

Free Press Editorial Page

Planning meeting tonight

Attendance has been poor so far at the meetings in Halton arranged by the regional planning department.

The questionnaire in last week's special supplement to the paper is also planned to help these officials know what people want.

The questionnaire put out this

summer by students studying social services was a flop—difficult questions and poor returns.

This planning questionnaire isn't as hard to reply to, and of course not all questions have to be answered.

Planning for Halton is vitally important. But obviously to many it's just not as interesting as the other things they could do tonight.

Small is beautiful

People still having a hard time stomaching regional government found a couple of interesting items in the Toronto papers the past week.

Writing in The Toronto Star about Trudeau's present unpopularity, columnist Richard Gwyn says:

"Trudeau's vision of the future is one-dimensional. He accepts Big Government as inevitable. Maybe it is. Yet along with the dynamic of social retrenchment there is a demand for an alternative to gigantism.

And in the Globe, Jeff Simpson

writes: "The City of Toronto might take the first step this fall towards a new program of decentralizing city services in selected neighborhoods.

"We'll probably be looking for funding from other levels of government", Mr. Vaughan, chairman of the work group, said. The Ward 5 alderman said the decentralization program will not cost the city any more money.

"But it will be up to the neighborhood to decide which services it wants located there. It won't be for the city to tell them."

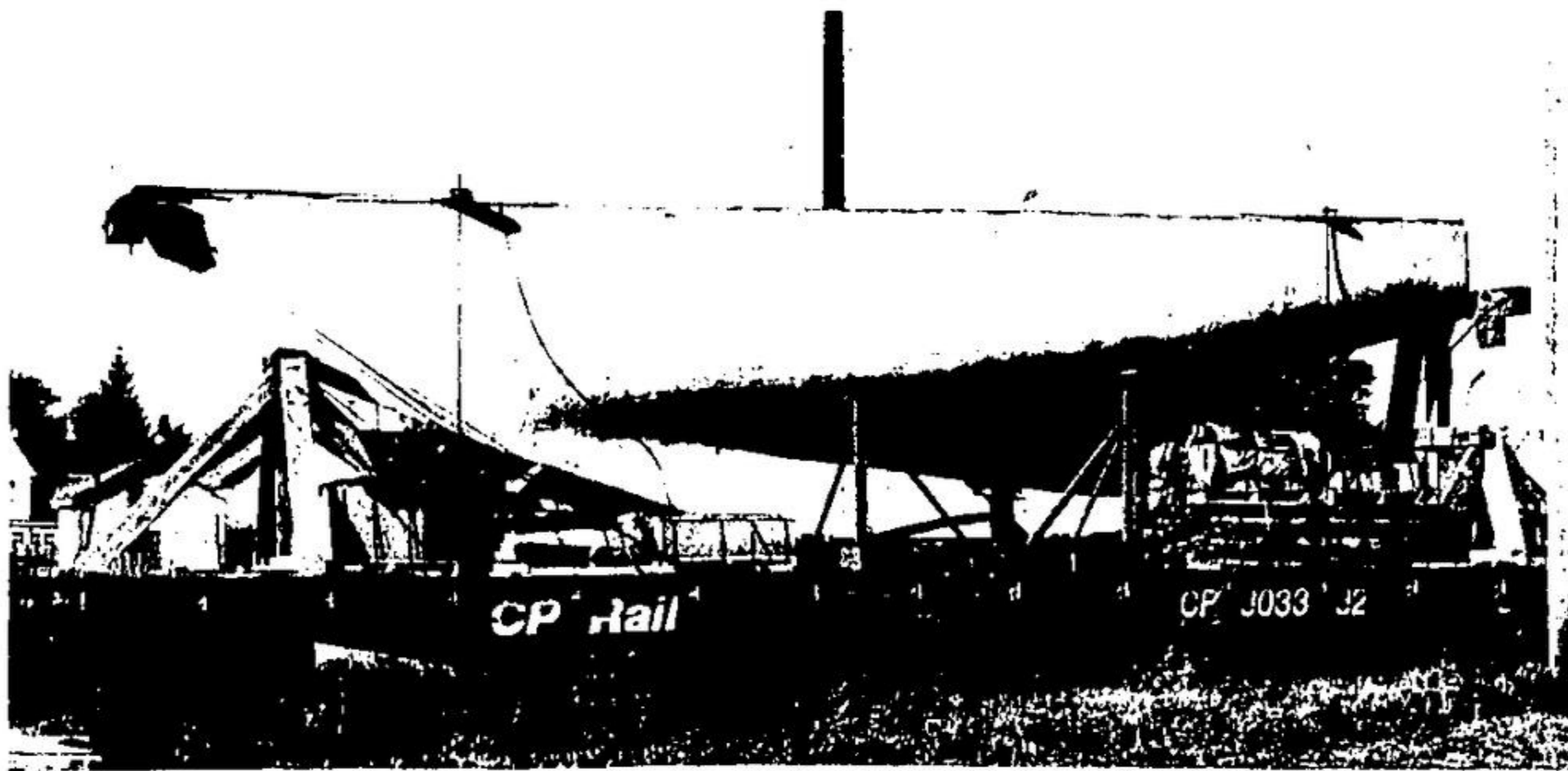
There seems to be a trend toward decentralization now.

Of this and that

Legion public relations officer John McHugh will be writing a column for the Free Press this season. Press reporters of other groups are all getting back on the job and letting us know what's

happening with their groups.

How come there are no big Xs painted on the roads in the approaches to town crosswalks? asks a resident. She thinks they would be helpful to drivers.



SAILING, SAILING... over the CN tracks from Sudbury to Acton... a hull in cement! It was shipped here by Don Dawkins who has been building it at his

former home in Sudbury. Now he has moved here; the boat comes too. It will be set up beside Heller's plant while Don continues work on his hobby.



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

"I hate you, Bill Smiley! I hate you! This line was not from a disgruntled student, an irate parent, or an ungentle reader. It was my wife talking.

The occasion was our parting for our annual separate holiday, and she was a bit irate, ungentle and disgruntled.

She had been up at seven, ironing my shirts and packing my bag. I was up at the stroke of 10, well-rested and ready for breakfast.

Quite a bit of planning had gone into our holiday. I was to fly to Halifax for a weekly editors' convention. She was to climb into the rusty old Dodge and head west to see her Dad for a few days.

It all seemed perfectly logical and simple to me. But nothing is ever simple to my wife, except on those fairly frequent occasions when I am completely baffled by something that must be fixed around the house, and she finally does it with an exasperated kick or a triumphant crow.

At any rate, on this occasion, it finally hit her, an hour before we split, that there was something rotten in Denmark. She had been shopping and house-cleaning for two days to leave everything spotless and well-stocked for the kids.

OUR READERS WRITE:

Problems of land use

Dear Sir: Re the report "Morrow says Region could have stopped bad planning" (Acton Free Press) Sept. 8th 1976, this report shows the stupidity and the juggling of the facts by some of our elected representatives and our so-called planners.

When my wife and I decided to separate the two lots we purchased in 1955, we made every effort to prove that a precedent had been set. We were aware that separations of less than five acres had been allowed in our immediate vicinity between the years 1969 to 1973, and our investigations established this fact.

Our application for the severance was quite clear. We wanted nothing more, and certainly nothing less, than any other taxpayer in the area. We intended to sell the lot to our daughter and her husband for the minimum legal requirement of one dollar. The Conservation Authority and the Health Department had no objections and this severance received full support of the Milton Planning Board and The Town of Milton Council.

it suits their purpose on another issue. Councillor Archie Donaghey alleged that allowing separations such as this one created demands for services. WHAT SERVICES? We supply our own water, dispose of our own garbage, pay hand-somely for hydro and telephone services, whereas, a house in an urban area requires that some of these services be paid for by the community, which includes the rural taxpayer.

William A. Johnson Mary Johnson

Words, deeds: contradiction

Rural Route 4 Acton September 12, 1976

The Editor Dear Sir:

In last week's supplement to your paper "Towards Regional Goals and Objectives", the Planning Committee of the Municipality of Halton Hills went on the public record with some high-sounding prose about the regulation of the aggregate industry hereabouts.

Here is what the Planning Committee avows. It wishes to "preserve the Niagara Escarpment from all aggregate extraction and production." It determines to "regulate the method of mineral extraction to ensure the least environmental and community disruption."

High-octane rhetoric, no doubt. However, such oratory is a little like a bikini: what it reveals is interesting; what it conceals is vital.

Take the case of the J.C. Duff Gravel Pit located north of Limehouse between the Fourth and Fifth Lines. Mr. Duff would like to dramatically expand his operation. In an exhaustive (not to say, exhausting) "public relations" campaign, Mr. Duff has sought to allay the concerns of those of us who live already too close to his business.

Because of both pieces of "publicity", perhaps we may ask a few pertinent questions of Mr. Duff, of the Planning Committee, and of Council itself.

1. Mr. Duff holds a contract with the Town of Halton Hills to operate a gravel pit. Application has been made for a development permit to expand the existing operation under Section 24 of the Niagara Escarpment Planning and Development Act (1973).

2. Moreover, (and this is where the going becomes a little stony) the application for the development permit for a municipal pit was made not by J.C. Duff Limited, but (surprise!) by the Town of Halton Hills.

Perhaps your readers, and your paper, will await the answers with curiosity. Jim Henderson

who (ostensibly) will subsequently be monitored not by objective observers, but by those who are in effect his partners. Under the terms of the agreement, Halton Hills rather than J.C. Duff will be responsible for the province if anything goes amiss. And so, ultimately, if the worst came to the worst, it will be the taxpayers of Halton who will have to foot any bills—not the private concern which of course—stands to reap the profits.

3. Even allowing that the Municipality will inspect Mr. Duff's (or, if you will, its own) operation in good faith, how can it enforce the numerous conditions outlined by the Escarpment Commission (the erection of fences, protection of trees, rehabilitation of land, etc.)?

4. Mr. Duff does not own the land upon which he is "salvaging" gravel. He leases it. What arrangements does the town have with the owner (Wilroy Mines Limited) so that the terms of the contract may be carried out? And what would occur should Mr. Duff's company be sold, lose its lease, become bankrupt or otherwise defunct? At that point, who will cast the first stone?

5. Mr. Duff (or the town—which ever way you care to construe the matter) has applied for a license to operate a wayside pit. Under the Pits and Quarries Act, such an operation may serve only for the purpose of municipal roads. Yet by his own admission, Mr. Duff proclaims that 30 per cent of the up to 600 trucks per day leaving his gates are private. Now where are all those private vehicles going? Are they all serving municipal roads?

6. Halton Hills (or J.C. Duff Limited) is calling for the extraction of some 300,000 tons of aggregate over a 12-month period. That is a very great deal of gravel, and a great many trucks. However, how much gravel does this municipality require in 1976-77?

In short, on the one hand we have a fuzzi of rhetoric. On the other, there is (to say the least) a most cozy relationship between J.C. Duff Limited and the Municipality. There is here a palpable contradiction between words and deeds. It invites some straight answers to the questions I raise. Not the most minor of them is this: How does the Municipality equate the expansion of the Duff operation with its environmental objective as proclaimed in last week's paper: to "identify, protect and preserve lands of sensitive environmental balance involving wetlands, wildlife habitats, strategic woodlots and areas of historical-cultural interest."

And, ecology aside, why is it that Halton Hills is involved in a commercial operation with no possibility of profit and every likelihood of liability? Why are our tax dollars being harnessed for somebody else's commercial self-interest?

Perhaps your readers, and your paper, will await the answers with curiosity. Jim Henderson

She got a bit grim around the lips on that last morning, but didn't crack up until I came down, fresh from my bath and shave, and inquired urbanely: "Is my bag packed? The limousine will be here any moment to take me to the airport."

That's when she emitted the opening line of this column. I knew what it was immediately. I patted her back and said: "There, there, dear. You don't have to start scrubbing at Grandad's the minute you arrive. Take a half hour break after the drive and have a nice cup of tea."

As it turned out, everything worked fine. After pounding me a few on the chest, she had a good cry and we both felt better. She got the floor scrubbed at her dad's the very afternoon I was out on the Bluenose II in Halifax harbor. And she had cooked a good dinner and had the dishes washed at her father's just about the time I was slurping into my third lobster and listening to a good Dixieland band in Halifax.

And it seems even better for the woman in the partnership. She got home rested, refreshed and looking wonderful. I got home exhausted and looking like a skeleton with white hair. It must have been that sea air that tired me out.

Another thing. Splitting like that is about the only way we can get to see our old friends. She had a grand visit and some good talks and even went for a couple of drives with some of her long-time friends, and caught up on all the sensational dirt on everybody. And I went for a sail on the Bluenose, walked around Citadel Hill and sank the odd refreshment with some other old grumps as we reminisced about the days when selling a \$10 ad was the highlight of your week, and getting out a 12-page paper was about the equivalent of cleaning the Augean stables.

My old friends in the business are in pretty good shape, considering that most of us are grandfathers. Quite a few are semi-retired, turning over the papers to sons and daughters, and themselves working a day or two a week.

That's the way I'd like to ease into the twilight years. But I don't have a paper any more, my son is in Paraguay, and my daughter is busy having babies. I wonder if they'd sell me a piece of the high school where I teach, so I'd have a good racket going to pass along to my grandsons?

There were some poignant moments and some funny ones at the convention. There was a tear in most eyes and a lump in most throats when Cecil Day, one of the grand old publishers of the Maritimes, was given a standing ovation and choked up completely with emotion when he tried to respond.

There was sheer delight in listening in as one editor tried to talk to a pretty and charming young French lady in pure Ottawa Valley French.

There was great fun, and not a little confusion as Don McCuaig of Henfrey, Per Hvidsten of Port Perry and Bill Smiley of Midland planned, well into the wee hours, the Grand Post-Convention Tour to Paraguay, starting on Nov. 12 from Pickering Airport in a Sopwith Camel.

And there was a very warm and unexpected experience for yours truly. No, it wasn't sitting next to Joe Clarke and Maureen McTeer and Robert Stanfield in the coffee shop. It wasn't listening to a speech by Howie Meeker, though both these things happened.

It was the announcement of a new award for Canadian community newspapers: Outstanding Columnist. It was a well-kept secret until this humble columnist was called to the podium and presented with a handsome plaque and an even handsomer cheque. I was so flustered I didn't know whether I was receiving a Standing Ovation or just a Warm Clap. Whichever, thank you chaps and girls. There are some excellent columnists writing for your papers, and I'm glad you said it before you had to say it with flowers.

The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

From the issue of the Free Press of September 20, 1956

Because of the fair, the Merchants' Appreciation Day draw was made at 11 a.m. last Saturday. The change was lucky for Mrs. R.A. Turkosz who won \$76 with 20 per cent coupon. Mrs. Howard Masales took the regular \$5 prize.

A 17-year-old inmate of the Ontario Reformatory at Guelph who escaped from a work gang last Thursday caused a flurry of excitement around Acton's west end Saturday at noon. Before he was taken into custody by Cpl. R. Mason of the Acton O.P.P. the fugitive was tracked and watched by a bevy of citizens as he fled from the C.N.R. tracks, through a culvert, across the highway and into Lakeview where he tried to hide in the swampy area on the north shore of Fairy Lake.

Mrs. Marion Burns of Rockwood received deep face and head lacerations when she was thrown into the windshield of her husband's car in an auto accident two miles west of Acton on No. 7 highway Friday evening.

The congregation of the Christian Reformed church, which holds services in the Y.M.C.A. after considering locating their church in Georgetown, have decided to remain in Acton. The members are mostly New Canadians of Dutch descent and they look forward to having even more members in this area.

50 years ago

From the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, September 9, 1925

Turnip shipping commenced here last Wednesday. The first turnips were delivered from the farms of R.L. Johnson, first line, Esqueving, and Arthur Swackhamer, townline, Erin.

Penny postage is evidently misunderstood by many people. It still costs two cents to post a card and two cents to post a letter addressed to a party in town.

A large number of our citizens have attended the big Exhibition in Toronto. The fair is a huge success and a credit to our country. There were 258,000 there Monday.

Repairs are being made to the bridge on the second line, Esqueving. After the Saturday and Sunday rains the detour was almost impassable and many drivers preferred to go to Milton by way of Campbellville and Peru.

The tenders for the new ticket offices, secretary's office and band stand at Prospect Park were opened on Tuesday evening. The contract was let to J.B. Mackenzie at \$740. It will be quite a decided improvement and with the new granite posts and ornamental fencing will make quite an imposing entrance.

The schools here are crowded and a number of beginners who are eligible by law for admission have been turned back home, to the disappointment of the parents.

Sixteen Old Country boys have been placed with farmers in Halton, under the new immigration policy.

There is shortage of harvest help in the west even though wages are as high as \$5 a day.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, September 14, 1876.

Four full columns of small type, in the four-page paper, are devoted to detailed descriptions of Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria.

Headlines: The Whiteside Murder. The Inquest Resumed and Again Adjourned. Mrs. Whiteside Arrested. Startling Revelations Expected Tonight. (One full column of type follows.)

All the other headlines on the same page: Mr. Gladstone on the Eastern Atrocities. Affairs in the East. Arrest of Tweed. The Abyssinian War. One Hundred Catholics Murdered in China. Midnight Orgies. Nassagaweya Council.

Fresh oysters by the plate or can at Levens' Oyster and fruit bazaar. Also peaches, pears and other luxuries.

The youths who make night hideous with their unearthly yells had better not do so any more, or they may get into trouble.

Tomorrow will be observed in Acton as a general holiday. Nearly everybody talks of going on the excursion to Toronto and Humber Bay. The Excursion Committee are requested to meet in the Masonic Hall. The fare to Toronto and return will be only 75 cents.

Mr. Geo. Tolton will next week commence to buy barley at the station. We presume the price will be the same as paid in Guelph from time to time.

We'd love to see you

Dear Free Press Staff,

Wayne and I wanted you to know just how much we appreciated the article on Okimot Lodge that appeared in the Aug. 25th edition. Wayne, as an ex-Free Press

employee, was especially pleased. We hope that this will enable some of our old (but not forgotten) Acton friends to look us up. We'd love to see or hear from them.

Rona Currie

Ragweed tea

Out where our Nassagaweya groans, We're bless'd with all the precious stones, And our TAXES are no sympathizer, So, we take 'em with the "Breathalyzer".

Old wise McGee sent a note to me, "Please come and take some RAGWEED TEA". So I went down and sure enough, From the tea-pot he poured out the stuff.

It tingled as it passed my throat, It seemed to play a familiar note, But when it hit my stomach base, The colour flushed up in my face.

First I turned red then I turned green, Such pink elephants I'd never seen, It loosened up my funny bones, I rocked and rolled around the stones.

This was McGee's grand garden party, With the neighbours there all hale and hearty, And his swimming pool was full by gee! Of McGee's own brand of RAGWEED TEA.

Victor Smith R.R. 2, Rockwood.

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