

### Open air rinks good idea . . .

Acton Parks Board's proposal to construct open air rinks for use of skaters in Acton is a sound idea with much merit. There is a need for rinks to take some of the load off the arena and allow youngsters and adults the opportunity to get out in the fresh air.

We also liked a last year suggestion of Parks chairman Hugh Patterson that skating should also be developed on Fairy Lake although we are not sure this should be a parks board responsibility. Skaters have the option of using the ice on the lake merely by shovelling it off when ice is safe.

The best plan would seem to be two open air rinks in town, and a third if

necessary. One could be situated at the eastern end of Acton and the other at the west end. Perhaps yet another could be constructed in the town centre.

Big problem for parks board is going to be situation. There are not many areas large enough to build a rink. Hopefully they can find suitable space. We are sure people who use the rinks would help to maintain them.

According to arena manager Harold Townsley, the town of Georgetown maintains three outdoor rinks. Costs amount to only about \$600 per rink per season, a small price to pay for many months of enjoyment.

The busy schedule at Acton arena

has made skating times less favorable than they once were and it seems that children who don't play hockey or figure skate are getting the short end of the ice time stick. Open air rinks would help ease the situation but likely require some supervision to see that shabby games and older children do not monopolize the ice.

Skating is an enjoyable exercise and when it is combined with fresh air it takes away many of the mental and physical cobwebs that tend to gather during a long winter. Outdoor rinks would likely find wide public acceptance and be a welcome addition to the town's recreational facilities.

### Fluoridation case not settled . . .

Voters in Milton left no doubt they opposed introducing fluoridation into the town water system by rejecting the project almost three to one in recent municipal elections.

According to a spokesman for the pro-fluoridation group, the main reason Miltonians rejected the additive was that it would be forced on some who may not want it.

However, another prominent Milton resident told this writer that the cost (\$30,000) of the process was the real reason voters rejected it.

We do not know the real motives behind rejection of additives like fluoride, but we suspect the general public is highly suspicious of chemicals

and their reactions. Experts may claim or disclaim as to the advantages of this or that additive but the public is aware they have been proved very wrong. Remember the case of thalidomide babies.

Introducing fluoride into water may seem like a trivial case since most water systems probably contain natural fluoride, anyway. But many people do not want to be guinea pigs or receptacles for artificial aids to living. And their wishes must be respected.

One dentist in Milton has indicated that fluoridation of water may soon be compulsory if communities are to be enrolled in a provincial denti-care

scheme. "There's no way the provincial government pay for dental work that could have been prevented," he forecast, noting 70 per cent of Ontario municipal water supplies are already fluoridated.

It will be a sad day in this province if the Government decided compulsory fluoridation was necessary with so many opposed to it. Far better to implement a scheme where those who wish to use fluoride may do so, while those who prefer can reject it in favor of some other tooth-saving plan.

There is no doubt fluoridation has a beneficial effect on teeth but obviously many people are not yet convinced of its merits.

### Preserving natural beauty . . . ?

One of the most pointed commentaries on the high voltage hydro line proposed to run through adjoining townships is supplied by Mrs. G. L. Symmes of Terra Cotta.

Mrs. Symmes and her husband were partly instrumental in having the gravel pit license of consolidated Sand and Gravel cancelled in Terra Cotta because their house was not on the site plan. The minister of mines said the

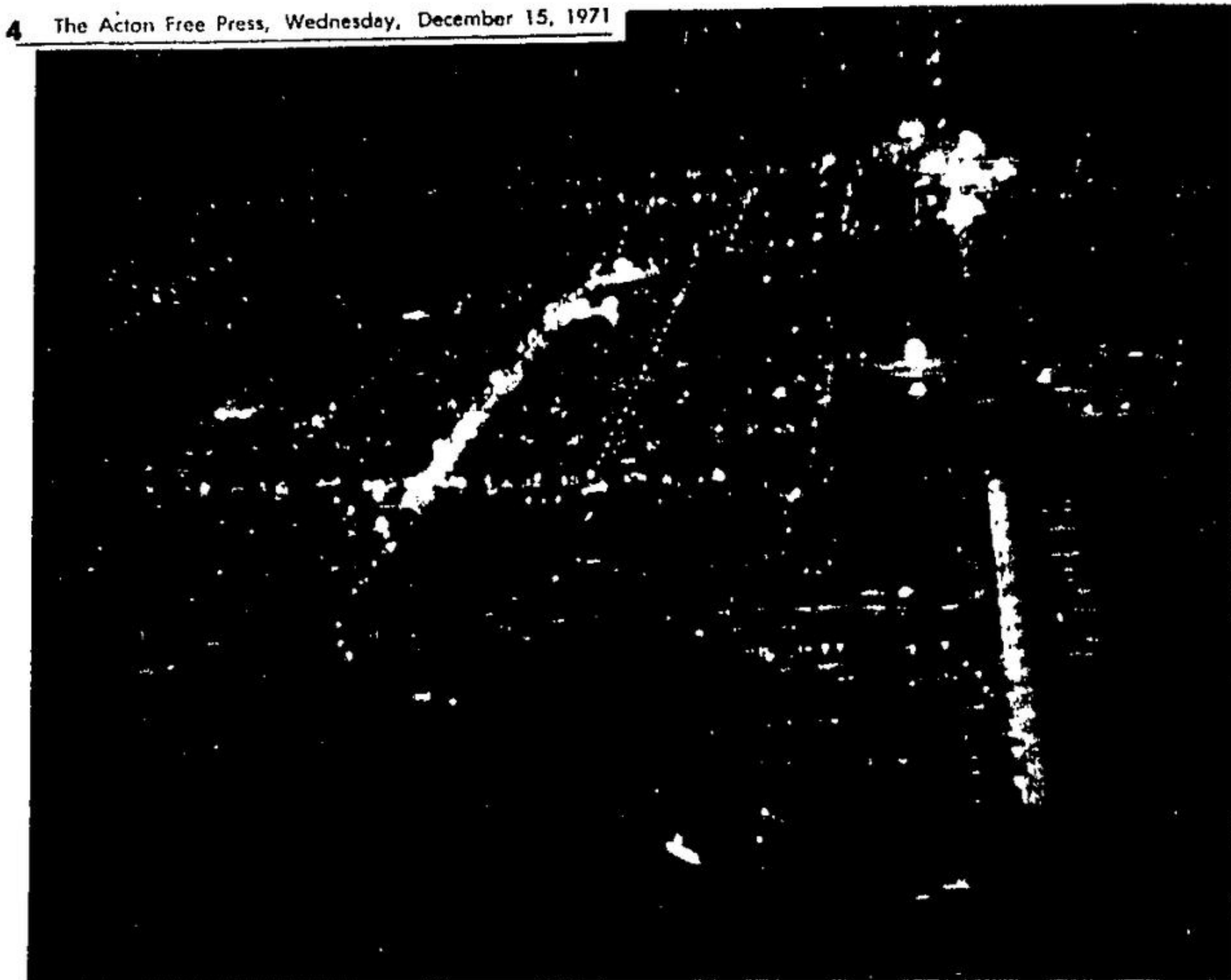
Government had decided it was important to preserve Terra Cotta's natural beauty.

Now the Symmes face the possibility of 10 storey high hydro towers crossing nearby. Mrs. Symmes sent a letter to Premier Bill Davis which read in part:

"It is ironic that this blight on one landscape is to go within one thousand yards of the gravel pit site, Leo Bernier, your Minister of Mines, had

just closed down that day because of the importance of preserving the natural beauty of the Terra Cotta area'.

"Considering the concern your Government has expressed for preserving the Niagara Escarpment and the Terra Cotta area, could you not assure us that you will not countenance such an arbitrary decision by Hydro engineers?"



CHRISTMAS AND STREET LIGHTS form a gigantic inverted Yuletide stocking for photographer Jim Jennings as he zoomed over town just after dark one recent night. The Mill Street business section of town is easily identifiable while the Queen St. business section can be seen in the right top. The

hydro building on Alice St. ablaze in Christmas lights is also easily identifiable middle left. The effectiveness of lights on Cobblehill Rd. is also very apparent when compared to older sections of Acton. Recognize your street?

### Bill Smiley



Never fails. Had barely written a column extolling the grand, mild weather we'd been having, when the wind came out of the north with a bone in his teeth, and the snow flew, and the car and I both started coughing.

And almost before I'd begun ruing the writing of such a jinx column, my wife yelped something like, "Holy Old Whackers! It's almost Christmas." And sure enough, it almost is.

Christmas when we were all young, was something. There was looking forward to school holidays, associated with sleighs and toboggans and skating and coming in soaking wet, rosy as a cherub, hungry as a hyena.

There was the anticipation of decoration, hanging stockings, rustling paper, and a vast, magnificent turkey dinner, a once-a-year treat.

Christmas shopping was no problem. Nobody had any money. Of course, the agonizing decisions were there, even then. For adults: should it be something practical—a new sweater or long underwear; or should it be something magic and enchanting—a game or a book? No question of both.

For kids with maybe 85 hard-earned pennies to spend, there was no problem. A bubble-pipe for your brother (10c and supply his own soap); a coloring book for your sister (15c and find her own crayons); a beautiful cup and saucer for your mother at 25c; and a purple and yellow tie for your dad, at 25c. If the family were bigger, you cut your cloth.

And you did all your shopping on the day before Christmas. There was never a frantic thought that the stores might be sold out of bubble-pipes or long underwear.

Then there was the symbolic significance, though we didn't even know the meaning of either word then. There was the church concert, usually held in the Sunday School hall. There were games and carols and choirs. There were the telegrams from Santa Claus, read aloud periodically, and with mounting excitement, to say that he was getting closer and closer, from the North Pole, though Donner had come up lame. Then the entry of himself, the wild clamor, and the dispensing of those string bags with candy and an apple in each.

And the Christmas pageant in the church, the nativity scene, invariably broken up by a tiny angel piping, "Hi Mommy. Looka me. I'm an angel," while Mommy blushed deeply between embarrassment and pride.

I still look forward to Christmas but there's a difference. It's about the difference with which a prisoner would look forward to (a) getting out of jail, or (b) going to the electric chair.

Nowadays we anticipate Christmas, all right. But what we look forward to is a hectic, expensive scramble, with precious little of the mystery and delight remaining.

The Christmas turkey is now just a dirty great bird that has to be stuffed and then stuffed into us, and then cleared up after. A turkey today is not a gruesome, fascinating, thing hanging head down in the woodshed, by its claw-like feet. It's just something you

buy and stick in the freezer, anytime during the year, in case you have unexpected weekend guests.

Shopping has changed immeasurably. The panic button is pushed about the end of October and we are warned, shouted at, and scorned by the various media until we have a tremendous guilt feeling if we're not Christmas shopping by mid-November.

The agonizing decisions are still there, but most people have some money now, which quadruples the decisions. Every year, at our house, we firmly decide, about Dec. 1st, that there will be no gifts or cards this year. And every year, at the last minute, we plunge into an orgy of both and wind up Christmas Day feeling that we were right in the first place.

Every year, the big problem is What To Buy Grandad. It's not that he is The Man Who Has Everything. The trouble is that he's The Man Who Doesn't Need Anything. He doesn't smoke or drink. His slippers are good as new. And he has at least six shirts in his bottom drawer, not even unwrapped, bought on previous desperate birthdays and Christmases.

The symbolic significance is still there, of course. And the Christmas concerts and pageants. But what's a bag of candy to a kid to-day? He probably collected eight times that amount on Halloween, and also has an allowance, so that he can buy his own, not that cheap stuff in the Christmas bag.

And the pageants, more's the pity, tend to become second cousins to lashings of liquor, phoney TV Christmas programs, and sheer greed: "I wanna snow-mobile!"

by Hartley Coles

## COLES' SLAW

It's important that a newspaperman gets away from his beat every now and again. It broadens his perspective as well as helps to shed parochial feelings he accumulates after a year of covering the same territory.

This fall, accordingly, my spouse and I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Perry on a two week junket to the Southern United States. The target was Florida with several stops in between. One of them was at the new wonderland called Disneyworld—a real fantasyland carved out of 27,000 acres of scrub pineland, which must have had only alligators for residents prior to the Disney coming.

We arrived at Disney World in central Florida, in the very first week of operation. Many of the attractions were still getting finishing touches and some others were just in the construction stage. Despite this, this Disney dream is well worth the trip to Florida for its sake alone.

Over the next few weeks we'll be telling you about the trip and about our impressions of Florida and the Bahamas where we also sojourned for a couple of idyllic days. Hope you can bear with us. Why Disney World? Kind of boring for adults isn't it? you might well ask.

That would have been my sentiments exactly, chaps, except that adults outnumbered children at least 25-1 when we

visited. It may well be built for children but it is the adults who seem to get the most kick out of the shows.

Besides, the new Disney World has two 18-hole golf courses, four and a half miles of beaches, 1,567 hotel rooms and what must be the world's biggest and best amusement park, proving attractions are aimed at adults as well as Jimmy and Jane. It's no Mickey Mouse show.

Our junket started out from Acton and travelled by Detroit, down Interstate 75 which winds up in the heartland of Florida, the sunshine state. For our money it is now the humid state.

First night stop after an interlude in Bowling Green, Ohio, and a brief stop at roadside comfort stations, was at Corbin, Kentucky, where Colonel Sanders started out on a chicken-king career.

Corbin is situated in the mountains of Kentucky and has some of the hillbilly flavor the area is famous for, as well as lots of old-fashioned courtesy and mountain dew, which some of the people in the hills brew for kicks. Colonel Sanders' original store is well advertised and illuminated but when we arrived at our motel the proprietor told us not to bother eating there.

"Colonel Sanders eats at our restaurant across the street when he comes back to

town," he boasted, indicating the motel's dining spot.

And you couldn't blame him.

(Continued on Page 5)



WE wandered all over Disney World.—(Staff Photo)

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 20, 1951.

All will regret to learn that Mayor-Elect Thomas Salmon was taken seriously ill following the municipal elections last week and complete rest is essential. His letter of resignation has been sent to the clerk.

New Year's in Acton will be broadcast to all Canada on Monday December 31 and Tuesday, January 1. Don Fairbairn, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Boyle of the CBC made preliminary arrangements with the Y's men's Club to sponsor the event and proceeds go to the Y's Men to help with their work. George Murray, noted Irish tenor and Bill Evans of the radio show The Craig Family, will be featured.

Last Friday evening was the annual get-together for the Public Utilities Commission. Members, all the staff and their wives gathered at the Station Hotel for a chicken dinner. Then they attended the Roxy Theatre and adjourned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Lambert for euchre.

Supper, movies and a visit from Santa Claus comprised the Sunday School concert at the United church.

At the regular Board of Directors meeting of the Y.M.C.A. Cliff Sutton gave a progress report. Point winners in the church sports competition are Ruth Landsborough high individual, Ron Sinclair, Bob Armstrong, Bob Marshall, Tom Oakley, Don Wilds, Peter Hurst, Willard Halladay, Michael Hurst, Lynda Mann, Elizabeth Jany, Pat Smethurst, Bob Wahlman, Jim Wahlman, Alfred Roach, Emmerson Baxter, Bob Heatley, Bill Johnston, Elaine Deforest, Anne Deforest, Betty Bean, Marjory Cutting, Wayne Currie, George Williamson, George Oakes, Ernie Lawson, Bruce Andrews, Marilyn Woods, Fay Sagaski.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 22, 1921.

Last week Isla May, the dear little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, died of diphtheria.

Mrs. (Dr.) Gray's handsome new home at the corner of Church and Frederick Sts. has been completed. Mrs. Gray and Miss Laura are getting comfortably settled there.

### Free Press back issues

The building is a high compliment to Mr. John Cameron, architect and builder who has constructed more of the finer residences in town than any other contractor. The brickwork was executed by John Leishman and the cement work and foundations by Allan Smith and N. Forbes. Mr. W. F. Mooney did the plumbing, metal work and installing the furnace.

"Idiocy has reached its zenith in the style of women's dress" declared Judge Bruneau in Montreal while hearing evidence in a separation case. "It has reached such a point that to-day in the cold blasts of Mid-December we see women in the streets in décollete dresses—very décollete some of them—and wearing slippers and silk stockings whereas in the months of summer we see them with their necks encircled with the warm fur of the silver fox."

Little Miss Laura Hall, who has been very ill with diphtheria, is convalescing nicely.

Skating at the rink is hoped for Christmas.

Christmas trees are wanted. Some

enterprising boys might make a little surplus money by bringing in a load or two.

At Speyside D. McPhedran and W. E. Britton and Son cut 60 cord of 18-inch hardwood in six hours with a circular saw outfit.

The Canadian dollar is now worth 93 cents on the market in New York, the highest in some years.

### 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 24, 1896.

Messrs. Cheyne and Cheyne will have their new skating rink open tonight. It is the largest ever opened here, 85 feet by 190 feet giving ample room for an enjoyable skate or game of hockey. Many of our citizens will no doubt spend Christmas Eve in the enjoyment of this beautiful pastime.

The members of council, the press and municipal officials were entertained at a quiet oyster supper at Mrs. Adams' last evening.

Messrs. W. H. Storey and Sons put in a fine new safe last week of immense proportions to accommodate their rapidly expanding business.

The town hall was crowded for St. Alban's Sunday School entertainment. The pretty cantata King Winter was of course the point about which the interest centred. The merry sleigh bells give Christmas a delightful old-fashioned flavour.

This will be a busy day among the merchants and Santa Claus excursions tonight will keep salesmen busy.

Symon Hardware—Corner Mill and Main—The regular Old Sandy carries more avordupois but we have a fine name. Hanging lamps, Mrs. Potts silver irons, spring skates, hockey skates, all kinds of Christmas presents, Molasses, quart 10c, pink pills 3 boxes \$1.30 lb. light brown sugar; \$1.

Guelph has new one cent evening paper, were well attended and the students performed very creditably. There were many visiting parents and clergymen.

Guelph has a new one cent evening paper, The Advocate.

A pioneer resident thinks the new south-eastern annex should be called Mount Campbell rather than Campbellville.

Nominations of municipal council and school board Monday at noon.

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