

# Free Press Editorial Page

## Acton will grow

A report presented to council last week indicated Acton's population could reach 8,600 by 1981, adding a more realistic estimate is actually 7,550.

However, neither of these figures is actually realistic. The study only included Acton—the lots within the old bounds of the town.

It ignores Esquesing township, and it is there that Acton's growth is expected to be. Anticipated for years has been a subdivision just east of the town limits, on the Brown and McCullough farms.

These future residents will be included in the town population, surely, with extended services.

Just now, growth is limited by

the volume the waste disposal plant can process. An application to increase the capacity of the plant by one-third is under consideration. Then growth is expected to go up, likely to 10,000.

Houses, schools and a plaza are all probable for the east edge of the town.

Although Esquesing is still under the limitations of the old Esquesing agricultural holding by-law, that will probably be changed some of these days. Then our town will grow, and the GO Train will probably come out this far from Toronto to benefit commuters.

Like it or not, that's what the future likely will bring.



## In memory of Ted Tyler

Ted Tyler relished new projects and enjoyed getting things accomplished. And Acton has been a better place because of him.

A business man, a family man, a willing councillor and mayor, a dedicated development committee member, a long-time hydro commissioner, an avid curler—he was a booster.

Happily he saw his own business grow with his wife and son alongside him.

He could look at paving, the town well, subdivisions, industries, sewers and sewer plant, hydro lines and the hydro building, the scout hall, music centre and curling club, and know he had a hand in them all. And he had helped see

that things were done properly.

The Rev. Len Ewing, recovering from a heart attack four months ago himself, returned to his duties to conduct the funeral Monday. He expressed appreciation for Ted Tyler's life.

His also reminded the many listeners that it isn't easy for a person to become a success in his own town.

It's far easier for people to appreciate a stranger.

In general, Acton is not a demonstrative place. But one year, at the annual Chamber of Commerce dinner, Ted Tyler was properly honored as Citizen of the Year.

He and his accomplishments will be remembered for a long time.

SNOW AND WIND pay no attention to 30 mile an hour warning sign. Winds went as high as 55 to 60 miles per hour during the past week, blowing snow and making

driving virtually impossible. OPP recommended that people stay off the roads.



## Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, February 1, 1927.

Boy, am I glad I'm not rich! There is nothing wrong with money in itself, though the love of it is reputed to be the root of all evil. It's what money brings in its wake that can make life a nightmare.

For the past four days we've been a two-car family, and it's been a real brute. We need two cars about as much as we need two houses, and I still don't know how I got into this fandango, but I'm in it, and I wish I weren't.

There wasn't a thing wrong with our old car, except that it was getting a bit long in the tooth. Or so everybody said. I didn't think a 1967 Dodge, with only 48,000 miles on it, that ran like a bomb, was something to be ashamed of.

Dogs are said to age about seven to one, in comparison with humans. Thus, a nine-year-old dog would be like a 63-year-old man. That seems fair enough: missing some teeth, missing some hair, and getting a bit stiff and arthritic. But there are old dogs and old dogs, of both species.

I don't know the ratio for cars and humans, but I'd guess it would be about eight to one. So, my 10-year-old car would be about 80 in human terms.

To some of you young people, 80 might seem a great age. But to my personal knowledge, for some people life begins at 80. And many an old girl in a home for the aged will back me up. They know, from personal experience, that some of the guys, at 80, 82, 84 are among the most dangerous men they've ever met in their lives, socially and sexually.

We've all been reading lately about the Male Menopause. At least I have. I think I came through it all right, but you never really know. Only last Sunday afternoon I was giving my wife a big blast because she didn't want me to join the poker club and go to the Legion Hall and play shuffleboard with the boys after work on Friday.

She was a bit taken aback for about one minute. Then she snapped that she didn't care what I did. I could go and stand on my head in a snowbank. I could go out and

play poker six nights a week, as long as I didn't take more than a dollar with me, and didn't expect me to serve lunch to a lot of men who'd leave a dirty mess to clean up and burn holes in the rug."

I don't know how I got away from here behind the barn when I started out talking about the horrors of being a two-car family. Anyway.

People made disparaging remarks about my old Dodge. A mechanic wanted to buy it. Cheap. When I suggested \$1,300 as a fair price, he laughed so hard he had a mild heart attack. "Smiley, you've run that old wreck into every tree in Blank County."

This was a gross canard. That car has hit only one tree. I'll admit that it has hit the same tree—the one at the end of my driveway—three times, once by my wife, once by my daughter, once by my son-in-law, but never by me. That shows you how rumors spread.

It did have a wow in the front bumper from the time I hit a light standard. The back bumper was somewhat like a boom-erang, because I bombed through two feet of snow in my driveway last winter, skidded across the street, and hit a telephone pole, backwards. But only one tree.

On one side, the chrome was stripped off and the door caved in, when the Old Lady had an argument with the side of the garage. But the other side, until today, looked like a new car, except for the rust, which had eaten a bare 12 inches up into the fenders.

Key words there are "Until today." After today I have matching doors, both without chrome, both looking as though Paul Bunyan had taken a grievance and a kick at the door, in that order.

Inside, the car is like new, if you don't mind a bit of foam spilling out of the seats. You can tell it has been a one-owner car. The two inches of cigarette ashes on the floor are all of the same brand.

You can understand how sentimental a chap could get about such a car. Like an 80-year-old uncle with a few scars and wrinkles but a lot of zip still in the old bawd.

People have made love in that car. People have been taken to hospital in that car. Babies have been brought home from hospital on their fifth or sixth day in the world, in that car.

I loved that car. But it was too randy for me. It was Male Menopause No. 2, the one that comes at 80.

So I bought a new one. Not really new. Anybody who buys a new car today is either rich or ripped-off. Jumped all the way up to a '72.

But I still have the old one. My wife loves it now, too, after asking me for five years if I expected her to be seen in public in "That old wreck."

So I have two cars. I juggle them in and out of a one-car garage and a one-car driveway. Today I had the new one off to work.

Although I have told her 700 times that she can't back the car out of the garage, she tried it. I don't know what her technique is. I think she looks over her left shoulder and twists the wheel to the right. Or vice versa.

Anyway, she creamed it right up against the post of the garage, could neither forward nor back, and I now have matching dented doors. Sans chrome. At least it wasn't the new five-year-old one.

## No year to commute

Even old-timers are thinking this winter could just be the worst they can remember.

One big difference: way back then, farm families stayed on the farm, and town families stayed in town. The farm families were prepared to be snowed in. Children could walk to school; there were horses and sleighs for travel.

Now, the problem of driving many miles to the job or school creates the work that must be done

to clear roads.

Driving long distances has become a way of life and we accept it.

But there are murmurings of change with the new theme "small is beautiful." It included decentralization, smaller factories and businesses nearer home. Maybe it's a pipe dream and we have already gone too far.

But this winter has certainly accented the problem.

## Of this and that

At a meeting discussing education in Acton, a man told of his concern that children are being taught about the United States, when they should be learning about Canada. He mentioned projects on American cities, which he thought could just as well have been on Canadian cities. Other people nodded in agreement at his concern over Americanization.

Yet during the same meeting several people referred to the "M. Zee Bennett School". No one made any comment.

Several people have told us they miss the 20 Years Ago column. We have been trying a 10 Years Ago column instead, by request.

This winter's theme song: We're Off to See the Blizzard.

The recreation department is instituting a column for publication in the paper. It will cover their staff, their philosophy and their activities. Hope you enjoy it.

## OUR READERS WRITE:

### Senior citizens' complex

117 Acton Blvd., Acton, Ontario January 27, 1977

Dear Editor:

I'm still a few years away from retirement, but it bothers me to hear so much bickering going on concerning that little piece of property intersection Mill Street and Acton Blvd. Why not turn that property into a Senior Citizen complex? No-frill houses. Similar property in Europe has been turned into little cosy homes for the

elderly. No stairs or steps to climb - all on one floor so they can get around in their later years, even in wheelchairs.

Why can't the people, concerned with said property look into this one project? It would be so handy to be close to the town, the doctors, the stores - at least they would not be isolated.

I hope to see something done for our elderly. Why not begin with the right housing - close to town.

Yours truly, (Mrs.) Jeanne Turnbull

### Acton, not Amherstburg

Dear Neighbor,

A calamity has befallen us! Somehow our mail got mixed with letters meant for Amherstburg in Essex County, and many of you will have received letters signed by Mr. Fredrick, campaign chairman for that city. Return envelopes, too, carried the Amherstburg address.

If you have, by a chance, sent your contribution to the Ontario March of Dimes in Amherstburg, rest assured that it will reach us, and you will receive your receipt. If you were too confused by it all to respond, won't you please do it now?

The Ontario March of Dimes needs your help... not just in supplying personal support services like wheelchairs and artificial limbs, but with innovative programs of

sports and social recreation, camping and job training.

A stroke. A car crash. A heart attack. The sudden onslaught of a crippling, disabling disease. Any of these could make you a candidate for Ontario March of Dimes' services. No one is exempt from tragedy.

So please help by giving generously to the Ontario March of Dimes; you'll be helping to improve the quality of life for physically disabled adults.

Send your cheque today, won't you? All donations will be acknowledged with a receipt. Thank you.

Yours gratefully, Alice A. Duby, (Mrs.) Campaign Chairman.

### United we stand

One Canadian's view of Separatism!

In Johnny's little family, Where quarrels sometimes start, They're at a loss to know who's Boss, While the Family falls apart.

They are looking at examples, Set by neighbours out that way, United strong, they got along, And formed the U.S.A.

Their Slogan is but "all for one, And one for all" they say, In dirty weather, join together, In one United way.

Divide and conquer, often said, Will kill a union strong, Create some hate, then separate, Destroy their native tongue.

But, Sammy stands United, He finds it best that way, With Union health, he keeps his wealth, And guards it night and day.

But, there's hope for Johnny's family, Where all can get big pay, Birds of a feather, should stick together, In one UNITED WAY.

Victor Smith R.R. 2, Rockwood.



ACTON GUN CLUB posed for their photograph many years ago. The picture is lent by Martin Hassard, grandson of one of the participants, John Harvey. Among those identified, left to right are Mr. McGrail of the tannery, Hiram Warden, a barber, a Wiles, George Agnew, Mitch Cobban, Jay J. Pearson, Charles Taylor, Dr. Lowry, John Harvey and Mr. Stark of the Storey Glove Co.

## The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, February 1, 1967.

A last minute agreement Sunday morning staved off a possible strike of Micro Plastics plant workmen and a new contract was signed Monday evening, expiring October 31, 1968.

Official opening date for Acton's Central library has been set for Saturday, June 3, the day before Decoration Day.

Reaction is generally unfavorable to the two-borough proposal for Halton and Peel Counties, Lorne Cumming, special adviser to the Municipal Affairs Department, said on Tuesday and there is little likelihood of action this year.

David Dills, publisher of the Acton Free Press, announces the following changes in the administration, editorial and advertising staff of the newspaper, effective immediately.

Henry Deveau has been named accountant for Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd. He will relinquish his advertising sales responsibilities with the newspaper to devote full time to his position. Don Ryder has been appointed advertising and circulation manager of the Acton Free Press. He will relinquish his position as news editor and devote full time to advertising and circulation responsibilities. Hartley Coles has been named editor of the Acton Free Press. For some years he has been responsible for the paper's sports writing. He will now assume editorial responsibility for the complete publication. A long-time employee of the newspaper, he is quite familiar with the town and area as well as being a competent reporter and writer.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, February 1, 1927.

It will be a matter of much local interest to know that it was Dr. Harold Mowat of Los Angeles, Calif. who examined George Young, the champion swimmer, after the big Catalina race, and declared that he had sustained no injuries as a result of his efforts and exposure. As is well-known here, Dr. Mowat is an Acton boy, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mowat, Main St.

With the largely increased work entailed in the collection of waterworks and hydro accounts, the Public Utilities Commission decided to discontinue the handling of general electric stock at the shop on Mill St. and to confine the stock carried to small accessories daily needed such as bulbs, plugs and electric irons. Miss B. H. Speight, secretary, is to take charge of the Public Utilities Office, with her salary \$800 per annum. The salary of the superintendent is to be \$160 a month.

The members of the choirs of Knox Church, St. Alban's and the Baptist church were the guests of the choir of the United church at a skating party, followed by a dinner of baked beans in the church. The members of the Citizens Band who had played for the skaters at the rink were also included. The function throughout breathed forth the spirit of fraternal feeling and goodwill.

Michaelmas Day yesterday - "half the feed and half the hay."

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, February 1, 1877.

The new Methodist Church in Georgetown was opened and dedicated to the service of the Lord, by Dr. Lyves, of New York. \$3,120.00 is the modest sum demanded from the Ontario Government for the Toronto and Ottawa Railway.

The masquerade carnival on the skating rink in Georgetown last week was a grand success.

Dr. McGavin has taken an interest in the Acton plow company by purchasing the five shares formerly held by Mr. Woodyard.

John McLearty, formerly of Nassagaweya, was killed last week by being thrown off a load of wood, near Orangeville.

The Milton branch of the Bank of Hamilton was opened last week, under the management of Mr. Colquhoun.

Eight new churches have been erected by the Methodist body in the County of Essex.

A successful writing school has been conducted for the last 10 days by Mr. Campbell with sixty pupils, some of them grown men and women.

## THE ACTON FREE PRESS

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Business and Editorial Office



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Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.

David R. Dills, Publisher

Key Dills Editor BB Cook Advertising Manager

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