

# Just one more impediment . . .

Fears that a second major international airport would be located in Nassagaweya township were allayed Thursday when federal Transport Minister Don Jamieson and provincial Treasurer Darcy McKeough announced the site would be in Pickering and Markham townships, north and east of Toronto.

This site was recommended by the Central Ontario Regional Development Council in a 1970 study of the regional effect of the Toronto-centred region plan.

"The airport location decision is critical and the CORDC's recognition of the essential thrust to development, created by the location, has resulted in

the assumption that this location must be east of the new proposed Highway 404," the report said. The CORDC brief ruled out a western site because it would negate the effort to stimulate easterly development in the Oshawa area.

Obviously the Ontario government paid much more than lip service to the eastern location and agreed with the CORDC that if a decision was to be based on the most good with the least harm, it would have to go east of Toronto, and follow the concept of the Toronto Centred Region.

We've got to concur with the decision although admittedly having an airport in this neck of the woods would

have been an exciting and new experience and probably lifestyle. However, if the two governments have decided the location should be in this area, there would probably have been more opposition than the eastern site will encounter.

At the same time as the airport decision was made, the first major obstacle to sound planning of the town and area was removed. If we could only expect a decision on regional government in Halton and Peel on the heels of the airport decision it would remove all the inertia, impediments and frustration that has afflicted municipal leaders over the past three years.

How about it Mr. McKeough?

# Thank you . . . keep reading . . .

We would be remiss if we did not acknowledge all the kind expressions of congratulations that came our way in the wake of The Free Press's success in the annual Ontario Weekly Newspaper 1971 Better Newspaper Awards.

At the same time we would like to point out, as we have when other awards came this way, that a newspaper is only as successful as the people who contribute to it. That makes a formidable list that runs from ad-

vertisers, correspondents, columnists, printing staff, dealers, etc. to the editorial and advertising staff. Presiding over the whole business, of course, are the publishers, determined this area will have a prize winning newspaper.

There is lots of midnight oil going into the makings of a successful newspaper. Sometimes the hours are long and dreary, the weeks devoid of significant news and so on. But it all

seems worthwhile when efforts are recognized with some sort of award, especially when you are pitted against people who suffer the same frustrations, face the same problems and meet the same kind of situations.

Nevertheless, we realize there are lots of areas where we could improve our weekly presentation and it will continue to be our resolve to improve as much as our abilities allow.

Thank you for your interest—and keep reading!

# It is the home that counts . . .

The St. Mary's Journal Argus comments that much hue and cry is raised over housing standards these days, but in the editorial writer's opinion gleaned from a lifetime of observance, the type of housing is secondary to the type of people who occupy the houses.

"There are, perhaps, regrettably, just as many social tramps living in \$60,000 houses as in \$10,000 and less homes," the Journal Argus says. "We appear to have lost sight of the vital fact that it is the 'home' which counts, not the house."

The fear that appears to haunt some people that they might be close to a housing development with "masses" of

people, including a "swarm" of youngsters is almost comical. Anyone

## Editorial notes . . .

"I remember my first encounter with paper panties. I was on holiday with my wife and her mother in Malta. Our holiday house was near a swamp and the mosquitoes were like wolves in the night, attacking any skin that was left uncovered. Short of suffocating under the sheets, there was little else we could do but cut holes in the middle of the panties, place the leg-holes over our ears and wear them as mosquito masks. They were effective, but a write-off as panties." — Fashion writer Antony King-Deacon in BBC Woman's Hour.

who has visited Britain or the continent will vouch that row housing has been a way of life. In a given block there could be several hundred people and they are a pleasant type of neighborhood.

Small front lawns are well kept, larger back yards something to behold. If residents suffered from this type of environment there was no indication of it on their faces, which as a rule were considerably more cheery than some you can see every day here.

We agree with the editorial's point almost one hundred per cent. "A house is just a house and so long as that house is neat and tidy and there is a generous sprinkling of love and concern dominating life in the interior, it is a 'home'."



—Staff Photos

## When the ice man cometh!

### Bill Smiley



It's only a matter of time. In the past generation, Joe Nobody, you and I, have suffered from every conceivable type of strike that the warped little human mind can conceive.

You name it: from dock-wallopers to doctors, from technicians to teachers, everybody seems to have had a whack at trying to strangle a few more bucks or privileges out of the innocent by-stander. That's you and I.

I'm getting pretty sour about the whole nonsense. Somehow, I can't fathom either the economics or the ethics of a man who is worth \$1.25 an hour, and is getting \$2.75, demanding that he be paid \$4.00 and another \$2.00 in fringe benefits.

Strikes are annoying, frustrating and usually pointless, in these days. The worker gets a raise and it takes him two years to get back to where he was, financially. The employer merely raises his prices, or taxes. The rest of us get it in two painful places; the neck and the pocket-book.

But that's all common knowledge, and beside the point. One of these fine days, the most potent work force in the country is going to realize what a powerful weapon is the strike, and hit the picket line.

When it does, we'll look back with nostalgia and longing to the good old days when a strike merely meant you couldn't take that trip, or there was a shortage of

sanitary napkins, or some similar calamity was thrust upon us.

That will be the day the housewives of the country, inflamed by Women's Lib, dull husbands, and rotten kids, walk out the doors demanding more money, better working conditions, and vast fringe benefits.

That will be a day that will make the present vast tie-ups due to strikes look like liddlewinks. That will be a day that might signal the end of civilization as we know it.

I'm not kidding, and I'm definitely not exaggerating. If the housewives of this nation withdrew such elementary items as cooking and cleaning, sex and sewing from our lives, the whole foundation of our society would collapse.

Not immediately, of course. For perhaps two days, husbands would chortle, "She'll soon come around. She knows when she has a good thing." And kids would roar with laughter, "Is your old lady on this strike kick too? It's a riot. But she won't last. She needs us."

After a week, the comments would change tone. Husbands: "What the hell is wrong with that crazy woman? I've given her the best years of my life." And kids: "Look, if she doesn't come back, she's in for trouble. I haven't had a decent meal or a clean pair of socks for days. And Dad is getting nasty. Wants me to do the dishes and garbage like that."

In two weeks the "innocent bystanders" would be on their knees. And the garbage would be up to their knees.

Husbands: "Listen, kid. You go out and tell your mother that I'll give her eight, no, ten dollars a month to blow on herself. Sky's the limit." Kids: "Listen Dad, this is all your fault. We need that woman, even if she is only our mother. All our buttons are off, and the sink's full of dishes, and the dishes are full of crud."

In a month, the hospitals and the mental institutions would be overflowing. The take-home chicken joints and the delicatessens would be booming, but the supermarkets would be heading for bankruptcy. Family axe-murders would be so common they wouldn't even rate two inches on Page 38.

There's only one thing that will prevent this catastrophe. As we all know, housewives are extreme individualists. They can't even agree on the texture of toilet paper. How could they agree on such delicate matters as fringe benefits. Some would want forty cents to sew on a button; others would settle for a quarter.

And if they did form a union, it would take them twelve years to draw up the constitution, and everyone would want to be president.

So relax, you neglectful husbands and demanding kids. We're probably safe. But give the whole idea a long, deep thought.

### COLES' SLAW



by Hartley Coles

There's a lot of ink being thrown in the direction of winter sports these days.

It seems almost all my acquaintances are either confirmed snowmobilers, dedicated skiers, qualified curlers, free skaters, hockey nuts or have an affinity for fishing through the ice. And it has left me out in the cold with only one weekly night for curling to beat the winter rap. That's because my free time and everyone else's falls to coincide.

As a result I've devised my own sport to keep in the swim.

I call it rubber swapping.

It's a game almost all the men who wear toe rubbers can play. There are no dues. The players are competitive. Rules are simple. Rewards can be great or puny, all according to powers of recognition.

Any house, meeting place or public assembly where people ordinarily doff overshoes and leave them in disorderly array for latecomers to trip over, makes an excellent playing field.

I admit to long being an overshoe hater where vigorous back breaking exercise is required to pull the long ones over shoes. Whenever snow conditions suit, I discard boots and opt for a pair of light, easily slipped-into toe rubbers.

Now, with winter in its death throes, albeit mighty hearty throes, I'm working on my fourth pair of rubbers without having to shell out a shekel. The current set are leak proof, have heel hugging backs and match almost perfectly. They were acquired after trying on two remaining pairs following a meeting of the parks board and recreation committee.

Someone else got away with my third set, which they probably never realized leaked, fit loosely and had the faint aroma of barnyard manure clinging to them. They were acquired following a township council meeting where a delegation piled boots and rubbers at the door and dared everyone to sort them out. When it came my turn to exit, there were only two pairs of rubbers left—and only one pair fit. I discovered later they were mismatches—one manufactured in Hong Kong and the other in some other exotic eastern location such as Taiwan.

But my current pair are as Canadian as maple syrup, although it is apparent previous owners favored their left foot because the tread on the right one is almost gone.

Parks and recreation chairman Hugh Patterson rejected them in favor of the pair I despaired of ever keeping glued to my size nine brogans. He got a perfect fit and blithely went home humming the ditty:

"Where do all the rubbers go,

That protect me from the snow-oh-oh,

When will they ever learn,

Mine improve at every turn."

Obviously he started the snow season off with a pair of step-ins that would soon require a trade-in and is now ahead of the game.

Like all competitive games, rubber swapping has its spoil sports. They are the people who identify their own rubbers and boots with name tags, red paint or some easily recognized symbol. They can step in amongst piles of footwear and unerringly pick out their own pair even when there are two dozen similar pairs piled in a lobby. No size eight on one foot and eight on the other for them. No adventure. No sense of being cheated when they get a leaky, half-torn replacement.

They go through the winter wearing the same old pair of rubbers or overshoes without a thought for the poor unfortunate who needs a change, which psychologists tell us is often as good as a rest.

When their tread wears down they dutifully go out and purchase a new pair. It no doubt is good for the economy but takes

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## Free Press

## back issues

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 13, 1952.

Mac Sprowl was elected president heading 250 Junior Farmers in Halton county. He has been active in junior farmer work since 1947.

Instead of one high school to serve the Acton and Georgetown schools, separate high schools will be built in the two towns, it was decided at a meeting of the North Halton high school board.

Record interest and attendance was reported at the annual meeting of the Y.M.C.A. Woodworking has about 25 active fans under Tom Ware and Lloyd Bulmer, and leathercraft has about 15 under Mrs. E. Holmes. Plaster moulding is also popular. General attendance at all gym classes was good and swimming classes at Guelph average about 60 boys and girls each week.

Nursery school's attendance and interest was reported to be at a high pitch. The Phalanx club is being organized and the badminton club is planning several tournaments. Plans for a So-Ed course are progressing.

High school news by Carolyn Oakes: Last Friday high school students Jane Elliott, Chris Lamb, Marilyn Mellor, Paul Lawson, Bill Coon and John Creusey were taken by Jim Dills to visit Ryerson Institute. David McVey turned the third literary program over to Rod Force. A group of boys imitated Spike Jones orchestra — Don Dawkins, Richard Mason, Jack Davidson, Dave McVey and Rod Force. Bill Coon as Phil Harris visited and sang. There were various impersonations of teachers. Francis Hefferman modelled some ladies' hats, Shack McVey some Arabian beach wear and Joe Jany showed the girls what they looked like in a tunic.

Acton Minor Sports club decided Paul Lawson will be the recipient of the Kentner award for the Most Valuable Player.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 9, 1922.

The combined election expenses of the three candidates who contested Halton county in the last federal election totalled \$2,368.86 — Dr. Anderson M.P. Milton,

Conservative \$336.44; W. F. W. Fisher, Burlington, Liberal \$94.25; John F. Ford, Trafalgar Township, Progressive \$611.17.

The shareholders of the Dominion Hotel at Rockwood have sold the property to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Gardiner, who have rented it for a number of years and made a success of the business.

The works of the Toronto Line Company at Dolly Varden are working all through the winter now producing lime.

The Methodist Sunday School orchestra spent a very enjoyable time Tuesday at the home of their former Sunday school teacher Miss M. Z. Bennett. Officers elected were leader Mr. Amos Mason; assistant leader Mr. J. C. Hill; secretary-treasurer Mr. J. C. Matthews; librarian Mr. R. Spielvogel; teacher Mr. Frank Kennedy. Much credit was given to Mr. Hill who has been the leader for so many years. The orchestra now numbers 10 instruments.

On Monday of last week at Glen Williams (name given), aged 21, shot himself with a .38 calibre revolver. Death was

instantaneous. The unfortunate young man, who had been married six months ago, was out of work and had been ill for three weeks. It is said that excessive smoking had considerably to do with the young man's action.

Mr. Albert E. Laing, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of the state of Vermont, was one of the speakers at the big prohibition convention in Massey Hall. Albert is evidently just as enthusiastic as when he lived in Acton 25 years ago.

### 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 18, 1897.

Mr. Alex C. Campbell writes: "Rosslane (where there was a goldrush at the time) does not impress me much. I cannot see much for the snow. Expenses are high. I am charged \$4 a week in advance for a room, the furniture of which consists of a washstand and one chair. Board cost \$5 a week at the lowest and meals 25 cents each in advance. An average of 40 people come to town daily. It is said that 8,000 people are here now, and an influx of 15,000 more may be looked for in the spring. What they will do beats me. Every hole in the ground is not a mine."

The exodus to the Northwest from this area continues. Last week Messrs. Phillip Kaley, James MacDougall, Donald and Alexander McGregor, and Alexander Waidie Jr. left and on Tuesday Mr. J. P. Prairie. Still others are to follow.

The county council met on Tuesday. The principal business was the presentation of the auditors' and the public school inspectors' reports.

The Postmaster-General proposes to commemorate Her Majesty's diamond jubilee with the issue of a new three-cent postage stamp. Stamp collectors will be early on the alert.

Wm. Garvin of Rockwood dropped dead while working in the bush on Monday. He had buried all of his family but two from consumption.

A sleighing party from Acton and vicinity, about 25 in number, spent a most enjoyable time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Leale, in Erin township last Thursday evening. They had a merry time. Tea was served in good style at which all partook liberally, oysters being part of the delicacies.

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