unsmithing J. Kinwood, Rockwood.

Mr. W. J. Akins, a former pupil, acted as chairman. Acton Male quartet consisting of Messrs. L. Worden, V. Rumley, A. Mann and J. Smith, sang necessitating encore after encore. Miss Laura Akins also gave several vocal selections. Splendid speeches were given by Rev. Strachan and Reeve Moffat. The trustees who have brought the building to successful conclusion are Messrs Thomas Storey, Nelson Anderson and John McGregor.

The outside stairway on the fire escape at the town hall is in dangerous condition.

At the last golf tournament in Georgetown both Mrs. Pitkey and Mrs. L.B. Shorey of Acton were winners.

Citizens who have radio outfits had an exceptionally fine concert from Pittsburg last Wednesday. Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George's speech from that city was the most distinctly heard address he has given at any point in the continent.

The nine head of cattle which strayed from the farms of Austin Swackhamer and Harold Smart last spring were recovered this week. They did a lot of wandering in four months.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, November 3, 1893.

The election trial at Milton last Thursday revealed bribery and John R. Barber was unseated as M.P.P. for Halton. Nearly 300 witnesses were summoned. The particulars set out 62 cases of bribery, treating etc. Evidence was given of the leaving of a number of envelopes supposed to contain money at the houses of people who worked in Robertson's lime kilns and brick yards in the township of Nassagaweya. The court regarded the evidence as sufficient to void the election.

Hallowe'en passed off very quietly. People must be getting more sensible than they were in days gone by when the foolish tricks were played.

The concert in Lorne school on Friday was a grand success. The attendance was very large. Rev. Macpherson acted as chairman. The wand drill by six little girls is deserving of special mention, as was also the singing of Miss Maggie Dennis, a little tot of 7 years. Miss Lawrence of Trafalgar recited The Drunkard's Wife. Great credit is due to teacher Miss McDonald.

Mr. Benjamin Watkins has died from injuries he received in a runaway. The community was thrown into deep gloom. A hound in pursuit of a fox sprang in front of his horse. Mrs. Watkins lies ill at Norval.

Friday is electric light election day here. In all probability the bylaw will pass with a large majority. Those who have looked into the situation are perfectly confident electric lighting can not only be self-sustaining but a source of revenue to the community.

Every wide-awake farmer has his roots under cover now.

J.A. Speight and Co. are reducing the prices of undertaking.

What others say . . .

ONE-SIDED STUDIES ON THE SMALL CAR

St. Mary's Journal-Argus

"Stop Picking on Little Cars", says an editorial heading last week in the Toronto Star and we read it with eager interest.

Recently there have been more stories than ever emanating from the United States (the home of the big, over-blown American car) about the danger of driving and owning a small car.

Here is what the Star editorial had to say in refutation of all this big car propaganda, and we heartily agree with them:

"A U.S. study, by no means the first on the subject, has shown that occupants of small cars are more likely to be injured or killed in the event of an accident than those in big cars.

There's no reason to doubt the statistical evidence, even though the study was conducted at the University of Michigan (in a state that also happens to be the home of the big U.S. auto industry), and even though it was first made public at a seminar sponsored by General Motors Corp., even though it was recently quoted with approbation by two Chrysler executives.

In fact, the findings shouldn't surprise anyone. There's little doubt that the occupants of a Volkswagen would come out second best in a clash with a Cadillac. It's also not hard to imagine who would fare better in collision between a Cadillac and a Greyhound bus.

The real flaw in the study is that it looks at only one side of the coin. Another recent study, this by the New York state department of motor vehicles, looked at both sides. And, while it concurred in the conclusion that accidents prove much more severe for small cars, the small cars are much less likely to become involved in accidents in the first place. To take a popular example, Volkswagen showed the highest severity rate, but the lowest incidence.

The Michigan study does make one in-

teresting point: the likelihood of injury or death is the same in a small-car-to-small-car collision as it is in a crash involving two big cars. That, taken with the New York state finding, leads irresistibly to the conclusion that there would be fewer accidents, with no change in severity, if everyone drove a small car.

And that's only a safety argument. Small cars pollute less, consume less energy, need less parking space, and are cheaper both in the initial outlay and in subsequent maintenance. In view of all of which, the North American auto industry would do well to meet the small car competition head-on so to speak rather than try to discredit it by using selective statistics and one-sided studies.

Comment

High rise living is driving people insane, according to a psychiatrist who recently took a survey of a Sydney, Australia suburb of 50,000 people. The higher you go, the madder you get, he says. The isolation, loneliness and dehumanizations of high rise living can lead to mental disorders and even suicide, he claims.

The trouble with the world today is not that populations have multiplied, but that they remain divided.

You have an excellent memory if you can remember what you were enjoying this time last year.

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