

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

Excellent choice

The selection of the Legion Terrace building committee as Acton Citizens of the Year is certainly deserving. In spite of what has been termed "insurmountable obstacles" against a project of this magnitude, the committee persisted and completed a building which has been touted far and wide as a model for others to emulate.

The committee of Gord McCutcheon, John Hoare, Ed Footitt, Mike Mattocks, Steve Goy and the late Johnny Goy, persisted in their dream despite the naysayers who said it couldn't be done. As a matter of fact, the negative view probably spurred the committee to greater efforts in their 10 year quest for a 48-unit building which would be the envy of others.

The Legion Terrace apartments have been fully occupied now for a year and there's a long waiting list of those who would like to live there. That's reason enough to celebrate but the new award gives the project further recognition.

The \$5.2 million building has a superb location overlooking Fairy Lake, the Breezes, Smallwood Acres and parts of the Blue Springs golf course. Acton branch of the Royal Canadian Legion, only a conveniently short walk away along the shores of the lake, is situated in another beautiful location. New housing in the area and St. Joseph's school add another attractive dimension to the area.

This newer part of Acton around the perimeters of Fairy Lake has an appeal that few would have dreamed of two decades ago. Cameron Street used to be the last outpost of the community along Mill Street West until a few new homes were built. When the Kingham

Area was built up around Fairview Cemetery it represented new development around Main Street South and Cobblehill Road, rather than an extension of Mill.

When the Legion built their new facility on the west side of Mill street it opened up a lot of new possibilities for the Cecil Nelles farm. The farm was bounded by Mill and followed the shores of Fairy Lake. At one point in our history the farm was bisected by the Toronto Suburban Railway. It cut through Cameron Street and then diagonally across the Nelles farm to a span over Fairy Lake. The bridge, familiar to most boys who liked to swim sans bathing suit, was known as "the big bridge."

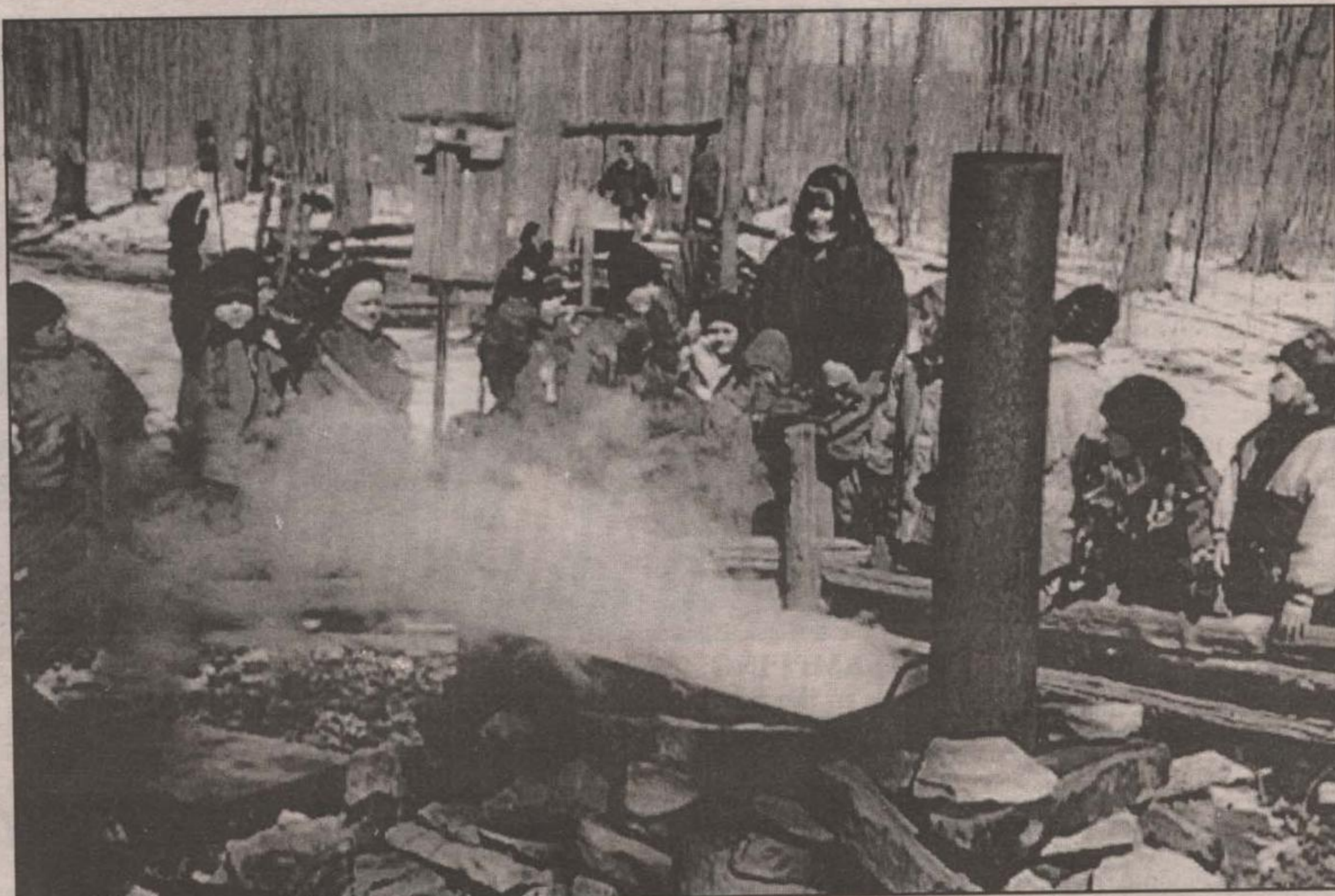
The waters under this span of piles and ties were notorious for snapping turtles which, when presented with appendages from skinny dippers, weren't averse to snapping their jaws. Needless to say, one swam with great caution.

The range of hills which climb on the south-western side of the lake, known as the Breezes for the refreshing air which wafted through on hot summer days, was a favourite picnic spot until the modern age when autos took people to more exotic locations. Now it's the site of the Blue Springs golf course, one of Ontario's finest.

The hills also act as a watershed dividing the waters which run into Lakes Ontario and Erie. Fairy Lake water, of course, follows the Black Creek into the Credit River, which in turn flows in Lake Ontario at Port Credit. On the west side of the hills Blue Springs Creek starts its long run to Lake Erie through the Eramosa River which joins the Speed at Guelph on its route to the Grand at Cambridge. The Grand, of course, flows into Lake Erie at Port Maitland.

So the new Legion Terrace Apartments are situated in one of the most salubrious parts of this community. If you have never had a chance to visit this facility by all means do so at the first opportunity. It ranks up there with the best as a place to live.

It's a credit to all who had a hand in its construction. They deserve all the accolades they are given.



Children in the Acton Junior Y's Daycare program watch the maple sugaring operation at Mount Conservation Area near Campbellville. The children were enchanted to see the sap boiled and made into maple syrup the old-fashioned way. - Maggie Petrushevsky photo

It's time to cut wood

By **MAGGIE PETRUSHEVSKY**
The New Tanner

So far this winter Halton Hills has been lucky about ice storms and power outages. People all around us have been doing their thing without light or heat, but not us.

Dad isn't taking any chances, however. A neighbour offered him a load of limbs from their latest woodlot culling operation and he snapped it up. Now he's out there with the chainsaw trying to cut the stuff to a manageable length for piling behind the house.

Considering my dad has been doing this since before I was born, cutting wood sort of goes with spring for Dad the way cleaning house went with Mom. Back then he had a circular saw on the back of a truck and did custom sawing around the neighbourhood.

We had a wood furnace when I was a child as well as a big wood-fired cookstove. I didn't know what central heating (propaganda to the contrary) and consistent temperatures in the winter were all about until I left home. Now we have electric heating and Dad still relies on that wood supply for the box stove in the basement - just in case.

I have a small electric chainsaw which I don't pretend to use. Dad tells me it's too small. Considering he's 87 I think he should be using that smaller, lighter one. But he says it doesn't do the job as well as his own small gas saw.

I don't pretend to know if he's being stubborn or if it really is underpowered. I do know when it comes to piling his efforts I'll probably be drafted. He won't expect me

to volunteer. He never does. But I feel so guilty when he does all this work I don't know whether to hit him or hug him.

When I was a kid piling the wood in the woodshed was my summer job. I guess I was about 10 when he taught me how to pile wood to the ceiling so the pile tipped backwards slightly instead of falling on me. Part of the technique was stepping the piles. I must have been part mountain goat when I remember those piles. Today I can't walk down the street without tripping over the uneven slabs of sidewalk. Don't ask me what's going on. I'm not admitting a thing.

We also piled bigger wood in the basement for the furnace. That was a "fun" job too. I was in my teens when I tried to knock the hired man's head off with a tree stump. I still wonder how I didn't maim him for life.

He was in the basement piling and I was throwing the wood off the wagon through the window to him. As you would expect, he was easing the boredom by teasing me as we worked. He kept asking me why I was so slow. What was taking so long to get the next chunk? Etcetera. Of course, I was gradually speeding up. He knew that but he wasn't paying attention properly to that. Finally he stuck his head through the window to yell at me just as I let fly with a block of wood.

It caught him right below the eye, laid his cheek open and bled for what seemed like hours. I remember being scared to death. First I wondered if I'd killed him. Then I wondered if I should have killed him because I didn't know what he was going to do to me.

Bless his sense of humour. After giving me the dickens for my lousy aim, he fessed up to being responsible to his own shiner. And he had a beauty!

The best part was hearing that his mother didn't believe I did him in. She figured one of the cows caught him with a horn. That did happen to him a couple of years later but that time Lizzie figured I was responsible again.

Ah yes. Wood fires are a great source of comfort on a cold day. But chimney fires can accompany them and I've had my share of scary moments with those, too. I realize stoves are perfectly safe when properly cared for. I also realize you won't get me near one of them except as a last resort.

Yes, Dad. I'll do the piling. But you do the burning.

RR2



Spring can be tough
aching muscles,
raking, fix the grass,
and that's just the
golf.

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