

Free Press Editorial Page

We want Acton back

The deadline for sending written submissions on regional government to Halton Hills council has been extended, so more people can gather their thoughts and prepare something.

The Actonians for Action committee is working on its brief, only getting copies of Bill 151—the bill which set up regional government here—this Tuesday.

We have heard of one Acton man and one Esquesing man who are planning to send in submissions. Another Acton group is considering it.

All these reports, needless to say,

will speak out against regional government.

It is to be hoped even more groups and people will take the opportunity to send in reports, no matter how brief.

Certainly unhappiness with regional government has been widely evident here. In the main, it is a feeling of loss of identity, rather than a surety of increased costs and taxes.

Putting this kind of feeling on paper is not easy. "We wish we had Acton back again"—hardly the words of a formal submission. But there it is.

In step with province

Our tongue in cheek article about Daylight Saving Time in last week's paper caused somewhat of a hoo-ha, and we're sorry. Despite the fact council did not pass the usual proclamation, Acton will keep right in step with the rest of the province. When other clocks go ahead an hour, ours do too.

A close reading of the article reveals that we were reporting the fact council had not passed the proclamation. "Only those who are late for church Sunday morning will know they should've changed clocks one hour ahead," it stated.

We wanted to keep our own identity, but being an hour behind

the rest of Ontario is obviously no way to go about it.

Misses planes and buses... our councillors an hour late at meetings... people arriving at shows after the plot is an hour advanced... school trips cancelled out by waiting guides... late night birth and death registration in legal doubt...

It just wouldn't be worth it, even though everyone would begin to realize we were from Acton in Halton Hills.

Hope you all conformed and turned your clocks ahead on Saturday night.

Spring sprouts

Main streets are getting a spring cleaning. Workmen are using brooms as well as the road cleaning machine to get up all the dirt and debris.

We believe the government is right in proposing gun controls. We believe the government is right in banning pornographic issues of magazines. We believe the govern-

ment is right in tapping phones to help catch criminals.

After all, it's spring, and you can't complain ALL the time.

The wildfowl at the lake seem to have weathered the winter well. There was no shelter for them this year, but water was kept open for them.

Perhaps at last we have found the solution to the birds and winter.



Small blooms sparkle in the wood



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

There are so many things demanding my attention this week that faithful readers (bless the eight of you) will have to be content with a grab-bag. Those who have no interest in sticking an eye into a grab-bag may turn over to the astrology column, or go out and buy a lottery ticket, or stick their finger in their ear, or whatever turns them on.

First, let's get rid of the Quebec issue, which is fascinating the media and beginning to bore everybody else.

Then there craxies down in Quebec City have taken their first giant step toward a dictatorship of sorts, with the announcement that Quebec is to become a unilingual province (country?).

They were playing it pretty cool for a few months, but this one is a blunder of massive proportions. They can no more force unilingualism on Quebec than the

federal government could force bilingualism on Canada.

When will these people, who begin as fervent idealists and turn into rigid commissars when they achieve power, ever learn that you can't force free people to do anything they don't want to do? You can shoot them or burn them, as state and church have done in the past. But you can't control their minds or spirits by force or threats.

Rene Levesque and his crowd have made their first big boo-boo. The edict about "French only" will return to haunt them. They are interfering with the right of people to say "merde" in their own language, whether it be English or Greek or Italian, and mark my words, it will boomerang. The edict, that is, not the merde.

Even worse, the pronunciamento will

probably unite the rest of Canada, and all the non-French of Quebec, behind Pierre Trudeau, and we'll be stuck with another four or five years of insipid, inept and indifferent Liberal government. The only fate that could be more frightening would be the prospect of four or five years of Conservative government. Fortunately, there is no possibility of the NDP, that optimistic giant straining to produce a giant, forming a federal government.

Well, that settles the political situation for this week. Except for one squalid little item. As I write, there are rumors that Jack Horner, an ambitious Tory M.P. from Alberta, may bolt his party, stick his thumb in the big, fat Liberal pie, and emerge with a cabinet post on the end of it.

Herewith some advice for Joe Clark. If Horner wants to go, wave goodbye and forget about him. One Paul Hellyer, once a power in the Liberal cabinet, the one who singlehandedly destroyed the morale of Canada's armed forces, crossed the floor in a huff when he didn't get his own way, joined the Tories, and has been Paul Who? ever since. Churchill got away with it and went on to lead his country. But Jack Horner is no Churchill. Enough. Politics are sick-making.

Another Westerner, Ole Missus Trudeau, is still keeping the gossips speculating, as I write. Nobody seems to know where she is or what the hell is going on. Maybe by the time this appears in print, Jack Horner will have married Pierre Trudeau, and Margaree will pop up from New York, first-class Air Canada, to take the wedding pictures.

I know Margaret has said no more of those dull, official functions for her, like cutting the ribbon on the brand new outdoor privies installed by Turkey Township in its fine new park. But I can't help wondering if she's going to pass up all those smashing glamour events to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee, which are undoubtedly being planned right now in Ottawa, local matrons in fighting for invitations.

It's not fair, I know, but the comparison between Margaret and Queen Elizabeth thrusts itself at me. The Queen was crowned when she was younger than Mrs. T. She had about as many babies about as fast. But she did not then declare that she must fulfill herself, and allow herself to be pawed and pestered by smutty reporters avid to learn what was going on between her and Philip.

Nope, she hung in there, through all the dreariness and cummyness of what must be one of the most arduous jobs in the world. When there was a tough decision to be made, she made it and stuck to it. She did a pretty good job of raising her kids, it seems. She endured the sniping and the criticism. And she did it all with a grace and dignity that proclaimed the word "lady" at every step.

It's a hard act to follow, and nobody can blame the Sinclair girl if she couldn't match it. But, while Pierre is an arrogant mandarin, I'll bet the Duke of Edinburgh is no bargain either. She shoulda hung in there, the way the rest of us do.

It's not easy, living for years with a complete stranger. But it goes with the territory.

It doesn't get any easier, as the years go by, either. This morning I came down for breakfast at eight o'clock. At a quarter to nine I went out the door to work. During that 45 minutes, I spoke four times, each time saying either, "Yes", or "You're right." That took two seconds.

The rest of the time my wife talked, and her voice followed me right out the door like a swarm of bees following a florist.

That's not news, but that, too, is reality.

The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, April 26, 1967

Lakeview subdivision is a hive of activity this week as builders excavate cellars, clear land and erect houses in a rapid acceleration of residential building in Acton. Forty-one building permits have been issued for new houses in the subdivision alone at an estimated value of \$410,000 but the actual figure, using the purchase price as a guide would be double that.

Project Action, a teenage group with only one event under their belts had the attention of the town and district focussed on them Saturday as they staged a marathon 40-mile walk in aid of the cancer society. Starting at Thornhill at seven a.m., 21 walkers completed the trek from about 80, who started out, raising over \$550 for the cancer society. Course was 40 miles along Highway Seven. Vern Denny was the first walker in.

Unidentified flying objects are being reported in this district again. Both the Milton and Guelph papers say "sidents have seen a bright object, like a star, moving in a wavering line across the sky. Only one single light marks the strange craft.

The Mill-Main stoplights are a new experience and the police have had a watchful eye on the corner. It's difficult at first to pass right through on a green light when you're accustomed to stopping cautiously. There have been a couple of errors, but the improvement is obvious.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, April 25, 1957.

A huge industrial and residential development in Esquesing? Everyone's talking about it, but no one knows anything definite about it. According to township reeve George Currie, the municipality has received no official word about it. Asked to comment on the proposed development he said "I wish somebody would tell me, because I don't know." Mr. Currie said, "I see by the papers it's going to be a big thing," but said that was all he knew. Rumors flying last week had it that the project was part of the vast E. P. Taylor empire, and would stretch from Hornby on the south to Stewarttown on the north, and perhaps larger yet. Farms in the area had reportedly been optioned some time ago.

The site for Acton's new fire hall is being cleared at the Bower Avenue entrance. The old building is now facing on Willow Street.

Early this morning, an accident near Crewson's Corners was reported in which two men were injured. Dennis Turner of Erin district was shaken up and Bill Inglis of Acton received 21 stitches to his head and face and was sent to Guelph General hospital. OPP officers are investigating.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, April 26, 1877.

The committee who have in charge the arrangements for the celebration of the Queen's Birthday will be able to announce particulars in a few days.

Guelph jubilee Monday to its heart's content. All the small boys and girls were regaled with oranges and things, and the larger folks with speeches, street parades, lots of guzzle and baseball. A brilliant illumination in the evening wound up the pleasures.

The Czar of Russia has ordered a declaration of war and already 50,000 of his troops have entered Turkish territory. The sound of battle will soon echo through the civilized earth.

Many of the young shade trees on Bower Ave. are dead and council should see that they are replaced without delay.

The large hall over the post office has been partitioned off and a portion of it leased by the Knights of Pythias. The other portion will be used for Council, Court and other public meetings.

Mr. H. Hunt, our popular stationmaster, started yesterday for a pleasure trip to England. He sails from Portland on Saturday.

Pure blood stallion Terror owned by Mr. John White is to travel in this section during the season. Stock raisers and others interested are referred to the large advertisement.

Bread has risen and now bakers say two dimes a loaf.

OUR READERS WRITE:

Acton's Fairy Lake

138 Willowridge Rd.
Weston M9R 3Z7
Ontario
19 April, '77

Dear Editor

I bought myself a trailer in the Breezes Trailer park on Fairy Lake and believe me, am I glad I did. I think that it is a terrific place to relax. I have lived in the trailer each weekend and I have seen the lake and the surrounding countryside in all her moods and my wife and I really enjoy it. Acton is a lovely little place to shop and browse around. I thought I would write this little poem about it. I hope you find it good enough to put in your paper.

I have recently immigrated from Glasgow Scotland.

I remain
Yours respectfully
John Herron

ACTON'S FAIRY LAKE

The sun in all his glory
Shines on Fairy Lake,
And through the trailer windows
Making sure we're all awake;
The swans glide slowly on the lake
Their regal heads held high.
The raucous honk of flying geese,
Echoes loud as they go by,
Trailer owners stretch and yawn;
Deck chairs soon appear,
Lying stretched out in the sun
By their side a box of beer.
Rich man, poor man, kindred spirits
Living close to nature.
With God's creations all around
Who knows about the future?
If man can live contented
As close as Trailer living,
Perhaps in Acton's Fairy Lake
We've found our earthly heaven.

John Herron

Democracy at work?

I read with great interest for the first time through the Acton Free Press this past weekend that the Halton Board of Education went ahead and leased land to the Halton Regional Police for a communication tower.

What happened to democracy? Why have not the local residents who are going to be affected by this decision been consulted? Why no public hearing, notices? Why are we not entitled to hear the reasons why the tower is necessary? Why is it required in Speyside?

What kind of democracy is at work in Halton Hills? Where is the concern of the Halton Hills council, the Regional government, the Niagara Escarpment Commission?

It appears very strange that you read where a person has been held up for six months by the Niagara Escarpment

Commission because he wants to put an inground swimming pool on his property, and yet a large tower with all of its visual pollution on the top of the escarpment is of no concern.

My concerns are not T.V. and radio reception, my concerns are visual pollution in an area of some of the best escarpment property.

We at Speyside are entitled to know, at least the size, the needs, and express our concerns about this tower.

As a local resident for the past five years, (Lot 17 Concession 3) as a practicing architect, and as a general concerned citizen I insist that democracy is not dead.

Please Messrs Hinton, Armstrong, Long and Herd, who voted against this decision could we hear from you? I thought at least a Board of Education would understand the need to educate the public.

Lloyd P. Sankey

Please sign your letter

A person who has adopted a baby privately through her doctor has written a Letter to the Editor on the subject. In reply to the article in last week's Free Press "Doctors arrange many adoptions." Unfortunately the letter is not signed and

so cannot be published. If the writer will come in and sign it, we will be happy to publish it next week. The name of the writer need not appear in the paper, but the letter itself must be authenticated.

The master plan

That family of birds are here,
Up in the maple tree,
They fight their wars, and keep their laws,
As Nature does decree.

They have never paid a building tax,
For building in the tree,
They intend to raise their family,
Where everyone is free.

They never got permission from
The local zoning boards,
Their urgent need, is so decreed
Without the Planning Boards.

They have no need for politics,
To regulate their lives,
Each to their own, they stand alone,
The fittest still survives.

They live by every Golden Rule
And raise their head in pride,
Each on their own, will plan alone,
With nature to abide.

They don't try to change their native tongue
To improve the situation,
They do or die, but never try,
To dominate their nation.

They ignore the concrete jungle,

They refer the open space,
They love to sing and do their thing,
And enjoy their earthly place.

From the very start, till they depart,
They do the best they can,
They give their worth to mother earth,
It is the Master Plan.

Victor Smith
R.R. 2, Rockwood.

Why not write a note?

Dear Reader:
We are disturbed by discussions of the possible break-up of our country, Canada. How can we express our good will to our French speaking fellow Canadians?

Are you searching for a way to express your friendship towards the people in Quebec? Please write a note or postcard expressing your feelings about this important matter, in French or English, to:
Citizens of Quebec,
c/o Council of Canadian Union,
1470 Peel Street, Suite 925
Montreal, Quebec H3A 111

Need another residence?

Dear Editor:
At a recent meeting of the Executive of the North Halton Association for the Mentally Retarded, the need for further residential services for the profoundly retarded and multi-handicapped was discussed.

As a result of this discussion, it was decided that the Association should further explore area needs in this regard.

The purpose of this letter is to solicit information, specifically on:

1. Any people from North Halton presently receiving these services outside the area.
2. Any people presently within North Halton requiring this service now or in the future.
3. Any North Halton people now on a

waiting list for area services such as Oaklands, who are anticipating a lengthy wait for admission.

As we realize there are concerns on this issue throughout the region, we would welcome information on all Halton Region residents who conform to the above criteria, in order to give us a better understanding of the total situation.

If this information as well as any comments of the need for, or appropriateness of these further services could be forwarded to our office in Georgetown, it would be most appreciated.

Yours truly,
M. Barclay
Mrs. Mae Barclay
North Halton Association for the Mentally Retarded.

Reunion at Goderich

To The Editor:
During the year 1977, the town of Goderich on beautiful Lake Huron at the mouth of the Matland River, is celebrating its one hundred and fiftieth birthday. As a great many special events are planned for the days from June 29th to July

10th, we would like to invite all former Goderichites to return home during those days. If anyone wishes more information, write to me at P.O. Box 1977, Goderich, Ontario.

Sincerely yours,
Harry Worsell

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1976 award winner

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