



ONE, TWO, THREE—COUNT THEM kitten! They're triplet lambs born to a Suffolk ewe called Lamb Chop at the farm of Gordon Leslie, R.R. 3, Acton, Sunday night. Leah Leslie, 18, and brother Barry, 11, explained that Suffolk lambs are born black like the nursery rhyme but retain only a black face as they grow older. It is early for lambs but Lamb Chop pulled the same stunt last year at about this time. It is her first set of triplets.—(Staff Photo)

### Exercise common sense . . .

In an interview with the Free Press this week, Mayor Les Duby indicated that Acton council has no wish to impose further regulations on snow-mobilers, but if complaints continue to snowball they will have no choice but to accede to requests for them.

A few drivers who persist in waking sleeping citizens, charge down sidewalks on their machines with no thought for pedestrians and heedless of others' rights, will bring the wrath of citizens down on all, irrespective of

whether the majority of drivers try to heed common sense. Consequently, it is up to snow-mobilers to police themselves if they wish no further restrictions along the streets of town and district.

The mayor noted council in no way wishes to discriminate against those who get so much pleasure from snow-mobiles through the winter months. And we think the majority of people in town and district feel the same way. It is good to see so many people get so much pleasure out of the snow

machines. Many of them could have been decided winter haters in pre-snowmobile times but now actually wish for copious amounts of snow to fall so they can use their machines to the best advantage.

It is only when machines are mis-used and other people's rights abused that complaints start to collect.

If the snowmobilers themselves would exercise their common sense there would be no further need for restrictions on the use of the machines.

### What will replace a calendar? . . .

Are calendars outdated?

One of the noticeable differences between the current year end and only a few years ago is the decreasing numbers of calendars which are dispensed as a goodwill gesture by merchants and financial institutions.

The reason isn't hard to find. Calendars are expensive. Their value as an advertising tool is questioned because of the cost. But, even so, according to a large calendar-making firm, demand for calendars exceeds the supply, a fact verified by stationery and book stores that sell non-advertising calendars.

Certain types of calendars are fading, it's true. Fewer people distribute them. However, those who are, are distributing twice as many, says an executive of Canada's largest manufacturer of calendars.

In total, the Canadian calendar business is probably worth \$25 million a year, the Financial Post estimates.

However, unless you live in an unusually affluent area, it is quite likely there are only one or two calendars in your home this year that were dispensed from business places as a goodwill gesture.

This may seem like a trifling subject but many Canadian homes depend on calendars for their art. Calendars with pretty, arty or striking pictures on them were hung on bare walls throughout the year. Then they are cut out and sometimes framed.

And there is some very good calendar art, both in the secular and religious field.

Right now we suppose either the 1971 calendar is still hanging in its

accustomed place, has been replaced by a boughten one, or else the space on the wall is vacant. If it is vacant, we would suggest you mention this to the businessman or institution which supplied your year end gift.

Tell him or her or they that you've got a date with them but you can't find out when because your calendar is missing. He may come through with one from under the counter, reserved for those who ask, or he may have run out. Or he may have never had any in the first place.

In any event the great Canadian ritual of hanging calendars in the new year is going out of style for lack of hanging material.

The question now is—What will replace the calendar on the walls of Canadian homes?

## Bill Smiley



This is the time when pundits across the land speculate in type about what the coming year will bring forth. If there is one thing we don't need more of in this country, it is pundits.

We have political pundits, economic pundits, sports pundits. Most of them spend most of their verbiage disagreeing with other pundits in the same field.

What is a pundit? It is a person who knows a little more about practically nothing than we non-pundits.

Having unburdened myself of those sour sentiments, I now propose to leap into some punditry (punditizing?) concerning 1972. Read carefully, now, so that you'll have a clear picture of what we shall face this year.

Most parts of Canada will have lots of snow. I hope nobody will give me an argument on that one. Right now, outside my window, it looks like plucking day at the chicken factory.

The population, taxes, and your fuel bill will increase. This statement is not based on fact but on pure intuition. Especially the part about taxes. According to some of the ruse statements in the new tax reform bill hustled through parliament, I will pay less taxes this year, about enough less to buy an overcoat from the Salvation Army.

But they can't fool an old tax-payer like me. I know with sickening clarity that if one level of government hands me a few bucks, some other level will be digging three times as much out of my back pocket.

The wage-price spiral will continue, though perhaps not as rapidly. The reason? We're all greedy as pigs at a trough. And the biggest pigs—the strongest unions and the most firmly entrenched capitalists—will get more out of the trough than the runts, the ordinary Joes.

There will be a federal election, and whoever wins, there will be promises galore, new brooms being waved in all directions, and the country, according to the pundits, will still be going straight to the dogs.

The churches will continue to be one third filled and scrambling for enough money to stay alive. But there will be a continuing search for some sort of spiritual experience by our youth.

Thousands who are now merely a gleam in somebody's eye will be born. And good luck to them when they enter a mighty complex world. Thousands will die, and let's just hope you and I are not among them. I don't want to go until I get my mortgage paid off. Isn't that the supreme purpose of living?

Thousands of kids will experiment with drugs and some of them will end up tragic figures, shattered human beings. But thousands of others will ignore the chance of becoming vegetables, and will lead happy, healthy, useful lives, loving and learning, sad and happy.

Unemployment will continue to be a fairly desperate situation. And the schools

will again be jammed to the rafters with students who shouldn't be there, but for whom there is nothing else to do.

There will be thousands of broken homes and marriages turned to dust. But there will be thousands of dreamy-eyed brides, and proud young grooms, positive that nothing could ever happen to their love, which is something special.

There will be wars that have no victories, and peace conferences that go on interminably proceeding from nowhere to nowhere. The United Nations will again announce that it is going broke, but nobody will ante up enough to pay the bills.

Thousands of bright young people will emerge from college, spilling over with knowledge, and come face to face with that brutal edict: you can't get a job with no experience, and you can't get experience until you get a job. But thousands of others will break their backs to get into college, where they will learn all about life and find the mate of their choice.

Does this all sound sort of familiar to you? It should. Does it all sound rather depressing? It shouldn't. You'll have your downs, but you'll have your ups, too; those glorious and fleeting times when you wouldn't be anyone else or anywhere else.

Your children will change, preferably for the better, but don't count on it. The year will fly by. Make it a good one by thinking positively.

### Greatest gift . . .

"If I were to treat my friends as I treat my children how many friends would I have left?" That is one of the challenges to readers in a new book written by a California mother and educator called "Your Child's Self Esteem; The Key to His Life". The book and its author, Dorothy Corkille Briggs, are described in an article in the Christian Science Monitor.

Her theme is that a parent should teach a child that he is lovable, that he

exists, that he can handle himself and his environment with competence, that he has something to offer others.

Her relaxed view of the teen years begins with the conviction that rebellion is not a necessary part of adolescent development. If the parents have, as they should, been steadily working themselves out of their job, she says, declarations of independence are likely to be less drastic. Most

youngsters don't really want to cut family ties, even if parents have made mistakes.

Along the way, Mrs. Briggs, deals out a little self-esteem for parents, reassuring them that they don't have to be perfect. They should forgive themselves shortcomings of the past and deal with the present.

At the last of the book she returns to her theme: "Helping a child like himself is the greatest gift you can give."

## Free Press back issues

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, January 17, 1952.

Reeve of Trafalgar for the past year, Joseph M. Wickson was elected warden for Halton county at the inaugural meeting of county council.

At the inaugural meeting of the Public Utilities Commission J. R. MacArthur was elected chairman.

Twenty-five years of faithful service with the Acton Free Press and Canadian Champion were remembered with Bob MacArthur as honored guest at a staff dinner at Hawthorne Lodge. The group of 18 included husbands and wives.

The Y.M.C.A. kitchen is having its face lifted, under the sponsorship of the Y's Men's club and the direction of a committee headed by Harry Arbie. The kitchen is being enlarged all along one side. Albert Van Gils is doing the carpentry.

Four candidates have qualified for election in the mayoralty contest following the nomination meeting Monday evening. Carl Hansen, Tom Nicol, Ben Rachlin and Ted Tyler are contesting the position vacated by the recent resignation of Tom Salmon because of ill health. At the nomination meeting 10 were nominated. Voting will be on Monday.

The week of Prayer services all last week had attendance mounting from 55 in Knox church on Tuesday to 100 in the United church Friday. Each choir sang in its own church. The district secretary for the Foreign Bible Society Rev. Moore showed a film Friday and Mrs. B. Veldhuis and Miss Dorothy Simmons sang a duet, The Holy City.

The Student Council held the high school At Home in the town hall. Very few parents attended this year. This Friday at the high school the film Romeo and Juliet will be shown. Last year Mr. Hansen showed Pride and Prejudice.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, January 12, 1922.

The vote in the election for Councillors for Esqueving township council was unusually close. The votes for the respective

candidates stood as follows: Col. G. O. Brown 227; Goodson Applebe 221; T. L. Leslie 224; W. Bird 216; H. Hunter 212. The first three were elected.

The members-elect of Acton Municipal Council met Monday morning at 11 o'clock for organization. The usual by-law for borrowing money was passed, the amount being \$12,000. Regular meeting will be Tuesdays every second week. Geo. Havill and A. Bell were appointed auditors. Their salary is \$35 each.

The reeve outlined work in progress. The building for the Hydro most be gone on with at once as Mr. Mason wanted the building he had bought in order to carry on his business. The matter of putting men at work on the waterworks connection was also brought up. Councillor Bell brought up the question of dealing with a number of cross dogs in town. A by-law will be drafted.

The blacksmiths had a busy day or two last week. Sharp-shod horses were an absolute necessity.

Eakimo Pie is the newest ice cream creation.

Acton Citizens' Band is certainly progressing. On the last practice night 22 members showed up.

Dr. Farmer was in Budapest to welcome his first grandchild the baby born to his daughter, wife of the Hon. Digby Willson. Dr. Farmer writes the Free Press a long letter from Paris.

Canada is at last to have a nickel coinage of her own. With the finest nickel in the world, a five cent piece is being minted in Ottawa.

The problem of unemployment could be solved by buying a second-hand Ford for every fellow out of a job.

### 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, January 21, 1897

So many people are affected with tonsillitis that it is said to be almost epidemic. In many instances it is necessary to lance the throat and great care has to be taken to avoid quinsy.

Matt. Griffith of Boyne found a copper medal struck in 1739 in honor of Admiral Vernon, who took Porto Bello with six ships only. Master Griffith found the medal while walking across a plowed field near his home.

The news has just reached the friends here of the death of Mrs. Grace Hemstreet, sister-in-law of Wm. Hemstreet, Esq., Acton. Mrs. Hemstreet was one of Acton's earliest residents. Her husband, the late Miller Hemstreet, opened a grocery here in about 1835, ten years before Acton was finally christened. He called it the "Danville Grocery". Mrs. Hemstreet was highly esteemed.

Burglars ransacked the C.P.R. station in Guelph and secured 35 cents.

The rain the past week has replenished the cisterns very acceptably.

A number of Chicago girls have formed an organization for the purpose of substituting a five year wedding contract for the present form of marriage.

Mr. C. H. Harris of Rockwood passed at the G.A.C. with very creditable standing. The gripe in new form is prevailing. A good many of our citizens are investing their surplus cash in gold mining stock.

Mr. M. Crewson Jr. has just finished drilling a 30 foot well at Crewsons Corner. He intends taking contracts for this work.



by Hartley Coles

## COLES' SLAW

Since I first started to talk with you about our fall junket, I've had several people ask what I thought about Florida and the Bahamas. Would it be a good place to live? they've enquired.

Personally, I'd rather live in the arctic than Florida or the Bahamas. It's just too darn hot for me. The thermometer hovered around the 90's through most of our trip and at night cooled down to 75 or thereabouts, which I consider mighty hot in the beginning. And that was in October when the weather was supposed to be cool.

I figure the Good Lord couldn't have intended me to go to hell (if it is a pool of fire) or else he wouldn't have made me suffer so much in the blazing sun.

The intense heat was a cross for the two drivers. First it was Charlie that was cross. Then it was my turn when I got behind the wheel, and Charlie doing the navigating.

Fortunately, we only managed to get lost about once a day—each. This took some skill on both our parts, especially when we got headed the wrong way on a freeway, north instead of south, or vice versa, and turn-offs were few and far between. It got to be a game. If Charlie got lost in the morning it was my turn in the afternoon and the reverse. Naturally, this led to some comment from the back seat where our

wives were comfortably ensconced.

Despite these minor setbacks we managed to leave Disney World and get pointed in the right direction for Tampa and St. Petersburg, stopping for a night in Lakeland enroute. We crossed the causeway at Tampa and skipped over to Treasure Island, a strip of sand between the Inter-coastal waterway and the Gulf of Mexico.

We no sooner got accommodation than it was decided to take a dip into the Gulf, an appropriate gesture since we had all been testing the swimming pools all the way down. Beautiful beach, palm and coconut trees lined the sand and those cumbersome pelicans flew lazily overhead, every now and again dipping down to gobble up a tropical fish.

Keeping a sharp eye for sharks (prewarned by Constable Roy Wood a summer visitor) I dove into the storied waters where nests of pirates once did, with the aplomb of a Johnny Weismuller.

What a shock I got!

It was like diving into a warm cup of tea, or taking a bath. Warm? You might even say it was hot.

There was some gentle surf and we frolicked in the water like penguins taking a Saturday night dip, keeping our eyes peeled

for fins skimming the top of the water. Charlie and I also managed to stop blinking and observe the passing parade on the beach, which included several bikini'd young ladies walking their dogs.

Next day we were on our way again, heading for Naples where we hoped to join up with Alligator Alley and skim over the Everglades to Fort Lauderdale. It was an uneventful trip except for a stop-over at the Circus Hall of Fame at Sarasota, which was most interesting, and an incident at a well known member of chain of restaurants where we stalked out without paying the bill.

The incidents started when our party found the food lacked the usual freshness associated with that well known name. The bacon looked like it had been fished from the Everglades from a wild hog and then burnt. The spaghetti ordered looked like fishermen's worms which had jellied in the hot sun. Slices of roast beef looked and tasted like they had come from a tannery—after the tanning process was complete.

The only exception was my cheeseburger, which I had wolfed down before that others barely started. My palate could detect no difference.

At this juncture, noting my obvious

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