

Revitalized Liberals victorious

A revitalized Liberal organization spearheaded a successful Liberal campaign to oust incumbent M.P. Terry O'Connor and replace him with Dr. Frank Philbrook in a strong Halton election turnout almost identical with the one that turned the tables on the Liberals in 1972.

It was a hard fought campaign on all sides but we feel a large part of it was based on national rather than local issues. Certainly O'Connor has done nothing in his term of office to deserve the censure of the riding and he has been an energetic and personable representative.

Dr. Philbrook offered voters the alternative voters wanted to ensure Mr. Stanfield and his fuzzy prices

and incomes policies did not survive. This was especially true in Ontario where 19 Conservative seats went over to the Liberals in spite of the strong support given the PC program by Toronto's three daily newspapers.

Seventy-seven per cent of Halton voters thought it was worthwhile to get out and vote—a drop from the 83.7 per cent who voted in 1972 but tempered by the knowledge that there are more eligible voters.

The election was interesting in this part of Halton because O'Connor was well liked and many voters were torn between their desire to support him and protest Mr. Stanfield's policies as well. Erin and Hillsburgh, for instance, gave O'Connor the edge.

Voters must also have felt Prime Minister Trudeau's influence and record were more desirable than the Conservatives especially in Georgetown, Acton and Milton. Dr. Philbrook was not well enough known here to make much impact in six weeks although certainly he ran a highly successful campaign.

The NDP was never really in the race. Archie Brown, an enthusiastic supporter of NDP policies and certainly a likable candidate polled almost 7,000 votes but won few polls in the riding.

Congratulations are in order to Dr. Philbrook and his party for their success at the polls and to the losers we can only offer the hope they will be back again in 1978 or 1979.

Free Press Editorial Page

8 The Acton Free Press, Wed., July 10, 1974

We need more houses

It doesn't need a lot of grey matter to discern houses in Acton and area have gone beyond the reach of those with average incomes.

Town houses which last year were selling for \$18,000 under a government sponsored income plan, have now reached the \$38,900 price tag, a huge burden for families with only one income and certainly a drain on those with two incomes. It takes a real struggle to pay for them and continue the standard of living which people now feel is their right.

Detached houses which sold in the area of \$30 to \$35,000 last year are now going from \$45,000 to \$60,000, depending on the size and condition. The market seems to have levelled off. Real Estate

people suggest prices may go down from five to 10 percent over the next few months.

Prices, of course, fluctuate with demand. There was some concern among the Real Estate people that the market would price itself out of business. The demand for houses in Acton and area has been expanded further by the influence of the GO Train, which stops at the east end of Halton Hills.

Hopefully we are seeing the end of the endless price spiral. Meanwhile, we suggest Ontario's Housing Action Program would find an excellent base here.

The 700 homes proposed for the east end of Acton where 10 percent of the homes would be set aside for the OMHC Home Ownership Made

Easy program and 60 percent sold 10 percent below the current market price of homes in the area.

Young people in this town and area should have the opportunity to establish themselves much as their parents and others did before them.

There is room for expansion in the Acton and Halton Hills, providing there are proper safeguards against the municipality being gouged by developers and sufficient Government assistance to prevent exploitation for services.

There is one prime requisite. Growth must be orderly and within reasonable limits. There is no necessity to fashion a bedroom community for Metro Toronto with its attendant social disruptions.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of July 8, 1954

Calvin Aitken of R.R. 3, Acton, received facial cuts when he fell from a load of hay on Tuesday. Stitches were required to close the gashes.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Blow and Sheldon were at Wasaga Beach over the holiday weekend. Sandy Beach on Lake Muskoka is a popular spot for Acton families on holiday. Mr. and Mrs. C. Kirkness and family have a cottage there. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heard and family with Mrs. Ricketts of Guelph will be holidaying there this year. Mr. and Mrs. F. Heller and family will enjoy the summer months at the same beach. Later in the season Mr. and Mrs. H. Mainprize, Mr. Bill Mainprize and Mr. Jack Mainprize of Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. Ted Hansen and Billy will vacation at Sandy Beach.

Thieves took advantage of the Sunday afternoon absence of John Harris and his family from their home, R.R. 4, Acton to break into the house by a cellar window and steal two wrist watches, a lady's and man's and two cases of beverages, police reported. The farm home is off No. 25 Highway, near the Check Line.

Firemen were called about 12:45 this morning to Watson's Dairy Bar by Mrs. Isabel Watson, who lives in an apartment above the restaurant, when she discovered smoke from the blazing fryer.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of July 10, 1924

The band concert, given by Acton Citizens' Band in the park last Sunday afternoon, was fairly well attended by the citizens. The band, under Bandmaster Mason, gave a very fine program of sacred numbers. The playing of the old familiar hymns seemed to please the audience. The grandstand and the park proved very suitable for this concert, but had sun been shining both bandmen and audience would have experienced rather a warm time.

The Acton Free Press this week begins the fiftieth year of its publication, still hale and hearty with no signs of increasing age on its face. It is a big, standing advertisement for Acton, a credit to its publishers and a power for good in the community in which it circulates.

Mr. Harry Mainprize removed his barber shop from the Leishman Block to the new Fairbanks Block this week. He is now comfortably settled in the new premises.

The new cement sidewalk is being laid by Contractor Forbes on the east side of Church Street, from John to Willow Streets.

The strawberry crop seems to be a bountiful one. They sold in Acton the past week as low as three boxes for 25c.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of July 6, 1899

Beware of him who hates the laugh of a child.

Mr. W. A. Storey of the Canada Glove Works has given the corporation electrician the contract of illuminating the big sign on the roof of the factory on Bower Avenue and Alice Streets with colored electric lamps. The intention is to flash the name of the firm with electricity as the evening train pass. It will be one of the very largest illuminated signs on the continent.

If there is any day in the year when Canada should be generous in the flying of flags and displaying of patriotic colors it is Dominion Day. The absence of the flag of the country from the head of the staff on the town hall tower, last Saturday was regarded with wonder and regret by numbers of citizens and visitors.

Excavations are being made for new buildings for Beardmore & Co., both at the tannery and the G.T.R. station.

Mr. Henry Grindell, machinist, has been appointed engineer of the fire brigade.

Ground has been broken for the new Baptist Church. Excavations are now in progress.

One day last week Mr. W. D. Anderson's bay driver got out of pasture and strayed below Milton. It was recovered on Saturday.



MAKING QUITE A splash at Prospect Park beach Thursday, Nancy Shoemaker creates a beautiful waterloop. (Photo by Peter McCusker)

This column is going to be a little tough to write. No, there hasn't been a death in the family. Not quite.

But I wasn't too sure I wasn't going to bleed to death (through the eyes) when I tottered out of bed at seven this morning just two hours after tottering into bed.

It was all that reading. My brother-in-law, Jack Buell, brought along on a visit some old high school football pictures, and we spent most of the night, barely stopping for food and drink deciphering the names under the photos.

There we were, in the late 1930's, looking so young and sweet and innocent I would make your eyes water. One picture was headed: Undeclared Champions of Lanark County.

That was a great year, I reckon. Come on, now. How many of you have ever been on a team of Undeclared Champions of anything?

We talked and laughed a lot as we identified long-forgotten faces and our wives muttered away contemptuously in the background. They thought we were behaving like a couple of schoolboys. We were.

Right in the middle of the front row, holding the ball, was Les Douglas, quarterback and team captain. He wasn't a big guy, but he was solid bone, muscle and grit. He could always claw his way that extra five inches for a touchdown, through six hundred pounds of enemy flesh.

He was a great hockey player, too. Made it to professional. But he was born twenty years too soon. There were just too many great hockey players in those days, and he didn't quite make the NHL, though he led the American Hockey League in scoring for several seasons. Today, he'd be knocking off about \$80,000 a year.

Flanking him in the photo were Bob White and Tom Harper. Tom could run with the ball like a rabbit with six guys shooting at him.

Bob White was my best friend, through high school. He wasn't huge, either, but when we needed a few yards, there was no question of who would get the ball. Bob

Bill SMILEY



would take a plunge at anything the size of a doughnut hole, and always come up with the necessary yards.

We all hated school, except for the sports, but Bob White was bright. Today, he'd be going to college and becoming an engineer, or something equally useless. But in those days, there was no way. No students' loans, no grants, and damn few affluent parents. If you got a job in a factory, you were lucky.

Last time I saw Bob was in London England, during the war. It was in the lobby of the famous, or infamous, Strand Palace. He was checking out, I was checking in. Hello and goodbye. He had completed one tour of operations on bombers and was about to begin his second. On which he was killed.

Beside Bob in the picture was Johnny Hogg. A nice guy, who was forced by his parents to maintain a much higher standard of intellectual and cultural life than the rest of us poolroom bums. He played the violin. He passed his subjects. He was a clean-living, good-looking lad, just the type you'd want for yourself, though he had a distressing habit of dropping crucial punts.

As I heard it later, they found Johnny lying in a rubber dinghy in the Mediterranean. Dead. He'd been shot down, wounded, parachuted, got into the dinghy, and died.

Then there was Les Morris, a boy with a terrible home life, a terrible birthmark, and a personality to go with both. But he was also a terrible, terrifying tackler, who could hit a fancy-dancy halfback so hard that the guy didn't know he'd been amputated at the knees until he tried to stand up.

And Norm Davis. He had the speed of a

gazelle, and the grace of agnu. He didn't come back from the war either.

There were quite a few more, but Old Jack, my brother-in-law and myself, didn't behavour the tragic theme. We laughed until we were purple in the face at all the things we had got away with, not all the things that had got away with so many of us.

It was also nice to see our coaches, Earl Fleming, teacher, such a handsome young man I can't believe we called him "Old Flem." J. C. Cosgrove, 248 pounds of science teacher who could wipe two recalcitrant students off their stools with one hand as easily as I could wipe the dust off the window-sill, if such a silly thing ever occurred to me.

As you can see, this has been a hard column to write. And probably a mighty difficult one to read.

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ACTON DIDN'T ALWAYS have a high school. For many years graduates of Acton Public School continued their education at the Acton Continuation School which was situated in what is now known as the "old stone school", part of the Robert Little school complex. It was formerly the home of Sidney Smith before it was turned into a school, a showplace of early Acton. There weren't so many students at the Continuation School that all of them couldn't be included in one picture as this shot of the classes of 1926-27 illustrates. Recognize anyone among these teachers and students? Many of them are well known in Acton.