

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

Playing politics?

At the risk of being called naïve, we suspect those councillors who have convinced themselves that saving the old Acton arena would be a financial drain on the Town are playing politics, not financial restraint.

Councillor Ron Chatten has said flatly he would not support the restoration plan proposed by Acton Agricultural Society and Heritage Acton, if it included Town money. In his estimation the Town has already fulfilled its obligation to Acton with the new arena project. Obviously, saving the old one, no matter how important it is to the agricultural community or Acton, is of no consequence.

It's hardly likely the Town's risk in a "phased-in" rehabilitation of the arena would be substantial. The likelihood of the arena would be substantial. The likelihood of any major work on the building suddenly confronting council is no greater than any other Town building, including the old Georgetown Memorial Arena.

We don't think this community is asking too much for trying to save a building which has played, and could continue to play, an important part in Acton's social and recreational life. In fact, it is downright mean to tear the building down and not offer a reasonable alternative to the Fair Board which relies on it as an important part of the Fall Fair.

Of course, council must exercise reasonable restraint with taxpayers' money but the money that went into building most of that old arena came from private donations, not out of the Town's coffers. It is reasonable to allow the same citizens an opportunity to save the building the rehabilitated in 1965, over-subscribing the target by a substantial amount.

Already, we know that the new arena cannot handle the amount of ice time required at reasonable hours. It must resort to 6 a.m. practices and late night dates to fulfil expectations. It suggests a major case for keeping the ice in the old arena as Halton Hills expands. This has not been an objective of the Fair Board and Heritage Acton. They are concerned with saving the building without incurring the costs of ice time. However, it seems to this observer, there's a strong case for ice preservation in the old ice palace as well.

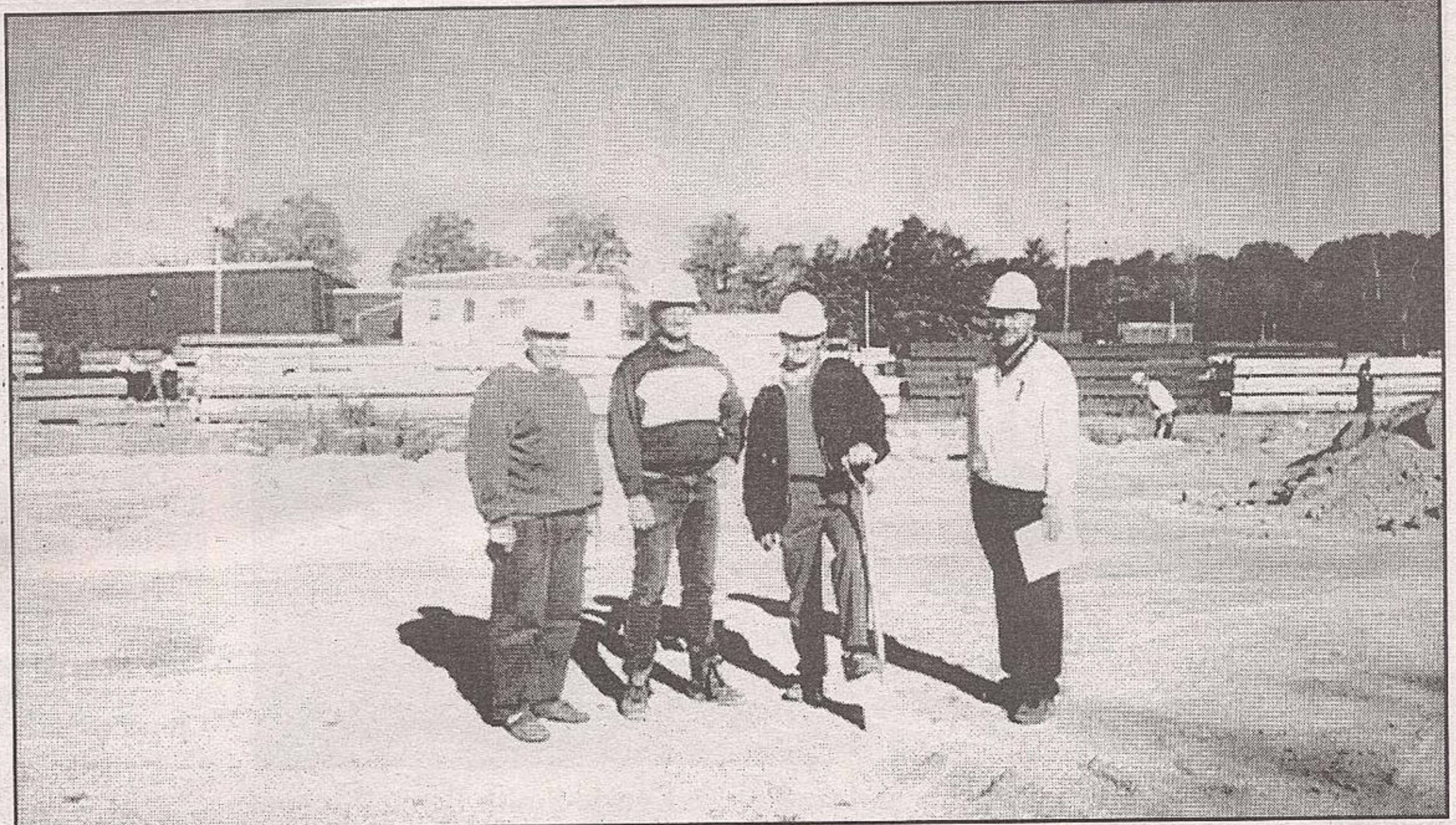
As the Town grows the pressure on ice time increases and it is only reasonable to assume the old arena would relieve all of that pressure. Too bad those in the seats of power have blindfolded themselves on this fact.

AFFLICTIONS

My heart aches for families who suffer afflictions. It may be afflictions of body, mind or soul. Nevertheless, it is a terrible burden on those involved. It always seems to happen to good living people who don't for one minute deserve such unhappiness and I wonder why? The answer to that we will never know. But these families seem to develop an inner fortitude and strength which carries them through each day in an unbelievable way. Instead of making them bitter and resentful they have a peace that shines through and sets an example for those who are less afflicted. No matter how dark the way, they seem to have hope in their hearts that tomorrow will be brighter. When we complain about little aches and pains, let us remember those whose afflictions are so much greater and send out a little prayer that their burdens will be lightened. In other words, we should count our blessings.

Granny

Granny was Marion Jean Patterson who published her philosophy for her children and grandchildren in a booklet called "Medications from an Old Rocking Chair."



MAJOR EXPANSION: Galvanized shovel in hand, Len Christopher of Acton's Galvcast Manufacturing Inc., poses at a recent groundbreaking ceremony for the company's multi-million dollar expansion. Also on hand were co-owner Steve Christopher (far right) and ACF Construction officials Doug Fread (far left) and Jeff Clair. Galvcast will twin its existing production line with a modern plant across the street from its current location on Commerce Crescent. — Submitted photo

Pages from the Past

1865 murder shocks Acton

In June of 1865 the small village of Acton was shocked by the murder of a young man. In his search for material for the police history of Halton, Sgt. Bob Andrews managed to find this account of the circumstances of the murder from a Guelph newspaper which sheds some new light on the murder. It is documented in Acton's Early Days in a much more succinct manner but relying on memory. Sgt. Andrews has given his assent to its publication in The New Tanner.

On Thursday last the 22nd inst., the village of Acton was the scene of a lamentable tragedy, and the excitement consequent thereon was, and still is, very intense. The facts of the case are as follows:-

Some six or seven weeks ago, Matilda Lozier, the only daughter of Oliver Lozier, was confined of an illegitimate son, the reputed and acknowledged father being a young man named Martin Drumgold, a carpenter by trade. The father and mother had been keeping company for some months previous, and both were intelligent and accomplished beyond their stations in life. After she gave birth to the child, her health began to fail, and serious apprehensions were felt by her friends that she would not long survive. They accordingly telegraphed to her half-brother, one David E. Lighthouse, brother to the Lighthouses of this neighbourhood, to come home and see his sister before she died. He accordingly came, and on his arrival on hearing how matter stood, he worked himself into a terrible state of excitement, threatening vengeance upon Drumgold, who had brought all this trouble upon the family. In the interim Drumgold had proposed to marry Miss Lozier on condition that his suspicions in reference to

her intimacy with another young man were entirely removed. It is said she took an affidavit to that effect before a Magistrate and it was arranged that the marriage should come off on Friday, but the unfortunate girl died on the Tuesday previous, and then all hope of reparation was extinguished. Lighthouse it is said went to Toronto on Saturday, and purchased a "six shooter," from which it would appear that the thought of taking revenge had then entered into his mind. It was arranged that Miss Lozier should be buried on the Thursday after her death. Drumgold it seems was anxious to attend the funeral, but he was warned by Lighthouse not to come near the house, as it might be dangerous for him. Her persisted however in his design, and was passing through the garden to the house where the people were assembling when he met Lighthouse, who ordered him to leave. He did leave, but returned again in a few minutes and was standing the garden, when Lighthouse went up to him, drew his revolver, and deliberately

fired, the ball entering Drumgold's stomach, a little above the navel, and passing through the ribs to the back bone where it lodged. Lighthouse was heard to say that if that did not finish him he would give him another, when a boy who was near by caught his arm, and prevented him from firing. Drumgold as soon as he was shot rushed through the house and fell on the grass in front of it. The excitement and confusion among the people who had gathered to attend the funeral was intense. The wounded man was at once removed to Stull's Hotel, and every care and attention paid him by the medical men in attendance. Dr. Lizare of Toronto was also telegraphed for, and arrived on Friday morning. From the first the medical men who attended Drumgold held out no hope of his recovery, though Dr. Lizare was of the opinion that he could extract the ball and that he would recover. These hopes were not realized however, for the unfortunate man grew gradually weaker, and on Monday morning at 7 o'clock he expired.

Shortly after the occurrence Mr. Hall, the acting magistrate in the neighbourhood, ordered the arrest of Lighthouse, and in the absence of the County Constable, he was taken in charge by Mr. Storey, Saddler, of Acton, who took care of his prisoner until 12 p.m. when the constable and an assistant arrived and the prisoner was handed over to their custody. The writer is particular in mentioning this fact for reasons which will at once appear. The night wore on, the prisoner constable and assistant being together towards morning became drowsy, and before they knew it the prisoner was gone - the bird not being securely caged had flown. Exertion has since been made to secure the re-arrest of the murderer but without success.

To be continued next week.



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