



BEACH AT THE Rockwood Conservation Area was crowded with sunbathers and swimmers under Sunday afternoon's sunny skies. (Photo by D. Gibbons)

## Councillors not policemen . . .

There are times when we must agree with the man who charged that the law is an ass.

We are referring to the incident last week in which members of the Italian Canadian Club were pulled up on the township carpet to answer charges they were contravening the township agricultural holding by-law at Milton Heights.

The heinous sin these gentlemen were committing?

It was Italian lawn bowling—bocci. Reeve Tom Hill insisted the holding by-law was being flouted because land use was changed when the club changed to a chartered membership. This meant that the bowling on the land, which has been going on since

1960, was now being done for a profit.

Horrors! It is almost as bad as the square dancing which the Georgetown area French Canadian Association carried on in a renovated barn on the property of Miss St. Jean. Instead of being out tending cows and minding sheep, the gals and guys were wasting their time dancing.

If this kind of control was the intent of the agricultural holding by-law then the sooner it is scrapped the better. Instead of achieving its purpose of keeping good land for agricultural purposes, it has turned into a nit-picking assault on personal liberties.

The men charged with policing the by-law—Esquusing Councillors—are

beginning to look like supercoops.

Councillors were on firmer ground when they objected to the Italian-Canadian Club using a bus for a club house on the Milton Heights property. But we doubt very much if they gain anything by trying to stop Canadians of Italian descent from playing bocci. No one is going to raise a garden on a bocci court.

We find it ludicrous that township councils should be interfering in legitimate sports and recreation activities unless they are breaking noise or public order laws. In that event it would be a matter for police, not council. They have enough problems on their hands without attempting to act as policemen, too.

## Moral development course?

The Halton county Board of Education has been asked to consider a recommendation from an ad hoc committee on religious education for a course in moral development in county schools. The committee chairman, John Ronson, told the board moral and religious education were not necessarily one and the same. Both go hand in hand, he said.

Mr. Ronson said he felt a moral development course had its place in the schools and wasn't necessarily a divisive issue.

These are fine words. Nice sentiments. A course in moral development sounds like an admirable thing.

But for the sake of argument, what does it mean?

Whose morals would be used as guides—Bertrand Russell's? Or perhaps a watered down Judeo-Christian morality?

North Burlington trustee George Pelletterio said some people get upset by the term Christian morality but he felt it could be taught in the schools. Christian doctrine, he said, could be left to the parents and churches.

We find it hard to divorce morality from belief. What's the sense in being moral if there is no basis for it?

For instance, one person may find horse racing abhorrent and against moral principles. Another may find it

stimulating and certainly not sinful. One would label it morals. Another would say it is doctrine.

The course would have to shy away from such controversy. Someone would be offended.

We are afraid that any course in moral development without the sustaining power of a goal or a reason for being moral to be a waste of time.

Who would it convince?

Morality for morality's sake?

Those who want Christian education in the schools are more honest. They believe in something and want it taught to their children.

Those without any guidelines would never agree.

There's nothing more unnerving for an old pilot than to be flying with somebody else. Especially somebody who thinks could not come in fourth in a three-legged race.

And that's exactly the situation I found myself in last Saturday morning. I was just gagging over my first fag and cuppa when the phone rang and a cheery voice, sounding as though it had been up with the cows, informed me that it was going to fly over and see me.

For a minute or two I thought I was going to have to go out in the backyard and wave a sheet, as my mother used to do when her sons were flying in the vicinity of our home town. Strangely enough, that worked, and my kid brother would do a loop and a couple of slow rolls to prove that he'd seen dear old Mom out there waving her second-best sheet.

However, it turned out that my caller was serious. He owes me some money and wanted to find out how much, before his mortgage ran out and I jacked up the interest rate. He hadn't had a statement for two years.

Well, I pulled myself together and agreed to pick him up at the local airport. I knew perfectly well what he was trying to do. He was trying to impress me. After all, any guy who has a pilot's licence and can go flipping around the country is going to convince somebody of something.

Looking about as sly as Peter Lorre, he asked, "How about a little ride?" I knew I wasn't going to get any money out of him, so I thought I might as well burn up some of his petrol.

We got into this flivver. I looked around for a parachute. None. I looked around for safety belts to strap myself in like a mouse in harness, as we did in the old days. Nothing but a seat belt.

We lumbered off the ground. It was like

**Bill Smiley**



Well, I took our guest home for lunch and we figured out some kind of financial arrangement that would baffle a Philadelphia lawyer.

Took him back to the airport and saw him off. As far as I know, he made it, though a bit wobbly.

Then we spotted some young fellows preparing to do some sky-diving. One of them, an old student of mine, rushed up, said hello, and volunteered that this was his first jump.

So we decided to watch. We'd known him since he was a bit of an altar-boy. I tried to reassure him by asking which leg he thought he would break, whether he wanted cremation or a regular church service, what kind of flowers he liked, and such.

He took it very well, face growing whiter, sweat streaming.

After a great deal of muddling around, which seems inevitable when people play with boats or aircraft, they took off, three of them.

We watched the perfect blue sky as the aircraft climbed to height. Then out came a brilliantly-colored chute. It even opened.

And it descended into a thick bush, about three miles away. Two more chutes blossomed, drifted down, and both landed right in the middle of the airfield.

When the first one went into the bush, I bet my wife \$50 to a filter cigarette that it was John Cardwell, our young friend. It was. A rescue force went out and after half an hour found him dangling from a maple tree. By some strange alchemy I knew it was John. I'd tried to teach him English.

He wasn't hurt, and it was a fine Saturday, and I think I'll take up flying again, and maybe even sky-jumping.

## Centennial commission answers Acton council

Dear Sir:

We read with interest your report from council last week and the resolution to the centennial commission that a detailed questionnaire or home-to-home survey be made for recommendations as to the ultimate project.

The object of this recommendation, says Councillor Marks, is just to suggest to the commission that council has heard a lot of static.

If this report in your paper had not been brought to our attention we would have never known about council's resolution because to date there has been no communication to any member of the Commission. In the past, we have used the medium of the press to inform the public and interested people of our program and progress. It is effective, so we cannot complain if council chose to use the same methods.

For our own information we did conduct a person-to-person survey. Why give up an opportunity to talk about our centennial? The results after 30 calls showed everyone in agreement with the centennial project and the public meeting held in March. We felt sure that sooner or later we would find someone who would object, but we concluded that the percentage in favour would not alter drastically, nor would the decisions reached last March.

It is the opinion of the centennial

commission that these decisions have been reached after adequate notice and a public meeting. It is our responsibility to act on them and bring them to a successful conclusion.

Council, in their wisdom, feel that the 40 people at that meeting does not represent a fair cross-section of the town. While the meeting was on Councillor Marks showed his interest by skating in the arena next door and Councillors Oakes, McKenzie, Greer and Masales showed their concern by staying away. These gentlemen had the same opportunity as the rest of the citizens of the town. They chose not to use it. Now, we feel, it is for them and others to support the decision; the same as members of this Commission are doing. We point out that we did not all vote for the project either.

When one considers that there were only 13 people at the last nomination meeting for council, maybe there should have been a detailed questionnaire mailed on that result, just to get a fair cross-section of the town. But, it was a fair and democratic process, so the idea is ridiculous. One may suggest from that though that more citizens showed interest in the upcoming centennial than the election of the Council.

The commission is now well advanced in the preparation of a centennial program of events and celebrations. These are geared for everyone and includes all ages. It will be a colorful and enjoyable year. Part of the preparation is the development of the centennial project, which is the completion

and development of the Acton Community Centre.

Plans are near completion for fundraising. Information material is almost ready for distribution. Everyone will be invited to participate.

If you have not been contacted don't get concerned—you will be. Our big date will be July 1, 1974, and the Acton Firefighters are to be congratulated for the great pre-centennial show they gave us last Saturday.

Centennial is going to involve everyone and can be a truly great boost to the town. Council should be reminded that nothing was done until the commission was formed and now their resolution does nothing but raise doubts of the credibility of the commission and its efforts. We don't feel that a questionnaire is necessary, nor is the "static" which still remains anonymous and veiled in ambiguity.

Say what has to be said—and let's get on with the job.

We deem it necessary to have the full support of the council in this endeavour, the same as we have with the majority of the citizens.

We have asked for that assurance from the Council for without their co-operation the members of this Commission must consider standing down.

Acton Centennial Commission

Don't blame the butcher, the packer or the cattle rancher for the high price of meat, says The Financial Post. Blame the consumer. More disposable income means more dollars being plunked down on meat counters across the continent with Canadians consuming 90 pounds per person last year. The demand is so great and the supply so short that prices are continually going skyward. By the same token someone must be making money with prices so high. The question is—who?

A citizen of Acton writes the Free Press to complain about the noise on main streets Friday and Saturday nights from cars and motorcycles. "I

## Mini-Comment

was sick in bed last week and it just got so bad that I had to go to a friend of mine for the rest of the night." They race until two or three in the morning, the letter complains, wondering why the people of town have to put up with that "kind of entertainment." It is too true. Some car jockeys pick the early morning hours to burn up the pavement at parking lots all over town, with the arena parking lot a special target. It is annoying for people who are trying to sleep as well as showing the drivers' disregard for other peoples' rights. Best way to get rid of the pests? Get the licence number and lay a complaint with police.

## Back Issues of The Free Press

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, July 10, 1952

The Boy Scout Medal for Meritorious Conduct has been awarded to Scout William J. Sinclair of the First Eramosa scout troop, Rockwood. It was announced in the Dominion Day honors list by the Governor-General, Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey.

Bradley's Meat Market, which has been located for the past five years at Mill and Elgin St. has removed to the new premises next to Acton Home Furnishings. Mr. Bradley has new modern equipment.

Joe Jeremiah Henderson, an elder at Nassagaweya Presbyterian church for 30 years, superintendent for 29 years and clerk of session for five years, died July 6.

Johnny Goy is the new president of Acton Rotary club.

Successful in passing Royal Conservatory examinations were Denise Coles, Crawford Douglas, Frank Bean, Marilyn Wrigglesworth, Jane Elliott, Sheila Hosing, Hugh Sirrs, Marie Kerr, Patricia Coles.

After an illness of three years Frederick N. Denny passed away at his home, R.R. 3, Acton.

A rather distant view of the Ontario Reformatory riots was obtained from the highway near Guelph.

A new washroom is being installed in the Baptist church with funds willed for the purpose.

Barr's grocery store is being repainted. Dr. H. Lieb of Toronto announces the opening of a dental practice succeeding Dr. George Sirrs.

Knox church annual Sunday school picnic was held at the Old Mill, Guelph.

Miss Shirley Ralston was surprised at her home by the office staff of Beardmore and Co. at a surprise shower. Attending were Alice McCallum, Reta McNabb, Ruby Smith, Olga Dyriv, Stella Zajaz, Ida Archibald, Edith Turner, Sadie McIntyre and Mrs. Sue Mates.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 6, 1902.

Advertisement—A Ford holiday is a real holiday! You go where you like and stop when the fancy strikes you. You are out in the open air all the time, not cooped in a stuffy train. (Note: this model car has no

which was plainly a ball.

Mr. Harry Mainprize has opened a dainty little barber shop on Mill St. next to Tony's restaurant. The fittings are all of white enamel and silver, and the equipment includes electric clippers and electrically heated toilet water.

Acton now has five garages within 100 yards on Mill and Main St.

Forty-nine candidates wrote the entrance examinations.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 15, 1897.

The 27th anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne was celebrated on Monday with the usual orange procession, speeches, etc. In Acton, however, the day was very little observed, beyond the wearing of a few orange lilies or a ribbon emblematic of the occasion. A few local members of the order went out of town to attend demonstrations in Brampton and other points.

Those who passed their high school entrance examinations at Acton public school are Clara Cobban, Ada Holmes, Eva Matthews, Hattie Oram, Eva Perryman, Jean Smith, Bertie Speight, Thomas Henderson, Robert Holmes, T. T. Moore is their teacher.

At Larnehouse, Alice LePoidevin, Mary Osmond, Frank Moore; at Bannockburn Bertha Cole, Myrtle Watson, Alberta McDonald, Evan McDonald.

Those who passed their Public School Leaving examinations at Acton are Ada Fyfe, John Moore, Tina McQueen; at Lorne school Alice Brown, Mina Gamble; at Bannockburn J. Kerr Brown.

Edwin Francis, son of ex-Councillor Francis, made a lightning trip to Woodstock on his wheel on Monday. He left Acton at 5 a.m. and reached Woodstock, a distance of 70 miles, at 11.50 a.m.

Death to the Pests! Poison Kills! Pure Paris Green for potato bugs; Insect Powder Powder for flies etc. Tanglefoot, the sealed sticky fly paper. Brown's Drug Store, Mill St.

The boys disport themselves daily in "Fairy Lake".

Binder twine is a prominent article of competition between merchants these days. The ice cream parlors didn't raise an objection to the last two weeks of hot weather.

The farmers' hearts are glad and thankful and their hands will be busy for the next two months.

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