



First day of Spring!



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Belated congratulations to our Prime Minister and his bride. It was one of the big upsets in March. The others were Mohammed Ali taking the clobbering of his lifetime, and me winning an argument with my wife.

Not from the first have I been swept away by Mr. Trudeau's charisma, though the women in my family were. At times I have had serious doubts about his attitude and decisions.

But when a man has enough sense to wait until he is 51 to get married, I feel our country is in safe hands.

Good gravy, if I had waited until 51, and I'm not there yet, I'd probably be able to ski and scuba-dive. And I might even be prime minister. And a millionaire.

But when a man marries at 25, he's had it. He has just thrown away the best 25 years of his life; the second 25, that is.

For the first ten or 12 years, he's swimming against the tide. In more prosaic terms, he is spending about 140 out of the 168 hours in every week sorting out his kids, his finances and his woman. That leaves him 28 hours to float, and don't forget he's going against the tide. So where does he float? Downstream, that's where.



Snd Pepper by hartley coles

Remember the banking story by Stephen Leacock, where an uninitiated depositor strode into a bank's inner sanctum and the ensuing catastrophe?

I know how the poor guy felt after my own experience this week.

It started innocently enough. We had a farewell party for a member of the staff who's leaving for greener pastures in the sun parlor country of the province. Arrangements required a few financial transactions from the plant's coffee fund.

This meant drawing shekels out of a local bank, going through exchanges of bills, and then going back to the bank to deposit what was left.

What could be more unspectacular than that?

I was delegated to do the job, so stuffed the money left into a box and headed for the bank with no visible hang-ups. There, I handed the dough over to a lady teller who started to count the loot with the dexterity bank tellers display with money.

I looked on with no particular interest.

Leafing through the stack of \$10 bills, however, the lady stopped, withdrew one particular bill and examined it more closely. She took her finger nail and scratched the number. Then she turned the bill over and inspected the other side, a quizzical expression on her face.

My interest increased.

"What's that—a phoney?" I joked.

"I think so," she replied matter-of-factly, while my mouth fell open. She took the bill over to another desk where another lady was called on to give her opinion on what was obviously a counterfeit bill. Then she took it over to a bank official, who nodded his head.

That's why so many married men of 50 are washed-up. On shore, or otherwise.

If he can keep his head above water during that first period, he's a mighty strong swimmer. But in the process, he has emotional hardening of his physical, emotional and mental arteries.

And just about then, he is pulled out of the water, purple and gasping, and told that he is entered in another marathon. In short, his kids are in their teens. Swim, baby, swim.

It really racks me to think of the gifts I have squandered in nearly 25 years of marriage. Especially when I think of Mr. Trudeau.

We're very much alike. He's a little older and has a little less hair. Probably more teeth, unless they're falsies.

About 25 years ago we were on equal terms. Both in excellent physical condition. The only real differences I can see are that he had a lot of brains and a lot of money. And I chose to swim upstream, while he chose to swim down.

Perhaps there's one other minor difference. He does everything well, and I do everything poorly. But don't forget he's had two and a half decades to practise — everything from skiing to chess — while I've had to catch them on the run.

By this time I had the distinct impression everyone in the bank was looking in my direction, standing nervously drumming my pinkies on the counter top.

It hit me all of a sudden! No wonder they were staring. It isn't every day someone from a printing establishment walks into a bank and tries to pass off a phoney \$10 bill. If circumstantial evidence was damning I was consigned to the lowest floor of the banking hades.

I grinned when the bank official, (whom I won't name for fear of embarrassment) strode over with a gleam of recognition in his eye.

"Aha, caught you at last." I thought he was going to say. But all he did was smile politely and ask if I had any idea where I picked the phoney \$10 up. I repressed the idea to head for the door, spying a policeman on the other side of the street.

"Could have been anywhere," I replied, but quite likely it came from party funds."

"Well we'll have to notify the police," he said, "and we'll give you a receipt to cover for the bill."

Which they did.

Then the sharp-eyed lady teller tidied up the account while I kept my attention on the counter. Bank employees could see the bill was a phoney but they could pass that particular one to me 10 times and I would accept it without reservation 10 out of 10.

I thought about this as I left the bank and strode back to the office. Perhaps I should get the old eyes checked. Other members of the staff after stifling gasps of horror, expressed the same thoughts.

It was still on my mind as I left to go home about 5:30 the same afternoon. I noticed the family limousine wasn't in its usual place, so hitched a ride home with someone else, figuring my distaff side had reached it first and gone home.

I'd like to see what a great scuba-diver he was if he'd had to raise two rotten kids and pay off about four mortgages. Not to mention dealing with a strong-minded woman who has a direct line to divine inspiration in every discussion.

No wonder he was able to snatch up a beautiful, intelligent 22-year-old at his age. He's practically unscarred, while I'm like an old alley cat. About all I could snatch up, aside from the fact that my wife would kill me, is a 48-year-old, with three divorces and three chins.

Don't for one moment think I'm jealous. Let him have his big rent-free mansion in Ottawa while I labor over my heavily taxed, heavily mortgaged hovel.

Let him have his fifty or sixty thousand a year in salary. We have enough to put bread on the table, after paying income tax and putting two kids through university.

I'm not envious. He earned it, by being smart enough to stay single until he was 51.

At least I don't have to bother with platoons of photographers and numberless newsmen when I take out Barbra Streisand.

No, I wouldn't trade him even, my old lady for his, my kids for his charisma. (They think I have charisma, which is good enough for me.)

The only thing I get a little wistful about is not being asked to be Prime Minister.

And I still think I could beat him in a game of Russian billiards.

The first thing I noticed when I arrived home was that the car wasn't in the driveway. Wife can't be here yet, I mused.

One of the first people I saw when I opened the door was the wife.

"Where's the car?" I asked. Her eyes widened. "Haven't you got it?" she gasped.

Where was it?

Investigation, subsequent and after much head scratching, revealed it was almost beside the bank.

I had walked off and left it.

Now I'm just waiting for the Mounties or the Acton detachment of the O.P.P. to pick me up on a counterfeiting charge.

I hope the cells at Milton jail are comfortable. I must ask friends of mine who spent some time there.

Maybe I can plead forgetfulness.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS
PHONE 853-2010
Business and Editorial Office

Founded in 1975 and published every Wednesday at 39 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the C.W.N.A. and O.W.N.A. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance, \$4.00 in Canada, \$9.00 in all countries other than Canada; single copies 15 cents. Second class mail registration number—2515. Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of a typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, 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 merely an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

Dills Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd.
David R. Dills, Publisher
Hartley Coles, Editor
Don Ryder, Adv. Manager

Copyright 1971

Free Press Editorial Page

Why are editorials dull? . . .

Why are editorials dull? The Arrprior Guide Review has come up with the answer.

Editorials are dull because they are not written to communicate with people like you and me. They are written to impress other editorial writers. These ivory tower people are trying to impress their peers -- to heck with everybody else.

Examples of this strange behavior? A young clergyman, at the start of his career, may have a genuine desire to talk to the people who come and sit in his congregation every Sunday. But as time goes on he begins to sound more and more like the people who write the books he reads. In his sermons he tries harder and harder to talk like the people he hears at various conferences and other professional gatherings.

Our politicians, many of whom are at first quite approachable and easy to understand, very soon adopt the jargon of their fellow parliamentarians whom they wish to impress. It doesn't take

long for them to become master of the meaningless cliché and muddy circumlocution.

In their anxiety to impress their peers, lawyers are in a class by themselves. Any self-respecting lawyer would sooner go hungry than draw up a document or give an opinion in clearly-stated or easily-understood language.

Teachers and professors do the same thing. Instead of making an attempt to communicate with the general public, or, indeed, with their own students, they feel compelled to express thoughts, both orally and in writing, in the dull, heavy style of the professional educator which very quickly turns off the hearer and reader so that the idea never does come across.

The entertainment business suffers from the same blight. Maybe some of you remember an old TV show called Holiday Ranch. It started out as an unassuming country and western show and, as such, built up a large audience for itself. The producer was not

satisfied because, one assumes, the show was looked down upon by fellow entertainers. So the Cool Corral was introduced. In this segment, old country and western tunes were jazzed up. The Cool Corral soon cooled off the audience and the show was dropped.

Consider the giants of show business: people like Ed Sullivan, Red Skelton, John Wayne and Johnny Cash. These men have been content to stick to the styles that made them successful. They go on and on.

Pop musicians laugh at Guy Lombardo and Lawrence Welk, but both of them have been able to hang in there until they have become very, very old and very, very rich. They have been able to do this because they have not tried to impress a group of people who wouldn't go to hear them if they were given free passes.

So now you know why editorials are dull. That is, if you have read to the end of this one.

Remailing returned tax rebates . . .

Farmers who have returned farm tax rebates to the Ontario Department of Municipal Affairs would be well advised to reconsider their decision which was likely based on a misunderstanding of the so-called repayment clause if land is converted to non-agricultural uses between now and 1980.

The clause says "the program benefits the owners of property that continues to be used for farming. If a property ceases to be assessed as a farm before or during 1980, repayment of the assistance received in 1970 will be required with interest at a rate of 8 per cent per annum."

Some farmers in this district interpreted the clause to mean that if they

sold their farm before 1980 they would have to send their tax rebates back -- with interest -- if the land was converted to other uses such as residential, industrial or commercial -- even though they didn't own the land.

This is not what the government intended although the original Order-in-council authorizing the program did not make it clear. The Order-in-council has been amended now so there will be no more confusion.

The change stresses that the person who owns the land at the time it is converted to other than agricultural uses is responsible for the repayment. Thus it removes the onus from the present owner of property that may change hands several times prior to its conversion to other uses.

Responsibility thus is placed squarely on the shoulders of the developer or speculator who owns the land at the time it is re-assessed for non-agricultural purposes.

The reason for the tax rebates? It's a Peter and Paul method of easing the tax burden on farm people. The Ontario government was not interested in subsidizing developers or real estate speculators. That's why the clause went into the farm tax reduction program.

Farmers who returned cheques are being asked to reconsider their action by the Department of Municipal Affairs. As a matter of fact, the Department is remailing returned tax rebate cheques, in order that no farmer in Ontario is penalized through misunderstanding of the policy.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, March 22, 1951.

Acton's snow blower, which was purchased at a joint meeting of the council and Public Utilities Commission Tuesday, was demonstrated on the streets on Saturday morning. A truck was loaded in approximately 45 seconds and in less than two hours the highway from Garner Motors to the Mill St. railway crossing was clear of excess snow. Many citizens were on hand for the demonstration given by Mansell Nellis. The Whirlwind Snow Blower was purchased for \$4,212.

Mayor E. Tyler was presented with his charcoal portrait by representatives of Cities Service Oil Co. at council meeting. The portrait was done by artist Egbert C. Reed when Acton was featured on the company's radio program.

Council engaged architects to make a survey of the town hall area considering the erection of a new municipal building.

This is the last time in this century that Easter falls in March.

Twelve cases, most of them violations of dog or parking bylaws, were heard in court in Acton Tuesday.

Postage on greeting cards goes up to two cents from one cent, Postmaster Terry announces.

Y's Men's officers elected: president G.W. McKenzie; secretary Harry Arbie; treasurer Orm Hunt; Sgt. at Arms Forman Lawrence. Former president was Bill Denny. Guest speaker at the meeting was Miss Esther Taylor who spoke of the growth of Scouting from its inception.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 24, 1921.

At county council it was decided to request the Hon. Mr. Biss, the Minister of Public Highways, to take into consideration the listing of the second line running through Trafalgar and Esquesing, from Bronte to Acton, as a provincial county highway.

Postmaster and Mrs. James Matthews will celebrate their 63rd wedding anniversary today.

"For the first time in the 35 years I have been a resident of Acton, Fairy Lake is clear of ice in the month of March" said John Harvey. The remaining ice went off Sunday and the lake is clear as mid-summer. Mr. Harvey ought to know for he has lived within sight of the lake ever since he came to Acton. For ten years or more he used the water from the dam to run his grist mill.

The Toronto Suburban Special, of a motor and two trailers, took Acton hockey team and two hundred or more supporters to Toronto on Friday for the last game of the season with the A. R. Clarke team of that city. The game was staged at the big Arena and was a fine exhibition. Acton was defeated 7 to 2. Messrs. Beardmore and Co. entertained the excursionists to supper. Acton — Goal Kennedy; defense Beecham and Bowman; centre Farrow; wings Joe Kentner and Buckle; subs. Beardmore, Garder and John Kentner.

During the week auction sales in this locality have brought very gratifying prices. At the Wheeler and Lawson sale 8 horses brought \$1,705; 7 cows and five heifers \$1,704; 1 sow sold for \$92. Four Jersey heifers sold for \$225 each.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 12, 1896.

The report of the Inspector of Prisons to hand shows the number of commitments with their crimes in Halton jail at Milton during 1895 to have been as follows: Horse stealing 1, robbery 1, larceny 3, assault 1, threatening language 1, trespass 3, vagrancy 7, other offences 1. The Milton Champion says "The jail is unusually full at present. There are 16 prisoners confined in it and half of them, including six chicken thieves and two men committed for non-support of their wives, come from Georgetown."

The commanding officers of the companies of the 20th Battalion of the Lorne Rifles have requisitions for new clothing for their men with orders to fill them and forward them to the brigade officer without delay. The new clothing and extra pay, \$3 per non-commissioned officer and men, voted to the regiment by county council, should attract a good class of recruits. Company No. 6, Acton, should now have its ranks filled up again.

Rockwood farmers imported a carload of American corn and intend experimenting with it to see if it is good for stock feeding.

The balloon sleeves having had a somewhat lengthy inning, the hoop skirts are next to appear. Two of the latest Paris fashion journals so announce, and fashion's decrees are inviolable.

The Kickapoo Medicine Company were in Rockwood for a week holding free entertainment and selling their Indian medicine. They are at present in Eden Mills.

Conflict and Contrast

BY JIM DILLS

Jim Dills was one of 38 weekly newspaper men from five provinces selected for a two-week study tour including Israel, Cyprus, Germany and England. He writes his observations and conclusions in this series.



Collecting your thoughts after a study tour involving over 14,000 miles and four countries is possibly the most difficult part of the whole exercise. The tour with 20 weekly newsmen from five provinces of Canada was packed into two weeks that saw the group aboard a variety of aircraft and motorized vehicles.

We travelled in the troubled island of Cyprus, the progressive country of Israel, the quiet country of West Germany and into Great Britain's swinging London. We ate with Canadian Armed Forces in field messes and officers' messes. We slept in hotels and in a kibbutz. We talked to newsmen in Cyprus and Israel and sampled the hospitality of the Oberbergermeister in Lahr, Germany.

The trip took us in planes of the Canadian Armed Forces like the Hercules, Yukon, and Boeing. It took us on Israel's El Air airlines and Air Canada. We travelled in jeeps, mini buses, and in the back of a 2½ ton truck. A good deal of Israel we covered in a luxury

coach. In London we sampled the double deckers and of course the famed taxis.

In Cyprus we had a press conference with Archbishop Makarios and his counterpart heading the Turkish Cypriot group Rauf R. Denktash. We interviewed the U.N.-Canadian forces soldiers at outposts along the troubled green line, the point of demarcation between the Greek and Turkish Cypriot forces on that troubled but beautiful island in the Mediterranean. Our talks included the general in charge of the U.N. forces in Cyprus and countless other officers and officials connected with maintenance of peace in Cyprus.

In Israel we met the Canadian Ambassador to Israel, talked with state department officials and visited the old city of Jerusalem to see the sharp contrast between new buildings and the maintenance of old in that historic centre for several world religions. In Israel too, we had an opportunity to meet with those on a kibbutz and find first hand the advantages and the sense of destiny which is evident everywhere in Israel.

At Lahr, Germany we met the Oberbergermeister, who heads the municipality of 27,000 which is the centre for the Canadian Armed Forces in Europe adding another 15,000 to the population of that area. The typically Bavarian charm of the centre gave us an interesting glimpse of that part of West Germany where Roman ruins still attest to the age of the area.

In London from Piccadilly Circus we radiated through the city for a tourist's eye view of those historic points which make any visit to the U.K. interesting and exciting with history at every corner.

Join me then if you will, through this series of articles as I review some of the experiences and conclusions reached during this trip to the troubled Middle East for a first hand look at some of the events and the people which make today's news headlines and which I expect to be a point of world concern for a good many weeks to come.

I don't plan to belabor the problems of travel, delayed flights, missed meals and inconvenience but I hope to get at the more interesting aspects of life and the people as I found them in that part of the world.

Missed plane connections in Lahr, Germany resulted in us replacing a ton of fish on a cargo plane. Lined on web seats along the wall of the plane with huge cargo containers lashed to the floor of the plane at our feet, we're deep in the pounding belly of a Canadian Armed Forces Hercules freight.

(Continued on Page B3)