

Free Press Editorial Page

Hydro corridor concern

The many people very near Acton whose property would be crossed by the proposed Bradley Junction to Georgetown hydro corridor continue to try to make sense of reports they read about the present state of the project.

Last week the Hon. Dennis Timbrell, speaking to the Progressive-Conservative nominating convention at Milton, said the Environmental Hearing Board did not recommend any further studies for the corridor.

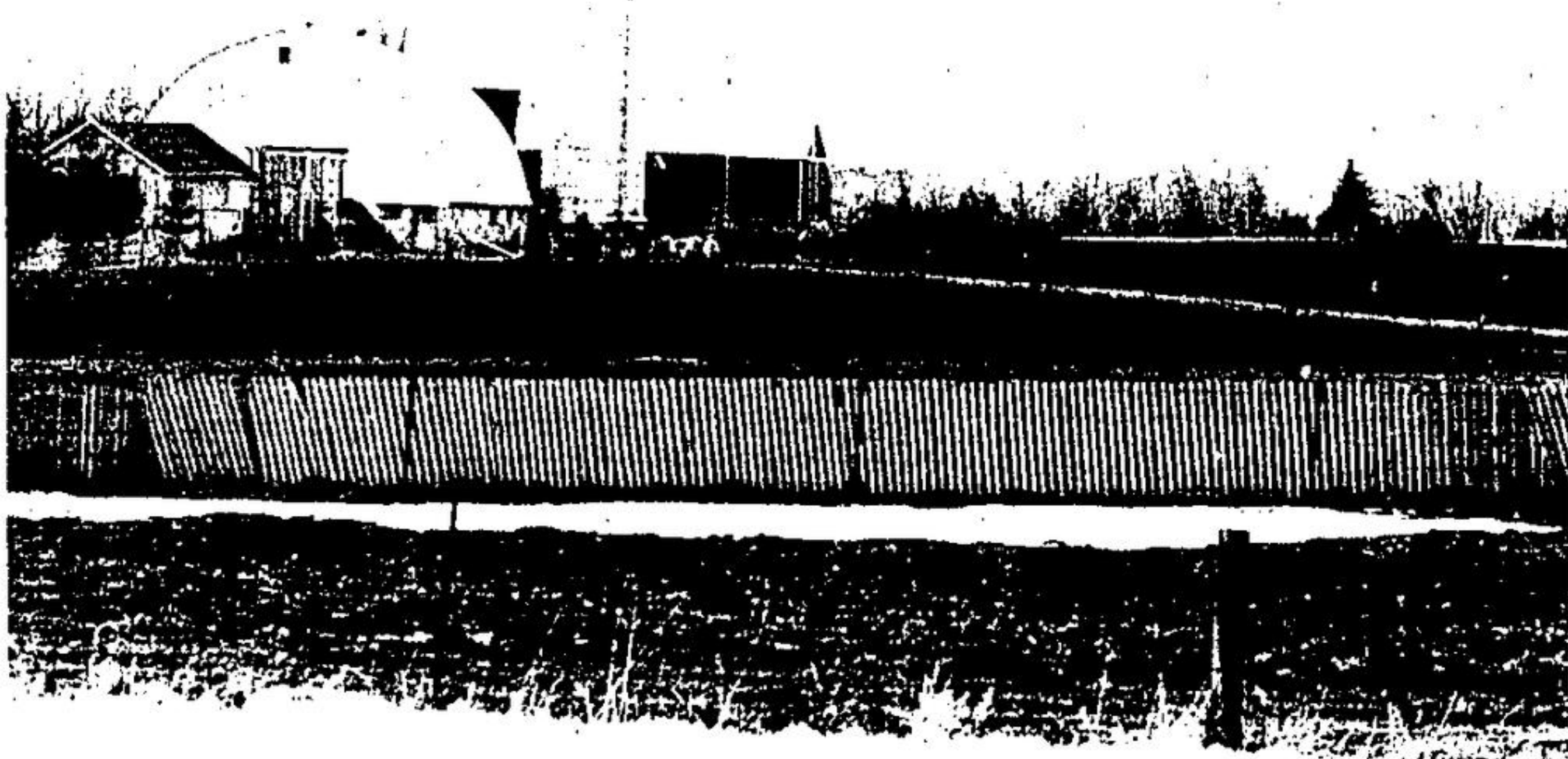
In fact, from what observers can figure out, the Environmental Hearing Board did not recommend any further studies of the Bradley to Georgetown corridor because the guidelines set out by Mr. Timbrell himself did not allow it. This was stated last summer at the hearings in Hillsburgh. Environmental Hearing Board chairman D. S. Caverley said further studies were the prerogative of Mr. Timbrell, not the board.

There has not been an independent study on the Bradley to Georgetown corridor, only the study done by Ontario Hydro.

It was said last summer by the board that it might be possible to find an acceptable corridor between Bruce and Essa by paralleling existing 230 kV lines and crossing the Niagara Escarpment in the vicinity of highway No. 69. This route would be shorter and would cost less. The board also felt hydro could have arranged for more public participation.

Now Mr. Timbrell says delays in the Bradley to Georgetown route are costing money. Observers believe the other route would save millions.

The local people who have become so involved in the power line do indeed think there should be an independent study, before a decision is made that those giant towers would stride through prime farmland just east of Acton.



IF PROPOSED ROUTE were followed, huge hydro towers would pass through the peaceful farm of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Coles, just east of Acton on Highway No. 7. Owners of land all along the route feel

threatened and concerned. The only route study has been done by Ontario Hydro, and many feel there should be an independent study.

Long wait for spring

The first hints of spring brought people outside on the weekend, savoring the warmer breezes and the sunshine.

Streets and roads that had been bare of people all winter suddenly were more alive with activity. School break had the youngsters out combining winter and spring sports by playing hockey and hopscotch on the same block. The skippers were out, too.

Bicycles came out again as the ice receded from the roads back into bushes and the shady sides of houses.

Some have been especially happy to be able to start cleaning up their gardens. Melting snow always leaves an amazing supply of garbage beneath. Where did it all come from?

In the countryside on the weekend the roads contained a mixture of cruising cars, people on horseback, hikers with dogs and walking sticks, and bicyclers, minibikers and motorcyclists.

The weekend brought the first breath of spring. And it has been a long, long wait.

Hope April was good

For a year's subscription rate of \$25, a former Actonian can receive her home town newspaper regularly... a month late. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Beatty were visiting their daughter Eleanor in California when her Free Press arrived, a month and a day after the Wednesday it was sent to Acton post office. And the Free Press staff sorts all the papers and puts them in the proper labelled mailbags before they ever go to the post office, too. It was just his year that the

tremendous increase in postal rates necessitated our charging the astronomical \$25 a year to readers in the U.S.A.

The Community Newspapers Association is appealing the postage increase, under the inflation guidelines. Until this year, a year's subscription to the States was \$10.

So let's all old friends say "hi" to Eleanor and her new grandchild, and hope she had a pleasant April.

Remarks in March

Another week marked by an unusually high number of deaths in our small community has brought sorrow to many families.

The inquest on the horrifying accident which killed seven begins today, and the tragedy will have to

be re-experienced by the families of the young victims.

A flooding sense of sympathy remains palpably in our midst.

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March... a good month to be over. Let it rain. Let things grow!

The fight against cancer

The cure for cancer is probably the most eagerly anticipated medical breakthrough of our time. Cancer research has certainly consumed more time and resources than any other investigation of disease. Yet, it is unlikely that the eventual defeat of cancer will take the form of one spectacular cure.

Cancer is not one disease. It is a complex system of diseases, each presenting unique problems, and all characterized by the disorganized and unregulated growth of cells. Thus, cancer research is directed in a multitude of channels.

Canadian scientists are involved in some of the most sophisticated investigations in the world. In Quebec, Drs. S.O. Freedman and Phil Gold have developed a blood test for cancer of the lower bowel, a test which may also be effective in detecting cancer of the lung and breast. Still under investigation at McGill University, it has opened up a new avenue of research.

Several scientific teams in Ontario are working on various aspects of leukemia. Dr. W.M. Mak and Dr. A.F. Howatson of the Ontario Cancer Institute have earned international distinction for

isolating virus-like particles from the cells of leukemia patients.

Among a number of projects in Alberta is one on the control of tumour antigens. British Columbia's TRUMF project will experiment with the use of a new type of radiation—negative pions—which holds great promise.

These are a mere sampling of the research now underway in Canada. Many Canadian scientists, doctors, biologists, chemists, surgeons, physicists, bacteriologists, and technicians are devoting their energies to solving the mysteries of cancer, society members tell us.

Gradually progress is being made and today some cancers no longer pose the threat they once did. Skin cancer, the most prevalent kind, is almost 100 percent curable. Some other cancers, if treated in time, have encouraging survival rates.

Continued research promises to bring more forms of cancer under control but Canadian scientists need the financial support of the public.

Last year a record total of \$7,531,359 was granted to research worker by the National Cancer Institute of Canada. This was an



Sugar and Spice

by Bill Smiley

DOG END of winter. March usually has a tail in it like a tiger, and then we're into the mud and chill winds and rain of April. Probably the worst time of the year for Canadians.

Curling season is over and golf season hasn't begun. It's too early for gardening and too late for skiing. There's nothing much for the sport fan to do but the weeks of blah that constitute the professional hockey playoffs.

I think it's a particularly bad time for elderly. The days are longer but the weather is too deadly to enjoy the outdoors yet. They've come through another long dark winter of survival, arthritis, the flu, being indoors most of the time.

In a few weeks they'll be grinning triumphantly as the sun begins to warm, and they know they've licked life (or death) for one more winter, but right now they're a little low in spirits.

One of the most obnoxious features of this time of year is the return from the south of those lazy, rich, rotten, selfish people who have enough money to spend the winter there. Is there anything more boring than their excessive chatter about playing golf every day, and swimming in January?

Don't think I'm envious. I wouldn't go down south in the winter if you offered me a thousand dollars. But don't make it \$1,200.

Nor am I the slightest bit jealous of those young, swinging teachers, back from their March break in Spain or the Caribbean, as smug as they are tanned. Talk to them and you'll find all they did was sit around at a beach, drinking rum, or taking in some historical sites.

Any idiot can do better than that, being herded like so many Canadian cattle on to a jet plane, into a posh hotel.

My wife and I almost invariably go south in the March break. But we don't sit around on any silly beach, getting a painful burn. We go to the city, and get a slow burn from the prices in the hotel. Neither of us drinks rum. But if we want to take in some historical sights, we just take a look at each other.

About the only people who aren't a bit down in the mouth as winter drags to its weary end are little kids. There is mud to play in; deep puddles to test your boots in; dirty remnants of snow to push each other down into. What more could a kid want?

Their mothers are not quite so joyous about now. The occasional sun reveals dirty windows, shabby wallpaper, faded drapes.

increase of 24 percent over 1974. The NCIC, which directs cancer research in Canada, is funded by the Canadian Cancer Society's annual public campaign.

When a friendly canvasser from the Canadian Cancer Society calls on you during the April campaign, be generous. Don't just sit back and wait for cancer to be beaten—join in the fight.

Acton's campaign has always been successful, and no doubt will be again.

When they go out, their winter clothes are too heavy for shopping in the hot stores, but the weather is too foul to try on the new spring outfit. Result? Winter-end snarl.

Man of the house isn't exactly bubbling over, either. He's just added up the fuel bill, which is roughly twice what it was six years ago. He has received this year's tax notice, which is just about twice what it was 10 years ago. And he's heading right into income tax time, which is just about twice as complicated as it was many years ago. No joy there at all.

University students are scarcely rapturous at this time of year. The year that looked so long last September suddenly has a week or two to go. There are essays due. There are final exams ahead. There is anguish in the high-sight of days and weeks of near-idleness during the past two terms.

There is panic at the realization of the minuscule amount of learning actually acquired. The mind skitters like a frightened mouse, but there is no hole in the wainscoting to dodge into. It's time for the hot coffee, the benzadrine, and prayer, none of which will help much.

For students graduating this spring, it's not exactly Christmas either. After three

or four years in the cocoon, they must come out and discover whether they are caterpillars or butterflies. There are no lines of employers eager to sign them up. There'll be no more cheques from Dad. There's nothing there but a vast, indifferent system into which they must kick and squirm and claw to make a niche for themselves.

Does all this sound depressing? Heck, no. It's just the way of life in this country of ours, this time of year.

There are lots of happy people, living a day at a time. And there are lots of joyous people looking forward. Girls who are going to be married in June. Young pregnant looking forward to their first baby. Ancient gardeners already out kicking aside the lumps of mud and ice, looking for crocuses, scarcely able to wait to get their hands into the soil. Golfers who have mentally ironed out their swings during the winter. Sailors who watch eagerly for the breaking up of the ice.

And there are lots of ordinary guys like me, full of arthritis, not many teeth left in the head, but happy as simpletons, fundamentally incapable of being depressed, just glad to be alive.

Joins us.

OUR READERS WRITE:

On the question of Rhodesia

Rockwood, Ontario
March 22 / 76

The Editor,
Acton Free Press,
Acton, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

I should like to let you know how proud I am of you and your staff and family for winning the many prizes at the Ottawa Weekly Newspaper's Convention recently.

Many of us appreciate the service you give us, it's especially gratifying to know we are also given quality service.

The same editorial page also mentioned another item for which I am thankful; Dr. Frank Philbrook's concern for the possible situation in Rhodesia revealed that he is a far-sighted and sympathetic human being. He is an unusual person to so stand up for the Rhodesians; most politicians are too willing to throw more rocks at the citizens of that country. Dr. Philbrook is a man to be commended; the electorate are fortunate indeed.

Canada is a fortunate country to be so well served by a special press and a special Member of Parliament. Let us count our blessings.

Lately, however, I see very little news except just one view point, on the question of Rhodesia. It seems to me that we hear only too often of the strident accusations or demands of the opposition. It makes good copy for it is blood thirsty and threatens violence; for the men who send out this report know that most readers are easily influenced; they are trained in mass media techniques in the best training grounds of Peking and Moscow.

Our innocent readers are gullible and believe that "liberators" are not wicked Terrorists, when these trained actors and orators claim they are ill-treated by the "white racist colonial government". Readers have heard the terms "racist whites" used so often that they even believe it can only be evil; they are sure anyone fighting this evil must be honest; it is hard to consider "a freedom fighter" as anything but a hero.

What the readers may not see is the

infrequent accounts of the violent treatment these "guerrilla fighters" used on their own people. These men are truly Terrorists for they use the most gruesome methods to force natives to belong to their groups; they are not interested in improved lives for their people but only in their own leadership opportunities. They admit they will have dictatorships if they succeed in removing the whites; they will have just as little freedom for their people as that of the black states to the North.

The outlook for the primitive black farmer is very bleak under a black government, disease and famine will increase as will loss of freedom and there will be no spokesman for him in the new independent state. The blacks may not be satisfied with the situation in Rhodesia, but neither are they pleased with that of their own land so they move to Rhodesia for the better standard of life that they will get in that "racist" state!

The situation in the independent black states has not improved as promised; their black rulers have become racist themselves, have bowed to the new imperialists; and have removed all the promised freedoms from the constitution so proudly displayed at their independence. They vie with West or East for favours, and fight for their positions with rivals, all to no avail, for their countries are a failure. Frequent strident accusations of the white-controlled countries are used to direct their people's attention away from these failures, thus their lands are kept poor buying weapons against imaginary enemies. Now the four nearest dictators roar in chorus for blood!

We readers must read between the lines and see the true state of affairs. If we truly wish what is best for the majority of the poor blacks then we will not allow our government to aid in the downfall of a well-run, if imperfect state. We may move them from the "frying pan into the fire".

If the reader feels himself annoyed at the above comments, he can know he too is brain washed by endless propaganda.

Yours truly,
Mrs. S. Drijber,
Rockwood.

More letters on page B5

The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of March 29, 1956. Acton Legion celebrated its 25th birthday over the weekend with three days of events which focused the towns attention not only on the quarter-century anniversary but on the opening of the branch's \$25,000 addition and renovation to its quarters. Friday night between 350 and 400 dancers provided a housewarming for the handsome new hall. Saturday evening a banquet drew together present and former members to hear a sparkling address by a former branch chaplain. Sunday was open house, when tours of the gleaming building were followed by a service of dedication and parade to the centaph.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Pringle, R. R. 1, Acton, have returned from a three month's visit to the Pacific coast where they visited their son, Donald W. Pringle of Copper Mountain, B.C. and then Vancouver, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Tucson, Arizona, where they spent several weeks. Their daughter, Mrs. J. A. Theohals of New York, who accompanied them is staying on at Tucson for some time.

Three Acton athletes who competed in the annual Canadian Amateur Athletic Union indoor meet at Montreal made creditable showings indeed. Frank Cooper placed third in 500 yards and third in the Canadian open. Frank Mariscak placed fourth in the midget 500 yards. Emerson Baxter placed fourth in the juvenile 500 yards and third in the 50 yards.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 1, 1926.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, March 24, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter McIsaac, 3rd line, Esquesing, when their only daughter, Beatrice Isabella, became the bride of Mr. John Robert Sprowl, youngest son of the late Robert Sprowl and Mrs. Sprowl of Esquesing. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in her wedding gown of sandalwood satin faced canton, carrying a bouquet of Ophelia roses. The bride and groom were unattended. Rev. A. C. Stewart, pastor of the bride and groom, was the officiating clergyman. The wedding music was played by Mrs. Herbert McIsaac. A dainty luncheon was served to 21 guests after which the bridal couple left amid showers of good wishes for Drayton, Palmerston and Hespeler. The bride travelled in a gown of rustain faced canton and muskrat coat, with hat of wood shade. On their return they will reside on the homestead on the third line.

The public was in a good position to judge of the value of present day improvements and privileges during the big ice storm. All long distance lines were put out of commission.

The trolley cars from Guelph were stalled for hours. Machinery was at a standstill in the tanneries, glove factories, shoe factory, machine shops and knitting mill and the typesetting machine and printing presses was all stalled. The half hundred householders who depend upon electric current for their ranges were obliged to adopt a 11 kinds of substitutes in the preparation of the noon-day and evening meals.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 23, 1876.

Mr. Moses Roper, a large-sized representative of the African race, announced a lecture for last Monday evening. The audience consisted of five persons, three of whom were deadheads. Mr. Roper didn't choose to waste his sweetness in the desert air.

The 20 cents were re-invested, the hall vacated, the lights quenched, and so on so were the inhabitants of this burg deprived of the brilliant scintillations and eloquent perorations of the eminent genius of color.

Messrs. J. and A. Mann sawed for Mr. Michael Lamb last Friday 133 cords an hour, with a machine manufactured by Mr. John Stewart of London. This is considerably better than the job recently recorded in London.

The demonstration last Friday evening under the auspices of Crewsons Corners division of the Sons of Temperance was a grand success in every respect. The Temperance Hall and Methodist church at that location were utilized for the occasion and both buildings were crowded to excess. The tables in the hall were filled with provisions in rare profusion several times between six and eight o'clock after which the company adjourned to the church to enjoy the intellectual part of the evening. The juvenile choir was directed by Mr. W. M. Crewson. There were readings, dialogues, musical selection and speeches. The election of a lady candidate for a five-story cake followed with Miss Clara Watson of Acton receiving 431 votes and Miss Margery Mann 332 votes. Each five cents counted for one vote.

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Business and Editorial Office



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