

Canadians at Olympics ...

We are in the midst of the quadrennial gloaming season when Canadian athletes participate in the Olympics. Canadians don't, as a rule, expect too much from the summer games but the Winter Olympics in Grenoble, France, is a horse of a different color.

Since we are a land of ice and snow, we expect our athletes will do well in the frozen sports. And they do. But you'd never know it from the criticism we direct at our representatives.

Since 1900 when expatriate Canuck Dr. George Orton won the Steeplechase at the Paris Olympic games, albert wearing the colors of the U.S., Canada has been well represented at every summer and winter Olympiad.

But, wrote historian Henry Roxborough: "Canadians often refuse to glamorize their own achievements. Our successes have been far greater than we realize."

Seventy-two athletes represent Can-

ada at Grenoble in six sports; at the summer games in Mexico City over 140 Canucks will compete in 13 sports.

Cost of the program underwritten by the Canadian Olympic Association is \$500,000. Compare this with the estimated \$2.2 billion the Russians spend each year on sports facilities and development of athletes.

We are pikers. Money for our Olympic budget comes from voluntary contributions which unlike government grants really show the support of the country.

Rigors of international competition call for sacrifice. In some cases normal social life for dedicated athletes is over for months.

You can show your monetary support, which is both tax deductible and worthy, with a contribution to the Canadian Olympic Association. If every Canadian contributes just two-and-a-half cents the objective will be reached.

Free Press Editorial Page

Bury power lines ...

Ours is called the most technically advanced civilization ever known, but even so we seem more vulnerable to the weather's vagaries than our grandfathers were. This was painfully brought to mind by the ice storm that struck Canada's most densely-populated section in mid-January.

The interruption of electrical service across much of southern Ontario left thousands of families without heat, light, cooking facilities, hot water — some for several days.

Fallen power lines are serious enough for housekeepers, but there is also the shutdown of schools, stores, factories and offices, the hazard of contact with live wires, the cost of repairing wires and poles. In Ontario's January storm the cost of hydro repairs was estimated at several million dollars.

Toronto Mayor Bill Dennison requested the Ontario government to share this expense with the municipali-

ties concerned. The suggestion was hardly reasonable. It would be inequitable to tax farmers and townsmen far removed from the scene, or those in affected areas who use gas or oil for most of their energy needs for the benefit of a particular group of industrial and residential hydro customers.

Another more reasonable suggestion after the storm was that all hydro lines should be put underground. Of course this is desirable for esthetic reasons. Streets are more attractive when not cluttered with poles and wires.

There are instances, of course, where electric service lines are being put underground but they are usually restricted to newer parts of cities and towns.

Perhaps some day a crash program of burying unsightly wires will reduce the fear ice storms create now. Until then we'll have to put up with the inconvenience they can cause.

Off the cuff ...

"I can state emphatically, there is no better beef than Canadian. The next time you hear the manager of a hotel or restaurant say he imports beef from the United States because it is better — tell him his statement is bologna." — Thomas D. Burgess, professor of Animal Science at the University of Guelph.

I know now why they made February the shortest month in the calendar. It's the dullist.

The Duke of Devonshire, when asked what was the best thing about being one of the 26 dukes of England replied, "The best thing is that you can always get a good table at a restaurant."

I'm glad I like sports. Otherwise it would be pretty dull in front of a TV set these weekends. Cheer up ladies, you get the soap operas all week.

Playoffs are here for some local hockey teams and others stand on the threshold of the annual elimination contests. Good luck to all.

A car driving along with windows fogged up on the inside, through condensation, adds unnecessary danger to the streets, says the Ontario Safety League. It may indicate that the driver is also a little fogged up, mentally. If he opened the window a crack, the misted glass would clear.

Teacher: Johnny! What are the great Canadian parties? Johnny: Liberal, Conservative and Cocktail.

She: I don't think I look 30, dear. He: No pet, but you used to.

When I do, about every three years, she panics and starts demanding to know where the insurance policies are. I never have a clue, so I just groan and say, "Leemmoone!" Which increases her anxiety problems, which are already Grade A.

Whatever it was, I take back all my public and private utterances about people who've had the 'flu this winter. In public, "Pampering yourself. Take some whiskey and an aspirin." Or to myself, "What a slacker." Do anything for a few days off work."

I didn't have a headache, I wasn't sick at the stomach, I didn't have a sore throat or the sniffles or the sneezes. But I haven't felt like that since October, 1944, when five burly Germans sat about me, with fists, boots and rifle-butts, for some trifling crime which I can't even recall.

And I took the same escape this time that I did that time. I read. That time, after they cooled off, the Germans brought me a couple of books.

But I lay there, in a box-car, on a siding in the Utrecht station-yard in Holland, and



TANGLED WEEDS and fallen logs become icy fringe in the aftermath of a winter ice storm. The Black Creek, near the sewage plant, glistens as the sun's

rays soften the snow and turn trees into glistening necklaces hung on the valley. (Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Well, the old flu bug, or something equally virulent hit me on the weekend. This obblun comes to you via gobs of aspirin, hot toddies and sheer will-power.

Sunday morning, I woke up feeling like a mackerel. Not just out of the sea, fresh and quivering. No. One of those that have been gutted, packaged, frozen and then cooked over a hot fire and re-frozen and re-cooked.

My wife had several theories, as usual. First, I had a hangover, plain and simple. There's no such thing, but I reminded her that we'd spent the previous evening quietly watching television and fighting as usual. Proof positive came when she offered me a hair of the dog and I recoiled in horror.

Next, she decided I was going through the change of life, with those hot and cold flushes. I pointed out that my breasts hadn't grown, and that I wasn't growing any more hair on head, face or legs, which have always been like an Alredale's. She was discomfited.

Finally, she proclaimed it was food poisoning, because Kim and I are always thawing fish and stuff and then re-freezing it, for some reason. Obviously, I'd had bad fish. Turned out we'd had steak, all fresh.

Couldn't convince her that I might have the 'flu, which has been knocking people on their keisters for weeks at a time around here, all winter. That's because I never got sick. Or rather, I'm half-sick all the time, but never take a day off.

When I do, about every three years, she panics and starts demanding to know where the insurance policies are. I never have a clue, so I just groan and say, "Leemmoone!" Which increases her anxiety problems, which are already Grade A.

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read Upton Sinclair. Since I was a dangerous criminal, my wrists were wired together, as were my ankles. There were no handcuffs. It took some physical manoeuvring, and I could see out of only one eye, but I read. And the pain floated away.

About the third night, the Feldwebel in charge actually brought me a tin of poisonous coffee and we talked, in a garble of English, German, French. We had only the most rudimentary ideas of what the other chap was talking about, but it bucked me up. I think he felt better too.

It was about the same last weekend, I read, I could read for only about ten minutes at a shot, without half-fainting. But amidst the fever and the cups of coffee proffered by my personal, local Feldwebel, I reread "The Last Enemy" by Richard Hillary, and the new "And Now Hero's Max," by Max Ferguson, CBC and freelance radio comedian.

Hillary was a young Englishman, Oxford, upper-class, egotistical, self-control, who realized through his own suffering (he was shot down and terribly burned) man's inhumanity to man, the universality of suffering. It was his only book. He was killed later in a nightfighter. It took me back into a world of training and nightflying and Spitfires that was like re-living an epoch.

Ferguson's book is consciously funny, but it is funny. And both writers are individualists who offer some hope to all the rest of us, who fear we are being ground between the upper and nether millstones of the twentieth century.

Get the 'flu. Read. Simple.

Free Press

back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 12, 1948.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in St. Joseph's Church when Bertha Shirley daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Marchment, became the bride of Bernard Drow of Milton.

The Y's Men's Club skating carnival program in the arena was an interesting one but Acton's population must have been home-keeping warm. Winners in the speed skating contest were Carle Tyler, May Spiers, Grant Wilbers, Gregory Barr, men's race Fred Kestner.

Winners in fancy costumes: youngest girl, Ruth Landsborough; Helen Landsborough, Marjorie Winter, Elaine Arble, Bob Landsborough, Warren Wagner, John Cameron, Rodney Force.

A game of broom ball was played between the Y's Men and high school girls. When the girls led by one goal, the referee had to fire the gun to keep the wild Y's Men under control.

We are very fortunate that Mrs. May Dumars has taken over the junior girls' class at the Y as she had a great deal of experience in this kind of work in Kitchener.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 21, 1918.

Advertisement: When you own a Ford you can do away with many articles that are a source of continuous expense. For instance, not only your driving-horse and buggy, but single harness, blankets, whips, currycombs, brushes, horse-shoes, pitchforks, feed bins, etc. In their place you have a speedy, dependable, dignified, roomy Ford car. It is vastly superior to the narrow cramped buggy. And when it is standing idle, it does not eat three meals a day. Prices from \$495 to \$970.

The drama of the "Doestrick Skule" presented in the town hall under the supervision of the Intermediate Red Cross girls was a highly gratifying success. Mr. Dan Ritchie impersonated the old-time teacher and in the cast of scholars, visitors and committeemen were Boyd Clark, Nell McNabb, Mrs. A. G. Clarridge, Miss Martha Graham, Miss Olla Armstrong, Miss Laura Atkins, Miss E. Graham, Miss Mary McClure, Wm. Laird, Miss Myrtle Soper, Mrs. W. V. Collier, Miss Dora Clark, Miss Daisy Folster, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stewart, Miss Joan McLeod, Miss E. Renwick, Mrs. Wm. Laird, Miss Alva Harvey, Miss Madge Chapman, Miss Bessie Mullin, Miss Margery Hope, William Cooper, W. V. Collier, A. G. Clarridge, Gordon McLeod, Tom Savago, Adam Orr, Harry Harwood, Miss L. M. Royce, Miss Bertie Smith, Miss Pearl Baker, Harold Wildgust, Thos. McClure, Alex Mann, James Smith, Miss M. Z. Bennett, H. Swackhamer, James McIntosh.

Free Press

Church Notices

THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR ANGLICAN
Corner Willow St. and St. Alban's Drive
Rev. Ritchie McMurray, M.A., S.T.B.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18th, 1968
9:00 a.m.—The Holy Eucharist.
10:30 a.m.—Church School.
10:30 a.m.—Morning Prayer.

BETH-EL CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH
Minister — Rev. P. Brouwer
Acton, Ontario.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18th, 1968
10:00 a.m.—English Service.
11:10 a.m.—Sunday School.
2:30 p.m.—Alternating Dutch and English Service.
Saturday — Bible Classes 10 - 12 a.m. Everyone Welcome

MAPLE AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH
81 Maple Ave., Georgetown
Pastor: Rev. Robert C. Lohnes

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18th, 1968
Here is our sincere invitation to the whole family to attend church.
9:45 a.m.—Sunday School. All ages.
11:00 a.m.—Morning Service.
7:00 p.m.—Evening Evangel.
7:45 p.m.—Wednesday, prayer meeting
Acton 853-1956 Georgetown 877-6665

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA KNOX CHURCH, ACTON
Rev. Andrew H. McKenzie, B.A., B.D. Minister
Mr. E. A. Hansen, B.A. Organist and Choir Master

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18th, 1968
9:45 a.m.—Church School for ages 3 to 15 years.
9:45 a.m.—Minister's Church Membership Class for Teenagers. (Withdrawn this Sunday only.)
11:00 a.m.—Public Worship of God. Sermon theme — "Why Attend Church?"
Everyone Most Welcome

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 16, 1893.

On Friday last the store at Moffatt was destroyed by fire caused by a lamp which the proprietor accidentally let fall. The mall was saved but everything else including \$300 was lost.

Lafie Bros will give one of their popular photographic concerts in Glen Williams this evening and in Eden Mills Monday.

Acton Horticultural and Agricultural Society will now receive government aid. Messrs. John Duff, president and James Kirkwood M.P.P., waited upon the Minister of Agriculture to present the case. Now the desired recognition has been secured and the society is on an equal basis financially with similar exhibitions.

The society enters its new era under very favorable auspices. Through the exertions of its management and the liberality of its friends it is out of debt. President is John Duff, vice-president A. J. Currie, sec. treasurer George Hynds, directors Messrs. J. H. Matthews, John Williams, John Harvey, T. H. Harding, and William Hemstreet. Honorary directors are G. C. Clark, R. Agnew, L. G. Matthews, W. H. Storey and J. E. Corry.

Quite a number of boys are having jolly times with their harnessed dogs and sleds. St. Valentine's Day passed almost totally unobserved.

Mr. James Matthews, who recently purchased from Mr. A. B. Wright the property known as The Goza, has a number of men taking wood off it.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, February 13, 1868.

During the past week a new and fatal disease has appeared in East Flamboro amongst horses, which entirely baffles the skill of the most expert vets. After being attacked by the disease, the horse's tongue becomes swollen and apparently paralyzed, and death follows in a very few hours from suffocation. Mr. Reuben Sparks of the Seventh Concession has lost four valuable animals during the past week, and as the disease appears contagious too much care cannot be taken to prevent the spreading thereof.

The post office of Lethian, in the county of Hailton, has been suspended.

Benjamin Jones, Foster Street near the post office, returns thanks for past favors and begs to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish any article in his business as cabinetmaker and undertaker, and now has on hand a large stock of bedsteads, chairs, mirrors, tables, etc. and has also on hand Copp's patent spring mattresses which he will sell cheap for cash. He can now supply along with coffins in oak and cloth and an elegant hearse which can be hired for reasonable charge to any part of the county.

Photos from the past



FIRST OF JULY firemen's parade comes west on Mill St. in 1904 as spectators watch from the wooden sidewalks. The head of the parade is passing Mrs. Secord's garden, where A-B Suner-

ket is now. Mr. and Mrs. George Musella, who own the old picture, think the man riding the horse might be Eddie Gamble.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS
PHONE 853 2010
Business and Editorial Office

Founded in 1877 and published every Wednesday at 9:00 a.m. Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation (A.B.C.) and C.I.A. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance. \$4.00 in Canada, \$7.00 in all countries other than Canada. Single copies 10¢. Authorized Second Class Mail Post Office Department Ottawa. Advertising is accepted on the condition that on the receipt of the advertiser's copy that portion of the advertising space is copied by the advertiser's printer together with reasonable allowance for signature will not be charged for but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate. In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong price goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is inserted on offer to sell and may be withdrawn at any time.

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