

# The Acton Free Press

Founded in 1875

Don McDonald, Publisher

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## Need mall development

A black cloud is hanging over a crucial aspect of revitalization of downtown Acton.

There are many conflicting versions as to what caused it, but all sources agree that for now at least a major commercial development envisioned for the site of the old Force Electric plant and the existing A-B Foodland supermarket has gone down the drain.

Likely there is a lot of truth and some fiction, misunderstanding and misinformation in all versions of what has halted plans for development at the east end of the commercial district.

Just as likely the whole truth hasn't come to light as yet.

However, the whole sad tale adds up to a severe blow to everyone who dreams of healthy survival of our downtown and preventing a plaza being built on the east side of town.

Certainly the plans for a huge supermarket, semi-enclosed mall with quality stores and a small theatre would have been a tremendous boost to downtown.

That proposal would seem to have been permanently scuttled.

A watered down version, consisting of a smaller supermarket, though larger than the one there now, and a row of stores at the rear of the site is still quite desirable. It would be a big boost to downtown.

Halton Hills doesn't usually chase development. That's not the role of municipality.

But, an exception must be made in this case.

This is a development Acton needs and it is in the interest of the town to do everything possible to make sure something is built on that site.

The town has a vested interest in this development since it is fighting developer Jerry Sprackman's plans for a plaza on the east side of town. That issue will be settled by the Ontario Municipal Board.

Part of its case against Sprackman's plan is that downtown development is preferable and is being encouraged by the town.

No doubt Sprackman will welcome the news that the downtown development is on thin ice and will be delighted to hear one of the developer's charges that the town staff didn't welcome his proposal for a large supermarket, semi-enclosed mall and theatre with open arms.

If the developer received any hint from staff that his proposal for a major downtown project wasn't viewed entirely favorably it could prove damaging to Halton Hills case against Sprackman's plaza plan.

It would seem certain the issue of downtown refurbishing versus commercial expansion on the edge of town will rage on, continue to be shrouded in confusion and mean troubled commercial seas must be travelled by Acton.

Sprackman is no easy match for the town.

As evidenced by his battles with other municipalities he appears to be shrewd and clever.

In Wasaga Beach recently, where Sprackman is trying to build a commercial development and the town is balking, a recent council meeting deteriorated into a shouting match and the threat of police being called to force Sprackman and his lawyer leave the chambers was issued.

That hasn't happened there yet, and hopefully the issue will be settled peacefully at the OMB.

However, past indications have been that Sprackman will use intimidation, confrontation and threats to get his way if necessary. Hardly means which help taxpayers fully understand the issues.

When facing an adversary as tough as Sprackman, the town can ill afford to have even a hint of helping botching up development downtown.

## Put bins at works yard

Irresponsible people, predominately adults who should know better, are dumping garbage on rural roads, quiet residential streets, vacant property and parklands.

Recently the town and region has had a large garbage container at the old dump in Georgetown for people to take their spring clean-up refuse for disposal.

This was a good first step towards solving the insane dumping problem.

However, this service should be available in Acton also.

Several large garbage containers could be placed inside the fence at the works yard and people could pitch garbage in over the fence.

Certainly this would be less expensive than picking up garbage on rural roads, Acton streets and parklands.

For local dumpers the works yard will prove to be even more convenient than the old Georgetown dump or one of the rural roads.

## Our readers write

### Going to council frustrating

Dear Sir:

I have just returned from tonight's council meeting where I failed in my attempt to have council place a 3-way stop at the corner of Cobblehill Rd. and Victoria St.

The motion was passed to have another study done on the area in question even though one was done three years ago. This in effect will hold up anything being done for, as I understand it, a considerable time.

There were valid points made both for and against during the discussion. I agree that the three-way stop will probably not stop all the speeding we must contend with.

However, when it has been made very obvious to our local councillors over a three year period that the residents want the signs placed, I don't understand why they do not do it, since it is within their jurisdiction to do so!

It is very frustrating to think that while my motion is shelved a youngster could be hit.

I could make this letter much longer but I'm sure you realize that everything else would be quite obvious.

Sincerely  
Bob Fleming

### Tips to conserve energy

Dear Sir:

The purpose of this letter is to suggest ideas to contribute to the current energy crisis.

1. Houses to be insulated abundantly.
2. Double pane windows.
3. Walk or ride bicycle to conserve gas.
4. Do not open windows when heating is on.
5. Avoid leaving gas barbecues on when not in use.
6. Avoid leaving electrical appliances on when you do not need them on.

And...  
7. Avoid using too much hot water. These are some suggestions to help diminish the energy crisis. If they are put into effect we are sure they will probably help, and if not, we know we have played our part to help.

Eike Haugen,  
Silvia Patricia de Paz  
St. Joseph's School



## Men the sentimental sex, but women have reputation

In theory, women are the sentimental sex, men the hard, unfeeling sex. In reality, this is pure horse... wait for it... feathers.

Underneath all the cooing and crooning and weeping, hidden behind the ahs and ohs and other symbols of maudlinity, women are about as sentimental as turtles.

This is said in no disparaging sense. I detest sentimentality, though I have nothing against sentiment. Thus, I despise myself for being sentimental about things: old shoes, old hats, old hip waders, old shoes, old cars, and even old ladies.

There is nothing of this in my wife. Oh, she can get sentimental about the way I used to baby her, or the joy the children were before they grew up, or her school days in the one-room country schoolhouse. In other words, figments of the imagination.

But when it comes down to things I love and cherish, she's as sentimental as a meat-grinder. Just the other day, she threw out my golf shoes. I'd had them only 21 years. They were a size too big when I bought them, and my feet skidded around abt inside them; the spikes were worn down to pimples, many missing. But they were old friends. I felt low for two days. She didn't turn a hair.

This week, she made me buy a pair of dress shoes, black. I had a perfectly good pair of black shoes. As usual, I had worn them only to weddings and funerals for the first four years, then to work for the last three. They were good shoes. Cost me \$22.

But they weren't good enough, in her opinion, for some darn fancy party we were going to. I didn't matter to her that they were comfortable (it takes about three years to break in a pair of shoes), still quite black when sufficient polish was applied, and only a few scuffs here and there, about the size of a thumbnail each. Out they went.

Have you any idea what a pair of decent shoes cost these days? By George, they must be using humans for skin. Blacks for black shoes, brown people for brown shoes, and Scandinavians for white shoes. No animal hide, alive or dead, is worth what they're asking for a bit of leather.

My old lady recently bought a collection of strings of leather that wouldn't make a medium-sized jockstrap. It was called a pair of shoes. It cost \$85. They were made in Italy. I'm going to write the Pope.

But I mustn't digress. Latest victim of my wife's complete lack of sentimentality about old and cherished things was our car. The Big Car, as my grandboys called it when they climbed, cranked, out of the poky little Datsun their mother drove, and in which she carried a pail of water to fill the leaking radiator every thirty-five miles.

Those little fellows loved it! They didn't even notice the rust. It was a veritable playhouse, the Yellowbird, another pet name. They were at their happiest when we were steaming down the highway, crawling around my feet, pushing buttons, twisting dials.

It was sheer bliss for them when they got everything going at once. A cold winter day. The air-conditioning turned to full cold with the fan on. Windshield wipers flying at top speed, and one kid pushing the windowwash button, the other punching buttons of the radio, turned to full volume, or trying to put on, simultaneously, the headlights and the emergency brake.

Do you think any of those good times, those tranquil moments, meant anything to my old lady. Not on your life. This week I bid a fond farewell to the Yellowbird, wiped away a surreptitious tear, and climbed into a new car she'd made me buy.

by  
Bill  
Smiley



No fun there for the kids. No air-conditioning to switch on suddenly, making Grandad's hair stand on end. It's a two-door, so no more playing with the locks and leaning against the door and watching Gran go out of her mind. Caged in, like little animals.

Have you bought a new car lately? Neither have we, but it's fairly new. Our last one cost \$2,000 and was only five years old. It lasted over three years and was still valiantly breasting the waves of traffic on the highway.

When I asked for prices on a new one, I turned red, then white, and had to be helped to a seat. Had the sales office not been so magnificent, rather like the lobby of a bank, I think I should have, perhaps, vomited.

There are more ways than one in which a car agency resembles a bank. Their interest rates are similar, though, to be fair, slightly lower than the eighteen-odd per cent our banks, those holiest of holies in our economy, gouge.

Their salesmen are somewhat like those well-groomed young men at the bank, not exactly accountants, not managers, who guide you smoothly through a maze of figures and papers to the stony reality that there is no easy way out, no way to really save money, no way to beat inflation.

There was one pleasant difference this time. The car salesman was a former student, Ernest Moreau, a craggy young man with a sense of humor, a sweetness of spirit, and a sense of the ridiculousness of things that was a charming change from the dull, humorless, unknowledgable young men I've met in the bank lately.

Yep, we've bought a car, new shoes, the works. And my wife showed no more sentiment over the old ones than she would have over the last week's laundry. I wonder if she could discard an old, well-used man with the same equanimity. I fear so.

## Back issues

### 10 years ago

June 17, 1970

Robert Little field day champions—Linda Stewart, Frank Houston, Susan Shoemaker, James Krapek, Dorinka Moskum, Roger Warboys.

Mayor Les Duby was presented with a certificate honoring his work as member and past president of the Ontario Municipal Association.

Doris Coyne won a prize for sales from Tri-Chem embroidery.

Parks board authorized \$4,000 for grading the shore of Fairy Lake. Lakeview residents raised \$1,500 toward the project.

Jehovah's Witnesses officially opened and dedicated their new hall on Main N. The congregation has 46 active ministers. The hall was built almost entirely by volunteer labor.

Lion Peter Papillon was presented with the Old Lion scroll at the club's 10th anniversary.

A music recital was held for the pupils of Dorothy Scull, Faye Pink and Jean McLean. Top awards went to Susan Shoemaker, Kathy Cheyne, Renate Voskamp, Janice Ellerby and Kim Bishop.

### 20 years ago

June 9, 1960

Acton's three cemeteries were beautifully decorated with flowers on Decoration Day Sunday. Wilfred Coles again lowered and raised the flag at the cenotaph, as he has for the past six years. There were five bands in the large parade.

One of Acton's leading citizens, Amos Mason died Tuesday. He opened Mason Knitting Company in 1920. He was the leader of Acton Citizens' Band. He was councillor, reeve, warden of Halton county and Acton's first mayor. He was on the first board of the YMCA. He was Citizen of the Year in 1958. His home on Bower Ave. is a beauty spot in which he took great pride.

Grade 13 class held their graduation banquet in the high school. They are Grace Clow, Lynda Lovell, Ella Jany, Louise Wasowicz, Mary Lou Creighton, Mike Hurst, Jim Swackhammer, Laurence Duby, Wayne Ridley, Brian Gervais, Frank Mariscak, Bruce Macpherson, Ken Gardner, Mike Homer, Bill Johnstone, Don Brown. The class presented a Bible to the school.

Alex Patcai has started giving tennis lessons for the season.

Roads in Lakeview subdivision will be hardtopped soon.

### 50 years ago

June 12, 1930

Although two high school teachers requested an increase in salary due to increased work load, the school board did not see fit to approve increases at this time. Miss Nephew and Miss Rynard were offered re-engagement at their present salaries. A new principal will be sought.

The Duke of Devonshire chapter is assisting in raising funds to install lavatories in the town hall.

Miss Helen MacDonald has graduated from the University of Toronto in Household Science and Miss Isabel Cowie has graduated in English and History.

The garden party season is now on, although they are not as numerous as they used to be.

Two boys were riding their bicycles on the sidewalk when one of them struck a wee French girlie, knocking her down. They were brought before Magistrate Moore who extracted promises for strict observance of the law.

Miss Veronica Frank of Rockwood graduated from St. Joseph's school of Nursing. The overhead bridge at Limehouse was fired by a passing train, and saved by a group of volunteer men and women, until the section gang came to the rescue.

The Alabastine Lime Company has fired a third kiln, and things look normal at the Dolly now.

### 100 years ago

June 10, 1880

The drop in the rate for cable messages from the original hundred dollars a word to twelve and a half cents a word has called public attention to transatlantic telegraphy.

The statute labor which has been done on the 3rd line should be commended.

Burglars entered the shoe shop of Mr. W. Williams, and barber shop of Mr. Jno. Worden, and helped themselves to boots and shoes, made to order, and razors. Telegrams were sent to authorities in surrounding towns and villages.

A petition is being circulated praying the Council to provide a bylaw prohibiting cattle from running at large on the public streets at any time.

A train of immigrants passed through on the way to the west.

There are 60 students in attendance at Guelph Agricultural College.

A large crowd of members of Knox church presented their pastor with a purse of over \$100, as Mr. Cameron intends to visit his native land, and they would like him to avail himself of any opportunity that would give him pleasure or improve his health. A large crowd accompanied him to the station.

## On the Leavell

With Helen



Here we go again with another class reunion. This time it is in MacTier on July 26, for classes of 1955, '56, '57, '58 and '59, of the Old MacTier Continuation School.

Anyone from MacTier in the area? If so, call Brian Lemkay, 9 Haig Street, MacTier, Ont. POC 1B0 for further information.

The day promises to be full of fun, excitement and nostalgia.

Welcome Wagon hostess Anna Knight reports 11 new families in town, from many distant places.

Coming the farthest are Mr. and Mrs. W. Fitch from England. Mr. and Mrs. F. Fronteddu have moved here from British Columbia and Mr. and Mrs. T. Boshart from St. Louis, Missouri. From Montreal come Mr. and Mrs. G. Musgnug and Mr. and Mrs. R. Sheppard come from Newfoundland. Mr. and Mrs. Bickerby came here from Stratford, and Mr. and Mrs. D. Pye, Mr. and Mrs. F. Timukas, Mr. and Mrs. D. Hills, Mr. and Mrs. McCarroll and Mr. and Mrs. B. Childs all come from Mississauga.

June Gerth (Ashley) recently attended a St. Mary's high school reunion weekend in Kitchener. On the Sunday there was an anniversary mass celebrated by Bishop Paul Redding. It was a golden anniversary of students and teachers. "It was fantastic" Mrs. Gerth says.

Bob Kelly of Acton was a lucky winner in the Canadian Automobile Association Gold Coin Prize draw recently, reports the Hamilton Automobile Club.

St. Joseph's Hospital in Guelph will soon be under some renovations. Work starts this month on modifications to mechanical and electrical systems to reduce energy consumption and achieve operating cost

savings, Minister of Health Dennis Timbrell announced recently.

Norm Price, son Robert (Red) and brother Did had more to celebrate Saturday evening than Norm receiving recognition from the fire department for long service. The three are proud to admit they are just a few weeks short of a total of 60 years with the Acton volunteer fire-fighters.

Norm has chalked up 29, while brother Did has 20 years to his credit. Son Red was with the Acton volunteers for 10 years before joining up full time with the Mississauga fire department. (He was one of the courageous men who fought the chlorine tanker leak last November in Mississauga.)

But you forgot it's Father's Day this Sunday. It's one day a year set aside to show our Dads how much we care. Through experience I've discovered fathers are much harder to buy for than mothers, so don't leave gift buying until the last minute.

A special greeting goes to my Dad, Ben, in Collingwood and my father-in-law, Jack, in Brampton.