



'Harvey, dear - did you know that this is Brotherhood Week when they ask for more love, forgiveness, understanding...'

Subdivisions need sidewalks . . .

Do subdivisions need sidewalks? According to members of planning board they are not necessary. Two subdivision residents on the board felt the lack of sidewalks in their particular subdivisions had not constituted a hazard for pedestrians. To be fair to members of planning board, however, it should be pointed out they were eager to strike a compromise with developer Joe Adamick, caught in the squeeze between the local hydro commission's insistence on underground wiring and Ontario Hydro's bill of \$14,000 for moving a high tension line. They'd like to see this new 150 home development get off the ground. But we can't agree with anyone who think subdivisions don't need sidewalks. It is true, you can get away without them. But they are desirable.

If there haven't been any serious accidents along subdivision roads where sidewalks exist it has been more good luck than good management. Any driver who has tried to thread through throngs of children stretched along Elizabeth Drive or Longfield Road as they go or return home from school knows exactly the kind of situation lack of sidewalks creates. It is frightening for both drivers and pedestrians. In winter, the problem is further complicated by the presence of banks of snow which narrow the road allowance and make driving and walking more perilous. For those who take a vehicle everywhere lack of sidewalks is no problem, but for those who like to stretch their legs with exercise it creates problems drivers never face.

Mothers pushing baby carriages and others with small children never feel secure. There is always the danger of children eluding their grasp and darting out in the way of a car. Elderly people who like to walk are often deterred by the lack of sidewalks from getting much needed exercise, especially in places where roads are rough. Perhaps drivers exercise more caution when they realize pedestrians use roads as well as vehicles, but there are always some who speed, regardless of conditions. It is this element which add danger to sidewalkless subdivisions as well as inconveniences. If planning board feels something should be lopped off requirements for subdivisions, we think they could pick on something more suitable than sidewalks.

Noise controls are necessary . . .

All the talk about Acton being a quiet place to live has been discredited by evidence given by a sound engineer at last week's Ontario Municipal Board hearing in Esquesing.

magnificent 46. Downtown Toronto recorded a whopping 78 to 80 decibels. On the decibel scale 80 is "loud", 100 decibels are "deafening" and 120 decibels "dangerously high." It should be kept in mind that the decibel scale is not arithmetic and that a 60 decibel scale is about twice as loud as a 50 decibel sound. Every 10 decibels roughly doubles loudness.

the Golden Horseshoe Dragway, a figure which should be a matter of concern not only to those residents who are irritated by the noise but also to authorities interested in doing something about noise abatement.

John Marlow, an expert on noise control and related fields, took readings in four communities, including Acton, on separate occasions and has come up with the information that Acton is noisier than Oakville or Hamilton. However, we lost out to downtown Toronto by quite a margin. Gathering evidence regarding noise from the Golden Horseshoe Dragway, Marlow was retained by the North Esquesing Ratepayers Association. In order to find normal noise in urban communities he visited Oakville, Cooksville, Hamilton and Acton with sensitive sound equipment. On each test the noise from Acton residential streets swung the needle the furthest. The first test used Oakville, Cooksville and Acton as guinea pigs. Readings showed Oakville with 35, Cooksville 38 and Acton in front with 40. Using the same three towns on the next occasion, readings showed Oakville with 36, Cooksville 40 and Acton swinging the dial to 42. The final test using Oakville, Hamilton and Acton as test spots saw the 39 decibels recorded at Oakville, 37 at Hamilton and Acton came up a

Damage to hearing can be affected by noise. A single loud blast will cause temporary deafness. Permanent hearing loss comes from repeated or continuous exposure (eight hours or more per day) of 80 to 85 decibels. Mass tests have indicated that almost everybody suffers marked hearing losses at continuous exposure to over 90 decibels at frequencies above 4,000 cycles per second. Longer the exposure and greater the age of the individual the more hearing loss was experienced. Noise is suspected like many other stress mechanisms to affect the nervous, endocrine and reproductive systems. Normal street noise is set at about 40 to 50 decibels so it follows that residents of Acton really don't have much to worry about insofar as noise pollution is concerned. But, according to evidence by Mr. Marlow, there was a reading of 93 decibels at the home of David Craig, Fourth Line, Esquesing, on October 25 while cars were racing at

Continuous noise, according to Mr. Marlow, is easier to adjust to than the sporadic type with its wide variations of frequency and intensity. Butressed by facts, which included a recording, it is much easier to understand the concern of Esquesing residents who live within earshot of the dragway. They have a legitimate and pressing need for some solution to the irritation they experience during the racing season. It is also apparent that all who live in urban centres will go deaf without some form of noise pollution abatement since noise is swelling out at about 10 per cent a year. It has been estimated over 60 per cent of Canadian men and a large number of young people have some level of defective hearing attributable to noise. Voluntary restraints apparently have no effect so the only recourse is for legal controls to ensure peoples' rights to a minimum amount of noise are not transgressed.



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Sometimes I feel nothing but pity for those timid wretches who scurry to southern, warmer climes at the first fall of a flake. They have betrayed one of the greatest aspects of the Canadian character — the stubborn, tenacious stupidity that makes the rest of us endure through the winter. This last week has been a grand one, and let me hear no old-timer snorting contemptuously that "The winters ain't what they used to be." It started off ordinarily enough — colder than a tax collector's heart. In mid-week things warmed up, figuratively. Out of the west came a howling blizzard, winds gusting from 40 to 60 m.p.h., snow that cut like a razor-blade, and a wind-chill-factor temperature of 60 below zero. Somehow, it was all fun. I got up, looked out the window, and saw nothing but white. The house was creaking and groaning like an arthritic climbing a rope ladder. Didn't even put on my long underwear. Took a look at the cat, whose green eyes balefully threw back, "Just try and throw me out in that, buddy." Didn't. Flung out the back door in great spirits and sank to the navel in snow. Made it to the garage because I knew there'd be no cabs on the road. The darn car started. Then the big decision. With the eye

of a computer I judged the snowbank. Decided to use the bombing attack. Closed my eyes and sent her backwards at full bore. Wound up like a stranded whale: four wheels in the air, body sitting high and dry on the snowbank. Did I quit? Not on your life. A savage, gleeful mood took hold of me. Shovelled, wept, called upon the Lord in no uncertain turns. Nothing doing. Commandeered two high-school boys coming by. One had his nose frost-bitten right back to his cheeks. Put him in the car, at the controls. We rocked and shovelled and shoved, and made it. Crept to school through the white rage of the storm. Felt triumphant. What a peaceful place. There were 140-odd kids (and they had to be odd to walk it on a day like that), and 50-odd teachers (same comment). Normal numbers, 1300 kids, 80 teachers. We enjoyed the best "school spirit" in years. We felt like a doughty band of the chosen. The kids played games or received tuition. The teachers joined them in the games, or gave tuition. Unfortunately, the weather cleared a bit next day, and routine resumed. However, all were cheered by the principal's announcement that the lieutenant-governor had been visiting the county and had declared a school holiday for the following day, Friday.

Won a curling game Thursday night on the last shot. This somewhat made up for losing my car keys in the swirling snow just before I left for curling. Things remained on the up-swing. Long, luxurious sleep Friday morning. There's nothing sweeter than sleeping in on a day on which you'd normally be working. Found the keys (my only set) by a minor miracle. And it's been going well ever since. This morning it was 32 below, but one of those perfect winter days: bright sun, smoke curling up like musical notes from all the chimneys, snow crunching, eyes watering, lungs hacking. Don't tell me Canada isn't a great place to be in winter. It is. Unless you have enough money to get out. I have a friend, in his seventies. Captain Dalton Hudson, retired Great Lakes captain. He's a salty raconteur, a frightening opponent at bridge or poker, and a deadly billiard player. But he is living reformation of my last statement. He could go to Florida. And he does. In spring he pilots a yacht to Florida, comes home and fishes here in summer, returns to fetch the yacht in fall, and says, as he stomps off into a blizzard, pipe clenched, "Holy old Hughie, who'd want to live in Florida in the winter, when you can live here?" A real Canadian. And to top off the week, a pleasant and warming letter from Mrs. Mary Bellavance of Lake Lenore, Sask., who claims, "I still think you ran into a door to get your black eye. . . keep up the good work." I didn't, Mrs. B., but I'll try.



and Pepper by hartley coles

Kapuskasing's official brochure indignantly refutes any designation that suggests the Kap is a "company town" since most businesses and homes are privately owned, but there is no doubt the Spruce Falls Power and Paper Co. and Kimberly-Clark of Canada are the dominating influence for residents of the town and area. Spruce Falls Co. employs 800 men in their woodlands operation and another 1750 in the paper mill, which produces 1,000 tons of newsprint each day. To feed those machines requires 520,000 cords of pulpwood each year, valued at approximately \$18 million. The company leases 6,400 square miles of crown land from the government and owns another 289 square miles—land which encompasses an area as big as the state of Israel. So when I got the opportunity to visit the woodlands operation of the company and eat at a bush camp during the newspaper convention, I jumped at the chance. It meant taking a bus that cut back into the hinterlands about 30 miles, criss-crossing the wide Kapuskasing River on the ice, dodging huge piles of wood along the river bank awaiting the spring break-up. I admit to being a trifle uneasy when the bus took out over the ice on the river the first time, since a company expert present mentioned deep snow on the river kept ice from reaching the desired thickness for vehicle crossings. After we were over, he casually said that the company had a gadget which made ice for vehicle cross-overs. The ice is quite safe with no real danger of breaking through. Everyone seemed to settle down after that statement.

I took off my frogman's suit. The first operation we saw was loading of tree length pulp-wood onto trailers for motor transportation to the mill. The weather, around the zero mark when we alighted from the bus, left us shivering and shaking. I no sooner touched ground than my eyes spied a crow lazily circling over the operations, which proved to my satisfaction at least, that crows go north in the winter, not south. That theory was strengthened when I saw several more before the day was done. Then we had a spectacle of two men cutting down a tree right beside the bus. There were fears the men, in chest-high snow, would somehow manage to topple the spruce on the bus. To be safe I hastily donned my fake fur hat. But it turned out there was no reason to be alarmed. The lumberjack with the chain saw felled the tree in the opposite direction, through the trees, a feat which I took my hat off to. It was at this juncture in the trip that my better half asked where the cord was for the chain saw. I could see she was concerned. There wasn't a hydro pole in sight and that jack ripped through the tree as if he had been plugged into Niagara Falls. Some wag in the bus suggested the cord was hidden by the deep snow and that it stretched back to the Kap—30 miles or so. The problem was never solved among the female members on the trip. And I'm not apt to give away the secret myself. Most of the heavy manual labor at the bush camps has been eliminated with the mill.

introduction of power saws, mechanical skidders, yarders, loading and hauling equipment but the most recent development is the most startling. Called a tree harvester the machine cuts, tops, strips the limbs and bunches tree length wood for skidding. One man can operate it. Next stop on the trip was one everyone was looking forward to - a bush camp dining room. We'd all heard legends about the prodigious amounts of grub loggers can put away in one sitting—and it proved to be true. We ate at Camp 86, which is best described as a modern equivalent of Stalag something or other in the Hogan's Heroes TV show. It is situated on the Ferguson road, which caused one wide-eyed newspaperman to crack, "Well then, where's Elora?" But the humor went over like a load of pulp. We were there to eat-and eat we did. First came soup, hot and tasty. Then came hot roast beef, potatoes, hot vegetables, baked beans, gravy, cold pork, ham, cold cuts, home-made bread and rolls, butter tarts, lemon squares, three kinds of pie, chocolate cake, cookies, peaches, honey and it was all washed down with piping hot cups of coffee or tea. We were ripe for plucking after this and the camp chief showed us by slide and figures how the camp operates. Some of the newspapermen figured they might stow away and join the bush crews when it was mentioned that a good cutter could earn \$60 per day. However, they managed to tuck us all back in the bus and ship us out like contented cows. Don't let anyone spin you tales about roughing it in the bush. Employees of these camps have comfortable quarters and enjoy most of the amenities of modern day living. Half of the loggers commute from homes in the Kap. It was a trip I'll never forget and straightened out a few misconceptions I had about bush camps. Next week I'd like to tell you about the mill.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, February 15, 1951. Announcing the official opening of Hassard Radio on the Main and Mill corner. We have added a jewellery department to our store. Grand opening of Elsen's clothing store now located at 11 Mill St. next to Carroll's. Sudden fluctuations in the water pressure in the pipes servicing all Acton homes may be experienced for several weeks while the 60,000 gallon overhead water tank on Main St. is being repaired. The tank, which acts as a buffer, will be completely drained and a completely new bottom will be rivetted on. This will be the first major repair for the tank which has been in operation for 30 years. The work will cost about \$3,750. Damages amounting to \$34,000 were awarded to Mrs. Rod Ryder and her three children in Milton court on Tuesday. Mr. Ryder was killed in an accident. The Girls and Boys band enjoyed a delightful banquet arranged and served by the Legion Ladies' Auxiliary. Charles Mason was master of ceremonies and tendered his resignation as bandmaster. Mr. Fred Cleave, who is leaving the A. B. Murray farm at Crewsons Corners, will hold an auction sale next month. Mr. Cleave has purchased from councillor Stephen Cordner his cement block residence on Mill St. Mr. and Mrs. Cleave will be cordially welcomed to Acton in the spring. Some months ago Mr. Charles Oldham of Nassagaweya received a boy named Brady from the Gordon Home in Milton and gave him a good home. The lad is about fifteen. On Tuesday the trusted boy went wrong, and went to William Evans the butcher, saying he was collecting money for a pig wad to Mr. Oldham. The lad took "French Leave" with the \$17.50 and nothing has been heard of him since. There were numerous Valentine parties. The sleighs are running again now. Quite a few logs were teamed in on sleighs this week. Little Gracie Lantz was painfully burned this week but the burn is healing nicely now. She upset a pail containing boiling water.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, February 17, 1921. The application of George Hall was accepted as janitor of the school at a salary of \$1,000 per annum. Mr. Will McNabb and Master Cameron were in the old home for a weekend visit. On Sunday evening Miss Harriet Sykes of Georgetown became the bride of Joseph J. Gibbons, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gibbons, Rose Cottage, Acton. They will reside in Georgetown. Mr. Fred Cleave, who is leaving the A. B. Murray farm at Crewsons Corners, will hold an auction sale next month. Mr. Cleave has purchased from councillor Stephen Cordner his cement block residence on Mill St. Mr. and Mrs. Cleave will be cordially welcomed to Acton in the spring. Some months ago Mr. Charles Oldham of Nassagaweya received a boy named Brady from the Gordon Home in Milton and gave him a good home. The lad is about fifteen. On Tuesday the trusted boy went wrong, and went to William Evans the butcher, saying he was collecting money for a pig wad to Mr. Oldham. The lad took "French Leave" with the \$17.50 and nothing has been heard of him since. There were numerous Valentine parties. The sleighs are running again now. Quite a few logs were teamed in on sleighs this week. Little Gracie Lantz was painfully burned this week but the burn is healing nicely now. She upset a pail containing boiling water.

unknown in this section. The past three years, however, ice storms have been an annual occurrence with more or less disastrous results. The storm which commenced last Wednesday night continued until Friday. Rain and sleet coated everything to phenomenal thickness. Many fruit and shade trees were denuded of limbs while extensive havoc was wrought upon the wires. They were broken down in all directions, especially the new lines of copper telephone wires. Both telegraph and telephone systems were demoralized. Hardly a subscriber in Acton exchange is in connection with the central office. Mr. Will Green, who has been out in the Muskoka lumber woods, is home at Limehouse again. He says work is quite scarce out there. Georgetown fire brigade had but one call last year. A couple of our young men boarded a freight train and went as far as Stratford. One of them failed to make connections on the return trip and walked from Stratford home. Among the prisoners in the county jail now are a man and woman from Burlington. Since their incarceration the man has proposed by letter to the woman and she has agreed to marry him. He says she is all his fancy could have painted her only that she is a cigarette fiend, and he hopes that he will be able to wean her away from the tobacco habit. Sisters of Charity were in town last week soliciting on behalf of St. Joseph's hospital, Guelph. Guelph hockey players desecrate the Sabbath with their games. Off the cuff . . . Still wishing for an old-fashioned winter? + + + A recent survey on the victims of current, fatal snowmobile accidents by the Ontario Provincial Police reveals that not one of them had a mark against his motor vehicle driving record. Yet all of these unfortunate people were operating their machines illegally in one way or another - most certainly dangerously and most of them while their ability was impaired by alcohol. + + + The best way to acquire self-confidence is to do exactly what you're afraid to do.

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