

# Free Press Editorial Page

## Big holiday weekend

Back to Acton Days and Dominion Day celebrations are coinciding this coming weekend. Merchants and organizations are joining wholeheartedly in making plans for a big holiday weekend of fun and entertainment here.

Although plans haven't been underway for long, the co-operation and response have been terrific.

The new Business Association is filled with enthusiasm over its first big project, and they didn't wait to start small. They started big.

Judging from plans, it'll be more

fun to stay home than go away anywhere this coming weekend.

The Back to Acton Days theme is especially appealing, and the participants are making the popular issue of the season, the town hall, the theme for their promotion. It'll give a great boost to the campaign.

The four past mayors who are still living will be featured, with games, music, booths, barbecue and bargains, ending with fireworks Sunday night.

So it's Back to Acton this Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday!

## Independent study

Reports from meetings between Ontario Hydro representatives and Interested Citizens Group officials and the Ministry of Energy suggest neither the Ministry nor Hydro is yet convinced a study of the Bruce to Milton hydro corridor has not been done. They apparently are still adamant in insisting Dr. Solandt studied the corridor in his now often-quoted report despite the decision of the Ontario Court of Appeals which allowed in the report Dr. Solandt only lightly touched on the subject.

Well, if Ontario Hydro or the Ministry are not convinced then we would suggest they should have Dr. Solandt appear at the Hearings of Necessity when they resume at Acton Legion Hall July 4. Perhaps, Dr. Solandt could clear up misconceptions both Hydro and the Ministry seem to have.

It is clear they have been caught in their own trap by the decision of the Supreme Court and would prefer to ignore the implications of the ruling rather than admit they have erred, or simply chose to ignore the facts.

Let us make it clear now, there never has been an independent study done of the Bruce to Milton hydro corridor such as was conducted by Dr. Solandt for the east-west Pickering to Nanticoke hydro corridor. And it only seems proper one group of citizens along a hydro route should be accorded the same rights and privileges granted in other areas.

Or are the citizens of Halton Hills, Erin township and on up to Bruce not entitled to the same rights as accorded the people of Caledon, King and other more affluent areas?

## OUR READERS WRITE:

### Council baffles Miltonians

6081 Tremaine Rd.,  
Milton, Ontario,  
L9T 2X5  
June 27, 1977

The Editors,  
Acton Free Press and  
Georgetown Independent

For the people of Milton fighting the Site "F" garbage dump one of the continuing mysteries of the battle is the solid block of Halton Hills Councillors who unanimously and consistently vote to choose Site "F" as the single landfill site for Halton.

The mystery continues on this subject because seldom during council debate do Messrs. Armstrong, Booth, Hill, McKenzie and Miller ask a question or express a view on the subject, yet they consistently vote to choose it. Possibly their comments are unnecessary anyway, considering that neutral chairman Ric Morrow at two separate meetings has given his opinion on the desirability of choosing Site "F".

Not always have the people of Milton had to wonder about why oh why does Halton Hills want one large landfill site on class one farmland in the centre of the region. In the last council Ernie Sykes of Halton Hills spoke numerous times about the inappropriate use of productive soil for burying garbage. Unfortunately Ernie Sykes is no longer a member of council. His direct common sense approach gave a refreshing lift to the inscrutable manoeuvrings of Regional Council. Now that Halton Hills no longer has his representation it is also without a debater and anyone who is willing to speak at Regional Council, remembering that one cannot include Ric Morrow in this, since, as chairman without the position of an elected official he should remain neutral in all debates.

Because this situation of silent selection of Site "F" by all of Halton Hills councillors genuinely baffles rural neighbourliness with Georgetown and Acton (names that sound better than and mean more than Halton Hills anyway) the Miltonians have even requested their Acton and Georgetown friends to telephone the councillors to get some answers. One such inquirer placed four calls to a councillor who did not respond once.

It is ironic to note that in the first years of Regional Council Len Cox, a well remembered councillor, introduced a motion to prohibit the use of Class One farmland for garbage. Possibly he did so with his own municipality in mind, since unfortunately at that time Ashgrove was very much a possibility as a single large long term garbage site for Halton.

Still the ghost of Ashgrove lurks at Regional Council where regularly it is reported that the Burlington councillors devoted to the cause of choosing Milton Site "F" simply whisper "Ashgrove" within earshot of any Halton Hills councillor who might stray from the voting pack. Ashgrove is an idle (but apparently effective) threat for never would Burlington consider shipping its massive amounts of garbage such a distance with haulage costs rising yearly.

Ashgrove and Site "F" have one thing in common: both are productive class one farmland. When again will there be a spokesman for farmland from Halton Hills? Now that Ashgrove is saved let's save Site "F" too.

Having attended the recent all candidates meeting at Georgetown High School I am aware of Georgetown's negative opinion of Regional Government. Having just viewed a Regional Council meeting on the landfill issue I see grounds for that scepticism.

Eight councillors spoke against choosing Site "F". No councillor refuted their arguments or spoke with any consequence in return. The vote to choose Site "F" carried 14-10. Halton Hills provided almost one third of the votes for the choice of Site "F".

One citizen spoke to the issue; 40 citizens attended. All were ignored.

14 councillors voted to buy an unknown amount of land at an unknown cost. None of the 14 had any questions to ask.

In the present council the voting pattern on a single centralized landfill site for Halton Region is:

- Burlington, six support a single large site, three support small local sites with reduction and reclamation;
- Oakville, three support a single large site, four support small local sites, reduction and reclamation;
- Milton, All three councillors support local sites, reduction and reclamation;
- Halton Hills, All five councillors support a single large site.

In March, 1977 Acton and Georgetown papers made editorial comments about the lamentable choice of Site "F" for centralized dumping. Those editorial comments made me think that many people in Acton and Georgetown must be concerned, just as Julian Reed is, and even if the Regional Council members are turning their backs.

A phone call to 878-3050 or 878-5222 (toll free) would be much appreciated to shed some light on this lack of voting support from an area which one would assume would be an ally. Instead it appears to be both ends against the middle.

Sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Anne Katz

### Alcoholism disease

To the Editor:  
June 22, 1977,  
The headline, "Help on Way for Boozing Teachers," displayed an insensitivity towards social problems as well as biased reporting on the part of your paper. May I

suggest that you pay heed to the words of board chairman Garry Morton: "until people start looking at alcoholism as a disease society won't get anywhere in dealing with the problem."  
Sincerely,  
Jean E. Beaton



WINDY TENTACLES PULL on this tree, on the shore of Fairy Lake bringing cool weather upon us. Farmers welcomed the rain, but not so for organizers of Back to Acton Days celebration this weekend.



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

June is not my favorite month of the year. Maybe it's because on the second day of that month, about 80 years ago, it seems like, I was ushered into the world, somebody gave me a slap on the bum, I started to cry, and I've been a bit jaundiced about June ever since.

It certainly has some advantages over, say, January. There are no ten-foot icicles hanging from the roof. You don't have to fight your way through snowdrifts to get to the car. But it has its own plagues.

As I write, a three-inch caterpillar is working his way across the windowsill to say hello. I know he'll be a beautiful butterfly any day, but last night I stepped on his brother, in my bare feet and the dark, on the way to the bathroom. Every try to get squashed caterpillar from between your toes?

No, I don't live in a treehouse. The little devils come up from the basement, or through a hole in the screen. And they have friends and relatives. Just as I typed that sentence, a black ant, about the size of a mouse, scuttled across the floor and under a chair. He looked big enough to carry off one of my shoes and masticate it in a quiet corner.

Insolent starlings strut about my back lawn, scaring the decent birds away, when they are not trying to get into my attic through a hole the squirrels have made, or pooping all over my car, as it sits under a maple tree, which is also making large deposits of gook and gum on the vehicle.

Wasps and humble bees are as numerous and noisy and welcome as gate-crashers at a cocktail party, if you dare take a drink into the back yard for a peaceful libation.

If it's humid and stinking hot, as June so often is, it's like courting carnivorous, whatever that is, to sit out in the evening.

The ruddy mosquitoes turn you into a writhing, slapping, squirming bundle of neurotic frustration in ten minutes.

Go up north into cottage country and you wish you were back home with the mosquitoes. The blackflies up there can be heard roaring with laughter as they shurrp up that guaranteed fly dope you've plastered yourself with, and come back for more. They'll leave you bloody. And not unbowed.

I have never yet seen, or heard of, a June when the weather was right for the crops. It's either too wet and hot for the hay, or too dry and hot for the strawberries, or too cold for the garden to get a good start.

Only dang thing June is any good for is the grass you have to mow. Slick your head out some evening, with your mosquito net firmly in place, and you can hear the stuff growing.

June is murder for young mothers, trying to get their infants to go to sleep at their usual hour. What kid of two is going to settle down in bed at eight o'clock, with the sun streaming through the drapes, the birds yacking at each other, and the teenagers, who have come alive after a six-month's torpor, squealing their tires at the corner?

For mothers of slightly older kids, it's even worse. On a nice, cold, January night, they can feed the kids and stick them in front of the TV set, or nag them toward their homework. No problem.

On an evening in June, those same kids, from six to 16, take off after supper like salmon heading up to spawn, and have to be hollered for, whistled for, and sometimes rounded up physically, with threats, after dark.

In January, even the hardy teenager will hesitate to venture out into the swirling black of a winter night. In June, the same

bird will hesitate to venture in from the balmy black of a summer night, where sex is as palpable as the nose on his face, and probably a better shape.

June is a time when the land is infested with not only tent caterpillars and other pests, but an even worse virulence of creeps: politicians, with instant remedies for age-old ills. I'll take a plague of tent caterpillars any day.

June is also the time for another of the institutions that tend to maltreat the inmates: marriage. Why anybody, of either sex, wants to get hitched in sticky old, sweaty old June, with all its concomitants, I'll never know. But they do, and people go around with vacuous looks talking about June brides and such. (No offence to my niece Lynn, who is getting married this month. Boy, that'll cost me.)

June is a month when all the ridiculous organizations with which we surround ourselves have their last meeting before the summer break. It's too hot. The turkeys who always talk too much at meetings seem to go insane because they'll have to shut up for two months, and go on until midnight.

June is a time when people go out of their minds and buy boats and cottages and holidays they can't afford and new cars for the big trip and fancy barbecues that will rust in the backyard all winter.

June is the month when I have to sweat in a boiling building through my most unproductive work as a teacher: counting books, stacking books, ordering books, fiddling marks, planning course outlines, when I could be playing golf or drinking beer or doing something worthwhile.

Lead on July, with some of that hot, dry weather, some big, black bass, lots of fresh vegetables out of the garden, and an end to the vermin of June, human and otherwise.

## The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Wednesday, June 23, 1967

Seven year old Timmy Daigle, 90 Main St., suffered a complex compound fracture of his left leg when he darted in front of a car near his home at 3:45 p.m. on Saturday. The young lad was taken to Guelph hospital by ambulance. Police said a car driven by Harold Snow, Royal York Rd., Toronto, was proceeding slowly south on Main St. The driver was watching children on his left when the young lad darted out from his right to rejoin his friends and was struck.

First dredge to test the silt and weeds at Fairy Lake was assembled Tuesday at the park and finally floated in the evening. McNamara Construction is making tests in order to bid on the job of cleaning up the silt-clogged parts of the lake. Dredging is expected to increase the storage capacity and provide an even flow of water down the Black Creek during the dry summer months.

Chefs Vic Patrick and Charlie Auger tested the condition of the large roast of beef at Saturday's Legion Barbecue when 12 portable barbecues cooked savory meals on the Legion parking lot. Tarpaulins had to be erected over the barbecues when drenching rain fell but the roasts, averaging 15 pounds, were ready for dinner after seven hours on the spits. One hundred and eighty attended the barbecue and dance afterwards.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, of Thursday, July 4, 1957

An anonymous offer to renovate Acton's arena and install artificial ice was reported to Acton Council Tuesday by Mayor Tyler. Conditions of the action would be "the cost could only be repaid out of arena revenue and the present admission charges were not to be increased." No debentures or loan could be arranged for repayment, it was explained. An incredulous council voted in favor of the idea and instructed the Mayor to continue negotiations and finalize arrangements. It is understood the town would continue ownership of the arena following renovation of the building and installation of the plant. No indication of the benefactor's identity was revealed, but it was noted there were relatives in Acton.

The Acton parks board announced the appointment of two high school students to be employed as supervisors of the wading pool in Acton Park for the summer. The pool will be under the supervision of Miss Shirley Barrett and Miss Susan Wilson. Believe it or not, Leo McGilgalloway was on the receiving end of a fishing pole last Thursday when he landed a 29-inch pike weighing five and three quarter pounds.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 5, 1877

An extraordinary sized load of bark passed through the village yesterday on the way to the laneway. On being measured there was found to be two and three-quarters cords. It belonged to Mr. Allan McDonald of the 4th of Esquesing. Messrs. John Anderson, J.C.J., C. McLagan and W. Russell of Guelph caught 47 trout at Limehouse on Tuesday of last week. They weighed from half a pound to two pounds each.

Last Sunday evening the sidewalk and railway track east of Campbell's Hotel, Campbellville, seemed to be quite alive with diminutive toads or frogs, about three-fourths of an inch in length.

The Orangermen of Montreal made an application to the Mayor of that City for protection during the passage of their procession through the streets on the Twelfth. The work on the new gaol at Milton is progressing rapidly.

Woodcock shooting came in for the season on July 1. Business very quiet. Streets very dusty. Spring crops suffering for want of rain. Mr. John McArthur, tailor, of this village, left Monday night for New York City to practice cutting. He expects to be absent about two or three weeks. It is only 24 years this summer since the first tree was chopped down where Listowel now stands, and now it is a town with over 3,500 inhabitants.



MANY OF THESE students of Miss Mildred Hollinger in Acton public school in 1941 are still familiar faces around town. Most names were recalled by Mrs. George Wallace, who taught them all the year before, and who wanted to share the fond memories with the Free Press readers. Front row, left to right, Lyle Marchant, Gordon Lawson, Teddy Rachlin, Danny Porty, Donald Davidson, Leno Braida, Carl DeForest and Ronnie Papillon. Second row, Yvonne Brunelle, Shirley Fryer, Barbara Vincent, Don-

na Anderson, Doreen Fryer, Marie Parker, Jacqueline Chew, Lila Ranney, Freida Harris, and Joanne Waterhouse. Third row, Harvey Ingles, Billy McKinnon, Joyce Bennie, June Brown, Siglinda VanderGrinten, Bernice Currie, Joanne Veldhuis, Betty Wilds, Irene Evans, Judith Beer and Bobby Rowles. Back Row, John Laka, unknown, Fred Dunn, Bill Palmer, Bobby Bruce, Teddy Tyler, Billy Dron, Ivan Huffman, Melvin Sheppard, Billy Toth, Ronald Ryder and Miss Hollinger.

## THE ACTON FREE PRESS

PHONE 853-2010

Business and Editorial Office



1976 award winner

Founded in 1975 and published every Wednesday at 50 White St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the Canadian Community Newspapers Association and the Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance, \$7.50 in Canada, \$25.00 in all countries other than Canada, single copies 15 cents, carrier delivery in Acton 15 cents per week. Second class mail Registration Number 0515. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for, at the applicable rate. In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time. Delta Printing & Publishing Co. Ltd. David R. Dills, Publisher

Copyright 1977