

Mrs. John Flaherty celebrates her 92nd birthday — still reads her daily paper May 1964

One of the happiest, brightest and petite Lindsay residents on April 28th last was Mrs. John Flaherty, who resides with her daughter Mrs. Earl Crimmons on William Street North. Happy because it was her ninety-second birthday and because she was surrounded by her family, cousins and neighbours. Happy because she is enjoying good health, that she still loves to help prepare the vegetables for dinner and is able to do enough household duties to keep her occupied. Mrs. Flaherty's hearing is a bit dull and her eyesight a wee bit dimmed, but despite these handicaps she delights in straining a bit to read the newspapers and keep abreast of current world-wide and local news and events, and she diligently reads her daily prayers.

Mrs. Flaherty is the former Margaret Owens, of Emily township and for many years resided on the boundary farm between Emily and Ennismore townships. She attended school at Downeyville and she chuckled when she said "We had to walk two miles every morning and afternoon, and if we missed a day, well — there was something wrong with us. The teacher was a grand 'master of education', a man called Matthews and he did not spare the punishment, but we got along fine".

Well I see and hear that boys and girls of today have to take the bus or their Dad's car to reach school, well, it makes me laugh. Even grown up people cannot walk a couple of blocks to business or church.

Continuing, Mrs. Flaherty added: "It was customary to rise early when the dew was on the meadow and many times before the crack of dawn, light the old lantern and walk out to the barn to help with the chores. It was hard but now I look back and think it was a grand thing to do, when I with the rest of the family followed the reaper in the grain fields and helped to stook the sheaves. We helped draw the loads to the barn and unload into the mow. That was hard work, but I don't think it hurt us a bit. Hard work never hurt anybody", said Mrs. Flaherty.

This fine old lady with the

alert mind loved to recall days of yore on the farm — the day's when there was a large orchard — when many varieties of apples were garnered into the shed, or stores in the cellar; the days when milking was a chore and when her parents insisted on having thoroughly clean milk and butter.

Politics were not forgotten — not by any means. "We heard politics discussed and I do not think I missed one vote either for Parliament or the township elections. "I vote yet", added Mrs. Flaherty, "and with a twinkle in her eye and a noticeable rise in voice she added that she followed such leaders as Sir Wilfred Laurier, Mackenzie King, St. Laurent and Lester Pearson. She added, "But I do not think

it matters which party you vote for today, they are all alike, just playing politics".

Mrs. Flaherty recalled some of her best friends in her home township including the late William (Bill) O'Brien. "This is the farmer who lived to be 102 years of age, who drove his car when he was in his nineties, who never had an accident, but his family would not ride with him in later years".

Mrs. Flaherty was married by Rev. Father Fitzpatrick and she knew and loved every parish priest who followed at the Downeyville Church. She was predeceased by her husband some twenty-four years ago and she has been living with her daughter Mrs. Earl Crimmons for the past eighteen years.