

Easter — a time of faith . . .



IT'S MAPLE SYRUP TIME and the familiar old cry, "sap's a-running" brings out the crowds to a number of area sugar bushes. Sap collected from the maple trees is boiled down in huge pots over open fires. The girl in this photo at Bruce's Mill Conservation Area wears old fashioned clothes and carries the sap the traditional way.

Appropriately Easter comes at a time when the earth is reawakening. After the long dreary days of winter there's an expectancy in the air and an optimism that is never apparent at any other season.

It is a fitting time for the feast of Easter which commemorates the resurrection of a Man who left an indelible imprint on the world, never equalled. And the most surprising part of the Easter story is that the Man died by the means employed to execute criminals—on a cross.

Over the centuries it is said man has become more humane and the cross has been replaced by the hangman's noose, gas chamber or electric chair. But it is not uncommon to pick up a paper and read of some atrocity committed in the name of justice, or religion, in conditions which could parallel those in Jerusalem almost 2,000 years ago.

Authenticity of the Easter story has been denied by many over the course of centuries. Some have said it is merely a fairy tale conceived by the fertile minds of those who wished to thrust a new fantasy on the world. Others, admitting the accounts of the passion and death of Christ are accurate, refuse to believe there could have been any resurrection.

Show me proofs, they say, and we will believe.

There's an old newspaper adage that you must go to the source if you want the truth of happenings in any particular event. In this case that takes you back to a time when there were few accounts of happenings in a country which was considered a backwater by conquering Romans.

However, the most important point of the accounts of the passion and death of Jesus Christ have been published in a book. We call it the Bible. The men who wrote the gospels in the book were eyewitnesses to an event that seemed to put an end to their world. Their Leader, the Man whom they depended on for daily spiritual sustenance was cut off in the prime of life—at 33 years of age.

The despondency at the sudden turn of events must have been enormous for these men, ordinary fellows who constantly quarrelled amongst themselves, and being very human sought preferment in the kingdom they expected would soon be set up. They probably imagined they would be pretty important when the Leader set up His Kingdom.

On the Palm Sunday prior to the tragic happenings of Easter they must have been in their element. Christ was welcomed by the populace with waving palms and loud hosannahs. It seems inconceivable that less than a week later he should have been nailed to a cross in a gross and vile manner and laid to rest in a borrowed tomb.

Yet only a few weeks later these same ordinary downcast men were out in the streets preaching in a way — contrasted to their other meek and mild manner — could only be called bold. They had cast off fears and armed only with words and conviction, they tramped into almost every corner of the then known civilized world.

Something happened which had made these men lose fear and take on new life.

They said Christ rose from the dead and had appeared to them. And they believed this intensely with a conviction that led 11 of the 12 to horrible deaths.

Peter, the leader, was crucified upside down. Paul, a latecomer, was beheaded. All except John, met some form of death as they carried the Easter message to people who sometimes turned on them, stoned and cast them out of their cities.

It is not uncommon for men to die for beliefs when they are armed and able to fight back with equality. But to face the perils of hostile people, difficult travel of those days and an unfriendly government with nothing to defend themselves but a story and a belief requires unshakable conviction.

Is it any wonder then that we celebrate Easter and the events leading up to it with certainty?

Easter faith in essence is an affirmation that beyond the material the ultimate reality is spiritual. The message may be old but it is renewed each year at this season.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Take my advice. When your kid comes home from school and says breezily, "Hi, Dad. I have this project to do . . . don't take the bait. Don't say a word beyond "Hrumph" as you flip your newspaper up for a shield, or better still, head for the bathroom and lock yourself in.

Never, ever, reply, "Well, what's it all about?" or "Is there anything I can do to help?" If you do, you'll discover, inevitably, that you have a project to do.

Projects are all the rage these days, in education. Give a kid a project and he'll learn everything there is to know about the Persian Gulf, the origin of sand-paper or the life of the blow-fly. He may never learn anything else in school, a strong possibility, but he'll always be an expert in one field.

For the rest of their lives, these kids will find some way, at cocktail parties or formal dinners, in casual conversation, to drag in the Gulf, the sand-paper or the blow-fly.

Which is good. Most people know practically nothing about practically anything. Thus, they can easily be put down by a forthright statement like, "But that's exactly what I've been saying. The whole thing is in direct contrast to the solemn, sedate, secretive sex life of the blow-fly."

They simply can't field that one, if it's properly delivered. And you can always change your adjectives to suit the situation. It could be, "The wild, exotic orgies of the

blow-fly, which comes in heat only on leap-years".

Actually, projects are nothing new, although some young teachers act as though Moses had just been up the mountain again and come down with a great stone slab inscribed "Projects".

We had projects when I was a kid. I remember one in agriculture. I chose to build a model of a hen-house. Wisely, as I was perfectly aware, even at that tender age, that I couldn't nail two boards together without making a hand sandwich. And equally aware that my father was a master craftsman.

Even so, it took a lot of time. I had to spend about five evenings in his basement workshop, praising, admiring, and fetching cups of tea, before the job was done. It was a beautiful little hen-house, with windows and a swinging door. I got an A-plus.

Despite my experience of the whole fiasco of projects, I got myself hooked recently. Daughter Kim was home from university. Out went the bait. "Dad, I have to do a project in anthropology. Sounds interesting."

Warily, ready to run, I asked what it was, fairly secure in my utter ignorance of the subject. It turned out to be a project on folklore, any area. I breathed easier. I was still swimming free.

She let out a little more line. Said she'd considered doing one on the legends of the Ottawa Valley lumbering days, with particular reference to my great-uncle, Mountain Jack Thomson, reckoned to be the toughest lumberjack in the Valley, reputed to have killed four men in fist-and-boot fights. I got excited, rumbled the bait and began spinning yarns about Mountain Jack. She responded with the appropriate, "Wow! That's really great, Dad."

Then it emerged that she had to go direct to human sources, not the printed word, and we realized there wasn't time to round up all the relatives and talk to them. Both downcast. Suddenly, under the influence of the excitement and too many coffees, I came up with a new project and tossed it to her. "The Curse of the Great Lakes!"

She raved. That was IT. She'd been born and raised on their shores, and of course I knew all sorts of interesting old-timers, don't you Dad? We talked long and feverishly, and it looked better and better. I had swallowed the bait. All she had to do was set the hook.

Next morning the whole thing looked insane. But when I started to swim quietly away, I found I still had the hook in my mouth. And the line was taut.

Hundreds of miles and a couple of weeks later, we had talked to regional historians, commercial fishermen, light-keepers and lake captains. Kim had a stock of stories: ships sunk without trace, Indian legends, mysterious murders and exotic anecdotes, like the pianos floating ashore at Duck Island.

Must admit I enjoyed every minute of it. Old friends were generous with time and invaluable with memories that reached far back into the 19th century.

But it's my last project. At least until my first grandchild sidles up and says, "Uh, Grand-dad, I have this project at school . . .

Hatred of young problem of future

Briefings by officers of the Canadian Armed Forces manning the Nicosia district gave us background information of the mandate of the U.N. presence in Cyprus and the geography of the country which requires policing to maintain peace.

It was on Christmas Eve 1963 that serious street fighting broke out between the Greek and Turkish Cypriots. The green line agreement was established, which divides the two areas of the island currently and it is the U.N.'s responsibility to maintain the terms of that green line agreement.

While the problems of Cyprus remain unresolved a whole new generation of young people is growing up with real hatred for each other. Those 12 years old have been the object of a real propaganda drive and are just now at the fighting age. An early resolution of the difficulties on Cyprus seems remote.

As Turkish forces rotated after a six month tour of duty on one of the days during our visit in the Middle East, such things as the presence of Turkish boats too close to the shores of Cyprus were causes for threats and further discussions.

While the presence of U.N. forces contributes significantly to the local economy there are economic opportunities being sadly missed as agreement between the two communities is absent. For example a \$1,500,000 flour mill, built in 1963 and so extensively automated that six men could operate it, has never produced a bag of flour. The fighting at the end of December 1963 forced the abandonment of that huge flour mill and now its roof forms a sand-bagged outpost while the machinery inside rusts and deteriorates.

As Canadians it distressed us that a factory, able to produce one of the basics of life, could not be the subject of successful negotiation to permit its operation.

Another example which we saw was a factory processing olives for oil. It was also capable of processing carobs but was operating at only 20 per cent of its capacity. If there had been no trouble it would probably have been operating at full capacity, and the economy of the island would thus have been strengthened.

Sandbagged outposts with gun slits, about like a wooden pallet, were evident at major intersections and points as we travelled

Conflict and Contrast

BY JIM DILLS

Jim Dills was one of 18 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.

along the green line in jeep, in truck or on foot. Through narrow streets, down the middle of shopping districts and in more



A BLOOD spattered wall in Ormophita, near Nicosia is indicative of the bitter street fighting of 1964. Today the area is almost deserted.

remote areas like golf courses the U.N. blue metal privy-like structures stood out between and were located at equally strategic points. Canadian Forces maintain vehicle patrols, bicycle patrols, manned outposts and unmanned outposts. They work closely with the Danish Civilian Police in the Nicosia district and of course their objective is to avert misunderstanding.

They also guard the public works buildings in the Turkish area for the Greek Cypriot government. The public works building is another example which has provided distress in the economy since it was left abandoned in 1964 with a million and a half dollars worth of equipment standing in the yard gathering rust and deteriorating. But what about the soldiers of Canada. I talked with 22 year old Pete. Bruce Allison who had been in the Princess Pats for two years. I asked him how he enjoyed this peace-keeping role. I was impressed with the kind of answers he gave and his sense of dedication to maintaining the peace at one of those tiny little outposts with Greek guns on one side and Turks on the other. He was on his six month tour of duty and he felt Canada was fulfilling an important function in keeping the peace in Cyprus. He wore his U.N. blue cap and shoulder patch proudly.

It was his task on duty to operate by persuasion. He had one shot in his semi-automatic standard service rifle and that could be used only in self defence. His role on the front was that of the diplomat and, his senior officers explained, when confidence in the U.N. force is lost immediately withdraw is the only answer. It is not their task to become involved in fighting.

(Continued on Page B3)

Only a 40% pay hike . . .

Figures in an editorial last week about hefty pay hikes for county councillors were apparently partly incorrect. Information on which the editorial was based came from figures published in the county budget. They showed 13 councillors collected \$19,548 for council and committee meetings in 1970, averaging out to \$1,500 per member.

New information reveals, however, that these figures did not include payments to councillors for serving on the various committees. A complete list shows that 13 councillors received \$27,828 for an average of \$2,140 last year.

This, of course, changes the percentage of the pay hike. Instead of a one hundred per cent raise from \$1500 to \$3,000 it now comes out at about a 40 per cent raise.

Good pickings if you can get it -- and it looks like the Halton Council has nailed it down. We would be interested in knowing whether we will also receive \$20,000 more in good government.

Milton Council has decided to launch a protest over the high cost of county administration since the county rate has gone up accordingly.

For those interested in the pay for councillors last year, the following

| Council Member | Fees | Mileage | Conventions | Total |
|---------------------------|-------------|------------|-------------|-------------|
| F.G. Oakes, Acton | \$2,910.00 | 343.00 | \$1,152.13 | \$4,405.13 |
| E. Tyler, Acton | 1,580.00 | 192.64 | 473.90 | 2,226.54 |
| G. Gallagher, Burlington | 2,640.00 | 509.18 | 613.67 | 3,762.83 |
| D. Coons, Burlington | 1,850.00 | 301.50 | 162.82 | 2,114.48 |
| W. Hunter, Georgetown | 2,910.00 | 549.38 | 1,026.29 | 4,485.65 |
| A. Speight, Georgetown | 2,250.00 | 256.44 | 944.22 | 3,450.66 |
| R. Harris, Milton | 2,490.00 | 47.04 | 902.92 | 3,439.96 |
| P. Barr, Milton | 1,398.00 | 38.92 | 279.80 | 1,716.72 |
| W. Gillies, Oakville | 1,530.00 | 282.22 | 688.21 | 2,480.43 |
| G. Currie, Esquesing | 2,460.00 | 302.96 | 541.27 | 3,304.23 |
| T. Hill, Esquesing | 1,820.00 | 285.07 | 243.00 | 2,458.07 |
| A. MacArthur, Nassagaweya | 2,220.00 | 118.02 | 497.94 | 2,835.96 |
| G. Agnew, Nassagaweya | 1,890.00 | 197.54 | 1,285.44 | 3,372.98 |
| A. Day, Oakville (Warden) | 6,500.00 | 492.65 | 543.70 | 7,536.35 |
| Totals | \$34,328.00 | \$3,906.58 | \$9,355.41 | \$47,589.99 |

figures might be of interest. They include council and committee meetings, plus roads, manor, museum and board of health meetings, which are considerable

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, April 5, 1951.

Mrs. Milton Brown of Hornby and Mrs. Service of Campbellville officiated at the formation of the twentieth senior branch of the Women's Institute in Halton county in the district lying immediately north of Georgetown. The name chosen from several suggested was Silverwood, as the territory involved extends from Silvercreek to Wildwood. Twenty members are already enrolled with Mrs. E. L. Miller president.

This week a tree that was already sturdy when the village of Acton obtained its first post office in 1844 was cut down. The second largest tree on Mill St. for over a century was becoming rotten. It was by Barr's Grocery. It was predeceased by a willow which was cut down to make way for the Merchants Bank after being planted at the corner of Mill and Willow by William Steele in 1853.

Dr. Murray Deans of Oakville was the unanimous choice for Liberal candidate.

The annual Ladies' Night of the Rotary club was held last Friday at the Yellow Briar, Brampton.

The problem of bringing electric power into the new school was discussed, including costs of overhead and underground wiring. It was decided underground cable would be used from the transformer to eliminate danger.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, April 14, 1921.

Dr. A. W. Nixon, for 14 years representative for Halton in the Ontario Legislature, died on Friday at Guelph after a lingering illness. A year ago he had a paralytic seizure from which he never fully recovered.

For the first time in several years the county jail at Guelph is without a single occupant.

Mr. C. C. Speight, who has spent 30 or 40 years in studying the birds and animals of this section, their habits and characteristics, and in securing true-to-life photographs of them, has now a collection of several hundred views. His services are in growing demand in exhibiting these splendid views by limelight.

The Mothers' Allowance Board of Halton county is pleased to be able to announce that out of a total of 32 applicants, 50 per cent are now receiving assistance.

Vote for prohibition next Monday!

The Musical Eckhardts gave a musical revue in the town hall on Tuesday evening. Swiss bell ringing, xylophones and the tubular musical numbers were especially meritorious.

Limehouse Ace-Hi boys' club had a trip to Toronto with their mentor, Douglas Gowdy. In the words of one of the boys, "It was peachy."

Another daily paper in Toronto, The World, has gone to the wall. The Mail and Empire has purchased the plant.

The historic willow tree on Willow St. — the last of the row planted over 70 years ago — lost several large branches in the ice storm.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, March 26, 1896.

Last year was a busy one for the builders at the tanneries and the coming season will also see considerable activity. Lumber and other materials are now on the ground for a large new bark shed, and it is proposed to put up an addition to the tan yard at the sole leather tannery of sufficient capacity for 100 new vats.

The Rev. Samuel Fear, one of the pioneers of Methodism, died at his home in Elora at 94. He came to Canada from England about 56 years ago and was sent as a Methodist missionary to what is now the county of Peel, and thence to the county of Ontario.

Last Thursday there set in the heaviest blizzard of the season. Acton was pretty effectually isolated. There were no trains from 8 o'clock on Thursday until 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon and the first mail was received Monday. A big drift at Kennedy's crossing, a mile west of Acton, required the attention of a snow plow, three engines and a big gang of men for several hours. The storm was the worst since the memorable blizzard of 1867 when snow covered the fences in all directions. It is said the G.T.R. staff here never before experienced as long a period without a train coming through. The fine driver belonging to Rev. Father Haley died last week of brain fever.

A couple of hundred citizens went to the track to see the snow plow come through. An amendment to the Public Schools Law is proposed allowing rural schools a week's Easter holiday as well as town schools.

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