

EDITORIAL

with Frances Learment

Good bye, but not good riddance

Sometimes, an industry is no longer a good fit for a neighbourhood, and that appears to be the case with the now-closed Holly Industries on Eastern Avenue.

After last November's blast and explosion forced the evacuation of neighbouring residents, the plant, which has manufactured sulphur, mainly for the tire industry, for 35 years, never reopened and six full-time jobs were lost.

Understandably very concerned about future incidents, and in no way pacified by the company stance that the building did what it was supposed to do – fly apart in an explosion – Town officials took a tough stance that any rebuilding on site would have to be "methodical and safe."

Instead of rebuilding – or moving to another site, perhaps in Acton's industrial area – the parent company, Georgia Gulf, pulled out, and then blamed the Mayor and Council. Acting Mayor, Acton Councillor John Hurst admitted any loss of jobs "doesn't send a good message" about the Town's economic development, but added the explosive environment is not compatible with a residential neighbourhood.

Bet the neighbours aren't worried about losing the industrial tax revenue, and are no longer losing sleep, worrying about another incident that could send them running from their homes in potential danger.

PAST PAGES



TEN YEARS AGO

• A 16-year-old Rockwood teen was charged with 16 offences following a crime spree on Birchway Place that included thefts from 11 vehicles – many of them unlocked – and the theft of cell phones, power tools and a CD player.

• We cleaned up good. Two judges with the Communities in Bloom contest liked what they saw – with help of an aerial view – when they toured Acton and Georgetown as part of the national beautification contest.

FIVE YEARS AGO

• Halton Hills politicians slapped a moratorium on selling lost or abandoned dogs for research until staff report on the legalities of stopping the Town's contracted dog catcher from sending unwanted dogs to registered research facilities.

• The Acton Indoor Pool is now fully accessible for those with disabilities with installation of a pool lift, paid for with funds from the Rick Hansen Wheels in Motion event, staged by the Halton Hills Accessibility Advisory Committee.



AHOY THERE: Sharon Moshenko of Mississauga spotted this schooner while checking out the deals at the Acton Trunk Sale on Saturday. – Ted Tyler photo

Hello, Joseph

When I was a wee gal, I had an uncle (he was actually my Great Uncle) named Tony. He and his wife Lil lived on Churchill Road South until they retired to an apartment in Guelph. My grandparents lived a few blocks away. Every spring, my Uncle Tony and my Grampa had toads.

I'm not sure if they were toads or frogs. I don't even now know what the difference between a toad and a frog is. It's not important to me to know. However, whether they were frogs or toads, each year my Uncle Tony and my Grampa would know when their toads were hanging about and they insisted they were the same ones each year. They even named them. The toads were Joseph and Josephine. Four decades later my memory fails me as to who had Joseph and who had Josephine. Then, it was just amusing to a five-year-old who thought the names were funny enough. Now, I think if they were here and insisted upon these stories every spring I would question how they knew to name them their appropriate name. Did they actually check to make sure the names matched the gender and how did they know what gender their toads were?

That would have been now. Back then, the story of Joseph



By **Angela Tyler**

and Josephine kept the five-year-old entertained. I would listen my Grampa tell me and my sister about his toad and we would look in the window wells outside by the back door of their house for him or her. Then the seasons changed. My Aunt and Uncle moved from their house and eventually, they and my grandparents passed and Joseph and Josephine became a memory long forgotten.

For at least three decades I never thought about Joseph and Josephine. What had amused a five-year-old was gone. Then about two weeks ago, one night after dusk yet before the darkness of night I was watering my flowers. As I went to wind the hose up, I saw a big brown blob near the garage door. I was thinking one of the kids dragged it up from the side yard with their toys or maybe it was stuck to the riding lawn mower when the Dude cut the grass. Just as I was about to swing my foot from behind to nail the brown blob and hoof it like a soccer ball I noticed it had eyes. I don't think I've ever seen a toad or perhaps a frog

that big ever. It was so big I thought it must have eaten the Miracle Grow fertilizer in the garage. You have to understand I don't like bugs, slimy things or rodent-like things. When I first saw this massive blob with eyes staring at me every bone in my body should have told me to run. Instead, I just stared back at it and I instantly wondered if it could be Joseph or Josephine. I guess part of me wanted to be five-years-old again, listening to my Grampa and my Uncle Tony toad tales. Somehow, I for an instant, thought that Joseph or Josephine had lived another four decades and somehow travelled about five miles from in town to my home. For a brief moment in time the only thing in the world was me, that toad and my memories. Then, he or she hopped into the grass and I thought they were gone like my memories for those decades.

Since that fateful night, the big brown blob has appeared several times. He makes himself known. I stare at him and he stares at me. I'm not afraid of him like I probably should be and he doesn't hop off anymore. We have a pretty good relationship. I've also upped him from the big brown blob status to deciding that he is a male and I've named him Joseph.



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