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Go get 'em!

The region can't have it both ways.

When the region and Halton Hills were born they assumed The Town of Acton's assets, as well as its liabilities. However, in the process, the region didn't take over the Kingham phase one and two townhouses' private sewage system.

Some of the details of how this mess resulted are unclear, records passed on from former municipalities (not just Acton's) seem incomplete on many matters.

However, it appears clear that the sewage system for Kingham wasn't at all adequate and someone connected with the old Town of Acton approved it.

Therefore, in our view, the system, regardless if it met regional standards, should have been taken over with the rest of the Acton sewage system by the region.

Any and all mistakes created by the former municipal governments in Halton are the region's responsibility.

After all, one of the reasons the region was forced on us by the province was that small municipal governments like Acton, Georgetown and Esquesing supposedly couldn't afford

the kind of professional staff and expertise needed to run modern municipalities. By creating larger municipalities with broader tax bases the theory was that all local governments could then afford professional engineers, planners, etc.

The region and Halton Hills must honor obligations and commitments made by the former municipalities.

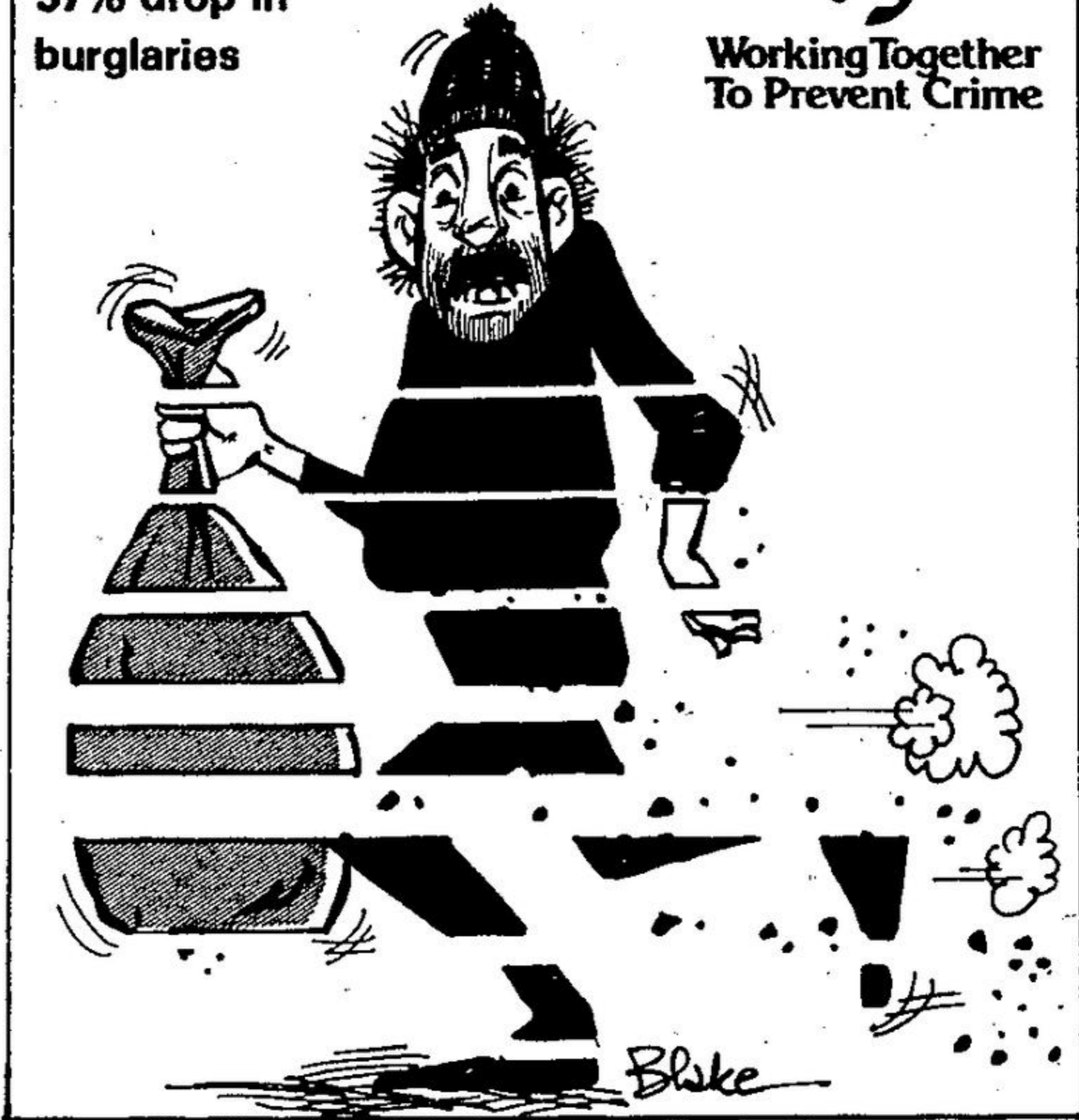
It's also true that the newer municipal governments must solve mistakes left over by their predecessors.

While the residents did petition the region for a new sewage system and agreed to the local improvement charge, about two-thirds of the cost of the project, it would appear that was the only way they could get the region to listen to them and take some action.

If it's fair for the region to try and shirk its responsibility for assuming the bad things about Acton as well as the good features of the former municipality, then it would seem equally fair for townhouse owners to now try and avoid paying up for the sewage system which should have been up to snuff and owned by the public from day one anyway.

Go get 'em Kingham.—G.M.

Acton's Neighborhood Watch produces 57% drop in burglaries



You break my heart, mister!

Maybe you're one of them.

Are you one of the people who call me on the telephone or write me a letter to tell me my officers are stopping motorists and giving them tickets for "no reason at all"? I wouldn't know—you never give me your name!

You tell me you're a good citizen and a safe driver just using Ben Schoeman Freeway for what it was intended—speed. And that "dumb cop" gave you a ticket.

You break my heart. I hope the next time you're tearing down the road at 140km/h that officer catches you again. I hope he gives you another ticket, and the magistrate takes your licence away. I hope he catches you before you smash into a concrete bridge abutment at 120 kilometres per hour and he has to pry your lifeless body out of that crushed speed machine of yours.

You really break my heart when telling me you don't have time to go to court about that ticket. I wish you could come with me to the scene of a wreck sometime. I wish I could make

you stand and watch a man writhe in the gravel on the shoulder of a freeway while he waits for an ambulance that will get there too late to do anything but carry him to the morgue.

I wish I could make you help scrape the bits of bone and flesh of a whole family off the asphalt and into baskets.

You'd vomit—just like my officers do—but you'd think differently the next time you climbed into that car of yours. You said you were driving safely when the trooper stopped you. The road was clear, and there was no harm in edging over the speed limit a few kilometres per hour, you said. I'm really impressed with your ability to judge road conditions. I'm only sorry that the officer wasn't at that place a few months ago when a man with a wife and four children had an accident at more than 100km/h. He might have slowed down and his children would still have a father, and his wife a husband.

Oh—am I making you mad at me again? That man might have

been furious if the officer had stopped him. He might have written me a letter. But—he'd still be alive!

Your letter doesn't bother me, friend. What bothers me is that you apparently have not learned your lesson.

And who gave your kid driving lessons? You? Then he's probably been at the receiving end of a couple of tickets, too. It's no wonder he weaves in and out of traffic, speeds and leaves strips of burnt rubber at stoplights.

I hope we catch him too, mister, before we have to call you and your wife to come to identify his body at the morgue.

And you say you want my officers to let you off with a warning? What you really want is for us to stop doing our jobs.

You're mad because you got a ticket, and you have to take time off to go to court—YOU BREAK MY HEART MISTER!

Reprinted from the Jan./Feb. 1982 issue of 'Robot,' A South African Safety Magazine.

Back issues

10 years ago

October 24, 1973

The Rev. Len Ewing, who went to school in Acton as a boy, returns November 1 as rector of the Church of St. Alban The Martyr. Mr. Ewing, who is 59 years old and was ordained an Anglican priest in 1970 has completed three years at Cayuga and York Churches.

A future plan of subdivision for Acton Legion property was agreed to in principle by Acton Council Tuesday evening. The plan of subdivision would create 27 building lots in the town of Acton and 14 lots in Esquesing Township.

20 years ago

October 24, 1963

Halton County's population jumped 6,566 to a new high of 129,005 during the past year according to figures released by the County Assessor Ford Rogers.

Fire Chief Mick Holmes appealed to Acton and district residents to use every precaution when burning leaves. The areas rainfall had been minimal for October and most of the summer as well.

Angry homeowners, invaded by gangs of city hunters, have burnt up the telephone lines to the game warden and provincial police with complaints of bullets whizzing by cattle, homes and even children. One man lost a dozen pet ducks he kept in a private pond near his home.

50 years ago

October 19, 1933

The Rev. A. G. Stewart of Toronto, a former minister, gave splendid anniversary sermons at the 67th anniversary of Knox church. Miss Edna Hinton and Mrs. C. Leishman and a quartette, A. Mann, Wm. Burton, F. Salt and G. Muscolle sang. On Monday evening over 50 attended the fowl supper and concert.

Churchill United Church was the scene of a pretty wedding when Lucinda Graff became the bride of Mr. Francis Freeman. It is said that this was the first wedding ceremony ever performed in the church in its 95 years since establishment.

75 years ago

October 22, 1908

Councillor Williams, chairman of the town hall committee, has given the "hurry up" notice for better lighting in the town hall. A new three cluster "electrolux" will be installed over the stage and the auditorium lights will be improved.

The burning of a parcel of poster announcing Dr. Harrison's meeting by an active member of the opposition caused quite a furor in town. The man was charged for setting fire to the parcel but was released when the authorities found it was nothing more than a prank.

The temperature during the week was 78 degrees. The average for this time of year is 15 degrees cooler.

100 years ago

October 25, 1883

It was reported a man went to the house of Mr. Dunbar near Rockwood while all members of the family were absent except Miss Annie Dunbar. The man, taking advantage of the circumstances, chloroformed and supposedly "outraged her."

When Mr. Dunbar returned home he found his daughter insensible on the floor. All the information that could be gotten from her was issued in broken sentences.

The next day Mr. Dunbar left the house in the care of Annie and the villain returned.

First he demanded all the money in the house and when he had it in his possession he again chloroformed Miss Dunbar.

Miss Dunbar recovered her senses a few days later and described the man was missing a finger on one of his hands.

The perpetrator of the deeds was still at large 100 years ago.

A man named Charles Drew, a once respected resident of Lowell, Mass., was married and had two children.

Mr. Drew eloped with a young woman, who was once a servant at his home, and took his two children to Hamilton.

From Hamilton Mr. Drew and his assumed family found their way to Hornby where they took up residence at the home of Mr. Matthew Howson under the name of Jackson.

A month after coming to Hornby, however, Mr. Drew died suddenly. His assumed wife took the children back to Lowell where she was to obtain Mr. Drew's administrative documents. The woman never obtained the documents and was never seen again. The true story was told to the children's real mother who made her way back to Hornby.

Coles' slaw

Colors breathtaking but fall's not the same

This has been one of the finest summers we have had for several years in this neck of the woods with beautiful weekends to boot. Amazing isn't it that it should follow on the coattails of a mild winter when this scribbler only had to use a snow shovel twice and then only for white stuff around my ankles instead of my derriere, as it usually is.

It has also been up to now a remarkable fall, both for weather and brilliant colors provided by the millions of leaves shedding their green for coats of yellows, oranges, scarlets and russets mingled with the dark green evergreens and the brilliant sunnacs.

A release from Arlin Hackman of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists notes that ever since the birth of botany, scientists have wondered what sets off this seasonal display of color.

Is it cool weather, desiccation, long nights or some inborn timer that turns the leaves? Or is it a combination of them all?

Who knows? No one yet, apparently.

What scientists do know is that chlorophyll, the green stuff in leaves, is at the centre of the action. And the actual fall color change results from a breakdown in this substance which occurs when proteins, to which its molecules are bound, divide into their constituent amino acids. When chlorophyll is no longer bound to

these proteins it disintegrates, losing its color, and allowing the intrinsic color of the remaining leaf to appear.

An additional factor accounts for the brilliant reds of maples and sunnacs such as we see in Ontario. The accumulation of sugar in the leaves and its complex conversion into a red pigment known as anthocyanin happens when cool autumn nights restrict the flow of sugar out of leaves while the bright sunshine promotes sugar synthesis and the conversion into acid.

The break-up of proteins and resulting acids go into the stems and roots where their nitrogen is conserved for use the next season.

Why am I boring you with all this? Well, apparently an interesting sidelight of ongoing research has shown there is a parallel between this aging process in plants and our own. A similar breakdown of proteins appears in elderly people who tend to lose protein faster than they can replace it.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, we don't turn into brilliant color as we age, unless the end of our nose starts to glow. Even then "drinker's nose" as some called it has now been shown to be nothing more than a breakdown of something or other in the skin.

So the colors this year have been breathtaking in places. Even now when it is almost over, leafy lanes and rural roads are a veritable



by Hartley Coles
Managing Editor

fairlyland. To me fall is the gorgeous time of the year, although it hasn't got the smells, the anticipation, or the ambience it used to have when most people had woodstoves and people preserved their vegetables, pickles and fruits.

Can you remember when the smell of pickles and chili sauce used to waft through the kitchen? It greeted you just as you entered the door from the keen air outside.

That was the time of the year when everybody burned their leaves. Smoke signals billowed up into the misty autumn sky from countless bonfires. The kids gathered up horse chestnuts and threw them into the flames just to hear them pop.

Usually there were crisp apples in the cupboard to sink your teeth into and some enterprising parents

gathered walnuts and beech nuts to roast in the oven. The family chewed and listened to the hockey games on both night on the mandy radio or Lux Theatre Monday nights.

The old rain barrel in the corner which grew countless little slugs and bugs during the hot summer had a thin coating of ice in the bright fall mornings. The ice had to be broken before soft water was available. The old cook stoves were the centre of life, some of them with reservoirs of warm water for morning ablutions. They were the focal point in the kitchen and had voracious appetites for fuel from the wood pile.

The wood pile, which again is becoming a fact of life, was activated in the fall and one of my chores was to ensure there was always some split maple or other hardwood ready to feed the stove with. It wasn't cold enough outside yet for a coal fire. A large chunk of hardwood would keep the house warm in the evening and the night chill off bedrooms, ideal for quick dressing in the mornings.

I guess we tend to remember all the pleasant things about the fall and forget the unpleasant things like the mad dashes to the outside conveniences. It was usually situated at the end of the yard, beyond the garden and in position for its annual tip-over by Halloween characters after lights

were out and everyone was snuggled between flannelette sheets. That dash got progressively worse as the weather got colder. Few in Acton and environs of that time had inside conveniences and privies were a fact of life. Few museums think they're worthy of preservation. And I'm with them.

We must have been a hardy lot. How else did we manage to keep from freezing when the winter descended and those unheated out-houses became inhospitable ice houses? Where a residence of more than a few minutes could turn derrieres several shades of blue?

I thought of that the other day when I visited the site where they are constructing an Indian village over at Crawford Lake on the Guelph Line and Steeles. Native peoples lived in long houses. They were drafty pieces of business to begin with, just pieces of bark wrapped around lodge poles with fires burning in the middle.

Don't ask me what they did when the snow was as high as the long-house and the temperature was down around 20 below zero. They had no shovels to clear a path to the latrine. Must have been horrible. But the privies were a step above latrines and inside bathrooms are so far above them those who have never experienced the others wouldn't believe they existed.

Yes, we've come a long way, baby, and some changes have been for the best.