



NEWEST SECTION of houses in Kingham Hill subdivision is shown in this aerial photograph taken August 15. The clump of trees at centre left is in the cemetery; its edges have been pared by the developer

in agreement with Halton Hills council to improve the grades. Mill St. W. cuts from the centre bottom of the picture up to the top right; Cobblehill Rd. is in the middle. "Boom!" You can hear Acton grow.

Perhaps I sounded a bit grumpy last week because this has been one of those summers when a chap feels that he hasn't done anything, seen anything, or been anywhere. And it has.

But that is not to say that it has been without interest and incident. Last week, I whined about our scanty social life: one funeral, one wedding.

However, we've had some very interesting visitors. Almost every day roofers, painters, a columnist, a student, a syndicate man, a physiotherapist, and—the most interesting of all—my grandbaby.

And I reckon I've learned a wee bit about human nature in the process. Perhaps that's what it's all about. I like physical nature as well as the next man, but I am fascinated by human nature.

Physical nature is interesting and fairly predictable. You plant a seed properly, nurture it, give it plenty of fertilizer, the right amount of sun and water, pluck out the weeds around it, and you wind up with a dandy cucumber or turnip, or whatever you planted.

But you can't do that with humans, though you try. Maybe we give them too much fertilizer, or don't pluck the weeds. We plant what we think is going to be a rose, and it turns out to be a cabbage. Or vice versa. Any parent knows this.

By the way, don't get excited, or nervous. This is not a tract on Freudian sexual symbolism. It is merely a middle-aged man trying to express his astonishment at the variegation of the human species.

Once again, I drift into one of those remote channels that end up in a swamp. Why not stick to the main stream? Back to our summer visitors. There are two



## Bill Smiley

categories: those who caught us at home, and those who did not.

Those in the latter category came around when we were out doing something exotic, like shopping. Or at night, when we were cringing in the TV room, lights out, doors locked, phone off the hook, arguing about whether we'd watch the John Wayne 1940 western or the Audrey Hepburn 1953 dazzer.

Among these were two people who left notes. One was Doris Humphries, a lively columnist in the Renfrew Mercury. "Damn you, Bill Smiley, I came all the way from Renfrew. . . . Sorry, Doris, I'll buy you a dinner next time. I read your column every week in one of Canada's best weeklies. And remind your boss that he still owes me a dinner. (He was a terrified infantryman when I was a terrified Typhoon pilot).

Another note was from a student. Sharp mind, headed for university and law. Beware, you lawyers of five years from now. Don't fool with this young lady?, punk?, woman?, person?. She'll murder you. Typically, with the deep respect my students have for me, her note began, "Hi Smiley, I came around and you didn't even have the decency to be at home."

A few of the visitors caught us at home. One was Bill Craig, of Argyle Syndicate, who has more to do with getting out this

column than anyone except me. Our previous acquaintance had been on the phone. I expected a smart-alec young punk of about twenty-six with the big sideburns, the big pants, and the hearty manner.

I was shattered. He and his wife Betty arrived for that notorious pre-dinner appetizer. They have an eighteen-year-old daughter and a sweet, shy little son, James, who is five. Bill is a Korean war veteran. He demolished me at two games of chess, and played a fair piano. So much for preconceptions.

Some of the others who caught us in were the painters and the roofers. When we were up at the crack of dawn, ready for any questions, they didn't show up. When we were up at the crack of noon, not expecting them, they were buzzing the doorbell at 8.30, like hornets. I report, not happily, but just as an observer, that they were all stung severely by a number of hornets in our roof and environs.

Then there was the Scotsman. He is a physiotherapist. Boy, that's a hard word to spell. He wanted work, after hours, so he could buy a house. I was rather intrigued by the idea that a young man actually wanted to work. And then there was my bad back, which comes in handy very often. He's an excellent gardener, and our place looks better than it has in a decade.

But there's I've run out of space, and I haven't even told you of the party in our backyard for retarded adults of the hollery of my grandbaby. He has just arrived again, and I can hear him shouting downstairs for Bill, or somebody who understands that when he's asleep, he is pure angel, and when he's awake, he's pure devil.

## Editorial notes

For the third time this year, Acton and district will be enumerated. Why? Because the provincial government has decided all municipalities should be enumerated at the same time, from Sept. 3 to 30. It's because most municipalities will have elections on Monday, Dec. 2.

Here, there's no election, because of the onset of regional government less than a year ago, with two year terms. But we get enumerated anyway.

There are other purposes, too, says the official literature—division of school taxes, jurors' lists, population count.

But we were already counted in June for the federal election and in September for our own election.

Well, that's how the money goes.

# No easy solution in Cyprus

By Jim Mills  
It's now three years since I stayed in the Ledra Palace hotel and walked the dividing line between the Turkish and Greek Cypriots on that troubled Mediterranean island of Cyprus.

The renewed fighting brought about by the coup in the last week, has finished into the new streets and areas that became familiar in a brief foray through the streets of Nicosia, up the soaring Kyrenia mountains and briefly into the streets of the pleasant ports of Kyrenia and Famagusta.

In an interview at that time with Archbishop Makarios, in the recently shelled Ledra Palace, he prophetically foresaw no quick solution to the difficulties that had divided the historic island. Then it was the Turkish and Greek Cypriots that were pitted against each other. In today's difficulties it is within the Greek community the trouble has erupted. Turkey has apparently invaded the island to establish some protection for the minority Turkish element of the population outnumbered four to one by the Greeks.

The Ledra Palace, a classic type of hotel with luxurious setting, looked out on the sand bagged installations of the Greek and Turk sides. Across the road a shelled out building, decaying gradually, told of earlier island fighting which was followed by a United Nations peace that has been maintained until recently by the Canadian and other forces.

Enosis, the desire of the Greek Cypriots to unite with mainland Greece, has been a festering sore on the island. It is this that the minority Turkish Cypriots fear.

Makarios has set peddled the objective which was his as well as that of Grivas at the time they assumed control. Makarios told us it was a national aspiration but couldn't be proceeded with on wishful thinking. Grivas obviously took a harder line that resulted in him going "underground" and fighting a guerilla war against the Makarios leadership. It is this problem that has pitted the Greeks against Greeks in the island's current problems.

Canadians will no doubt be ably represented by their forces on the island. My visit there impressed me with the calibre of soldier and officer that was protecting the peace in the capital of Nicosia. They were respected by the islanders and they were professional in their approach to a very difficult problem. They were virtually in the middle. Their patrols took them down narrow streets with the sand-bagged installations of opposing forces just yards away on either side.

From the fifth floor of the Ledra Palace on a balcony they could overlook the major entry into the Turkish sector and the opposing Greek gun emplacement. Through out the sprawling city, partly a walled city, they manned look-out points and sentry positions.

Uneasy tension in Cyprus of course is not new. It is a beautiful island that has seen many invasions and it still bears the marks. In a tour of Ormophita, once a town of 5,000, there was nothing but shelled and deserted homes. It was here the 1967 uprising began and as I visited the blood spattered rooms,

perhaps of last week's, and saw the bullet-punctured walls, that I realized how real and how intense the fighting was that led Canadian forces in as part of a UN peace-keeping operation.

Notes at the time remind me of the contrasts as I rode along the street to the presidential palace. Pleasant yellow buildings with red tile roofs on one side and barred wire and shelled buildings on the other side. The usual eastern block-like headquarters of the Turkish community and the impressive Ledra Palace, formerly the Government House, where the British were in control of the island. The men looting at sidewalk sales and the teenagers manning the barricades.

It was a troubled island and even the pleasant olive trees, cacti, and eucalyptus combined with balmy temperatures could not allay the feelings of distrust and centuries old animosity.

Today is no different and cease fires or temporary agreements are simply milestones in the tradition of upheaval that mark the history course of events on Cyprus.



Deserted Ormophita after fighting in earlier conflict.

## Free Press Editorial Page

4 The Acton Free Press, Wed., September 4, 1974

## Library board complaints valid

Members of the Halton Hills Public Library Board have valid complaints in their submission to town council this week regarding operation of libraries at Acton, Georgetown and Stewarttown.

In a submission to council they point out they have received no financial statement since they started operating and thus have no idea how much money is still available in the budget. The petty cash fund at the Acton library has been in such a state the Acton librarian had to pay \$75 out of her own pocket to meet commitments, which was later reimbursed.

Maintenance at the libraries has become a problem since the Works

Department of Halton Hills has not been instructed regarding duties in and around library property. In addition, directives are given to librarians by various department heads which board members find are often contradictory.

The board also feels they should have the right to spend finances within the budget as they decide but without the proper information they feel they have been operating in a state of limbo.

Much of this confusion could have been avoided if Halton Hills allowed the Library Board to operate on its own within the budget prescribed. The board is still an autonomous body controlled

by the Public Libraries Act, as they point out. Council should feel no qualms about letting them have their head.

No doubt much of the confusion regarding their role has been due at least in part to the organization process in the new town and the board has done the right thing in approaching council for some clarification of their role. However, council would be realistic if they gave the board full autonomy as outlined by the Public Libraries Act and keep their fingers out of the library pie except when necessary. Under the present system members of the board feel almost unnecessary and certainly powerless.

## Free Press

## back issues

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of September 9, 1954.

Following a train crash at a Corwin level crossing Monday night, Mrs. Jessie DeGroot of R.R. 1, Mofat, was rushed to Guelph General Hospital in serious condition. The car in which she was riding was struck by a C.P.R. passenger train.

The car was stalled on the tracks at Mofat when the train hit it. Mr. DeGroot made a frantic effort to push the car from the tracks but was unable to do so.

The engine which smashed the car had to be pulled back before Mrs. DeGroot could be removed from the car. The gas-electric engine was not damaged while the DeGroot car suffered \$700 damage.

Ontario Provincial Police from the Guelph detachment investigated.

The engagement is announced of Margaret Blow, daughter of Mrs. Blow and the late Mr. Fred Blow, to Mr. Warren James Wood, Acton. The marriage to take place in Knox Presbyterian Church, October 9, at 3.30 o'clock.

The sidewalk on Mill St. in front of Manning Electric's new store and the tree Press is being smashed this week. New sidewalk will be laid.

Acton's new policeman, replacing Const. Robbins, is Const. Mervin Harness, who is transferred here from the Simcoe detachment of the provincial police. He started his duties here on September 1.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of September 4, 1924.

It was certainly very reassuring to see the lantern team engaged the day after the big fire in conveying shipments of Messrs. Beardmore & Co.'s superior manufacture of safe leather to the railway stations as usual. "Business as Usual" is the favorite motto of this enterprising firm.

On both Friday and Saturday the fire alarm called out the brigade. Fortunately both fires proved incipient. One at the home of A. McMullen, Main Street, caught from the kitchen stove pipe and got between the walls of a partition. With prompt and well directed efforts a bucket brigade extinguished the flames. Saturday afternoon

### 75 years ago

about 5.30 flames were seen through an upstairs window of the house occupied by Mrs. McGill, Church Street. The alarm was given and in a few minutes the fire was extinguished. Its origin was rather mysterious. A box of matches was on top of a suitcase and in some way these ignited. Mrs. McGill went to the north west a couple of weeks ago, and the two sons of the home were downstairs and knew nothing of the fire until neighbors rushed in.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Holmes returned on Tuesday evening from a pleasant two-week's visit with friends at Flint and Detroit.

During the past four years Miss Ida E. Patterson has occupied with much acceptance the position of teacher of the Third Department of Acton Public School. The tendering of her resignation last week is sincerely regretted by the Public School Board and will also be by the parents of the scholars. The action was taken by Miss Patterson because she was given a place on the staff of the Guelph Public School, where she will be able to reside at home. Not wishing to stand in the way of her preferment and improved position the Board has generously released Miss Patterson from her engagement here. During her stay in Acton Miss Patterson not only has been a successful teacher but has made herself useful as a worker in Knox Church and endeared herself to a wide circle of friends. A peculiar coincidence is the fact that she leaves Acton Public School, where Mr. Thomas T. Moore was her Principal and goes to St. George's School, Guelph, where his son, Mr. T. James Moore is the Principal.

Chas. Lowry, son of Dr. Lowry, was down town for the first time this morning after being laid up for two weeks as a result of having his knee cap injured in a bicycle accident. He still has to walk with the aid of a cane.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of August 31, 1899.

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## What others say . . . .

Paternity leave? That's right, paternity leave.

The idea was introduced at an Ontario Teachers Federation board of governors meeting a few years ago. Mostly, it received a big laugh and was dismissed as a false labor pain due to a heavy lunch.

But what have we here? A recent contract settlement in Chicago includes a paternity leave provision. Although it is somewhat discriminatory, it provides male

teachers up to five months of unpaid leave with full job protection. Females receive the same five-month guarantee but are allowed a total of four years' leave. The shame of it all!

Hang on Moms and Dads, there's more to this tale. Arlington, Virginia, grants "parental leave" rather than maternity or paternity leave. They seem to know something the others don't: dancing isn't the only activity based on

partners, and not singles. Males and females alike in Arlington are entitled to parental leave for the remainder of the school year in which a baby is born or adopted. Requests for extensions for another school year can be made.

Leave we say more?

(Reprinted from Ont. Public School Men Teachers' Federation news bulletin).



SWIMMING AREA at the park is almost deserted as hundreds of children returned to school in town and district this morning (Wednesday). The summer playground and swimming programs were con-

sidered successful, operated for the first time under the recreation department of Halton Hills. As usual, many out-of-town picnickers enjoyed the fine park facilities here.