

# Free Press Editorial Page

## Should Acton grow?

Should Acton grow? The question has plagued planning boards for years now. However, something new has been added to the argument. It used to be assumed that the population here would be limited by the capacity of the sewage treatment plant. But now new regulations will permit a subdivision whose homes have septic tanks. It opens up a whole new area of growth. The ideas of hundreds of new

homes and a plaza at the east end of Acton horrifies some people. Others couldn't care less. And for the future owners of the homes, the prospect is likely a happy one. Downtown merchants well know what a plaza can do to a downtown. Georgetown and Milton are nearby examples. Our merchants like to have new stores, but downtown, not in a strip development plaza. Do we want strained schools and services? Or do we want new members for our churches and clubs, new shoppers?

## Object to change

Hamilton city hall has been swamped by letters and phone calls from people objecting to the proposed change of their name from Hamilton to Wentworth. A regional review commission recommended merging Hamilton with surrounding municipalities and naming the new city Wentworth. It produced an uproar in that city, and petitions are going out. Let's hope their petition gets

somewhere in Queen's Park. Acton's didn't. The name Halton Hills, you'll recall, was chosen by ballot. "Acton" and "Georgetown" weren't on the list. "Esquering" was a popular choice with historical connotations, but it lost out. Many here will sympathize with the people in Hamilton who like things the way they are.

## History in names

Our history lives in our names, says a Letter to the Editor in the Globe on Tuesday. Many Actonians will agree with David McQueen of Toronto who writes: "The review commission report calling for Hamilton to be renamed Wentworth is the last straw which persuades me to protest vigorously against the progressive murder of good old Ontario place names. Like many others whose immigrant ancestors settled near Galt, I was keenly dismayed to see that name swallowed up in the oh-so-original designation of Cambridge. An important Canadian name — one intimately associated with the making of Confederation — simply wiped, by official fiat, off

the map. Then we see the short, sharp crispness and strong historical and literary associations of Acton and Georgetown melting into the blah designation of Halton Hills. Not knowing better, one might suppose it was no more than another tacky development on the fringes of Metro Toronto. "And now Hamilton, home of Dundurn Castle and Sir Allan McNab, is recommended for the chopping block. "Our history lives in these names. Let it be, let it live. If we must have regional governments, let us think up appropriate designations for them, but let the old names remain on the map to tell us who we were and are."

## In brief

The Town Hall Restoration committee is looking for contributions for their bake sale on Saturday, May 27. Check their Open Letter for details. The Free Press is planning a display of old pictures of the town for Back to Acton Days. We would like to borrow any old pictures which we will rephotograph and return to you. People always seem to enjoy seeing these old pictures.

Congratulations to Steve Saxon, who went as far as the Ontario finals in public speaking on the weekend. Two people recently reported receiving their Free Press on the Friday of the same week it was published. But what a difference in miles! One person received it in Florida, the other in Toronto. Such speedy deliveries were a happy surprise.



IN SPRING A child's fancy turns to sitting on cars and making faces for the photographer. Sherry Burke, Mary Beth Davel, Darlene Tiebert, James Morgan with his mouth open, Allison Morgan, Chrissy Johanson, Keith Olsen, Michael Smith and Ted Moyses all jumped at the chance to get their pictures taken.



## Sugar and spice by Bill Smiley

Poet T. S. Elliot once wrote: "April is the cruellest month." I don't know about that—November is no slouch in this country, when it comes to cruelty—but April is certainly no bargain around here.

It's a sort of zilch month. All the other months have some character, except aforesaid November. They're either something to make you look forward with anticipation, backward with relief, or to just plain enjoy.

May is golf and fishing and grass greening and flowers blooming. June is the first heat wave, lilac scent, mosquitoes, and summer just ahead. July and August are summer in all its glory, hot dogs, swimming, camping, baseball, trips, summer theatre, family reunions, cottaging.

September is a glorious month, usually. Warm enough, everybody getting back into the groove, new schoolmates, new interests, new friends, new follies to commit oneself to.

October is great; sharp air, fresh produce, golden sun, football, magnificent foliage, Thanksgiving weekend.

Let's skip ruddy November. But December is exciting with fresh snow, Christmas with all its ramifications, holidays coming up, families getting together.

January and February are brutal but challenging. We're right into the curling and skiing, the daily battle to stay alive, and the knowledge that once we're over the hump, about Feb. 20, the worst lies behind. Even rotten March has its compensations: Easter, worst of the winter over, March break, and only one or two more snowstorms to survive.

Then comes cruddy April. There's nothing to do out of doors. Curling and skiing are finished, and it's too early for golf and fishing. Nothing to do outside except catch a cold in that frigid wind blowing off the ice in the bay.

It's a dirty month. There's salt and sand and mud on the streets, to be tracked into the house. It's a pain in the arm for housewives. That lousy yellow sun peers insolently through the windows, illuminating dirty panes, smeared wallpaper, spots on the rug, stains on the chairs, and well-fingered woodwork, none of which showed up in the dear dark days of winter. The home-maker's heart sinks.

Male homeowners are just plain embarrassed as the snow imperceptibly melts, revealing all manner of junk on front and back lawn. This year I watched with growing dismay the surfacing of four daily papers, in their yellow plastic wrappers on the front lawn, where some turkey kid had thrown them when there was four feet of snow on said area.

Then up crept one disgusting item after another. Lawnmower peeping first its head, then rusty body out of the snow, a reminder of how I was caught short again last November by the first fall.

Picnic chairs, lurching out of the shrinking drifts like a couple of old wines, decrepit, falling apart, disgusting. Fragments of Christmas tree, swept up, minced and throw all over the lawn by the snowplow in early January.

A stack of newspapers, put out with the garbage in February, picked up by the same monster during a blizzard, chewed up and hurled into three-pound lumps all over the place, each solidly frozen into the ice, salt, and sand.

Last fall's oak leaves, caught on the ground by the first snowstorm, about three inches thick, looking about as appetizing as the meat in a particularly repellent shepherd's pie.

April is also a rough month on teachers. If the sun is shining, however feebly, students gasp wildly, pretend they're dying of heat, throw all the classroom windows wide to the 40 degree breeze that

spells bronchial pneumonia to the less hot-blooded pedant.

For university students about to graduate, April is hellish. Final exams loom like the Furies of old, and all the procrastination begins to catch up. And these days, 90 per cent of them are quite convinced they won't get a job, on graduation.

Speaking of nothing to do outside, as I was away back there, there is nothing to do inside either. Unless you want to watch large, young sweaty, overpaid athletes smash each other into the boards, as the pro hockey playoffs wend their way wearily toward the finals.

This year, April was worse than usual, with a thousand windbags expelling their contents into the air about an upcoming election. Suddenly, all sorts of people who couldn't care less whether you got ingrown toenails or fell into a cess-pool, began showing great friendliness and sincerity, a genuine concern about your point of view and how you would vote.

And I think the month of April is pretty well brought to its climax by the income tax return, due on the last day of that miserable month. I always feel that I've been beaten, raped, and left naked by the side of the road, when that ordeal is over.

It doesn't cheer me up much to look around and see all the people diddling the unemployment insurance, all the former students, now fairly affluent, who never paid back their student loans.

Looking back, all I can say is that April is awful. Thank goodness for May. Not to mention, Pearly, Ruby, and Mabel.

### OUR READERS WRITE:

Dear Sir: It has been brought to my attention that some citizens in our area would like to apply for the grants available for re-insulation of their homes but have not been able to obtain the necessary application forms. The agreement as per the CHIP program is as follows: —The house must have been built before 1976 —It is a self-contained residential unit. CHIP will pay 2/3 of the actual purchase price of insulation material — e.g. if you paid out \$525.00, the grant would be \$350.00. The maximum grant is \$350.00. To obtain a grant application form write: Canadian Home Insulation Program P.O. Box 700 St. Laurent, Quebec H4L 5A8 or call collect (514) 341-1511. Requests for application are also available at our office located at 232 Mountainview Road, corner of Hwy. No. 7 and Mountainview Road, Georgetown. We would be pleased to assist anyone in this matter. Yours truly, Stan Collett Director Halton Hills Energy Conservation Centre.

## The Free Press Back Issues

**10 years ago**  
Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, May 8, 1968. A three-man committee has been formed to investigate the closing of Acton's C.N. station. Charles Leatherland, Q.C., Paul Nielsen and councillor G.W. McKenzie are to compile specific data that can be used at the expected hearing sometime next month. Considered the most successful to date, Guide, Brownie and Ranger Cookie Day on Saturday raised \$93 to be divided among the groups. Barbara McIntosh this week joined the news staff of the Acton Free Press as a reporter-photographer. Miss McIntosh is a graduate of the three-year course in Journalism at Ryerson Polytechnic Institute in Toronto and a native of Brighton, Ontario. Staggered classes are a distinct possibility for the M.Z. Bennett school in September. To accommodate the extra pupils until the new addition is completed in December, principal Elmer Smith suggested some staggered classes as the best solution.

**20 years ago**  
Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 22, 1958. Approval for the presentation of a debenture by-law to cover \$1,045,000 in debentures, the costs of high school buildings and additions in Acton, Milton and Georgetown was given Tuesday afternoon when Halton County Council held its May meeting in the court house, Milton. Children playing with matches are believed to have caused a fire at Acton Motors on Main St. South on Saturday evening, resulting in \$700 damage to contents and building. When firemen arrived at the scene, the frame double garage at the side of the main building was in flames and black oily smoke was pouring from the interior of the main building. An increase of \$15,875.358 to Halton County assessment over 1957 was noted Tuesday when assessor J. Ford Rogers submitted his schedule of equalized assessment for 1958 to Halton County council.

**50 years ago**  
Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 17, 1928. Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. C.K. Browne, a most delightful shower was given to Miss Annie Massey, by a number of her friends. The bride-to-be, seated beneath a large white bell was presented with many beautiful and useful gifts. A pleasing and entertaining evening was enjoyed by all. Mother's Day was very fittingly observed in a number of churches last Sunday. The evening service at the Baptist Church last Sunday was conducted by the young ladies in honor of mother and Mother's Day. Miss Bertha Nephew, in her usual pleasing manner, led the service. Miss Mary Locker delivered an excellent eulogy of "Mary, the mother of Jesus". Miss Barbara Plank outlined an ideal purpose for the girls of today. At both the easterly and westerly entrances to Acton, new roadway is under construction. Fortunately, however, a detour of only a couple of blocks is necessary at the eastern entrance.

**100 years ago**  
Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 16, 1878. Limehouse has no hotel license now. Mr. Thomas Hume informs us a great number of travellers and others come to his house for accommodation, but that if he does not receive a license he will not allow any person to put up at his place. He is taking steps to try to get a license. We notice our sidewalks are beginning to get pretty "seedy" looking in some places, especially on Mill and Main Sts. It would be well to have the holes and broken places fixed up a bit. We don't want to get a name for bad sidewalks, like Milton and Georgetown have. About 40 persons went from here to Toronto yesterday to see the great boat race. The race was won easily by Hanlan. Some persons played a contemptible trick a few nights ago by plastering several door knobs and gate latches up with white-wash on Main St. so that any persons taking hold would get their hands dirty. The proposed Fenian raid on Canada is now beginning to take up the attention of the newspapers in both Canada and the United States. It appears that secret meetings are being held by persons of not the best character. All the volunteers in the Dominion have received orders to be in readiness at a moment's notice.



THE REGIONAL COUNCIL MUST SUBSCRIBE TO THE OSTRICH THEORY: IF YOU PRETEND IT'S NOT THERE, IT'LL GO AWAY!

**THE ACTON FREE PRESS**  
PHONE 853-2010  
Business and Editorial Office

Founded in 1875 and published every Wednesday at 59 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; carrier delivery in Acton 15 cents per week. Second class mail Registration Number 9218. 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 paid for at the applicable rate. In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time. Dile Printing & Publishing Co. Ltd. David H. Dile, Publisher. BN Cook Advertising Manager. Copyright 1978