

It's our airport

The summer's travelling is over, and many of us have stories to tell of Malton airport and the way travellers are handled there.

The frustrating thing about these experiences is that air tourists—like ourselves—sit in Malton and wait and wait...and think we see solutions ourselves to some of the tangled ways there.

The last time we travelled, we were talking as we neared the last turn into terminal one—and we missed it. There was a new patch of construction, and the appearances had all changed. We shot off to the town of Malton, made a tortuous journey back amongst industrial plants, and panted into the airport, nearing the deadline.

We mentioned at the ticket counter we had missed the turn and there should have been more signs. "Oh yes," said the clerk. "People miss their planes here all the time."

All the time!

And then there was the Sunday night, burdened with luggage and suffering from sweltering heat, when we and dozens of others abandoned the stifling wait for the always filled elevators to the parking garage, and started to climb the stairs. One side was filled with people going up; the other side with people going down. Languages...laughter...and we-

ariness. Yet as we looked through the doorways, it became evident why our climb was so difficult. The lowest floors of the parking garage were all "reserved".

Reserved!

And then there were the customs officers, who made us wait ignominiously, questioned us bleakly, and ended with a well memorized "Welcome to Canada". No smile, no feeling.

Welcome.

Where are the handy carts that so many other airports have, so you can hoist your own luggage.

Douglas Turner, the chairman of the Metropolitan Toronto Airport Review committee, says technical improvements are not being made there, either. What's needed is proper administration, proper airtraffic control equipment, addition of high speed runway turn-offs, and a parallel runway.

He says Malton is being deliberately downgraded by the Ministry of Transport.

Malton is certainly the best location for travellers from this area. Its inadequacies at peak hours and unfriendliness can mar a good flight. It's in our interests, though, to foster improvements at Malton.

Letters to the federal Ministry of Transport or the airport should help.

It's no surprise

There really should be no surprise in the latest moves from Queen's Park relating to Halton Hills.

No one really thought Energy Minister James Taylor would take an independent view of the proposed hydro corridor through Halton Hills and actually decide an independent study was needed.

And, of course, Darcy McKeough was not going to give the Actonians for Action committee a review of regional government.

Mr. Taylor took the same line his predecessors in the energy post have—that the hydro corridor must go to Milton from Bruce nuclear power through Limehouse because Dr. Solandt recommended it as a good place to cross the Niagara Escarpment. He did not mention that hydro was also going to cross east to west on a different course than first proposed. It was changed after an independent study was done.

People along the proposed Bruce to Milton line have asked for the same privileges given other people of the province—an independent study—and been consistently refused.

At one point back in April, 1976, then Minister of Energy Denis Timbrell said there was no time for an independent study. That was almost a year and a half ago. The refrain is not only repetitious but probably has held up construction of a power corridor from Bruce by years.

In his decision, based on expropriation hearings conducted by Mr. Meyrick, the energy minister takes a crack at the Interested Citizens Group for not presenting evidence for an alternative power route at the hearings. He says nothing about delaying tactics by Hydro which consistently refused to give information about the possibility of an alternate corridor to take power to Toronto, especially the ICG proposal from Bruce to Essa.

Regional government? Why should Mr. McKeough want a review when he has consistently defended the concept and the operation. It would be an admission of failure.

So nothing has changed. And few people thought it would.

Of this and that

Interested in a day care centre? If enough people want one, it can be set up. Everyone at last week's sparsely attended public meeting seemed to feel there was a need in town for day care.

These services can be self-supporting; the region has machinery to help make it come about.

Those who want day care should contact the Community Services Centre. A list will be compiled.

The official program for the opening of the new high school seems to cut history a little short. Its growth chart starts "1927—Old Stone School building serves as a continuation school and high school."

Of course there were high school classes many, many years before that, in separate rooms in the town's only public school. It was on the site where the Robert Little school is now.



COMING OF WINTER has partially frozen the Robert Little stream and surrounded it with banks of snow. The ice is not thick enough to walk on yet, as the Free Press photographer found out when he took this picture. Just before he snapped the shutter, one of his legs broke through into the still liquid but very cold undercurrent. The water went over his boot and soaked his foot, so you had all better appreciate his photographic effort.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

You may have noticed that I didn't write a Remembrance Day column this year. It's not that I have turned against it. It's just that, in 20-odd years of writing this column, I think I've said everything I could about it without producing a bundle of maudlin clichés that would embarrass me as much as my readers.

I've written about the silverly wall of The Last Post on the desolate November air—that cry from the dead that would raise a lump as big as a golf ball in your throat, tears as big as tea bags in your eyes.

I've written about Old Sweats chortling as they went back to Vimy and Mons and the days when they were young and gay and scared stiff. I've described middle-aged vets sucking in their guts in the parade, hoping they could hold in the pots until they finished the march and got back to the Legion Hall for a coldie.

I've described the little old Silver Star mothers, wiping away one dry tear as they awkwardly placed a wreath, not quite knowing whether to salute or bow or just shuffle around until someone steered them away.

It's become too much. I've dried up. It's a bit like being the Poet Laureate of England, and having to produce a sonnet to celebrate the birth of Princess Anne's first born.

It's like being an editor and groaning when you're told that you will have to produce, for the 28th time, an editorial lauding the virtues of Labor Day.

With any luck, the Legion will die away, because there will be no such thing as a veteran, all veterans of all wars being dead, and Remembrance Day will be something vaguely recalled as a pagan holiday back in the 20th century, when people thought they could solve their differences by killing each other.

But don't think I ignore Remembrance Day. No sir. I take it out on my students. On the day before the Day, I lug to school an armful of souvenirs, and rub their noses in them. I think this is much more effective than writing a column or making a speech to a group of veterans.

For one thing, I can lie and lie without fear of contradiction. Those kids are left with the clear understanding that had it not been for Bill Smiley, we'd have lost World War II and they'd now be subject to the whim of some Gestapo Gauleiter.

Mind you, my souvenirs are nothing like the real stuff my uncles brought home from World War I: belts with "Gott Mit Uns," gas masks, shell cases.

But on the other hand, they know as much about World War II as they do about the Boer War, or the War of the Roses, so it doesn't take much to impress them.

I bring my flying log book, which shows clearly the number of bombs I dropped on the enemy. I don't have to mention that "the enemy" in most cases consisted of a plowed field, or a river with a bridge which I'd missed.

I bring an eight by 10 picture of "your hero," dashing, mustachioed, standing beside his trusty Typhoon. They say: "Was that your own airplane, D for Dirty Dick?" I reply casually, "We were like husband and wife."

I don't have to mention that D for Desmond was borrowed for the occasion and that I flew any old, clapped out Typhoon the riggers could put together for another mission. Nor do I have to elaborate that Dirty Dick was indeed like a wife—she yawed violently to the left on takeoff.

Another feature of my souvenirs is a half

dozen blown-up cartoons of prison camp life. I just sort of drop this in. Then comes the inevitable question: "Sir, did you try to escape?"

I slide into my British accent. "Well, eekshwully, cheps, the Old Hun took a veddy dim view of escape attempts, but...yes," chuckling reminiscently and nostalgically.

"What happened?"

"Well, nothing much, rely. Tried to nip off with the Obergruppenführer's Volkswagen jeep and steal a plane. But they caught me. Demmit."

You see, I don't have to explain that I made what must have been the dumbest escape attempt in WWII, after stealing the Feldwebel's lunch out of his coat pocket, and had the boots put to me, severely and accurately, by several old guys who had been badly scared recently by Typhoon pilots, and had no desire to be sent to the Russian front for letting a prisoner escape.

"And what happened then?"

"Well, I was sent to a special camp for prisoners whose spirits could not be tamed, even by the dread Gestapo." I don't have to tell these young turkeys that there were 10,000 other "untamed spirits" in the camp, most of whom would have sold their ancient mother to Kubla Khan for a packet of fags.

And I wind up with a rather vivid description of the final escape, fighting my way through Russian and German hordes as the war drew toward its climax. And falling into the arms of a Canadian corporal and trading him a POW chocolate bar for a bottle of beer.

You see, Remembrance Day will never be dead while I'm alive.

Our readers write

Poor sportsmanship

A copy of this letter has been sent to the Free Press, Mr. Frank Ailsop, President, Acton Minor Hockey Association, 280 Alma Street, Rockwood, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Ailsop:

As a mother of a boy playing on the Acton's Minor Bantam team, I would like to register my disapproval of the poor sportsmanship shown by the Hespeler Coach.

At the time our team was entered in a Tournament in Iderton, we were under the impression it was a weekend Tournament. It was for two weekends and we had a game scheduled with Hespeler for the second weekend.

Unfortunately, our boys beat the major Bantam team from Wainfleet on Nov. 26th,

thus putting us into a game on Sat. Dec. 3rd. With a week's notice, the Hespeler coach would not reschedule the game, sticking to the O.M.H.A. ruling of league games taking precedent over tournaments, etc. No thought was given to the fact that it was an honest mistake and would also upset the Tournament schedule.

While we realize parents have no say in the league, we are one hundred percent behind Mr. Smith and feel we should have gone to the Tournament. We also feel our executive should have stood behind him.

This is Hespeler's first year in our league. This kind of sportsmanship we don't need.

Yours truly,  
(Mrs.) Jeannette Greenly.

Home away from home

Dec. 5, 1977

Dear Editor:

On Nov. 5, 1977, I placed my Mother in Jeanette's Home for Senior Citizens.

I have visited many of these Homes in the past and I must say this Home has impressed me the most, as far as cleanliness, care and affection are concerned. You

could call it a home away from home. Everyone of the Home are treated so well by the staff that even my mother, who speaks very little English and whose environment has been changed so much since we moved to Ontario from Quebec, is beginning to feel at home.

(Continued on page 5)



MAYBE A Sunday School class? Can anyone help identify these young boys, who are pictured with Mrs. A. T. Brown? Only a part of the list of names remains on the back of this old picture and it included a Watson, Archie Wilson, Vincent Goodeve, a Coleman, and Chas. Matthews.

The Free Press Back Issues 10 years ago

10 years ago today Taken from the issue of the Free Press December 6, 1967

Esqueving Township has a new reeve, two new councillors, the same school board and a two-year council term beginning in 1969 following Monday's election which saw only a disappointing 23 per cent of the township voters turn out to cast their ballot. Two veterans of the Esqueving political scene made a neck and neck race of the election before Deputy Reeve George Currie got the nod by a scant 23 votes over incumbent Reeve George Leslie.

Ice on Fairy Lake was termed "definitely dangerous" by Corporal Ray Mason this week following return of milder weather. He asks parents to co-operate with police in warning children to stay off ice.

The first Sunday of Advent, the period before Christmas, in the Christian church's calendar was marked at St. Alban's church Sunday by the lighting of the first candle on the Advent wreath. On each successive Sunday in Advent new candles are lit on the wreath.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Wednesday, December 18, 1957

Postmaster Frank Terry reported this week Christmas mail is heavier than during the same period last year, with an increase in sale of two cent stamps by approximately 10,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil McNabb celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. As a gift to his parents, their son Colin invited them to his resort in the Bahamas Islands for the winter. Their son Neil was killed during World War II. Daughter Reta lives in South Dakota.

The Y's Men held their annual bingo and turkey draw in the Legion.

Mrs. K. Knox, executive secretary of the Save the Children Fund, is just back from a nine week lecture tour of Canada. She was guest speaker at the meeting of the Duke of Devonshire chapter of the I.O.D.E.

Santa greeted over 150 boys and girls at St. Joseph's church Christmas party in the Roxy theatre.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 8, 1927

The Greber Bros. monument factory is now a hive of industry. Each day sees the installation of more machinery.

The body of Count J. de Lesseps, aviator, who was lost on a flight in October, has washed ashore in Newfoundland. He was a frequent visitor here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Beardmore.

Council and Beardmore and Co. will cooperate on the operating of the rink again this year.

Hardwood flavoring from the Smith property (now St. Joseph's School) will be used in fitting up a couple of rooms at the town hall. Council chamber will be re-decorated.

The 27th annual ball and supper of Acton Fire Brigade was well attended.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 6, 1877

The new owners, T. A. Moore and S. W. Galbraith, are determined the Free Press will be second to none for life, energy and editorial ability. Our aim will be to make The Free Press a welcome visitant to every intelligent and well-ordered home throughout this section of the country.

James Williams, who murdered his wife at Weston, suffered the extreme penalty of the law at the gaol on Friday morning. (Two full columns of small type follow, including a copy of his last letter to his children.) At eight o'clock a large crowd gathered outside the jail but only those with tickets were admitted...at the expiration of seven minutes all was over.

Eli Snyder is to take a census of the school section, and is to be paid eight dollars.

The school board authorized the teachers to prohibit the playing of "shinney" on the schoolgrounds, or in coming or returning from school, or to practice the game at all during noon or recess.

Guelph Town Council indulge in such expressions as you're a liar, you're drunk to an alarming extent. It is proposed to invite them to hold a meeting in this village and charge an admission fee. They would be better than any minstrel troupe that visited this place.

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"I told you so"

RR 2 Rockwood, Ont. Nov. 28, 1977

854-2366  
To the Editors,  
Dear Sir,

Today I get little satisfaction in saying "I told you so", though I can't help pointing it out now that the Minister of the Environment is looking at Montreal's Incinerator / Energy producing plant for Halton Region, that in Oct. 1973, yes 1973, when I wrote a full page article on solid waste for the Dills Publishing Co., amongst other such plants, I pointed out the merits of Montreal's Incinerator / Energy producing plant.

Again in Jan. 1976, in the Nassagaweya Area Ratepayers Association critique of the Dillon Report which I presented to Halton Region, I referred to this same plant.

One wonders what those people who take the taxpayers' dollars at the provincial level and council level to keep abreast of technology do to while away their time.

William A. Johnson