

# Free Press Editorial Page

## A limit to growth

Acton's population will stop at 10,000 according to limits of the pollution control plant addition. This absolutely rules out the monstrous subdivisions that had been proposed to council many months ago. These two residential suburbs were designed to fill up the McCullough and Sprowl farms to the east of Acton. Now they're completely out of the picture for at least five years.

This mechanical restraint relieves the planning committee of council from making decisions on how Acton is to grow for a while at least.

By the time technology permits more houses and more people here, the planning department's proposed survey of Acton will all be done and tabulated. This excellent plan will take two planning students all over town, asking specially formulated questions. They will determine what the wishes of Acton people are and form a vision of what we would like the town to be like years from now. The sense of community and friendliness that are still ours will last a little longer, anyway. What those huge new dormitory suburbs would have done was a concern.

## Quarries are necessary

The people in the quarry business think their product has been taken for granted for too many years.

In the past there was plenty of aggregate material resulting in only the best material being used and abandoned pits marring the landscape.

The Pits and Quarries Act, which came into being in 1971, has changed things. Quarries must have licenses and meet requirements.

The aggregates were here long before we were. Due to the glacial period, as recent as 10,000 years ago, deposits formed of sand, gravel and limestone. The aggregates are used in constructing roads and buildings and in industry.

In Ontario, one house consumes about 300 tons of this non-renewable resource. This includes the foundation, landfill, drywall, plaster, driveways, curbs, gutters and roads.

The aggregate has to come from somewhere.

## How we help others

"Let's pay our income taxes cheerfully," says A. C. Forrest, editor of The United Church Observer. The Canadian government contributed \$175 million worth of aid to the Asian state of Bangladesh since 1971. Most of the aid was in the form of wheat and highly qualified personnel appointed in the High Commissioner's office.

He went on to say, "Let's support our churches; and let our churches in turn support the non-government agencies in the field, by listening to their advice, requests and plans."

"We believe development aid must be done by well trained, highly motivated patient people using sophisticated scientific research and techniques."

He warned the Canadians to remember that they are consuming more food than they need, and wasting their resources. "If we had as many people per acre as the Bengali have," he said, "and wasted as much as we do, we should have to change our ways or go hungry too."

## Education and wisdom

The highly educated person is not necessarily a wise person. The usually clever person does not always show wisdom in his cleverness. You can have a high I.Q. and still not be wise. Wisdom, real wisdom, can come to persons of quite ordinary intelligence. Wisdom is not so much a matter of intelligence as of what is done with intelligence.

Teachableness is as significant as intelligence in the attaining of wisdom. And that is not simply a capacity to take formal instruction and pass examinations—although such things can be significant.

A. N. Whitehead, one of the most influential philosophers of our time, said this: "A merely well-informed man is the most useless bore on God's earth." He added, "Now wisdom is the way in which knowledge is held. It concerns the handling of knowledge, its selection for the determination of relevant issues,

its employment to add value to our immediate experience."

In any education that is to count there is an inescapable element of sheer dogged grinding. If you wish to advance from milk to meat you must be prepared to chew gristle. And you mustn't expect to be spoon-fed: as the novelist, E. M. Forster, put it, "Spoon-feeding in the long run teaches us nothing but the shape of the spoon."

What we do with our educational opportunities has much to do with the degree of wisdom to which we attain. Stephen Leacock once said, "An education, when it is all written out on foolscap, covers nearly ten sheets." Leacock made an important point there: much of the real value of your education is to be found in what remains after you have forgotten much of what you deliberately set out to learn. And in that can be an essential source of wisdom.

—Unchurched editorials

## Palm Sunday marks Holy Week start

This Sunday is Palm Sunday—the sabbath the Christian Church traditionally set aside to announce events to come—the agony of Good Friday and the triumphant resurrection of Easter.

It is called Palm Sunday in remembrance of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the people welcomed him with palm branches. The custom is still observed in the Anglican and Catholic churches of blessing palms and distributing them.

Palm Sunday also marks the beginning of Holy Week and ceremonies ushered in with the Passion of Christ.

The lessons of Palm Sunday and Easter are still with us after almost 2,000 years. People welcomed Christ on Palm Sunday, rejected Him on Good Friday and didn't believe He rose from the dead on Easter Sunday.

Popularity can soon be hated and earthly fame often fleeting but more than that it shows how passions can often be directed by those with self interest at heart when they would crucify Goodness in the name of God.



Who says Swan Lake wasn't written for swans?



## Sugar and Spice by Bill Smiley

This is the time of year that everybody wishes somebody would do something about, but nobody does. The Ideas of March.

Some people think the Ideas are little creatures like leprechauns who bore holes in your rubbers and whisper into tots' ears that that 18-inch puddle won't go over the tops of their six-inch rubber boots.

Others, like my wife, think they are malevolent beings who enjoy scaring the liver out of you. The other night, there was a great rumble, a crash and all the lights went out. I thought it was maybe the second coming. She leaped a foot. "It's the Ideas of March," she screamed.

As a matter of fact, it was the ice off the roof, which tore away the main cable into the house. But it could just as well have been the Ideas.

Around the first of March, we decided we'd start cross-country skiing. Bought two sets of skis, boots, the works. It rained for the next week. That was the Ideas.

It's been going on for at least 2,000 years. Its first victim of any import was Julius Caesar.

Now, Big Julie was no slouch as an emperor. He had, in his day, a bigger empire than Queen Victoria had, although he wasn't as fat.

He had a penchant for over-running and over-hearing. He over-ran the Spaniards, the French, the Germans, the British and the Belgians, not to mention the Slobos, in the east.

And he over-heard. It was his custom to prowling among the campfires at night and listen to his disgruntled veterans. He didn't bother much with the grunted veterans.

He did it, of course, incognito. He wore a kilt, extra-long, to cover his pot and his knees. On his head, to mask his baldness, he wore a German helmet, captured in the epic battle of Scheissinkellar. His chest was disguised by a chest-disguiser, captured from an Amazon chieftainess who had joined Women's Lib and decided to go braless.

It is tempting for the dedicated historian to digress here, but I will make only two concise points. One, the kilt was stripped from a Scot who had strayed south to found the Bank of England, had been conscripted into the army of the Ancient Britons and had died gallantly, shouting "Usquebaugh and Andrew Carnegie!" The helmet had been torn from a dead squarehead and was rather uncomfortable until Julius discovered that the cow's horn on the front unscrewed, was hollow and contained 13 ounces of schnapps. From that time on, he found it comfortable. Of the Amazon breastworks, I will say nothing. There's enough sex and violence in history, without dwelling on it. Besides it is, or was, pointless.

At any rate, strolling anonymously ("Oh, Oh, here comes Himself!") he over-heard the rumblings of discontent among his troops. It was rather difficult to distinguish them from the other rumblings associated with the rude and licentious soldiery, but he had a Trained Ear as well as a Roman Nose.

He and his legions had just put down the seventh uprising by some Belgian tribe.

One grizzled veteran was heard to say, "Belgians, Belgians! I'm sick of looting Belgian towns. All they got is gloves and tapestries. My old Trouble 'n' Strife back 'ome 'as 32 pairs of kid gloves an' enough tapestries to make a shawl for the Sphinx."

Another veteran, equally grizzled, agreed. "Me too. And them Belgian broads; I swear they got fetlocks. In another 1,500 years, they'll be callin' 'em Percherons."

A third veteran legionary, even more grizzled than the other two, concurred. "Right. An howbout that there Belgian beer. So watery ya gotta drink it in the latrine or yer caught short. I'd give my eye tooth to get a whack at some Limeys or

Frogs or Krauts fer a change. Wooden even mine goin' backta fiddly and wipin' up somma them Wops we're workin' for."

(It might be noted, in the interests of historical accuracy, that the third legionnaire, like so many of them, was not an ancient Roman. He was an Old Pole, who had been conscripted after he had been shot out from under his horse during an attack on Wvmbidnschvitz.)

Anyway, overhearing his grizzled, grizzled veterans, Caesar decided to act. He made a speech to his legions that had then in tears. This was after a double rum ration. Then he put down the Belgians for the eighth time, and to make his intentions clear, cut off the right hand of each male Belgian. This was the origin of the phrase "putting me down" and also the reason you see so many left-handed Belgians.

Perhaps we've strayed a bit. Very well, back to the Ideas of March. One day, early in March, back in '16 (or was it '17?) B.C., Julius was on his way to the Colosseum to make sure everything was in order for the Games. He had already checked with Zeus and Mayor Drapeau, but you never know, do you?

He was in his chariot, with his wife, California. She was attended by her maid, Florida and on the running-board were three old friends of Caesar: Cassius, Nausious and Brutus.

Suddenly, a stentorian voice rang out, as stentorian voices do. Some ring out like a great, bronze bell. Others just ring out a sort of ding-a-ling.

This was a bearded, ding-a-ling type stentor. "Beware of the Ideas of March!" he trilled.

Unfortunately, Caesar was deaf in one ear. He thought the sooth-sayer (that's what they called the ding-a-ling in those days), was a soap salesman with a new jingle, something about washing with Tide and starch. Naturally, he waved him away, muttering something about California using nothing but arctic power.

Some days later, right to the day, the Ideas of March arrived. Well, you know the rest. Big Julie was assassinated.

His friend Cassius crowned him with a cassock, his pal Nausious breathed garlic in his face, and his beloved Brutus stabbed him in the rotunda.

You might say that Caesar came out of that one a heavy loser. He went in at 154 pounds and came out with 18 daggers in him.

So all I can suggest is that you keep an eye out for those Ideas.

## OUR READERS WRITE:

### PR men turn Willie off

Dear Sir, Sometimes I get the feeling of hitting my head against the wall, bucking the provincial government, municipalities and some stupid politicians on environmental problems, but small successes seem to spur me on. My main frustrations seem to be caused by public relations people. For instance, claims that Ontario's plans for Reclamation/Energy Producing Plants are a world first, that North York's Experimental Plant will cause other jurisdictions to turn to this innovation for future technology infuriates me, for in my files I have evidence of technology far in advance of anything this province has planned. Ontario is planning 100 to 1,000 tons per day plants. St. Louis is building an 8,000 ton per day plant. Hempstead, Long Island has awarded a contract for a 3,000 ton per day plant. Indeed there are

over 30 such plants on this continent. Here in Halton, much has been said and written about our reclamation plant. The drawback to our plant is that Queen's Park has put the cart before the horse. Today's problem is the public and environmental unacceptability of landfilling garbage. If inert materials were put in quarries or pits (with the object of mining them in the future) there would be little or no objection. This is not happening, we intend to landfill the organic material, the pollutants... those that attract vermin, cause gas and poison our water. The obvious solution should have been the incineration of the pollutants for energy Phase 1, and provision for reclaiming secondary materials as Phase 2. William A. Johnson, Chairman, Group United Against Rural Dumping, R.R. 2, Rockwood.

### 20 acres: fool's paradise

Dear Sir, I would like to comment on the views expressed in the letter from Mr. W. Dale, concerning "urban sprawl". Whilst agreeing that density levels should be clearly defined, I would take issue with the assumption that only frontage should be considered. The area specifically referred to, i.e. 15 Sideroad at Speyside, consists largely of homesites of a fairly substantial acreage. Whilst I agree that it is highly undesirable to have a row of houses alongside the road,

it would not be sensible to insist that new homes be constructed well back on the properties, thus hidden from view, and not "filling in" the spaces, and far less likely to upset any balance of nature. I cannot help but feel that with today's projection of future world population, anyone who believes that a ratio of 20 acres, or more, for one family's sole enjoyment is indeed living in a paradise, but a fool's one. Yours truly, Christina K. Brookes, R.R. 1, Acton.

### Susie is a Postie

Our Susie is a Postie. A most smartly dressed female. But she's gone on strike, for a wages hike, And won't deliver mail! She's demanding Liberation And more money after tax With all her pals' and other gals Refuse to fill their sacks. She says she wants more money To help to raise her brood; With the tax on clothes and panty hose, There's nothing left for food. She says, "The Government gives with one hand,

Then takes it back with two! For their greedy way, she has to pay, There's nothing else to do. So, for the sake of "Liberation" We all will have to pay. And if we fail, we get no mail And she don't get her pay. Though we're better educated, We have got a lot to learn To squeeze more tax from laboring folk, Won't help "our Susie" earn. Victor Smith R.R. 2, Rockwood.

## The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, March 17, 1955

Since the town's fire alarm would not sound when a serious fire was reported on Saturday night, the firemen have decided to test it regularly, Fire Chief Sam Tennant reports. Apparently the alarm's failure was due to its having been struck by lightning. It is constantly tested and reset. Wages of employees at the County Jail are still not settled after members of County Council approved a \$100 a year increase at their regular meeting at Milton Tuesday. A month ago employees requested council for an increase, and the commission headed by Steve Harold Adkins had council approve of the increase. Year Teachers' College students are practicing teaching at the public school this week. Among them are Iremie Gales and Mrs. Jennings. Miss Gales is teaching grade one in Mrs. Gamble's class and Miss Jennings is with Mrs. Allen's grade four class. Miss Miller is from near Brampton and is also with Mrs. Gamble and Miss Hinch from Toronto is with Mrs. Allen. At the February meeting of the Catholic Women's League the following officers were inaugurated for 1955: president, Mrs. Ed Heffernan; first vice-president, Mrs. Colin McColl; second vice-president, Mrs. Davies; secretary, Miss Elma Braida; treasurer, Mrs. Pat Kenney; councillors, Mrs. P. McCristall, Mrs. M. McMillan, Mrs. J. Marcoux, Mrs. H. Gales.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, March 19, 1925

Mr. Jack Lewin sang a much-appreciated tenor solo at Knox church on Sunday at the evening service. Mr. Lewis chose the Twenty-third Psalm in a beautiful musical setting for his solo. Mr. J. P. Hoag, High School Inspector, has been appointed Chief Inspector and Administrator of London schools, at a salary. Mr. Hoag has been inspecting the continuation school here for a number of years and is highly esteemed by the teachers. Mr. Norman McLeod, who has been a member of the Acton Fire Brigade for twenty-six years, has a record for faithfulness. He has never missed responding to a fire alarm in twenty-six years. The Rev. H. G. L. Baugh cordially invites all members and friends to profit spiritually by the Week's Mission to be held in St. Alban's church, by attending the special services, commencing March 22 to 29. Service each week-night at 8 o'clock. The Missioner is the Ven. Archdeacon Mackintosh, B.D., Rector of Dundas. Mr. A. O. T. Beardmore is now Vice-Chairman of the Industrial Accident Prevention Association of Ontario, working in connection with the Workmen's Compensation Act.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, March 15, 1900

The Globe acknowledges the following subscriptions to the patriotic fund "from a few friends at Acton", received on March are: J. A. McGrail, \$5.00; Geo. Havill, \$5.00; W. A. Storey, \$5.00; John Mitten, \$1.00; A. J. McKinnon, \$1.00; R. J. McNabb, \$1.00; W. Speight, \$1.00; Joseph Lashby, \$1.00; John Clark, \$1.00; Fred Eastwood, 50 cents; J. J. Lawson, 50 cents; Master Frank E. Havill, 25 cents. A total of \$39.25. Among the new companies incorporated last week is the Dominion Fence Company, head office, Toronto, capital \$750,000. The name of Mr. David Henderson, M.P., Acton, is given as one of the directors. Messrs. John Symon and B. J. Campbell left on Wednesday morning for Saul St. Marie, the scene of their future business operations. Mrs. Campbell and Master Charlie leave tomorrow. The best wishes of their many friends follow them. Mr. George Snyder and Miss Helen returned last week from a two weeks' visit at their sister's, Mrs. Fred Stewart, Elfrida. A very successful sale of stock and implements was held by Mr. Michael Lamb on Wednesday. Mr. Lamb will shortly move to Guelph and Mr. James Moffat will take possession of the farm. Ex-Mayor John O'Donoghue and his daughter, Miss Mary Helen of Stratford, spent several days this week with Mr. George Mulholland and other friends.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS PHONE 853-2010 Business and Editorial Office. Logo for Canadian Community Newspaper Association (CNNA). Founded in 1975 and published every Wednesday at 25 Wilkes St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the CNNA and CNA. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance. 36 1/2¢ in Canada, 57¢ in all countries other than Canada; single copies 15 cents; carrier delivery in Acton 15 cents per week. Second class mail registration number 6213. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, the portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will be changed for the balance of the advertisement without charge but the advertiser will be held responsible for the accuracy of the copy. Advertisements for sale of a variety of goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is hereby offered to all and may be withdrawn at any time. City Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd. 25 Wilkes St., Acton, Ontario. Don Ryder Advertising Manager. Copyright 1975.