

FLOWING THROUGH DRIFTS has been an almost daily job for town, township and county snow plows. Winds have drifted snow three and four feet deep, have snowbound many rural areas for several hours. Almost hidden by snow this Esqueusing grader with plow and wing

attached bucks four feet drifts along Five Sideroad in one recent Weekend. Work crews say the winter has been one of the toughest in memory. —(Staff Photo)



### Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Well, I've got the snowmobilers of Canada on my back, almost unanimously, after a recent column which suggested mildly that the machines are instruments of Satan at best, the finest tool for noise-stink pollution since the automobile took to the roads.

That makes up about one-quarter of my readers. This week I shall alienate another two-quarters of them by giving my unvarnished opinion of cats.

Cats, like snowmobilers, have their uses. They're handy to have around a farm, where they help keep the vermin under control. They have, in the past, been just the thing for the proprietors of some chicken palaces, when the price of chicken was high.

There were some in prison camp, presumably to keep down the rats. Their numbers were diminishing with increasing speed, until the German camp commandant issued the dictum: "Prisoners will cease and desist killing and eating of long-tailed rabbits." He had a sense of humor. Which is more than you can say for a cat.

Then, they are useful, when kittens, for putting on calendars. And finally, I'll admit they provide company of sorts for lonely people, who pamper them, stuff them with tidbits, and turn them from sleek felines into bloated, contemptuous parasites who

take over the best chair in the house, shed hair over everything, claw the rug and upholstery at will, and want out at five in the morning.

If I should grow old and lonely, I would prefer a snake as a pet. Like cats, they just sleep and eat. They also eat mice. But they don't come fawning and whining and rubbing fiercely against your legs when you're getting their food out. They don't want out in the middle of the night. And they don't get pregnant every six weeks.

It's a well-known fact that cats have no love for anybody. Not even for other cats. A beautiful female will marry any flea-bitten, one-eyed, torn-eared philanderer who comes along. And tom cats are just plain sex fiends.

In some ways, cats are like children. When they're kittens, they're sweet and lovable and cuddly. And always making a mess. When they grow up, they moan unashamedly, stay out half the night, sleep half the day. And are always making a mess.

My wife isn't fond of cats, and I loathe them. But we always seem to be stuck with one. Daughter Kim picks up a stray kitten and brings it home. With the deepest misgivings, we adopt the scrawny little wretch. They're always female, which we don't find out until too late.

Then Kim breezes off somewhere, and we're guardians and grandparents. There's no parrying about birth control. Kim insists that her protégée must fulfill her function as a female. After the drama of the delivery, and the period of nursing, we have a hysterectomy performed. And in about four months, the slim, sleek, pretty young thing is a great fat cat, knocking off tins and tins of cat food, and producing nothing except extreme irritation.

Try to get her to put her out when you think it's "time" and she darts upstairs and under a bed. Have you ever tried crawling under a bed to catch a cat who doesn't want to go out into the snow? It's a good way to give yourself a stroke, from sheer rage.

Leave her outside and she darts between your legs when you're bringing in armfuls of groceries, and high-tails it to safety under another bed, or down cellar, the door of which your stupid wife, or husband, has left open.

The solution, of course, is to have her put away. But somehow I've never been able to accept euthanasia. After all, you don't kill your kids, or even your parents, just because they drive you wild.

Many will not agree with me. But I got off to a bad start this week. All set to go to work Monday morning. Cat in back kitchen, with an odd look on her face. Threw her out. Went into the downstairs powder room, and there was the evidence. Not one, but two distinct evidences of massive diarrhea.

It's the only good thing I can say for them. At least they know enough to go to the bathroom.

Instead, the railways has substituted a sandwich bar for the long ride. Kapuskasians, we were told, now take their own picnic lunch when they board trains for the trip to Toronto, much like they did when excursion trains were the rage.

The Polar Bear Express, which runs from Cochrane to Mooseonee. I found, was a trip most northerners would like to make — but never have. Those I talked to about taking the 150 mile, five hour ride, had a few stories about the train but admitted they had never taken what is fast becoming one of Ontario's real tourist attractions. It's a case of not recognizing what is unusual in your own backyard, I guess.

One gent fondly related the story of the conductor and a lady passenger who complained about the tardy train schedule. "And look at the condition I am in," she told the trainman. She was obviously going to have a baby.

"Well, said the exasperated conductor, "Anyone in your condition should never have come on this trip."

"But I wasn't in this condition when I got on," replied an equally exasperated lady.

Hard to believe but it is typical of the north. They do everything on a grand scale up there, including slight exaggerations to make a point.

The point I've been trying to make over the last three weeks is the north may be our last frontier but it is livable, even in the worst time of year. People who live there have turned it to their advantage.

I hope to return for a more extensive examination some day.

### Off the cuff . . .

It's more dignified to say we're moving in cycles rather than running around in circles — but it means about the same thing.

Make sure your motor is warmed up before entering fast moving traffic or crossing railroad tracks advises the Allstate Insurance Company. A stalled engine in either of these circumstances could be fatal.

A safety sign, reported by the Ontario Safety League, says: "Watch That Freezy Skid Stuff."

## Free Press Editorial Page

### Not too early to start . . .

Councillor Bill Coats' plea for an early start on planning for Acton's centennial celebrations in 1973 is one all of us should sit up and take notice of.

Two years may seem like a long time but unless planning is done to mark the celebration of 100 years as an incorporated municipality the year will come and go without suitable recognition.

It's an occasion which should move all organizations and individuals in the community to participate fully and with all the resources at their command. It has been proven on other occasions that various groups in this town can work together for the benefit of the entire community. Celebrating 100 years as an incorporated

community happens only once in a lifetime so there is more than ample justification for Acton to stage a really big show.

It is too much to expect councillors to bear the burden of the planning and execution for celebrations of this magnitude but most of us anticipate that they will supply the initiative in getting it started. Perhaps this may mean appointing a committee to organize the town and its people. Or maybe they could act as a clearing house to accept or reject various kinds of suggestions as to what form the celebrations should take.

Perhaps there should be a contest to see who can come up with the best suggestions? If the prize was worth-

while there would be lots of suggestions that couldn't help but benefit planning a celebration.

There is also time to decide if the people of the town would like to erect a suitable building to mark the occasion. You'll recall the centennial library, one of the town's real beauty spots went up during Canada's centennial. Why not another such project to supply a need and at the same time add something worthwhile to the town centre?

With a positive and constructive attitude there are no limits to what the people and the community can accomplish. All that's needed is leadership and a desire by the entire community to co-operate.

### You gotta have a heart . . .

The number one health enemy today is diseases of the heart. Deaths from heart disease alone total more than the deaths from all the other causes put together.

One of every two deaths in this country is caused by cardiovascular disease — that is, diseases of the heart and blood vessels.

February is heart month. Tie all these facts together and it isn't hard to grasp the reason for the Canadian Heart Fund.

Cardiovascular disease is an individual matter. The way to combat it is through research and through making the findings of research available to the public, the medical profession and the patient.

Giving to the heart fund is also an

individual matter. The way to help research is through making funds available so we can find out the causes of heart disease. That's the major job research scientists are working on now.

Great strides have been made in treating heart diseases. Greater strides will be possible when we know what causes them.

There are three different kinds of heart and blood diseases in which nine out of 10 cases fall. And we do not know their causes.

Who's susceptible to heart diseases? Almost anyone. But you'll notice obituaries which mention "heart" are often for men in the 30 to 50 age bracket, family breadwinners in the prime of life.

The heart is tough. It is the hardest working organ in the body. It repairs itself. It can stand hard work and vigorous sports. It adjusts to the demands put on it.

But when something goes wrong it is essential the disease be treated by a doctor.

You hear about the many dramatic cases of heart disease but you don't hear very much about the many people who have coronary heart disease and live long and productive lives in spite of it. Early diagnosis is important.

When the doctor has the information to treat heart patients, in many cases it has been supplied by research made possible by the Canadian Heart Fund. Be generous.

## Free Press back issues

### 20 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 22, 1951

For some months there have been disquieting rumors that Baxter Laboratories of Canada Limited who are located in Acton have been viewing locations in Ontario with a view to building a new plant. However Bill Benson was told officially by Mr. Graham that it is the considered opinion of the directors that Baxter will remain in Acton in the present building indefinitely. This was welcome news to the 50 or 60 employees.

Minus scarlet coats, horses and dogs, a band of district hunters gathered at Crews Corner Saturday for a wolf hunt organized by Conservation Officer Gordon Matthews and Nassagaweya township officials. Two wolves were sighted but the hunters didn't get one of the invaders. Veteran hunter David Mennan of R. R. 1 declared "wolves are cute animals alright" and claims he knows of 75 dens in this district alone.

There is a widespread outbreak of respiratory infections. Norman Douglas, R. R. 4, is very seriously injured after his panel truck went off the road last Tuesday.

Caroly Oakes, Yvonne Brunelle and Crawford Douglas will represent Acton in a 300 voice choir at Eaton auditorium.

The condition of the main streets was improved when crushed stone was put in some of the holes. However cars look like bucking bronchos and the bus driver calls, "Fasten your seat belts, we're arriving in Acton."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jean Marcoux a son; to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph McKeown a daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Bill Buchanan a son.

Acton's tax rate is struck at 43 mills, nine above last year. In comparison the taxes here are not too high.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 24, 1921

Council has raised the age limit for boys to enter a pool room from 16 to 18 years.

Rarely, if ever before, has the congregation of Knox church been favored with such delightful weather for the anniversary as was experienced last Sunday. The selection of Rev. Dr. Wallace as the preacher, and the presence of the Baptist and Methodist congregations gave a very large attendance. (The sermons were reviewed in 18 inches of type.)

On Monday at the old-fashioned tea meeting at Knox Rev. Dr. Banks Nelson for two hours poured forth a Niagara of wit and wisdom and prophecy concerning Ireland and the Irish people. He told entrancing stories of the fairies. He said compared to the Sinn Feiners the Bolsheviks are saints. "Russia is a Christian nation compared to the south of Ireland. It is absolutely incapable of self-government. But it will be governed in the best interests of the people as a whole when it is taken over absolutely by Great Britain." (Excerpt from a very long account.)

Mrs. (Dr.) Gray and Miss Laura have purchased from Mr. P. E. Rivett, Toronto, the vacant lot at the corner of Church and Frederick Sts. and will erect a new residence in the coming season.

The Duke of Devonshire chapter of the I.O.D.E. elected officers for the coming year: Hon. Regent Mrs. R. M. MacDonald;

regent Mrs. L. B. Shorey; Vice-Regents Mrs. J. Holmes, Mrs. Wm. Cooper; secretary Mrs. W. J. Gould; treasurer Mrs. G. A. Dills; Asst. Sec. Miss Bennett; standard bearers Mrs. A. B. McLean, Councillors Mrs. Bell, Mrs. J. Lelshman, Mrs. W. Arnold, Mrs. J. R. Kennedy, Mrs. N. Forbes, Mrs. C. C. Henderson, Mrs. Malcolm McLean, Miss Folster, Mrs. C. A. Conway.

### 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, February 15, 1896.

It is a good many years since the annual convention of our County Teachers' Association was held in Acton. Our citizens this morning welcome the teachers to their town and homes.

The matter of passing a by-law to tag all

dogs in town was discussed by municipal council. The members all expressed themselves favorable to the introduction of such a by-law. The Chief of the Fire Company applied for a room in which to hold their meetings. The matter will be considered.

Mr. A. L. Hemstreet has disposed of his grocery and crockery business at the corner of Mill and Main Sts. to Messrs. T. C. Moore and Son. Mr. Hemstreet has done a good business at this stand but his inherited love for farming is so strong that an unconquerable drawing to the old homestead in Trafalgar possesses him and he will return there in a few weeks.

It is with much pleasure that our citizens anticipate the presentation of the popular cantata The Haymakers in the town hall on Monday evening. An excellent company in Rockwood has had the cantata in assiduous preparation for several months. The company includes over 40 persons.

### Photos from the past

The Municipality of the Village of Acton.



### Statement of Taxes.

M. Potter, Jernyca

Please take notice that in accordance with the provisions of the Taxes By-law for 1893, the Taxes of the Village of Acton are made payable in two equal instalments, as follows: —

FIRST PAYMENT—ON OR BEFORE SATURDAY, 18TH SEPTEMBER.  
SECOND PAYMENT—ON OR BEFORE SATURDAY, 18TH NOVEMBER

DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY ASSESSED TO YOU		
Con	Y. A. Street	Block Lot
Total Rate of 15 Mills on the Dollar on Assessment of 4752.713		
Dog Tax 713		
Total Taxes 5465.713		
Amount Payable 16th September	2732.856	
Amount Payable 18th November	2732.856	

To meet the convenience of the ratepayers the Collector, Mr. K. D. Graham, will be at the Council Chamber on the dates mentioned, also on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday following, to attend to the matter of Taxes and to furnish receipts.

J. B. PEARSON, Reeve.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS really were the good old days as far as municipal taxes were concerned. This Acton bill made out in 1893 for the Yonge St. home of a Mr. Potter, for \$7.13 on an assessment of \$4753 is a good indication of how they affected a home owner's budget. The rate was 15 mills on the dollar of assessment. This tax bill was lent to the Free Press by Mrs. Ross Patterson of Guelph.



### And Pepper by hartley coles

The mysteries of turning out newsprint from pulpwood logs has always baffled me. Consequently when the opportunity came at the Kapuskasing newspaper convention to tour one of Canada's large paper mills, I was almost first in line to catch the bus.

I have always marvelled at the huge piles of pulpwood outside of paper mills. Not only because they reach large heights but the fact 18 hours later they emerge from the other end of the mill as rolls of paper, is almost a modern miracle.

A few hours later they are bundled into box cars with special equipment and it could be possible for it to be shipped and appear as a printed page in some large metropolitan newspaper or weekly the next day.

The Spruce Falls mill we visited supplies a large part of the newsprint for the New York Times, Detroit News, and Washington Post. Every day a trainload of paper is shipped from Kapuskasing, most of it bound for the United States.

You might think this is a good case of Canada shipping out exports and benefitting from hard American currency that bolsters the economy. Unfortunately, the mill is more than half American owned — in fact, we were told 51 per cent of the huge complex is owned by the New York Times. It kind of gives you a start to think the company owns and leases land for their operation as large as the State of Israel — and all in Canada, about 600 miles from your own home.

Most of the men who work in the mill are Canadians and the company seems to fit that phrase most companies love to use, "good corporate citizens." Wages in the mill are good, the standard of living in the Kap is high, the company runs an efficient operation that replaces most of the trees cut down either by planting or by natural means.

Officials of the company were more than generous hosts to the hordes of newspaper men who descended on their operation with the curiosity and sometimes hard questions newsmen have. They made a good case for American ownership of industry in Canada.


However, I couldn't help wondering why we Canadians couldn't develop our own resources and get off this "brewers of wood and drawers of water" kick. We have the technical knowhow, natural resources and

the resourcefulness but somehow we lack the capital or perhaps it is our lack of faith in our own country that makes us hesitant about pouring money back into its development.

The most fascinating part of the huge mill, I found, was the block long paper machines which turn pulp into paper after it has been debarked, washed and shredded into chips, which are reduced to fibre before they enter the huge machines. At this point the pulp is mostly water. The pulp flows onto a wire section where natural draining and suction removes enough of the water to form a sheet. Speed of the machine is almost half a mile a minute. So you can see how the mill can turn out 1,000 tons of newsprint a day.

Freight costs for shipping out the paper run to \$11 million a year, we were told, but mill and townspeople were unhappy about the railway service they were getting in the north — a universal complaint over the province. Trains which used to run from Kap to Toronto no longer have drivers on them for passengers.

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