

# How much electrical power do we really need?

After running its own show for far too many years, Ontario Hydro has decided to take it on the road. It has decided to enter the era of "participatory democracy" with a series of information meetings in regard to its proposed Bradley-Georgetown transmission line right-of-way.

It's a good move by Hydro and one that is sincerely welcomed by farmers in this area. At the same time, there is a pattern emerging from these meetings that is justifiably concerning many farmers.

The Hydro men meeting the farmers have a tough job. We've been on the "other side" ourselves a few times and we don't envy them their position. And we'll state right now that men like Hydro's Art Mosher, Bob Walker and Don Fraser im-

press us. They answer questions without hedging and say they firmly believe farmers should be fully compensated for any and all losses suffered because of transmission lines crossing their land.

We believe these men are sincere. Unfortunately we do not have the same confidence in the organization for which they work. This feeling is shared by every farmer we've spoken to—and we've spoken to a good many.

In other words, while individuals like Mosher, Walker and Fraser promise farmers the "moon" where compensation is concerned, farmers are bitterly expecting little more than the proverbial "green cheese" from Ontario Hydro.

If this fear was nothing more than some

vague feeling, it could be easily ignored. But it is founded on too many plain facts to be dismissed.

The cases mentioned by farmers themselves of fellow farmers who are still waiting after two years for compensation, or of farmers who have been short-changed by Ontario Hydro, are just too numerous to be disregarded.

Add to this Hydro's stated policy of paying farmers prices of from one-half to two-thirds of the market value of their land, while gas companies pay them from 100 to 120 per cent of the market value for rights-of-way to bury lines, and you come up with a very real credibility gap.

We also couldn't help but notice at the Howick meeting last week that the Hydro

information team did not have an easement policy to present to farmers—something they promised elected township representatives the week before that they were trying their "dumbest" to have their appropriate department ready for them. We wonder how many more farmer-oriented ideas coming from the team will remain just that—ideas.

The time has come for Ontario Hydro to put its money where its mouth is. Farmers are sick to death of promises. They are entitled to fact, firm offers stated clearly in writing.

We know Hydro is insisting we need this massive increase in power to take care of our own needs, or rather fast-growing cities like Kitchener-Waterloo need it. But do we

really?

We are well aware of the fact that you cannot "store" electrical power for a rainy day and that at present we are exporting power to the United States. There's nothing wrong with that. But if Ontario Hydro is creating a surplus with an eye on a nice profitable export business in the future, then it is wrong. It is wrong as long as the building of that power threatens one farmer's livelihood.

And speaking of surplus, for years we've spoiled ourselves, and have been encouraged in doing so by Ontario Hydro, with electrical gadgets to no end. We blithely use electric dishwashers, electric combs to detangle our hair, electric razors, electric can openers, etc. etc. What we'd

like to know is how much power would we really need if we cut out these frivolities?

This is not a meaningless question, for we really do believe that as long as we continue to abuse power to the extent we now are, we have no right to feel Ontario Hydro is justified in cutting down even a single 100-ft. maple or inconveniencing one single farmer to give us more power. And if we have a choice between saving hardwood bush or preserving a farmer's way of life and giving up our electrical gadgets, there's no doubt in our mind what people will choose—provided Ontario Hydro gives them that alternative. (The Listowel Banner)

B/2 The Acton Free Press

Wed., April 10, 1974



HOLY WEEK SERVICES held this week at Knox Presbyterian Church featured an inter-denominational 60-voice choir including a number of singers from Churchill Community Church as well as from town groups. Seen are four younger members of the Churchill choir Susan Milne, 11;

Scott Page, 10; and Helen Kockx, 10; with Lisa Bonnell, 14; centre back. Three organists were involved with the choir and its practices and the services at Knox marked a first for the combined choir participation for Holy Week.

## Fine choice for Citizen

The Chamber of Commerce decision to select former Mayor Les Doby as their 1974 Citizen of the Year strikes an appropriate note as Acton dissolves into Halton Hills.

Les is acting as a councillor for the new town but he still carries Acton with him wherever he goes. He has had the best interest of the community at heart since he moved here from the family's home in Rockwood. It was this concern which led him into municipal politics — first as a councillor and then as mayor.

He is probably one of the few politicians who has never known defeat at the polls. Attempts to unseat him have all been un-

successful largely because of his popularity.

He has had to make unpopular decisions in his years on councils but rather than resentment voters respected his convictions, allowing that anything he has done has been with good intentions. He has been a mayor whom one could point with pride to, both in his political and personal life. Few people bore him a grudge, although he might differ from them in several ways.

We in the press have always found him easily approachable and eager to help us in any way he could, although on occasions we know he could easily have had a legitimate excuse to plead more pressing business. He never did

and his unfailing courtesy and accessibility has turned away much wrath.

There have also been times when circumstances required strong words and unbending loyalty to principles in the face of temptations to take the quick and easy way to solve problems. It is the measure of the 1974 Citizen of the Year he never ducked the issues and did his best to sort them out.

We could go on and on but to save him further embarrassment would just conclude that the Chamber couldn't have made a better choice for a citizen of the year. He is a man we can all admire and respect.

## Free Press Editorial Page

## Easter is a time of renewal

This is Holy Week, the days which Christians the world over observe for an event that has had an impact the world had never seen before.

Events of the week reach a climax on Good Friday, the anniversary of Christ's death on the cross, and culminate with Easter Sunday and the resurrection. The Christian message tells us Christ was a Man who endured all the tortures the authorities of the day reserved for criminals. Yet He faced a cruel death with complete acceptance.

His death and resurrection have been the theme of countless articles, stories and books over the centuries which have had an effect

on lives that no one has ever been able to tabulate. The late Bruce Marsh, for instance, a prominent CBC announcer, who died recently while waiting for a heart transplant in California, is an example. "You can't be a true Christian if you don't believe in the resurrection of Christ. And you must believe that something happens after your mortal life" Marsh said before he died.

Marsh, 48 a radio and television personality for 25 years, was told last March he had a year to live, unless he got a heart. He said his minister, the Rev. Leonard Griffith of Deer Park United Church, Toronto, helped him greatly in facing the odds against him.

One-third of patients accepted for heart transplants die, as Marsh did, while waiting for a suitable heart to be found. Half the rest die within two months of the operation.

Marsh had a deep, intense faith in the resurrection and the life to come.

"Your faith in fact can make you strong. I'm not afraid of the operation, and I'm not afraid of the next step. And that's how I see it. I think it will be an interesting experience" he said in an interview with the United Church Observer.

It is men like Marsh who radiate the gospel of Holy Week and Easter. They answer the cynics by living the faith that Easter inspires.

## Free Press back issues

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 8, 1974

Sunday in Acton was punctuated with two misfortunes which caused considerable property damage and, in one case, bodily injury to at least one person. Shortly after 7 p.m. firemen sped to a Bower Ave. house to extinguish a blaze which was responsible for approximately \$1,000 damage. They were forced to chop into the roof of the house where Mrs. and Mrs. Darlow Johnston and William Coleman lived.

The accident occurred at the east limits of town at 3 p.m. Two Toronto cars were involved and one completely wrecked.

Acton Baptist Young People's play placed third in the Guelph Association Drama Festival. In the cast were Ruth Landsborough, Bob Landsborough, Helen Landsborough, Faye Garner, Mary Reid, Don Livingstone and Warren Wagner. The Rev. Ray Costerus was director.

Bob Reed and Terry French, co-owners of Glenspey Mushroom Farms, have high hopes for the future of their business.

On the death of Col. William Head the Everton post office was closed and the village is receiving mail by Rural Route 4, Rockwood.

John and Ed Findlay have begun manufacturing in their new woodworking factory at Limehouse.

Three district teachers have been engaged to teach in Acton next fall. June Watkins, Douglas Davidson and Mrs. Joanne Turner.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 10, 1974

Two large businesses have consolidated. The W. H. Storey and Son business, Acton and that of H. T. Arnold and Sons of Georgetown have been united under one management and will be operated in Acton. The Georgetown factory is now offered for sale. Acton is fortunate in the new arrangement which naturally means a larger output here.

The team of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nelson, of the third line, Erin, bolted out of the Baptist church shed and rushed up Mill St. They were caught near the tracks. A buggy driven by a woman with a child in her arms had a narrow escape and a motor car was grazed by the wheels.

Sunday evening Miss Olive McLaughlin was taken ill while in the choir of the Methodist church. The diagnosis showed appendicitis and peritonitis. As she rallied somewhat her physicians concluded there was a chance for saving her life and she was operated on. The shock was too much for the system and death followed. She was a popular young lady, had a strong constitution and was a member of the ladies' baseball club. She was in her 19th year.

Walter Kentner is having quite a rush of business at his new garage on Main St. Terra Cotta is petitioning for a school in the village, the children having to walk two and a half miles to school on roads that are very bad.

Not much fun in boasting of driving the first motor car over a certain road if it's only to get stuck.

There'll be quite a job at the shipping yards one of these days to get rid of the rejected turnips.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 6, 1974

The electric light was first turned on in presence of the congregation at Knox church in connection with the Easter Monday concert. The effect was very pleasing and satisfactory. The ecclesiastical electroliners and fixtures are very neat, of chaste construction and in keeping with the surroundings. They include two large 14-light electroliners in the centre, a 3-light fixture over the choir alcove, and a series of 2-light fixtures in the transepts, school rooms and gallery. There are also single-light fixtures over the entrances outside. The church is brilliantly lighted and the congregation is delighted with the change from the coal oil lamps.

Concluding that the prohibition of liquor traffic will be impossible to secure in Canada until the women of the country have the franchise, the Dominion Women's Christian Temperance Union have taken the matter up with vigor and are circulating literature and petitions all over the land, having this end in view. A meeting of the Christian ladies in town was held in Knox Church School Room last week to consult upon the matter. The ladies go into this new enterprise upon the principle that "If prayer and womanly influence are doing so much for God by indirect methods, how shall it be when that electric force is brought to bear through the battery of the ballot box."

The farmers are becoming restless about the spring work.

It looks as if in many places the path-masters will require to have the snow shovelled off the roads to make them passable.

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## Bill SMILEY



When you travel close to 10,000 miles and meet about 500 total strangers in five days, not only the body but also the mind begins to get a bit scrambled.

I'm three days home from a crash trip to Germany. My body feels like an old rubber boot. My mind is like an Irish stew with very little meat in it. I'm not sure what day of the week it is, what time of day it is, or what my first name is.

Among us members of the jet set, this condition is known as "jet lag." In plain terms, it is total exhaustion.

Normally, I find it fairly traumatic just to change from Standard to Daylight Saving time. It invariably throws me out of gear for a couple of days.

But when you go through a time change of six hours, and then do it backwards within a few days, the human system can barely cope.

I feel as though my soul, or some other piece of essential equipment, is still back in Germany, or at least in mid-Atlantic, trying desperately to catch up with the bag of bones which is its usual habitat.

Just to complete the weird feeling of alienation, the weather lent a hand. Left Canada in a howling blizzard. Temperature in the Black Forest district in the sixties, flowers blooming everywhere. Arrived back home in — guess what — a howling blizzard.

All in all, I'm slightly unbinged by the experience, so bear with me while I try to sort out some impressions of my jaunt.

Was it really I who was belting along the autobahn a few days ago at 85 m.p.h., and shuddering as those crazy Siegfrieds went by us like a bat out of hell, doing at least 120? There is no speed limit on the autobahns. A "suggested" limit of 81 is the only guideline and nobody pays any attention to it.

Was it really I who climbed into bed mit a federbette at 4.30 in the afternoon and slept until five in the morning? Don't raise your eyebrows, gentle reader. A federbette is not what you think. It's a huge down comforter, about 10 inches thick. As light as an electric blanket and as warm as four ordinary blankets.

Was it really I who sat over lunch with a gaggle of generals discussing how many tanks the Russians have and what "we" would do if they started anything?

Was it really I who sat in a "space ship" with four little Canadian kids, all of us

wearing "space helmets", and joined them in the count-down?

Was it really I flying above cloud into the rose-fingered dawn with two Dieppe veterans, one of them, Albert Brown of Sarnia, president of the Canadian Prisoners-of-War Association?

Was it really I standing, at a formal officers' mess dinner, drinking toasts to the Queen, the President of the United States, and Willi Brandt, president of West Germany?

Was it really I standing at a cocktail party talking to charming Sandy Morgan, a pretty Texan girl, and telling her I'd love to go along to Spain on a trip she was organizing for officers' wives, but that I really had only two days left?

I'm afraid all these questions must be answered in the affirmative. But perhaps they will give some idea of the mind-boggling five days I had.

One thing I did not do was something my wife, in a fit of pique, suggested I would. We

were being entertained by friends one evening, just before I left. She was annoyed because she wasn't going.

"I have to drive through a blizzard to see my Dad," she snapped, "and this one's off to Germany with some Bitte Schoen." Her German is limited. Our friends are both fluent in German, and I've never heard anyone laugh harder. I give my word I wasn't off with Bitte.

### Mini-Comment

Teenagers are notorious for suffering that disease known as "telephonitis" but this is ridiculous! A man in Indiana phoned the telephone company and asked for a 100 foot extension for his telephone because "the weather has been so nice lately, I want my teenage daughter to get outdoors more."