



Snowscape by Jim Jennings

Bill Smiley



What with this being Leap Year, and all, and the Women's Lib growing ever and ever more shrill, it could be a bad year for the gentle sex: men.

Not that I ever did hold much with that Leap Year business. There might have been some merit in the idea that once every four years, a lass could pick her lad, in bygone times.

But it is my conviction, based on careful observation, that the custom is out of date. In these times, if a girl sets her eye on a likely candidate, she whips her tentacles around him, hangs on until he stops struggling, and carries him home to be devoured, with utter disregard of whether or not the year can be divided by four.

Now the Women's Lib movement is another thing. There's scarcely a man in the country who dares make a crack about women any more. He knows that the slightest slight will result in his head either being blown off by a grapeshot charge of vituperation, or sliced off by the guillotine edge of irony. These dames are dangerous, and they fight under their own rules.

The only people who can stand up to them are other women, who know a good deal when they have one, and don't believe in Women's Lib.

That's one of the things that might make it a rough year. If the two factions go at it hammer and tongs some day, what's a man to do? He's going to be caught in the cross-fire, no matter what he says.

If he supports Women's Lib through altruistic motives (like maybe his wife is a believer), he is liable to find that she will

turn on him in scorn and denounce him as a boot-licker who is trying to get in on the ground floor of the revolution.

If he attacks the movement from profound conviction (like maybe his wife is against it), he is liable to find that she'll turn on him in fury because it turns out that he really is a male chauvinist pig, after all. That old saying about "sisters under the skin" is not to be sneered at. Not in these troublous times.

I repeat, what is a man to do? There was a time, not so long ago, when the male of the species could retreat to some sort of a simulated dugout when women got into a flap; his club, the Legion Hall, a bar, the poolroom.

Not any more. The women have infiltrated every one of these homes-away-from-home, and there's no place to hide.

Men are constantly and plaintively asking about women the rather bewildered question that Anglo-Canadians have used so often in recent years about the Quebecois, "What is it they want, anyway?" And getting the same non-answer.

At the risk, nay, the certainty, of being assailed from every direction that is illogical, I'll put my life on the firing-line, while the rest of you cowards skulk behind your wives, common-law or otherwise.

What is it that women want? Nothing much, really. Just everything they can get. I don't just mean material things, though I've never met a bird yet who wasn't convinced that one in the hand is worth two in the bush, whether they're dealing with fur coats, color

TV, labor-saving devices, new drapes — or men.

But those are not important among their wants. The things they are really seeking are on a much higher plane.

Foremost, they want a strong man. This is half the fun of the game. It's a challenge. Sometimes it takes as long as two years before they can completely dominate a strong man. If they have chosen a weak man, he's already dominated before marriage, which takes a lot of the zest out of the game.

They want to be loved. This is a normal, and even lofty aspiration. So do men. But women want to be loved all the time. This is where things get a bit dicey.

No man wants to be loved all the time. I'd like to see someone trying to love me at 7 a.m. as I slouch toward the bathroom like some arthritic plantigrade (look it up), yawning, groaning, scratching. In the first place, I'm completely unlovable. In the second, any woman who tried to express her devotion at that moment would be snarled at.

Women are different. Just the other night, after an 18-hour day, I crawled into bed, put my liniment-rubbed neck on the heating pad, yawned mightily, vaguely patted my wife on the derriere, and fell asleep. Twelve seconds later I got a belt in the ribs from an elbow. "You didn't say, 'Goodnight, dear,'" she snapped, and I got a ten-minute tirade about couples drifting apart when such amenities are omitted.

I've just touched on the things women really want, and already I feel that I'm over my head. What do they want, anyway?



by Hartley Coles

COLES' SLAW

Key West?
An intriguing city sitting astride a small island almost at the end of a chain of keys (small islands) which stretch into the Caribbean from the Florida coast.

Take the coach train tour, they advise in travel literature. It is cheap, informative and entertaining. See the island, city, submarine base, shrimp boats, poinciana trees lining the streets, and visit places such as the house where author Ernest Hemingway hung out when he was turning out books at a prolific pace.

We took the advice soon after the Sunward docked, boarded a coach train, which really resemble those cross-C.N.E.

trains, and headed out, through the naval base (where we were forbidden to take pictures) down through the main drag where old falling down houses contrasted with wooden edifices kept in good repair. Most houses are built of wood. So are the stores.

Shortly after we toured the naval base, the weather which had been threatening to rain, finally let go. We were deluged by water which swept across the island in sheets. To counter this, the train operator provided plastic sheets which covered everything except our heads.

The deluge came down so hard I expected old Noah to drift by on his ark any time, but the train driver wasn't perturbed. When it came time to visit an old fort, he

calmly announced he'd stay there until the rain let up. We ran for shelter. After almost an hour's wait, during which it was discovered the old fort leaked almost as badly as the coach train, it was decided to return to base.

By this time the streets were running with water four and five inches deep. Stores and houses were inundated. But we kept going. When we finally arrived at the stop the weather started to clear. In a few minutes the sun was shining. Out we got to snoop in nearby shops for arty souvenirs. It started to rain again, streets were flooded and the time for the ship's departure was nearing.

(Continued on Page 5)

A long record of service . . .

Business changes in town are accepted as part of the cycle of life which turns at a faster pace than when the Thompson brothers Ray and Bill, went into business with Pat Patterson as Thompson Motors in 1956.

The business moved to its present location in 1958, taking over the premises vacated by Lorne Garner Motors.

During those years in business Thompson Motors and the proprietors, Ray, Bill and Pat, established a reputation for fair dealing and friendly

service that has extended till last week when they announced sale of the garage business to Lorne Doberthien. It will now be known as L & L Ford Sales.

During their many years of goodwill, the Thompson brothers and Pat have also taken an active interest in community affairs, with Ray being elected Master of Walker Lodge this year and Bill an unflagging officer and worker with the Fall Fair Board. Pat has been unofficial mayor of Limehouse for many years and his witticisms and optimism have

endeared him to many.

At a time when many motorists complain of falling standards and impersonal service, Thompson Motors has always seemed to maintain a high standard of service that blended well with the personal attention they assured their customers.

We wish the former proprietors good fortune in any further ventures they may have in the years ahead and the new proprietor success in the automotive business.

Editorial notes . . .

David Alan Seymour of Rutledge, Florida, was recently arrested and charged with driving his five horsepower minibike without a licence, going 50 m.p.h. in a 25 m.p.h. zone, having no registration tag or inspection sticker, driving without lights, attempting to elude police and running a stop sign. When finally stopped after a chase, he couldn't remember his phone number and did not know how to spell his name. David, seven years old, a grade two student, said, "I can't write yet."

Young children can influence their parents to wear seat belts, according to the findings of an experimental program conducted by the Ontario Department of Transportation and Communications. Last October 5,400 children in grades two and three were exposed to a special two hour program of seat belt education. A few weeks later it was found the rate of seat belt use by parents of children in the program increased by two to three times.

Groundhog Day is today (Wednesday) and if the chuck is as mixed up about the winter as we are, he might as well head back for his den without looking for his shadow.

A teacher asked his class to write an essay on Quakers and was a bit surprised when the following was submitted by a Grade 6 girl: "Quakers are very meek, quiet people who never

fight or answer back. My father is a Quaker, but my mother is not."

Notice how much lighter it is now at five o'clock in the afternoon. Days are getting longer as lady Spring gets ready to make her 1972 debut.

An ad has been running in the Georgetown Herald looking for people interested in forming a witches' coven—13 people who'll study witchcraft, ESP, fortune telling, hand-writing analysis, dreams and premonitions. Interested would-be witches can write Box 87 care of the Herald, unless as has been suggested they want to send a message by mental telepathy.

The typical Canadian is still paying instalments on the car he swapped for the car he traded in as part payment on the one he now owns. His ambition is to keep up with how far behind he was last year.

John Yaremko's silence about use of his land near Acton for the Radial Line Trail between Guelph and Acton appears to have been misinterpreted by his critics. Mr. Yaremko, in a letter to the Globe and Mail says there has not been a stony silence. Two telephone communications were made to

interested parties. "No definite reply has been given to date because of valid considerations personal to me. When my personal plans have come to a conclusion I shall then be able to give a definite reply to their request," he notes.

There's a new wrinkle for parking meter observers in London, where meters continue to operate after the violation point has been reached. Your fine depends on the amount of time you overparked. Gad—is nothing sacred anymore?

We think the idea of a bypass around Limehouse for truck traffic is the only solution to a very real problem for village residents. The sooner it is done the better. The other alternative—upgrading the road to accept more trucks—will only aggravate the situation. The by-pass would likely be necessary, anyway. If the bypass is built, the section of County Road 20 in the village would revert back to the township road system.

Duty is a task we anticipate with distaste, perform with reluctance, and brag about afterwards.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press, Thursday, February 7, 1952.

The King Is Dead! King George VI died suddenly Wednesday morning. Every part of the great commonwealth mourns. Faced with the task of ruling the British Empire is Princess Elizabeth, now Elizabeth II. The 25-year-old girl is familiar in Canadian hearts, for she won the admiration of all who saw her when she made her hurried Canadian visit recently.

Acton Ministerial Association presented a message on the death of the King. The Brant Inn at Burlington was chosen for the annual Y's Men's party held last Friday evening. Leaving the Y.M.C.A. in two buses were 32 couples. Charles Kirkness was in charge of arrangements.

Mr. and Mrs. George Angell received word on Wednesday that their son, Sgt. Jack Angell, will be coming home from Korea. He has been with the American army for a year.

The management of Baxter Laboratories recently entertained the Foremen's Association with a banquet and trip through General Motors plant in Oshawa. About 15 attended from the Acton plant. The Foremen's Association is believed the only one of its kind among the different industries in Acton. Stan Norton is president and Charlie Davidson the recording secretary.

The Arts and Crafts group is sponsoring a new group. About 30 are enrolled for ballet classes. The beginners' oil painting class is over but about 20 are still meeting under the direction of Miss Dorothy Stone.

Mrs. Peter Smith marked her 91st birthday.

50 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Free Press, Thursday, February 2, 1922.

The concert of the Alexander Trio of the Chautauqua Lyceum given last Thursday evening under the auspices of the Great War Veterans Association was fully up to the splendid reputation which preceded these

artists in music.

The township hall at Brookville was filled to the doors for the hearing to hear charges which grew out of alleged drinking and intoxication at the dance held in the hall Jan. 6.

Guelph bricklayers have accepted a reduction of 15 cents an hour from the wages paid last year.

A Guelph lad was given six months in jail for stealing a pair of boots and skates. "Are all girls knock-kneed?" asked a writer in a Toronto paper. Not all, some of them are bow-legged. Blame the fashion of scanty skirts for the revelation.

In the fastest game of hockey witnessed in Limehouse for some time the Acton boys, under the leadership of Ernie Coles, defeated the home boys by a score of 4 to 2. Line-up: Acton—Ewing, W. Bauer, J. Matthews, H. Bauer, Coles, Elliott, Bishop. Limehouse—Tarzwell, W. Milliere, A. Benton, Thompson, Norton, R. Benton. Referee H. Tarzwell.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, February 11, 1897.

Municipal Officer R. D. Graham was engaged for another year at a slightly reduced salary of \$425 per annum. Some members of council expressed the opinion the duties of the office should be performed for \$400.

Ad — Symon Bros. Cheap Cash Store. After 1st March our business will be strictly cash. We think it better for the purchaser as well as the merchant, as we can sell cheaper. Any persons purchasing \$10 worth of goods for cash within the next month will be given a barrel of choice apples — a choice of Northern Spies, Tolman Sweets, Seeks, Baldwins and Russets. We have 125 barrels on hand. Eggs and butter taken in exchange. Groceries: canned corn 5c, salmon 10c, lard per lb. 10c, pickles per bottle 10c, coal oil per gallon 17c, cheese per pound 10c, Kemp's Balsam for coughs and colds 20c, Scott's Emulsion 40c, Electric Oil 20c, Pink Pills 40c, Carter's Pills 20c, Ayers' Pills 20c, salts per lb. 5c, sulphur per lb. 5c.

A load of Rockwood young people took an 18 mile drive on Monday evening. Their destination was a distant part of Puslinch where they spent an enjoyable evening.

About 40 delegates from Acton attended the Sunday School Convention in Georgetown.

Mr. Duncan Robertson, near Ospringe, who has been confined to the house more or less for six months, is not improving. He is 86 years of age.

The family of Mr. William Mason has been bereaved this week in the death of little son Frank. He had rheumatism which affected his heart.

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