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### Poet's Corner

In response to your request for more lines from Haltonites—Who could live in a beautiful county like Halton and not feel poetic at times?

#### THIS IS HALTON

Where winding streams and mountainous hills   
 And woodlands meet,   
 And pour out nurture to the souls   
 Who seek their calm retreat;

With rich farm lands and prosperous towns   
 And restful picnic spots;   
 Where highways become as enemies   
 With modern country lots.

Where industry in broad expanse   
 Grows year by year;   
 Where strangers find a solid ground   
 From far or near;

And villages with old landmarks   
 Take on new life and start to grow.   
 'Tis things like these, I guess!   
 That make us love our county so!   
 Laura B. Dixon

In the year 1951, Canada counted more than 2,500,000 automobiles on the road, including 600,000 trucks. There was one advantage to the old-style wall telephones. The girls had to stop talking when their legs gave out.

### Chronicles



#### Ginger Farm

Written Specially for the Acton Free Press by   
 Gwendolyn F. Clarke

If there were a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects I should certainly be in trouble. And no doubt I would have plenty of company. It was this way. I was looking at our shrubs, thinking it was time the pruning shears were put into operation, when I noticed the flowering elders had most of their leaves chewed off. "Now what on earth is doing that?" I wondered. Closer inspection gave the answer.

Under the leaves and along the stalks were dozens—maybe hundreds—of light grey caterpillars, about an inch long. Different from tent caterpillars, but apparently just as destructive. And I was destructive too! I put a large paper bag into a tin pail and into it I dropped every leaf I could find that had a caterpillar on it. After more than an hour's work I put the bag into the kitchen and set it on a match to it without my conscience troubling me at all.

Where lies the difference, I wonder? I couldn't be unkind to any sort of bird or beast but yet I took unholy joy in cremating those horrible caterpillars. In fact while I like animals I don't like insects at all—except ladybirds and spiders—spiders because of their fascinating web-spinning industry. But now I think of a spider isn't an insect but belongs to a class of animals called "Arachnida" which also includes scorpions, mites and ticks. In Greek mythology Arachne and Minerva tried to outdo each other in the art of weaving. The goddess Athena—or Minerva—was so jealous of Arachne that she turned the poor girl into a spider as she worked—and so spiders have been spinning ever since.

After doing my best on the elder bushes I turned to a couple of mountain ash trees, which I have been nursing from infancy. These I found were being attacked by another type of caterpillar—golden-brown in colour. I proceeded to give them the same treatment as the others. As I did so I wondered why so many destructive insects are allowed to plague our existence. Life would be so much pleasanter without them.

But still, bugs notwithstanding, we don't have to look far to find reasons for rejoicing. We have all our first crop hay safely stowed away in the barn and it is in first class condition. The weather has been uncomfortably warm of late but it has certainly shortened the mowing season. Now we shall have time for other work before the second cutting is ready—which is just as well as we have quite a lot of extras in the offering—which have nothing to do with farming.

One of our little chores this past week has been rescuing some of our livestock from conditions brought on by their own folly. Out in the calf pasture at the back of the house two little heifers, Whitey and Red, have been grazing all summer. Whitey is quiet and contented and takes her feed where she finds it. But Red wants whatever is on the other side of the fence and is continually poking her head through the wide wire mesh to get it. Sometimes her head gets caught, sometimes it doesn't.

When it does she never bothers twisting and turning to free herself but waits patiently for someone to come along to disentangle her horns from the wire—quite confident that she will be rescued. The other day as I did exactly as she expected I fell to thinking what a resemblance there is between Red and Whitey to various types of people.

We have human beings like Whitey, industriously earning their living, going their own quiet way, giving no trouble to anyone, not getting into any kind of jam from which they expect someone to come along and extricate them.

There are also folk like Red—discontentedly looking towards what is just beyond their reach; leaving feed that is close at hand and straining for that which can only be secured by getting into difficulties themselves while giving other people the trouble of rescuing them from the result of their own folly. Then we have Alect who stayed on the beams of the barn for three days and wouldn't come down. Finally rescued and brought to the house he purred like a three-hung machine. Now he gets on the kitchen roof and is afraid to come down. One day Partner tried to rescue him and had his thumb bitten as a result.

In the night a storm came up and Alect chose the lesser of two evils and came down. The same thing happens day after day. After being fed and fussed over the cat goes back to the roof and has to be rescued all over again.

I am sure there must be a parallel possibly in those who lack the courage of their own convictions—but my space is gone so I'll leave you to figure that one out.

The net supply of feed grain per grain-consuming animal unit in 1951-52 is estimated at a record level of one ton. This increase over the 1950-51 level of 0.8 ton has occurred in face of an increase of 11 per cent in livestock numbers, in terms of grain-consuming units, from June 1st, 1950 to June 1st, 1951.

### 200 MEMBERS GATHER FOR EIGHTH BROWNRIDGE FAMILY REUNION SAT.

On Saturday, July 5th, 200 members of the Brownridge family held their eighth family reunion at the Brampton Fair Grounds.

Great would be the surprise of Thomas Brownridge, who emigrated to Canada in 1810 from Yorkshire, England, if he knew that in 1952 he would have over 500 descendants extending to the sixth generation born in North America.

In 1822 he married Eliza Ward of Inlington and they homesteaded on Lot 4, Concession 7 of Esqueping Township, where seven sons and one daughter were born to them. This homestead has been continuously in the Brownridge name for over 130 years and during this time has welcomed six newly-wedded couples.

The present owners are Mr. and Mrs. Ward Brownridge, who are living in the original house built by Thomas Brownridge. On the farm, in the family cemetery, are buried Thomas and Eliza Brownridge and Thomas' brother, William, who came with him from Yorkshire, England.

The first reunion held in 1906 and all since that time have taken place on the homestead but due to the increasing numbers larger accommodation was necessary this year.

The officers elected for the next reunion, which is to be held in 1955 are: Hon. President, Mr. Foster Brownridge, Milton; Hon. Secretary, Miss Emma Brownridge, Toronto; President, Mr. John H. Brownridge, Toronto; Vice-Presidents, Mr. Jehu Guthrie, Toronto, Mr. Earl Arthur, North Carolina; Mr. Ward Brownridge, Georgetown; Secretary, Miss Florence Lyon, Brandon, Manitoba; Treasurer, Mrs. Richard Bailey, Mount Dennis; Directors: Mrs. Forest Halcomb, Riverdale, Michigan; Mrs. Herbert Wheeler, Belgrave, Ontario; Dr. Boyd Arthur, Arcade, New York; Robert Brownridge, Kingston, Ont.; Mrs. Gordon Featherhill, Hamilton; John B. Brownridge, Toronto; Mrs. Robert Crozier, Milton; Mrs. Evelyn Laidlaw, New Britain, Conn.

Those retiring from office are Mr. Ellery Brownridge of Brampton, president and Mr. John Irvin of Toronto, vice-president.

On the reception committee were the following members of the second generation: Miss Mary Brownridge of Milton who is 90 years old, Mrs. Robert Biggar of Milton, Miss Emma Brownridge of Toronto who was 84 on the day of the reunion and Mr. Foster Brownridge of Milton. Also on this committee were Mr. John K. Brownridge of Toronto; Mr. Thomas Brownridge of Georgetown; Mr. Ellery Brownridge of Brampton and other members representing the third generation.

Head of the active Sports Committee was Mr. Jehu Guthrie of Toronto assisted by John H. Brownridge of Toronto.

Presentations were made to the following persons: Miss Mary Brownridge of Milton and Mrs. Robert Biggar of Milton, who were the two eldest direct descendants present, Miss Diane Brownridge of Brampton, three weeks old, was the youngest direct descendant present. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Biggar of Milton were the longest married couple present 53 years. Mrs. Wallace Berry of Edmonton, Alta., was the

person coming the greatest distance to attend the reunion.

A highlight of the event was an historical display of the old family group pictures, pioneer implements and tools and, as a result of an extensive research of one of the members, Mr. Wilfrid Irvin of Toronto, a detailed Genealogical Chart. This chart which he began as a hobby has now become so indispensable that Mr. Irvin has become the official Family Historian.

During the noon hour meal an illuminated scroll was presented to Miss Emma Brownridge in recognition of her many years of faithful service as Secretary.

Among those attending were: Dr. Roy Brownridge, Birch Hills, Sask.; his daughter, Mrs. Wallace Berry, Edmonton, Alta.; his son, Robert J. Brownridge of Kingston, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. Austin Brownridge and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lyon of Brandon, Manitoba; Mr. and Mrs. Dan

Cowling of Crandall, Minn.; Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Halcomb and family of Riverdale, Michigan; Mr. Earl Arthur of Charlotte, North Carolina; Mr. and Mrs. George Brownridge of Riverdale, Michigan; Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Brownridge and family of Lansing, Michigan; Dr. W. Roddy Arthur and family of Arcadia, N.Y.; Mrs. Fred Arthur, her daughters, Dorey, Betty and family; Dr. Stewart Fisher of Bourlambaque, Que. The majority of the family attending were from Ontario.

### CECIL A. CARR

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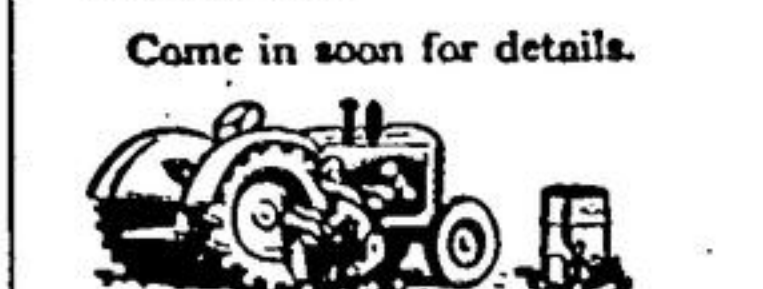
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### Want to Keep YOUR Freedom?

We like to sing about this Canada of ours being "the true North rising free." It is a fine sentiment, and on the whole it has been quite true.

But our freedom is a thing which needs constant care lest it die here as it has died in so many other countries throughout history. We cannot enjoy true freedom as a people unless we insist upon personal freedom. We lose personal freedom, and so contribute to the downfall of all freedom, every time we ask Government to plan or regulate our lives.

Collective bargaining, the right to dispose of our services and our property as we see fit, the right to freedom of assembly, speech and worship—all these we enjoy because freedom-loving individuals fought and, if necessary, died for them.

If we want to keep our freedom we must have the same courage and resolution.

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