



SAP WILL SOON BE running and maples like this beauty which frame the farm of Calvin Aitken at the corner of Five Sideroad and the First Line. This scene is typical of farmland in Acton and district during the first few days of March with

signs of Spring visible in the air and in the fresh smell wafting over the fields, snow covered, but betraying the first subtle hints that all nature awaits the Lady's warming influence.— (Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

March is a time for madness in this country. I have lain on the grass with a girl in March, studying for exams, and I have waded through snow up to the belly-button, in the same month. This is enough to make Canadians a bit more psychotic than other nations.

March is as unpredictable as a pregnant female, as precocious as an eccentric old man. "Mad as a March hare" is no flight of the imagination. You don't have to be a hare to be mad in March.

All you have to do is look at the body of your car, at what the salt and sand have done to it, and you get mad.

All you have to be is a mother with soaking, muddy small children tromping in and out, and you get mad.

All you have to do is total your fuel bill, and you know you are out of your mind to live in such a climate.

All it takes is a note from a friend in the south, who asks how high the snowbanks still are, and says he expects to come home about the first of May.

All you need to do is think of next month, and realize that the average Canadian gives up a third of his income in taxes, and you can go right around the bend.



And Pepper by hartley coles

This has been one of those special kind of weeks when thoughts of hari kari seem pleasant besides some of the small annoyances that have crept up and demolished my aplomb, never very considerable at any time.

To illustrate, just before I was due to kick up my heels at the music centre Saturday night for the Lions spring dance, two of my front teeth joined the drop-out brigade.

It happened over the bathroom sink in a manner that took me by surprise. I had them out cleaning them. All of a sudden they divided in two.

The original trouble, of course, occurred a few years ago when a dentist decided the tooth beside the hockey drop-out was also beyond repair, and he extracted it without benefit of need. When I came down from the ceiling he proudly brandished the offending "eye" that had been causing me several sleepless nights.

In their place went two dummies, commonly referred to as "store teeth" at a time when people weren't so delicate, but which I was assured were known now as a "partial plate."

Periodically when things have been going along pretty smooth and life has become too palmy, these two dummies decide it is time to split and make my life miserable.

On one occasion it occurred just after I had stepped off a 707 in old "Blighty" after sampling some airplane beef. It never occurred to these two facsimiles of my real

molars, incisors and what-have-you's, that I knew no dentists in merry old England.

The gap their absence creates has been compared by my loving wife to the Grand Canyon. When I smile she says the yawning chasm is the biggest generation gap she has ever seen. So, naturally, we didn't want to trot all around the land of Shakespeare and Chaucer looking like Frankenstein.

Consequently my sister, whom we visited, referred me to her dentist, an Australian, who through a glut of down-under dentists, was practicing his profession in Sutton, Surrey. Although he was more interested in the hockey jacket I wore ("Golf on ice, ha ha!") he did an excellent repair job, courtesy of the National Health scheme. I went almost two years before the two teeth again had differences.

Saturday, however, I was in my glad rags when the split occurred.

"What are you going to do?" asked my better half.

"Glue 'em together," I said, "and hope no one takes a poke at me, jostles or shoves an elbow in my face."

I got out the household glue, applied the sticky stuff, and fitted them together as best I could. Lo and behold they held together.

It wasn't too long before we stepped out, arriving at the dance like the tail end of the dog—last.

The teeth stayed together until af-

I have 60 essays, 75 tests, and 130 exam papers to mark. I have stubbed the second-littlest toe on my right foot and the nail is dangling by a painful bit of gristle or something.

I missed two crucial shots and lost out on the big prize in the last curling bonspiel. The lock on the bathroom door has been gone since Christmas and people keep getting locked in, instead of locked out.

So, all in all, if you hear a small "POP" one of these days, it won't be the wax in your ears cracking. It'll be little, insignificant me.

There, I know there's nothing more boring than other people's troubles. But I've got about half of them off my chest. And you must feel better to know that someone in the world has as many troubles as you.

And of course there are some things on the black ink side of the ledger, too. There's the "winter break" as they now call what used to be the Easter holidays. A whole week in which to do nothing but mark exam papers.

There's the prospect, in about six weeks, of getting the leeches off my back (and into the unemployment lines).

And there's the sheer pleasure of not getting up in the dark every workday. The sun shines, waterily and occasionally. There's a glimmer of hope that that peculiarly Canadian monster — winter —, having vented his orgy of rage, is beginning to die of sheer emotional exhaustion.

Unless the old brute throws one more senile but devastating blow at us.

terwards when we ate Chinese food at a friend's.

At one point there, while I had my mouth full of sweet and sour ribs, pineapple chicken balls and chow mein with almonds, there was another rending split.

I choked and out popped my two teeth into my waiting hand.

I looked surreptitiously around to see if anyone had observed my predicament. Either they were too polite, sleepy or they really hadn't noticed.

I shoved the parts into my pocket.

Since that incident nothing has seemed to go right. And I was beefing away to a fellow news hound.

He reminded me of the time another friend had one too many and his teeth had come loose at the same time as his stomach. He was bending over a toilet bowl at the time.

Without thinking, he pulled the little lever that empties the contents and watched his teeth follow the food he couldn't hold towards the town's water pollution control plant.

I chortled. And you know, I've felt better ever since.

It's knowing that someone has suffered a worse fate than yourself that provides life's happy moments.

P.S. — The dentist's office just phoned. My teeth are back and I hope everything else returns to normal.

Free Press Editorial Page

Beware of weak ice . . .

One of the peculiarities of human nature is that it takes a tragedy like Saturday's where a four-year-old drowned, to point out the danger associated with walking on bodies of water when weather starts to warm up.

We've had a long cold winter with early frosts and record snowfalls. In many ways this has been a boon for those who enjoy outdoor activities. But it has also created extremely dangerous ice conditions on lakes and rivers.

Small lakes like our own Fairy Lake in Acton, protected from real heavy winds, froze over before the first snowfall. Snow followed with sufficient depth to act as insulation which prevented the usual build-up of ice in spite of extremely cold temperatures.

Consequently, as the Ontario Safety League has pointed out; many of Ontario's lakes and rivers are unsafe for snowmobiling or even travel by foot.

During March as Spring is ushered in, increased hours of daylight and warmth of sun will increase the flow of water and currents, which will bring even greater hazards.

Each body of water has its own danger areas like the one at Fairy Lake where the tiny tot wandered, perhaps out of curiosity, to see the hole in the ice. If you don't know the ice and are not sure about its safety, for goodness sake don't take a chance. Your life could depend on it.

At the first sign of ice honeycombing

or reducing, forget about travelling on it and stay with land trails. Sunday, the day after the tiny tot drowned, snowmobilers were out on Fairy Lake, oblivious to the risk they were taking.

Warn your children about the dangers of walking on ice at this time of the year. One tragedy in a community is more than enough and this is the second death by drowning in Fairy Lake during the past year.

We send our sympathy to the bereaved family of four year old Scott Post. We mourn the loss of a young life who did not realize the dangers ice can hold and hope that other children and adults, too, will take heed from the very harsh lesson Mother Nature sometimes teaches us.

"I can't keep quiet, Lord!" . . .

The meaning of Lent has taken on new dimensions in the last decade. Now we are in the midst of the penitential season five of Canada's major churches have combined with a fund-raising campaign to raise four million dollars to underwrite a 1971 program of development and emergency relief.

Participating in the campaign are the Anglicans, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Catholics and United Church people, representing 90 per cent of the nation's population. This cooperation was initiated by a joint working group of the Canadian Council of churches and the Canadian Catholic Conference.

The churches are demonstrating that they are united in support of their attack on world problems of illiteracy, injustice, static social conditions as well as all forms of human misery, in spite of theological differences.

There is need here at home and it is time we all showed more concern. Perhaps this prayer which Ken Caveney, a columnist with the Canadian Register wrote, puts its finger on the serious problems facing today's world. It is called:

ICAN'T KEEP QUIET, LORD

"I was at a meeting tonight, Lord, and I heard an old lady talk about her two smelly rooms, for which she pays \$90 a month. It's not her fault they smell, Lord, it's the stinking toilet water that keeps leaking through her ceiling and on to her floors. She spends a lot of her money and time on chemicals and hot water to scrub the slime from her living room. She goes hungry to keep the stench down. She's afraid to tell the sium landlord about it because he'd put her out in the street. She's frail, Lord. She can't walk too far, she can't seem to find other rooms for the same rent.

"When I hear things like that Lord, I boil over, so I'm sitting here writing this prayer. I hope somebody that can do something will read it. I hope you don't mind my praying in public, Jesus, but it's the only way I know of bringing these crimes out into the light. My prayers to you are also pleas to a society that calls itself Christian.

"When I hear something like this, Jesus, I can't keep quiet. While there is one old lady that has to suffer like this, or an alcoholic who is refused treatment at a hospital, while there is one woman who has to turn to prostitution to feed her kids, and people have to rot in filthy rooms for which they pay over half an income, while kids are neglected and lives ruined by booze and brutality, I've just got to keep praying in public.

"Until somebody starts really doing something to clean up this whole stinking mess, 'I Can't Keep Quiet Lord.' —Amen.

A message from the past

Go placidly amid the noise & haste & remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons.

Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit.

If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a

real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.

Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue &

loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore, be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

Found in Old Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore Dated 1692.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 15, 1951

Leaders of young people's activities at the Y.M.C.A. were praised by the Board of Directors at their meeting Monday. These leaders include Ken Allen and Charlie Kingsmill, mentors of the Club Sateen; Janet McCarvell and Wilma Thompson, girls' handicraft leaders; Gordon Clow, boys' handicraft leader; Fred Hill and Ron Coleman, model aircraft club leaders and also the executive of the Triple T. Gym attendance this month has been cut by the prevalence of the flu.

Word was received from Ottawa that Private Keith Robertson, R.R. 1,

Campbellville, has been wounded in Korea. He is in hospital in Tokyo.

Mrs. William Cochrane, a charter member of Lakeside chapter of the I.O.D.E. and now Municipal Regent in Kitchener, installed the officers for 1951. The new regent is Mrs. J. Creighton.

Pallant's awning collapsed with the weight of snow Wednesday. No one was walking by at the time.

The school bus slid into the ditch Wednesday during the snow storm and pupils had to be brought the rest of the way by car.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Reed marked their 58th wedding anniversary.

Council has appointed Charles Kirkness to the library board, replacing W. H. Clayton.

Halton Night school held its open house in Milton this week. Some from Acton take classes there.

It took 12 loads of stone to fill one hole in an Acton street this week.

2nd vice pres. N. McDonald; sec. treas. J. Wood. Others on the executive committee are D. Robertson, Mrs. W. J. Gould, Miss A. Clarke. Social committee Mrs. W. J. Gould, Mrs. L. B. Shorey, Miss B. Speight, Miss F. Brown, Miss E. Clarke, Mrs. G. T. Beardmore.

The Ontario Motor League has enrolled a considerable number of members in Acton. It is hoped this will result in a more liberal distribution of road signs.

Last Saturday's Star Weekly contained an interesting article by Howard Oram, a former Acton boy, describing how greatly Toronto has changed in the 16 years he lived there.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, March 5, 1896.

The contracts have been let for a new residence to be erected for Mr. H. P. Moore on the family homestead — corner Church and Frederick St. The residence will be of colonial style, plain but substantial. John Cameron has the contract for the carpenter work and Henry Hill, who built the public school, Reeve Havill's store and Mr. Alex Secord's residence, the stone work, brick work and plastering.

Mr. H. T. Arnold has purchased the dwelling on the corner and will move it to the rear of his glove factory, corner Mill and Wilbur.

The Emperor of Russia has invited the Prince and Princess of Wales to visit St. Petersburg in May for the Imperial coronation.

Canada is ahead of any other country in the supply of horses for Great Britain. Last year the number was 12,900.

In Halton there is a pretty general feeling, particularly among the temperance people, that the time has come to make still further reduction in the number of licensed hotels in the county.

Mr. Donald Mann, who is now at Grand Valley, was here a few days last week. The noble St. Bernard dog belonging to Mr. Samuel Laird was poisoned last week. Mr. Laird valued him at \$50.

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