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COMMENTTurning to Walt for inspiration

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Every once in a while, I have to refresh my outlook on life.

It's quite easy to become jaded and downright cranky about things around us, especially when the weather is challenging. It can become downright depressing to become a prisoner in one's own home, when the weather isn't conducive to getting outside to accomplish something.

However, last week I discovered being cooped up in the house might have an advantage, forcing me to peruse things I wouldn't usually do. One quiet afternoon, I turned on the TV to see if there was anything worth watching. It being the middle of the afternoon, programming at that time of day ain't exactly my thing.

I turned to the shelf where our DVDs are stored. In the pile was the DVD, *Letters from Wingfield Farm*, a masterpiece of short stage acts, based on columns of the same name, penned by Dan Needles years ago, when he was the editor at the Shelburne *Economist and Free Press*.

Needles' columns take the form of a letter to the editor from fictitious Walt Wingfield, a 'Bay Street stockbroker-turned-farmer, who bought the old farm out on the Seventh Concession of Persephone Township.'

Through the letters, Walt shares his challenges as a new (sometimes downright naive) farmer, much to the entertainment of his neighbours.

The stage productions are still making the rounds in many venues across Canada, as a one-man-stage show, with Rod Beattie assuming all the parts of the many characters in the letters.

There's Walt, there's Freddie, his next door neighbour, who is an auctioneer, a cattle, horse, sheep, chicken farmer, who also fixes things (sort of) and keeps tabs on the rest of the Township.

There's The Squire—the wise and sage old



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timer in the township, there's Don the dairy farmer, and Maggie (Freddie's sister) as well as a host of other characters.

One thing I've learned watching the Wingfield series, out here in the farming community, we've all known a 'Freddy,' a 'Squire,' a 'Maggie,' a 'Don'— all the other characters that Needles created so many years ago. They are universal characters that farming communities everywhere seem to possess.

I inserted the DVD and sat back to watch Walt's escapades.

I've seen them countless times and can almost can recite the script. The Sidekick and I have attended Rod Beattie's stage productions in Orangeville Theatre, and the Rose Theatre in Brampton.

No matter how many times I watch them, I'm taken back to a quiet, less stressful time in my life, when the farm community was alive and vibrant.

In one episode, Walt and his dog go down to the pond, to ponder the end of a busy day. As I took in the dialogue, I was struck how I yearned to sit in a quiet place on the farm, to while away some time— not be freezing in the frigid cold.

Fond memories, contrasting the cold reality outside, gave me a sense of tranquility and reflection. I thought of things needing attention in the spring, things to complete when the weather became milder. Warm fuzzy thoughts, all spanning from the dialogue and plot of Dan Needles' words went through my head.

It was still cold, but after witnessing Walt's problems and his somewhat misguided philosophy— well I didn't feel so bad about being cooped up in the house.

By the end of the DVD, I was a changed person. I underwent a complete attitude turnaround. It was amazing— and all because Walt Wingfield left stockbroking to become a farmer

