



Proud to be farmer?—need change of tactics



Mac Armstrong, assistant agricultural representative for Halton, says he is proud to be a farmer, in an editorial in this month's issue of the Halton Farm News.

Here's why: "How often as a farm child did you hear the words 'dumb farmer', 'old farmer', 'slow as a farmer', 'hick farmer', or worst of all, just plain 'farmer' used in a derogatory

manner while attending an urban school? "Quite often the term 'farmer' was used not only at school, but also by adults to belittle the farmer status in society. "Oh, he's just a farmer!" "How many farm children were pushed off the farm by their parents? Get a good education so you won't spend your life on a farm. What could be further from fact? To be a successful farmer obtain an education as an accountant, a lawyer, a mechanic, a veterinarian, an electrician, plus a dozen other trades, and use them all. These will be the future farmers: NOT the affluent group of land speculators who presently

claim to be farming in Ontario. These people are presently holding land on the excuse of farming it, expecting to reap large benefits as speculators. Sure you can say "Farming has been so bad over the years that we require the capital gain on our property to survive in this inflated economy." "Well, you are right. "Might this Capitalist Society we are living in be coming to an end? Now don't get me wrong, I'm not a Communist; but I do believe that 'we', by our inflationary living, high use of credit, and acceptance of land speculation, are forcing the government to enact a land use policy which may remove the speculative value of our farms

and our right to do what we wish with our land. "Agriculture in Canada in the 20th century has been the greatest 'charity' organization since the Roman Empire fell. Where else in the world would 5 percent of the population (farmers) live on below average incomes to give the other 95 percent of the population cheap food and also help support another 6 percent of the population (the unemployed)? "May our government, in their infinite wisdom, see fit to change this system? Not likely, unless we as agricultural people are willing to give up some of our individual 'rights' for the benefit of society; and until we become leaders in

social and economic reform. "What can you or I do as an individual for society? We can, as members of farm organizations, press for a government action which will result in a land use policy at all levels of government—municipal to federal levels. "Tell me, what productive value has the \$4,000 an acre speculation on your farm property? The productive value for agricultural use is approximately \$500 per acre. The difference of \$3,500 per acre speculative value on your farm never produced a kernel of corn nor an ounce of milk. How can you or I afford this? "Never in the history of agriculture in Canada have we

resorted to such wasteful and non-productive tactics common to other commodity and labour organizations, such as strikes or withholding products, to drive or inflate our prices for selfish profit motives! "In the future we are going to have to resort to some of these tactics to guarantee a reasonable level of profit on all segments of agriculture? "I am proud to be a farmer, and I am sure you are."



Spring gambol for New Year's foal

Free Press Editorial Page

B2 The Acton Free Press, Wed., March 20, 1974

Steel giants come our way

After a year and eight months of meetings and study, the one-man Solandt Commission cleared the way for a 500 kV hydro corridor between Nanticoke and Pickering by recommending it follow the proposed Parkway Belt eastward from Milton after leaving the Beverly Swamp and a section of 401 Highway where it cleared the Escarpment. Included in the Solandt recommendations was a design to have the north-south line from the Bruce power station meet the east-west line and cross the Escarpment near Limehouse, proceeding north along the middle of the 5th Concession through the former Esqueusing into Erin township. That is the key recommendation

for residents of this area. Dr. Solandt decided public reaction against building a corridor through the Rattlesnake Point and Mount Nemo area was too strong but a much stronger public reaction from residents of North Halton and Erin townships was not good enough. "All available alternatives were carefully considered before the Commission reluctantly came to the conclusion that, on balance, this was the route that the transmission line should take," the report said. For this section of the route Ontario Hydro requires a 720 foot wide right-of-way for three double circuit 500 kV lines (2 in 1977 and one in 1980) and 120 feet for two 230

kV lines later. The report notes that because of the nature of this area every effort should be made to reduce this width if new technology makes this possible. It is an understatement of course. What is to come is a five-wide troop of steel giants marching through the middle of the new town of Halton Hills, creating an artificial barrier. Residents tuned in to Government policy can validly ask if the swath will also be turned into a parkway to keep it consistent with the corridor concept. Will it also be a site for future pipe lines, highways and what have you? In spite of the approval Halton regional chairman Allan Masson feels for the route, most people

here who have been concerned about the huge hydro corridor are unhappy. They recognize Dr. Solandt has done a tremendous job with the material he had to work with but also recognize their opposition to a corridor through this area traverses some of Ontario's best farm land. The 160 foot high towers will easily be seen from Acton. The view won't be scenic despite the improved appearance towers. If you are unhappy about the route, contact your MPP and let him know. Write a letter to the Government documenting your views because that's where the final decision rests. Let's have real people participation and see how much real weight it carries.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 18, 1954.

Variety Night, staged by Acton Junior Farmers and Brookville Junior Farmers in the public school auditorium Tuesday night, was well applauded by 200 persons. Ralph McKeown was master of ceremonies. Music numbers were given by Betty Anderson, Margaret Early, Bill Somerville, Anne McLaughlin, Marjory Fountain, D. Anderson, B. Anderson, O. Baker. A skit A Fatal Quest was presented by Bill Thompson, Doris Thompson, Marjorie McDonald, Leslie Wardlock and Jack Johnston. Participants in the Brookville drama The Window were B. Anderson, D. Anderson, K. Stanley, W. Price and M. Early. Special Guest was Acton Junior Farmers drama with Mrs. R. McKeown, Don Matthews, Mac Sprowl, Anne McLaughlin and Mitchell Neil.

Due to volume of business Acton post office is being upgraded to a grade nine staff office. Postmaster Frank Terry now has 40 more forms to fill out regularly. Next stage is house-to-house delivery. Such a day can scarcely be imagined by Mr. Terry and his efficient staff who realize the post office is the town meeting place.

Speed and efficiency in computation of Acton's tax bills and public utilities bills was increased this week with the operation of the town's new Burrough's sensomatic billing machine. Clerk Jack McGeachie instructed Carol Tyler in the operation of the machine.

The H.E.P.C. is considering the cost of a flashing light at the Mill-Main corner. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kerr marked their 50th wedding anniversary at a party at Woodside school.

The largest crowd of the season packed St. Alban's hall for the last square dance.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 20, 1924.

Acton's oldest lady and one of our longest continuous residents, Mrs. James Matthews passed away at the age of 88 years. Postmaster Matthews is bereft after 66 years of wedded life. She was a devoted wife, a humble Christian mother and the best of neighbors. Her home was ever foremost in her thoughts and rarely ever did she leave it excepting when she went to worship in the church she loved. Her children and grandchildren will rise up and call her blessed.

Wonderland Theatre—"I Will Repay", the famous Scarlet Pimpernel. Starring Flora LeBreton, Pedro DeCordoba and Holmes Herbert. Also two reel comedy sensation de luxe. Admission 20c and 35c.

Last year about 300 h.p. was added to the capacity of Acton's Hydro-Electric power station. Already it looks as if further provision for power will be required. Messrs. Beardmore and Co. who are already using a large quantity of current are considering the operation of further sections of their large plant by electric power. If present negotiations are carried out about 200 extra h.p. will be required. Michael O'Brien, a vagrant, was com-

mitted to jail for 20 days, by which date he said he could get a job as a stonemason.

One outstanding event of the social evening at Churchill was the neat and successful play in which Mr. Hugh McCutcheon dumped his load of 15 young men and women into a snow bank in front of Mr. Harry Gibbons' home on the third line.

What shall we wear, and how shall we wear it, are problems interesting the ladies just now.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 16, 1899.

Lately our little village of Rockwood has put on quite as busy a look as any of our neighboring towns. With the time kilns at work, and getting the large ship timbers drawn to the station ready for shipment, and a constant string of people coming and going to our new grocery store, managed so well by Mr. McDermid, things do look busy.

Now that spring is opening up it will be well for all owners of horses, cattle, etc. to remember that these animals are prohibited from running at large. The municipal officer will promptly impound all animals at large. Lawns and gardens are ruined in a few minutes by stray animals traversing them in the spring when the ground and sod are soft and yielding.

The necessity for the continuation of the sidewalk on Main St. to Fairview cemetery has been very apparent the past week.

The Burlington Gazette wonders why their town cannot have electric light, like Acton's. "We have as live merchants and citizens... the cost per year is no greater than oil and there is no dirt or work or breaking of chimneys..."

The increasing number of smaller cars over the past few years has been evident to even the most casual observer.

The youth market, scarcity of parking space, and the easier handling in traffic all promoted interest in the small car. Since the current fuel crisis, this interest has grown to such an extent the major manufacturers have all announced cut-backs in large car production and an increase in the production of smaller models.

Many studies have considered the differences between small and large vehicles in crashes. In general, says the Ontario Safety

League, these studies have reached the same conclusion: that the risk of injury to smaller car occupants is greater, and that small cars are over-represented in single vehicle accidents.

In a study released in June, 1973 by the University of Michigan's Highway Safety Research Institute, it was estimated that the chance of injury in the small car increases at the rate of about 2.5 percent for each decrease of 100 pounds in vehicle weight.

"Interior protection in all cars is important," the researchers stated, "but needs special attention in smaller cars if we are to reduce

this greater risk of injury."

In vehicular crashes, unrestrained occupants move at the vehicle's speed prior to the event. This results in a "second collision" between the occupant and the vehicle interior. The lighter vehicle endures the more abrupt change of speed and its comparatively smaller interior volume limits the distance in which passengers sustain the deceleration forces in a crash.

The pressures towards smaller cars seem likely to continue. Cost, fuel availability, social desirability, parking and handling are all likely to increase the number of

small cars on our roads.

Whatever current or future research may show, one thing remains clear. Occupants of smaller cars should realize their safety position in relation to other vehicles on the roads and should wear their seat belts, whether or not the province makes it mandatory.

A study has shown that belted drivers in subcompact cars fare as badly in crashes as unbelted drivers in full-size cars but researchers also found drivers who use seat belts fare much better than those who do not.

Seat belts "must" in small cars

Bill SMILEY



Just back on the job after a week in bed with the doctor, as the old gag has it. Actually, it was a particularly virulent flu I was in bed with. I was so sure I was going to die that I even cancelled my curling dates.

Still weak and shaky, but I'm glad I got back on my feet. When a guy is not on the job, even for a week, his whole world starts to crumble around him.

At school, my students, without my firm hand on the helm, were wallowing in a sea of silliness. They had discovered they could get away with murder with a substitute skipper, and I found it necessary to flog six of them at the mast and keelhaul a few more to get them herded back into the fo'c'sle.

They're remarkably subdued again, but there is still some friction, because the sun is shining, and it's a few degrees above freezing outside, they want all the windows open. Because I still have a fever and don't want to be in a draught, I want them closed. We compromised. We closed the windows and opened the door.

At home, things were in even a worse mess, when I struggled back to a modicum of health. My family had robbed me blind. Almost literally.

Daughter Kim was home for a visit with fat and saucy Nikov Shen. The visit coincided with her birthday. My wife, in a state of euphoria and grandmotherly gormlessness, gave Kim a cheque that made my eyes water, with real salt tears, when I heard the amount.

Kim escaped with the biggest ripoff of

1974 before I was strong enough to do anything about it.

When I was able to bellow outrage, my wife tried to soothe. "It's just to help the young folks out. After all, you can't take it with you."

My response: "Who the hell helped us out when we were the 'young folks'? What do you mean 'take it with you.' There won't be anything left to take. Besides, I wasn't planning on going just yet, whatever the rest of you had planned for me."

That was bad enough. Worse to come. Son Hugh came home to see his beloved parents before embarking on a pilgrimage to Israel. Every time son Hugh comes home, I put both hands on my wallet and brace myself. He's always just "a little short". He's practising to be an extortionist, and promises to be one of the great ones.

Sure enough. He had saved enough for the return air faire, but needed some bread for eating and sleeping in the Holy Land. I almost said something blasphemous about what he could do with his pilgrimage, but bit my lip, reminded him of previous "loans", and told him I might as well take the money and throw it off the end of the dock as give it to him.

His logical reply was that there was still ice on the bay, so it would be a pointless gesture.

Left to chew on that, I regained my cool. I thought, "Well, I've given money to some

pretty crazy causes in my day. I may as well subsidize this disciple as he walks in the steps of the Master, or whatever. He looks a bit Jewish with those dark eyes. Maybe he'll lose his papers, as he usually does, and the Israelis will draft him into the army for two years."

So I told him how much he could have, adding, "That's my first and final offer." He accepted with the equanimity for which he is noted. I retired to my sick bed.

Lying there in a fever, I thought I could hear his and his mother's voices going on and on, but I wasn't sure and was too sick to care.

Next morning I was told by my wife, with a certain uneasiness, that she had raised the ante a bit. "Just enough so the poor kid doesn't starve."

The "poor kid" is twenty-six, and with his abilities as a con artist hasn't the remotest possibility of ever coming within hailing distance of starvation.

With real trepidation I enquired how much. I came very near to having a stroke when I learned she had almost doubled my bid, which I had thought was in trumps.

After years of paying interest and mortgages and banks, I had finally got clear, and even had a few bucks ahead. I was looking around for somewhere to invest it, with the hope that I might have a few dollars extra for the odd box of beer when I arrived at the bread-and-water existence level of the old age pension.

And there I was, wiped out, practically, in one weak week. Moral. Never have a joint account with your wife.

My only consolation was that if I'd invested in something, we'd have had an instant depression, and I'd have lost every nickel. That would be a sure thing, with my luck.

Now I'm a "Streaker"

Grandad's broke his glasses. They slipped right off his cheek. He was looking through the window. When he saw a beauty "streak".

Grandma went to help him. But she held her glasses on. She blushed a mite, then laughed out right when she saw the "streaking" John.

It's great how education. Improves the younger dreams. They want to rip, then start to strip. Then "streak" to let off steam.

Now that Spring is nearly here. The temperature should rise. I'll discard my bags and other rags. And maybe get first prize.

I'm a Nature loving roamer. I like beauty raw and neat. But it's not too tough, out in the rough. With no shoes on my feet.

So, I'll join the higher learning. Display my future role. While the neighbours peek, we'll strip and "streak" Down at the swimming hole.

There's nothing new in "streaking" It's just part of growing up. With my long hair, and bottom bare. They'll know I'm still a PUP.

Victor Smith R.R. 2, Rockwood

Stories of fire taking lives at this time of year underline the importance of being fire conscious. With heating systems often taxed to their limits, it's time to pay some attention to them.

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