

Free Press Editorial Page

## Group all for Acton

In last week's issue, there were two items that could be pulled together and thought about.

A Business Association of merchants could mean a drastic change in the role of the Chamber of Commerce.

And a letter writer suggests a community day with a walking tour, giant picnic and concert.

If the Chamber loses its stress on business, aren't there plenty of other things it could do? This com-

munity day seems a perfect project for the Chamber.

A group to initiate the organization of such an event is vital. With no Acton council to discuss it with, where do people turn?

The Chamber could be the one group that is open to everyone in the town and can work for all the people of the town.

The people of Acton need a strong group like a Chamber of Commerce, with its interests a hundred per cent right in Acton and district.

## Golden anniversary

This is a golden anniversary issue of the Free Press, as far as the family is concerned. It was 50 years ago tomorrow, on March 17, that the late G. A. Dills took over ownership of the business from the previous publisher, H. P. Moore. The paper and printing business have been in the family name since then.

G. A. Dills was an Acton native who apprenticed in the trade under Mr. Moore. He also gained experience in Toronto, Guelph, Kingston and New York State before

returning to his home town. He was a partner of Mr. Moore's until 1927 when he became full owner.

His wife Isma was closely associated with him in the business for many years. Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd. was formed in 1954.

Sons Dave and Jim Dills are now owners; on the staff are their wives Kay and Shirley. Holidays bring in the next generation students, Steven, Mark, Paul and Kathleen Dills. Catherine Dills is a carrier. And there's one more, Carolyn.

## Buzz off, flies

One sign of spring that doesn't bring all that much pleasure is the stupid, buzzing cluster fly. These sun-stunned creatures are staggering along window ledges these days. They don't cause any harm; they're just a nuisance.

These flies hardly ever come in the house during the summer, but enter in the fall to find a warm place to spend the winter. On warm winter days they awake from their dormant period and start to buzz.

A new generation starts in the spring. The female lays eggs in the soil where the larvae develop and live as parasites on earthworms. With the first cool days of early fall the adult flies enter houses, barns and garages for the winter. There are probably two or three generations of cluster flies each year in Ontario.

This timely biology lesson came in the mail from the Ministry of Agriculture and Food.

## The people are convinced

A site near Milton has been chosen for the future landfill site for all of Halton's garbage.

Isn't this decision, with its stress on growth and bigness, heading in the wrong direction?

Surely most people agree now that our aim in the garbage game is

for smallness. Recycling will be the system of the future. It has been proven people are willing to save papers and glass if the pickup is available.

Shouldn't we insist on a huge recycling depot for Halton instead of a dump?

## On people as horses

The recent announcement that low income housing will have to be completed in Georgetown before any is started in Acton could cause more trouble than most people realize.

The first problem involves council. Bad words are likely to be shared over this, quite possibly resulting in fisticuffs and other nasty things, which would not serve to raise Halton Hills in anyone's esteem.

Second, what about the old folks? They don't want to leave, and will fight to stay. The United States has never sold arms to groups like this before, but there is always a first time. An army of senior citizens armed with M-16s, tanks and a few B-52 bombers could probably lower property values in many areas before being brought to bay.

In the end they would be dragged off to Georgetown chanting "heck no, we won't go" and waving signs uncomplimentary to a lot of people who would really much rather be complimented. The death toll could be tremendous, and I can't see the government bringing in tourists by putting up an Historic Plaque about the event very soon, either.

The solution is obvious. Horses are well known for many things, not the least of which is their four legs. Horses are content to stay in barns and stuff all the time. It is simple to see that if we graft extra legs onto all our senior citizens, they too will be easy to satisfy, and will no longer take any interest in where they live. Once the people's personal preferences are removed, then it will be easy to move them all to Georgetown.

—John Bottomley

## Of this and that

Last week we suggested writing letters to newspapers in Quebec, telling the people we wish them to remain in Canada with the rest of us. Now another suggestion has been made—that Canadians write the Prime Minister telling him we would like to have the Queen invited to visit many parts of Canada during her Silver Jubilee year. So far, she has only been invited to spend five days in the Ottawa area. She will spend five weeks in Australia and two or three weeks in New Zealand.

Hydro corridor hearings in the Legion and high hydro bills coincided last week.

Rates will go up again, too, before long. The cost of producing and distributing power is still rising.

Solar heat is still in the distance as far as practicality goes. Even Ontario hydro is involved in solar heating experiments.

Ontario Hydro has concluded that right now, nuclear power is the best means they have to assure sufficient supplies of electricity.



HAIR BLOWING IN THE BREEZE, Sherrie Clayton, 14, enjoys the sunshine after a long winter. She relaxed by the stream outside Robert Little on Sun-

day in this idyllic scene right out of Wordsworth. The stream is completely free of its winter mantle of ice now as the warmer season makes its first approach.



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

One of the great rackets these days is the television series "spinoff." When a TV producer has a popular show, and one of the secondary characters is even mildly amusing, first thing you know that character has a show of his or her own.

This proliferates until you have spinoffs of spinoffs. It's like taking a bottle of fine whiskey, doubling the quantity by adding an equal amount of water, and selling it at the same price per shot as the original.

Then you take this mouthwash and further dilute it by adding more water, and you go on selling this at the original price. It works fine and makes a lot of money until the consumer finally realizes he could get more bang out of a glass of buttermilk, and he starts drinking buttermilk, and you are left with a large supply of gargle on your hands.

Norman Lear was the first TV producer to realize the people like watching bigotry and bathroom jokes even more than they like watching violence. Thus was born All in the Family, one of the great money-makers of all time in TV land.

From this was spun off Maude. The bigotry became phoney liberalism and the bathroom jokes became bedroom jokes but it was the same sick formula, and it worked.

It was only a step from the slick to the sick, and brother Lear came up with Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman, which, while not quite a spinoff, is of the genre. Its favorite refrain is "Oh Gawd, Oh, my Gawd." Excellent fare for the morbid or diseased mind.

Another good original show, The Mary Tyler Moore Show, spun or spawned Phyllis and Rhoda, each starring one of the most self-centred, unpleasant women a writer could dream up, and each laced with borderline bad taste.

There's nothing wrong with all this, I suppose, in a free enterprise system, and nobody forces you to watch the garbage.

But there is only so much that the stomach will take before it will spew. And there is only so much you will spew. And there is only so much that the mind will

take before you will experience an intellectual vomit, and switch to watching the wrestling matches, where at least nobody is trying to pretend it's anything but phoney.

However, perhaps I'm rushing my fences a bit. I'm a realist. If everybody else is getting into the spinoff business, maybe I should jump on the bandwagon. There's money in it, and besides, it might be one way of putting an end to it. My record is perfect.

Just after the war, I met an old buddy who'd become a broker. He was investing in gold stocks and hauling in the loot. Gave me a hot tip. I plunged, with some of the back pay I'd built up while in prison camp. Met the guy six months later. He'd lost his home and his boat and was selling farm machinery. I owned 300 shares of muskeg in Northern Ontario.

After that I stayed away from the market until mutuals were the thing. They were showing tremendous growth and potential. Once bitten, I hesitated, but then dived in with my \$200 savings. It seems I arrived just after the mutuals had nibbled some of that biscuit Alice did so she could go through the rabbit hole, or whatever. They shrank almost overnight to \$85 worth.

Last November, in one last desperate effort to enjoy a luxurious old age, I bought two \$100 Canada Savings Bonds. Two weeks later there was an election in Quebec, and now we don't even know whether there'll always be a Canada.

In January of this year, I bought a second-hand Ford. A week later I read in the paper that the Ford Motor Company was making payments for extraordinary rust to owners of Fords in my vintage.

Then I read the small print. The payments had ended on Dec. 30, 1976. My ford has rust.

So, with a track record like that, maybe I can administer the kiss of death to the spinoff business. Thought I'd start by producing some spinoffs of my column.

There's no problem about talent. My family is loaded with writers. Both my son and daughter specialize in pathos. They can write letters so pathetic that you are weeping all over the page and writing a cheque at the same time.

My wife can knock out a grocery list as long as your arm without even stopping to suck the pen. And she is not only talented as a writer, she's an outstanding and outspoken critic, as well. She can rip up the punctuation and purpose, the style and substance of one of my columns with both hands tied behind her back. Which is the only way it is safe to read some of them to her.

And there'll be no difficulty about content. My daughter is expert on Women's Lib, music, and mooching.

My son is fluent in English, French, Spanish, the Indian dialect of the natives of Paraguay, and mooching.

And the old lady is an expert on everything, and admits it. She has been bottling up this veritable fountain of knowledge for decades, except during breakfast, before and after dinner, and all weekend. Giving her a column of her own would be like punching a 20-foot hole in Boulder Dam.

In two or three years, I might even get the grandboys into it. At the moment, they are busily stuffing their memory banks. As soon as they can write, you may expect some sizzling stuff: Five Years as a Misunderstood Child; Daycare Centre Depression; the Inside Story on Sadistic Social Workers Who Make You Give Back a Toy You've Ripped Off From Some Other Kid.

If my column spinoffs don't put an end to the spinoff nonsense in about 30 days, I'll eat every paper in which this one appears, with or without ketchup.

## OUR READERS WRITE:

### Stand up and be counted

Dear Sir or Madam:  
There is currently a revival of interest in the observance of Bible reading and singing

the National anthem; schools differ widely in this observance.

Parents who feel it is important to keep up this custom must write their School Boards, or tell the Department of Education in Toronto of their desires.

Remember—parents are important to your school boards; your tax for education is the "biggest piece of the pie" in every annual budget. Your school leaders expect you to help them in many decisions.

The decision to stress awareness of personal rights has led to unexpected freedom of expression, bordering on rebellion; a schoolroom can become a room for practicing responsibility—or for propagating revolt.

Parents can halt the process by speaking up; school boards and staff want guidance on how you wish your children brought up. Lately the small minorities have insisted on being heard, but the majority has been silent. This silence is costing your children some of their rightful heritage.

Children still need examples of your past heroic leaders to follow, not only as historical figures but as models. Once on Empire Day and Remembrance Day, pupils were shown their inherited ideals; the words of the National anthem were taught and explained, plays and poetry stressed the importance of your heritage. Duty and freedom were learned from true stories of courage; independence and initiative were discovered from real models, many of these were from the Bible as well.

Today's child is given "nationalism" in place of patriotism, "rights" instead of responsibility, and scientific "truths" instead of spiritual truth.

Parents, stand up and be counted!  
Most thankfully yours,  
(Mrs.) Sytske Drijber



THIS YOUNG FELLOW was unable to give us his name, but he did manage to get across that he was all in favor of the warmer weather. He was enjoying the slide in the playground on Kingham Rd.

## The Free Press Back Issues

### 100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 8, 1877.

A public meeting was held in the basement of the new Congregational Church, yesterday afternoon, for the purpose of forming a church organization in Acton. There were about a dozen of the members connected with the congregation known as "Swackhaers", at Churchill, who resided in Acton, and who have received certificates of membership in good standing. It was unnecessary for them to do more than assent to the usual form of covenant. The following persons stood up and assented to the covenant and were received in full communion, viz: James Cameron and wife; James Ryder and wife; Peter S. Armstrong and wife; Stafford Zimmerman and wife; Mrs. Ellen Dempsey; Mrs. David Ryder; Misses Jenny Cameron, Martha Hyder and Adaline Hyder.

Patrick Dillon, a man well-known in the neighborhood of Limehouse and Acton, got drunk last Thursday and was killed by being run over by a Grand Trunk train, shortly after dark, about two miles east of here. The mangled remains were first discovered by a man named Neil McGill who was walking down the track about ten o'clock. The body was brought to the freight-house here, and an inquest was held at Campbell's hotel by coroner Freeman on Friday.

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 14, 1857.

While playing a two-handed game of cribbage with her husband on Saturday evening, March 9, Mrs. Ken Nevills of Orton held a perfect hand, with a count of 29. She was dealt the jack of clubs, five of spades, five of hearts and five of diamonds and the five of clubs was turned up.

At a meeting of the district Scout group committee Monday evening, David Dills was unanimously appointed District Commissioner for the North Halton Scout District.

About 60 friends gathered to surprise Mr. and Mrs. J. Whitman on their 20th wedding anniversary Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Long. With gifts, cards and best wishes, callers came from London, Port Credit, Georgetown, Toronto and Hamilton as well as Acton.

On Friday evening in the YMCA a square dance was attended by many out-of-town guests from Guelph, Brampton, Erin and Toronto areas. Sandy Sandford was the caller.

Mrs. F. R. Pinder of Guelph was a week-end visitor with Mr. and Mrs. John C. Dennis.

### 10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 27, 1867.

The long awaited stop lights at the corner of Mill and Main Streets were installed this week and work goes on to connect them. Two installation men were nearly lost in the jungle of lines on the northwest corner while they hung the three lights in position. The lights will not go into operation until council passes a by-law on parking and the road is marked with new regulations.

Carol Patterson was chosen to represent Halton County at district public speaking finals last Friday evening at the Halton finals in Oakville and competed with seven warmly-praised young people at Whitby on Tuesday afternoon.

Struck by a truck while crossing Church St. to her own home, five year old Frances Borens received a fractured skull, broken collarbone and multiple bruises and abrasions Wednesday of last week about 5.30 p.m. She and brother Gary, seven, waited for a truck to pass in a snowstorm but headed onto the road in the path of a Hitley Cartage truck driven by Dennis Harvey Hogg, R.R. 4, Acton. The right front fender of the truck struck Frances but her brother escaped without injury.

Robins, cowbirds and grosbeaks are all back in town. The robins are the traditional harbinger of spring. Usually the grosbeaks are here all winter, but this year they have been missing, until recently.

It is gratifying to see that Halton Region council has again recognized the Acton Community Services Centre. It will receive a grant of \$5,678.

## THE ACTON FREE PRESS

PHONE 853-2010

Business and Editorial Office



1976 award winner

Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 50 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the Canadian Community Newspapers Association and the Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance, \$7.50 in Canada, \$25.00 in all countries other than Canada; single copies 15 cents. Advertising delivery in Acton 15 cents per week. Second class mail Registration Number 6315. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for but the balance of the advertisement will be sold for at the applicable rate. In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong price, merely an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.

David R. Dills, Publisher

Key Dills Editor

B.B. Cook Advertising Manager

Copyright 1977