

Esqueusing to get six landfill sites...

Trick or treat, mister.

Here ya go kid... don't eat it all at once!

THERE'S MORE IN THE KITCHEN, HENRY!

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Dave Woodell

Halton Watergate vital to control flow

The editor of the Bruce Trail News, Doug Brown, points out the U.S. Watergate affair is not the only Watergate of importance, in an article published in the summer edition of the News. He says:

"Many readers have demanded to know whether we have inside information on the Watergate. With reluctance we confess that we have. We ask readers to believe that the following account contains everything we know of the affair.

"During the summer months the flow in the Sixteen Mile or Oakville Creek is very low. In fact there is barely enough water to satisfy the requirements of municipalities such as Milton, which lie downstream from the Niagara Escarpment. During the spring run-off, however, a large excess of water spills over Kelso and the other water control dams on the Creek, and flows directly down to Lake Ontario. Apparently more space has been needed to store water in the upper watershed during the spring floods, so that it can be released gradually during the summer months to maintain the flow.

"With this purpose in mind the Halton Region Conservation Authority has constructed a dam at the Fifth Line, Nazagaweya Township, just north of the Number Five Sideroad, near the southern end of the Toronto Section of the Trail (Geograpia Map 1, Mile 24.2 on the Toronto section). Hikers will have noticed that earth has been removed from a field adjacent to the

Sideroad, a field through which the Trail passes, for use in construction of the dam. "In order not to destroy the scenic beauty of Hilton Falls, the dam has been erected on the Beaver Pond Creek rather than the main branch of the West Sixteen Mile Creek. Unfortunately there is insufficient flow in the Beaver Pond Creek to fill the reservoir. Consequently a channel has been dredged from the main West Branch to the Beaver Pond Creek, above the Escarpment, so that water may be diverted into the reservoir when the one at Kelso has been filled to capacity.

"At the strategic point where the

diversion channel leaves the main West Branch of the Creek, is located a WATERGATE.

"Now this Watergate is obviously the very vitals of the entire operation. For when the Watergate is down, no water passes from the main West Branch to the Beaver Pond Creek and thus: into the reservoir. And when the Watergate is up, water does pass from the main West Branch to the Beaver Pond Creek and into the reservoir.

"The vital role played by the Watergate should make it abundantly clear why it has occupied the attention of the entire world for the past six months."

Hallowe'en demon

The Druids had a celebration around the beginning of November known as the Vigil of Samhain, god of the dead. It was believed that Samhain summoned, from the bodies of animals, the spirits of those who had died within the last year. The black cat, deemed sacred by the Druids, was believed to have once been human, altered as punishment for its evil deeds. It was a time when the traditional witch rode the skies on her broomstick, for it was widely believed that many women sold their souls to the devil.

Most of the Druid demons have long since vanished and we can rest assured that the ghosts and witches we encounter this Hallowe'en will be completely harmless.

Immunity to Devil's spell
But there may still be one ominous spirit left lurking — the Accident Demon. There is no magic potion to ward off his menace. But with a little time to review basic safety rules and a bit of common sense, a definite immunity can be mustered to combat his spell.

Back Issues of The Free Press

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, November 3, 1953.

Jim Greer was elected president of Knox Y.P.S. Others on the executive are Joe Janey, Lorraine Kingmill, June Watkins, Inez McEllan, Bella-Mae Roszell, Ken Mann.

The clown band acted like the Pied Piper on Hallowe'en summoning all the creatures to the arena. Jack Moles acted as master of ceremonies and members of the Y's Men's club acted as judges. Costume winners were David Ryder, Ruth Ann Leatherland, David Hargrave, Sandra Cripps, James Ironside, Pauline Marks, Jack Moles, Merle Russell, Henry McFadden, Wall Jenk, Ella Jany, Elizabeth Jany, Arlene Botell; adults Mrs. Moles, Mrs. J. Jany. Grand prize of the evening went to Sandra Hargrave as Queen Elizabeth at her coronation. Films were shown and about 600 bags of candy given to the youngsters.

A cheque for \$261 was presented to Cliff Sutton of the Y board by Mrs. J. McClary, treasurer of the Y Ladies' Auxiliary. Participating in the presentation were G. W. McKenzie, Mrs. J. Jurek, president of the Auxiliary, Y secretary Dick Schull and Gordon Oser, chairman of the finance committee of the board.

After a year and two months in Korea, Pte. Bob Fetterly of Acton arrived home again on Friday. He will resume army service in February. He was with the medical corps and worked behind the lines.

Proud possessor of a special Coronation medal is Mayor F. G. Oakes, who received it from Buckingham Palace.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, November 5, 1953.

Happiness and fun reigned for the Hallowe'en carnival. Band members were all dressed in white sheets and tall Mother Hubbard caps and they were followed by hundreds of masquerading citizens. A kazoo band headed by Miss Lottie Mason played a leading part. Commissioner Reid acted as grand marshal. After the torchlight parade the various costumes were judged by Mr. R. M. McDonald, Mrs. William Arnold and Mrs. L. B. Storey. Winners included costumed lady Helen McDonald, Jean Kennedy; gent Morley Ramshaw, Arthur Hackett; boy, George Mason, Gordon Cooper; girl, Dorothy Campbell, Phyllis Cook; under 10, Allan Marshall, George Holmes, Doris Holloway, Lillian Perry.

A booth was opened up in the store of the Acton Farmers' club. Inside a wigwam a costumed fortune teller revealed horoscopes.

The carnival didn't lessen the customary Hallowe'en calls and gentle hints that candies, apples and other confections would be acceptable. It was the finest observance of this usually disorderly event that Acton has ever had.

Mr. Fred Blow, superintendent of the Acton Machine Company, proposes rebuilding and enlarging the shops on Main St. a bylaw providing him exemption from taxes and free water will be presented to the voters in December.

Police court cases are rather numerous this week. Two cases were heard by P. M. Moore in Brampton, two cases in Milton and two cases later this week in Acton and Georgetown.

Weekend specials, W. J. Patterson, corner Mill and Main; pork chops 25c lb., round steak 18c lb., bacon 28c lb., rump roast 17c lb.

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The arrival of Canada's new governor-general, Lord Minto and Lady Minto, is to be made the occasion of an imposing military demonstration.

The fine residence of Councillor and Mrs. Francis on Willow St. will be the rendez-vous tomorrow evening of all citizens who desire to spend an enjoyable social evening. A parlor social will be given by the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church and there will be a programme of musical and literary selections.

The Epworth League will give an entertainment on Hallowe'en night in the Methodist church. You may bring the whole family for 40 cents, your wife or sweetheart for a quarter. Bachelors and other single persons will be given good seats for 15 cents.

Ever since the meeting of ratepayers to consider the question of electric lighting a number have been puzzled to know what an electric watt is. Some have even been mean enough to insinuate that Reeve Pearson did not understand the term. They are totally astray. A book in the Free Library states it is one-seventh-hundred-and-forty-sixth part of a horsepower.

Mr. R. J. McNabb has disposed of his Caliph typewriter and his office is now adorned with a fine Smith Premier of the latest pattern.

Stoves are going up with a rush now. The harvesters who went to the Northwest a couple of months ago are returning home again.

Rev. J. K. Unsworth's third lecture, "Acton in 1948" will be given at the Church at Churchill.

Credit Union enhances town

The new headquarters for the Halton Hills Credit Union on Queen St., Acton, enhances the business section on the east end of town as well as being a tribute to the enterprise of the officers and directors of the organization.

It seems only a short time ago the original group of men got together to form a community credit union but it will be 10 years this coming January when the first office opened at the old post office. They resolved the venture was going to be successful. The

determination paid off. Headquarters were moved once to another location on Mill St. where it soon became necessary to make the managing position a full time occupation.

It became apparent soon after that the rented accommodation would not be adequate to meet the expansive mood of those who were joining the credit union. Assets were increasing by leaps and bounds and the demand for loans kept pace with the faith in the credit union.

It was decided to purchase property to meet the needs of the union and expand services for members. The former Mae and Andy's restaurant was purchased and plans drawn up to meet the credit union's immediate needs and leave room for further expansion.

The result has been a modern facility which makes a welcome addition to the town's present places of business and adds new services which members of the credit union will find convenient.

Free Press / Editorial Page

4 The Acton Free Press, Wed., October 31, 1973

Acton will miss the Dawsons

Acton's loss is Guelph's gain in the case of the transfer of the Rev. Harry Dawson from St. Alban's Church, Acton, to St. James the Apostle Church in Guelph.

The Dawson family came to Acton about five and a half years ago and soon became involved in the community. As rector of St. Alban's Anglican Church, Harry Dawson fulfilled his priestly duties and yet always seemed to find time to cross denominational lines for the broader spectrum of community life.

Although they come from much larger centres, the Dawsons soon settled into the fabric of a smaller community and developed an attachment for Acton and district (which they shared with all who



Rev. and Mrs. Dawson

would listen). The transfer to Guelph makes it possible for them to retain much of the attachment

and keep friendships alive with frequent visits back to the Acton parish.

The good wishes of the community goes with them in their new church in Guelph, a much larger parish with added responsibilities. We are sure the people of Guelph will find the Dawsons a delight as they settle into their new duties and accept them as readily as the people of this community did.

Meanwhile, St. Alban's is welcoming a new rector in the Rev. Len Ewing, who grew up in Acton and attended school here. He had a late vocation to the Anglican priesthood after a career in sales. We extend a friendly welcome and hope they find Acton and district a place they can call "home."

Mini-Comment

BUILDING A FIRE UNDER NON-SERIOUS FARMERS

It is becoming very apparent, from conversations with farmers and others concerned about the necessity of arable farm land being saved for production of food in these days of chronic world shortages, that the day of the "hobby farmer" may be approaching an end under the ever-increasing weight of public opinion.

Restraint on private ownership is always a hot topic but regardless of this fact, the impact of a practice becoming increasingly popular, that of city dwellers acquiring rural farms and then not using them for food production, is arousing more and more public concern.

The Hon. Wm. A. Stewart, Minister of Agriculture and Food in the Ontario Government, is well aware of the inherent dangers arising from the present non-serious farm trend. Speaking in Alvinston recently, the Minister noted that we welcome urban dwellers to rural areas, but it is felt in many cases they are taking valuable farmland out of production for their own pleasure at a time when more and more land is needed to meet the demands of the world for food. The Minister suggests that if these farms are not made available to serious farmers for food production, it may be necessary to legislate such a measure.

Land use is presently being re-examined by several provincial governments with a view to possible legislation aimed at protecting agricultural and recreational areas, according to Canadian Realty News. There is no doubt but what the present mood of Canadian citizens in every province is one of concern over shortages and priorities. Arable land in Canada and elsewhere is finally being recognized as a precious commodity.

ACCIDENTS

The Huron Expositor (Seaford) "Accidents do happen". Almost like an epidemic, every summer this area has several very bad, often fatal auto accidents, and they usually involve young people.

Young drivers are not the only fatalities we see of course, but somehow they are the most tragic. A kid who will not have a chance to grow up, to love and to be happy, becomes another accident statistic.

In a nostalgic mood today, I've been thinking that, with the onslaught of the Speed age, many of our fine old Canadian traditions have fallen by the wayside, died on the vine, or simply lain down and curled up their toes.

One of the first to go, of course, was the blacksmith. It hurts me to face the truth: that most people today under 30 have never known the sensory joys of a blacksmith's shop.

At this time of year, small boys used to squeeze through the ramshackle door, and edge as close as they could to the fire, freezing their bums and roasting their cheeks. There was a fine acrid stench of horse manure and scorched hooves. There was the leaping flame as the bellows blew. There was the ringing clang as the smith beat out the white-hot metal between hammer and anvil, and the satisfying hiss when the hot metal was plunged into the cold water.

At a certain age, most male kids would have settled happily for the life of a blacksmith, a free soul who spent his days doing the most fascinating work in the world.

The decline of the smithy, of course, was brought about by the gradual phasing out of another tradition — the horse-drawn vehicle.

I wonder how many kids of this generation have ever spent a winter Saturday "catching bobs". This was our term for jumping on the backs of farmers' sleighs.

All day long the farmers came and went to and from town. And all day long we hopped on behind a load of grain, left that for a load of supplies going the other way, picked up a sleigh piled with logs for the return trip, and shivered with delighted fear as the farmers shouted at us, and even sometimes flourished their whips in our direction.

As we grew a little older, about 12, we graduated to catching on the wing of a cutter. This was more daring and more dangerous because they could really fly, the runner was much smaller, and the farmer could turn around and belt you one on the ear.

Most of them, of course, were pretty decent. I know now that they were more worried about us getting hurt in a fall than they were about the extra weight their horses had to pull.

Then there were the butchers' cutters. These consisted of a sort of box with runners beneath, and a step at the back for the driver to stand on. The horses were not plugs, but real road-runners that went like a bat out of hell. They were every bit as exciting as a Roman chariot, and the drivers were the envy of every boy, in fur caps, reins in one hand, whip in the other, as they tore through the town like furries.

And I wonder how many boys have played hockey all day on a frozen river, when a hard shot the goalie missed might slide for a quarter of a mile. We never had to worry about ice-time, or changing lines. We could play until we were pooped, then sit by the bonfire until rested, and have another go. And there were always 20 or 30 playing at once, so everybody got a whack at the puck. Some great stick-handlers came out of that era.

Think of the depths to which we have sunk. The smithy, with its light and shadows, its reds and blacks, its earthy smells, its sense of life, has been replaced by the garage, a sterile thing with its cement floor, its reek of gas and oil, and its unspoken assurance that this-is-gonna-cost-you-plenty-buddy.

Bill Smiley

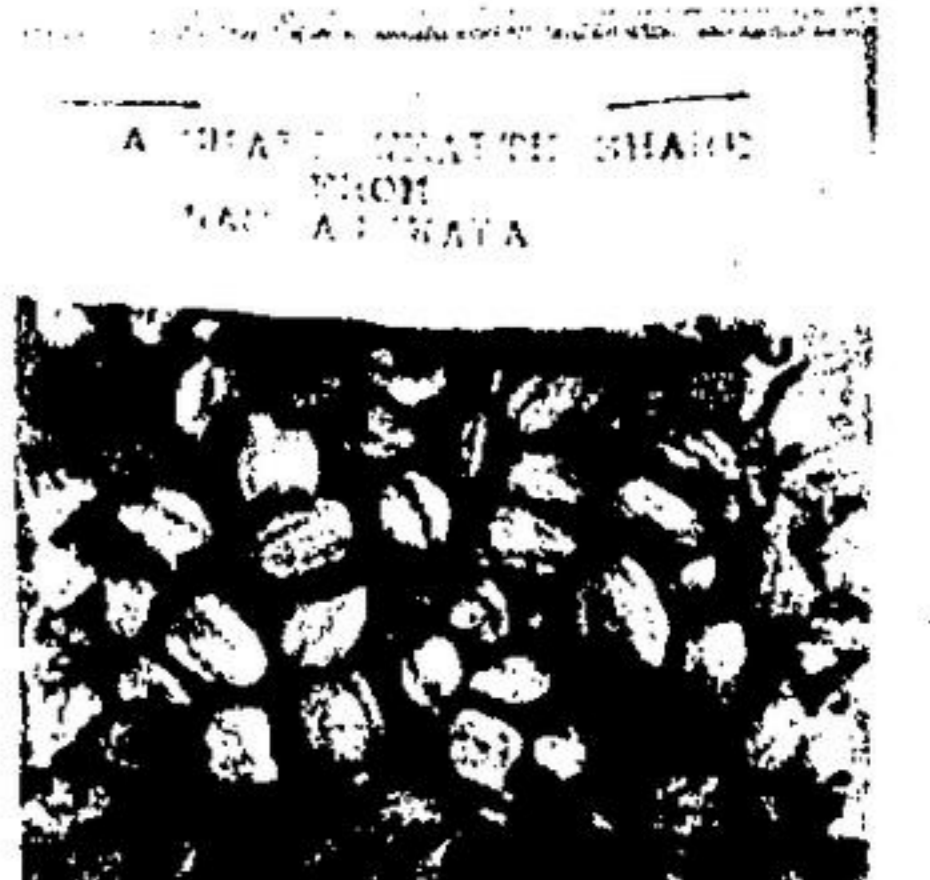


The cutter, swift and light as a bird, no longer skims the snow. It has been replaced by a stinking, snarling, skidding beast that only modern man could abide — the snowmobile.

No more meat-cutters, careening around the corners on one runner, delivering in any weather. Now, we plod like zombies through the supermarket, to moronic piped-in music, and pick up the odorless, antiseptic, cellophane packages the great gods Dominion, Loblaw or Safeway have assigned to us, and carry them humbly to our cars, three blocks away.

Our kids have to get up at five a.m. to play hockey, and if they're not real "killers", get about four minutes ice-time.

Ah, those were the days! And I haven't even begun on the most vital of all winter equipment — the puck consisting of a frozen horse-bun.



My peanut crop

I am working now for peanuts. As everyone must know, it's all I've got, to fill my pot. They've taken all my dough.

Once I had a fabulous salary That I squandered, for my sorrow. On gambling bets, and interest debts. On money that I'd borrow.

If I could live within my means, And pay for all my greed, With my peanut share, I'd be a millionaire With more nuts than I need.

I'd pay my tax in peanuts, That's what the Government would get, We wouldn't need so many nuts, To keep us out of debt.

So, if you see me down upon my knees, And grovelling in the sod, I'm bent in prayer, for my peanut share, And giving thanks to GOD.

Victor Smith
R.R. 2, Rockwood

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