

Free Press Editorial Page

People most important

Does anyone fully understand all the angles of the current issues in town... the fire hall, the town hall, parking needs and the BIA?

From different people come different viewpoints and of course that's natural.

Different people we have encountered in the course of reporting what's going on have been unaware of what other people are thinking or doing. Again, it's natural.

The problem is in communications.

Everyone agrees we need parking. What would be best?

One group feels the Hotchen lot is not a good idea. Another group wants it.

Another angle: there is a need for an open lot downtown for community events such as the Back to Acton Days and the proposed market. Hotchen's would provide some parking and that space even if it didn't extend through the block.

The same through-the-block plan can be envisioned for the future behind the stores on the north of Mill.

The opposing groups gathering information on parking are both doing their tasks for the good of the merchants and the good of the town.

Wouldn't a public meeting on the subject help? Couldn't people from the planning department help answer businesspeople's questions? Couldn't our councillors gather with all these people so the

question raised can be answered at once?

The fire hall—town hall projects are another case in point. The architect for the town hall committee wanted to talk to councillors about some parts of the projects which would reasonably be coordinated. One heating unit, for instance. Joint use of fire exits where the buildings would abut.

Nothing come of the request. No meeting is being set up for the two groups to talk over their joint plans.

Now the firefighters see that if the town has \$200,000 available for them, there could perhaps be better use of it.

Obviously, there must be more meetings.

It is unfortunate but understandable that impatience develops.

But it would be foolish to proceed on any of these projects without more discussion.

The people making their pleas to council through appearances and petitions are all to be thanked and commended.

They are doing more than complaining. They are making their thoughts known in the right way.

Council's response will correctly be to listen and talk some more.

There's nothing wrong in holding things up a little to try to coordinate things.

An overall view of town accommodations—town offices, community services centre, senior citizens as well as the fire hall, would seem to be in order, too.

The system must not take precedence over the people.



FIVE HUNDRED people could soon be living at this corner, if a proposal for the 168-unit development goes through. North Halton Real Estate, owned by Paul

Nielsen and Gino Civiero, are planning town houses, semi-detached homes and condominiums at the site. There would also be a one-acre park.

The Free Press Back Issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, August 16, 1967.

Rev. Peter Brouwer has accepted a call to serve as pastor of Beth-El Christian Reformed church. He completed his studies at Calvin College, Grand Rapids, Michigan, last spring and will be ordained here in September.

About 6 a.m. Saturday morning fire was detected in a 30 by 40 foot frame workshop garage at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Turner near Churchill. The building, its tools and equipment were completely destroyed. A newly-purchased second hand truck, parked outside the building, received \$550 damage.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansell Nellis, Mr. and Mrs. C. McIntyre and David, and Mr. and Mrs. Don Swackhamer attended Expo in Montreal for a few days this past week.

Andre Brauillard of Acton sustained a broken right wrist and cuts to his back and face in an accident in Georgetown Saturday, August 12. He was taken to Georgetown hospital. The vehicle was completely wrecked.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 22, 1957.

Constable Roy Hazlett, formerly of Brantford O.P.P. this week took charge of the North Halton district detachment of the Ontario Provincial Police. He replaces Corporal Harold Youmans in that capacity. Constable Hazlett, who has nearly 10 years' experience with the O.P.P. began his police duties in Dundas and spent over nine years with Brantford.

Miss Joy Peal, 18-year-old Acton high school student, received word this week from the Federation of Women Teachers Association of Ontario of her success in obtaining a bursary amounting to \$200 for entrance to Teachers College, Toronto.

A happy reunion was held recently at the home of Joe Whitham, Yonge St., Acton, when his brother Jim of Bradford, Yorkshire, England, visited after 36 years of separation. The two brothers parted 36 years ago when Joe came to Canada and decided to make his home here. He has been a resident of Acton for many years and is in the garage business.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 16, 1877.

The public schools open next Monday. Note and Foolscap paper, Envelopes, Slates, Ink, Pens, Holders, Pencil &c, at McGarvin's Hall of Pharmacy.

Times are very dull at the Falls. The hotel men have had a bad season and the large houses will close a month earlier than usual.

The temperance reform movement has reached Nova Scotia. Two thousand have taken the pledge in Yarmouth.

Those of our patrons who are indebted to this office will greatly oblige us by paying up as early as convenient, as we are very much in need of the money.

The closing of the large grocery and hardware establishment of Messrs. Secord Bros. is one of the many results of the "hard times" which we are sure will be greatly deplored by the people in this section of the country. It is one of the effects of having so liberally given credit. We feel sure Messrs. Secord have the confidence as well as the sympathy of the people of this community.

Mr. William Campbell pulled six acres of peas last week on the farm of Mr. John Anderson, in less than a day and three-quarters. He wants to know "who can beat that?"

The terribly heavy rains have almost entirely ruined the greater part of the spring wheat in this vicinity.

The trustees of the Baptist church have about 25 wooden benches with backs, lately used in their chapel, which they offer for sale at reasonable prices.



Sugar and spice

by Bill Smiley

I'm engaged in writing a few yarns for Airforce, the official magazine of the RCAF Association. Naturally, this has brought back a lot of memories, some a bit grim, some pretty hilarious.

As the old mind's eye wandered back, something hit me like a cold douche. Not that I've ever taken a cold douche.

Why were we so keen to get killed? In this age of dropouts, draft dodgers and deserters, it seems incredible that thousands of young Canadian males, back in the Forties, were almost frantic to get into the air force, into air crew, and into a squadron, where the chances were excellent they'd be dead within a couple of months.

From the point of view of common sense, reason, logic, it was not any brighter than the Children's Crusade of the Middle Ages.

Why? Certainly we had no death wish. We had no deep urge to cremate ourselves in the breath of the war dragon. We weren't even running to the battlements to protect our homes, our wives and children. Most of us were in school, or just recently out, and didn't have none of them there things.

Oh, we knew we had to "Stop that bastawd Hitler!" as Churchill once told us on an airfield in Normandy. We knew

ations for the greater part will probably be permanently shelved. If on the other hand Morrow should manage to convince councillors they should only sit at the regional level and convince half of them to go away the future of the region will be different indeed.

(Continued on page 5)

rather vaguely that we were defending democracy and unemployment against the monsters of totalitarianism and full employment, although it was a bit puzzling that totalitarian Russia was on our side.

We knew joining up was the thing to do, that most of our friends were doing it, that a fellow looked pretty fine in a uniform, that the girls were impressed and the hitch-hiking easier.

But why the air force? And why air crew, where the dice were loaded so heavily?

Did we avoid the army because we didn't want to be exposed to the rude and licentious soldiery and get all dirty and grimy in action? Or the navy because we preferred a fiery grave to a watery one?

I just don't know, but most of my friends, and most of their friends, chose the air force, and were dead keen on getting into air crew.

Within a bare few years, most of them were a lot less keen, and many were a lot more dead.

As I recall, it was a real downer for those who failed the tough medical test for air crew. Once chosen, you were filled with despair if you were going for pilot and had to settle for bomb-aimer, just because you were a little cross-eyed.

Once in training, it was a shattering experience to be "washed out" of air crew merely because you had badly bent up one of His Majesty's aircraft by trying to land at 40 feet up, or had wound up 300 miles off course on a cross-country training flight. It was devastating if you wanted to be a fighter pilot and were shipped off to lumbering old bombers.

I have friends who still bear a deep scar on the psyche because they were made flying instructors and spent the rest of the war in Canada. This despite the fact they were chosen as instructors because they were far better pilots than the rest of us.

This despite the fact that many of the pilots they trained were dead, dead, in no time. None of this was any consolation. They still feel they missed something irrecoverable.

Well I know what they missed. They missed the stupidity of senior officers who

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For better or for worse

I just got back from grandma's house, She lives in Acton town, It used to be a pretty place, 'till they turned it upside down.

Now, they're driving round in circles, With "Detours" every way, They found some oil, below the soil, So, they're piping it away.

They fixed up all the sidewalks, Right down to Uncle Joe's, It's sad to tell, how Grandpa fell, I think he stubbed his toes.

Our Susie's got a brand new job, She is the traffic cop, She stays in place, and wipes her face, And signals "SLOW and STOP".

Her boyfriend rides the monsters, That churn up all the dirt, His body brown from his neck down, 'Cause he never wears a shirt.

While important folk with papers, Directing every movement, Collect the tax, for all the cracks, To pay for this improvement.

When they've finished fixing up the town, An d emptied out the purse, Will they be beautified and satisfied, FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE?

Victor Smith
R.R. 2, Rockwood.

I've done it! I've finally done it!! I've driven down Main St. N.I



ERNIE BROUGHTON made a special trip from Bracebridge to bring in this old photo for Free Press readers. It was taken in 1925 and is the combined upper grades of Acton public school. Front row, left to right, Clarice Morton, Helen Ostrander, Terence O'Shea, Tom Gibbons, Stewart Lantz, Jim McGeachie, John McGeachie, Howard Switzer, Charles Holmes, Ernie Broughton, unknown, John Barber, Aubrey Gervais, and Bert Gibbons. Second row, Abbie Price, Marjorie Garden, unknown, Gordon Babcock, unknown, Glen Ryder, Leonard Watson, Lois Atkinson, Isobel Bruce, unknown, Irene Cross, Olive Rookes, Clara Bauer, Marjorie Hall, Gordon Hansen, —Taylor, Henry Cripps, Bill Williams, unknown, John Mellon. Standing left of portico; (lower) Lillian Perry, Doris MacDonald, Oral Chalmers, Ivy Holmes, unknown, Isobel Smith (upper) Violet Currie, Isobel Lantz, unknown unknown, V. Tubman, Willa Lasby, Nora Waterhouse. Standing right of portico, lower, Thos Gibbons, Jack Reid, Clifford Precious, Frank Winters, Carney Byrnes, unknown, unknown, (upper) unknown, unknown, Jessie Atkinson, Mary Gibbons, unknown, Doreen Masales, unknown, unknown, Seated on steps, (lower) Phyllis Lasby, Beryl Tucker, Kathleen McComb, Katherine Smethurst, Herb Woods, Bert Hinton. Standing in portico, John Donaldson, Bill Wilson, Newton Hurst, Gordon Cooper, Bert Symon, Stewart Malcolm, teachers, Miss M.Z. Bennett, Miss D. Folster.