## Stretching dollars ...

In view of the 9.45 mill rise in

An eight mill jump in taxes is more than enough for ratepayers to

weakness in paring 1968's mill rate down to keep it only a mill above

Problems which could have been solved with two or three extra mills last year are still with us. The sock in the eye from education leaves little hope they can be done this year without a debentured program: Next' year they could be further compounded.

Let's face it. An eight mill jump in taxes which works out to about \$40 for a house assessed at \$5,000 is not going to cause much misery. It works out to about 76 cents a week and the average wage earner has in many cases received increases in wages exceeding this figure many

The increase in taxes by itself is

not meaningful but when it is added to the spiralling cost of living and all the other costs which accompany it, the figures become menacing. For those on fixed incomes, like pensioners, it can spell disaster.

Many people with fixed incomes are facing real hardship this year. Already on tight budgets they are being asked to stretch a dollar still further when all the elasticity is gone.

Perhaps the shock of education costs and increasing cost of living will cause us to take stock. Where is it all going to end?

. Meanwhile, we add our tribute to the mayor and council for the budget they hammered out under great difficulties.

The slice of the tax melon they are able to work with is becoming smaller percentage-wise each year. Education costs now absorb 63 per cent of your tax dollar, an increase of 13 per cent over last year when it took about half.

Council took the only alternative left them. Pay off the education deficit in 1969 and work for a more equitable distribution of tax money for 1970.

fully aware. There are also other

Bill Coats so aptly expressed himself

during the budget meeting that the

educational tail does not wag the

lead to costly jobs later.



BLOOMING CROCUSES appear in striped pylamas for their Spring debut in a high school flower bed. Free Press staffer Barb McIntosh took this photo to assure readers April showers will also bring flowers.

## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

roads in town which need major For years, the mother-in-law has been the butt of jokes with a touch of bitterness Like all other items there has to in them. They have been pictured as be money to do the job and the domineering, interfering women, ruining the grandchildren, breaking up marriages. taxpayer will foot the bill. However, road repairs left unattended often They have been caricatured as unwelcome visitors who criticized, made trouble and generally were a great big pain in the arm. We would hope, as Councillor And often with good reason.

> I've never been able to write sarcastically about my mother-in-law. In the first place, she'd have had my hide for a door-mat. In the second, she was one of the sweetest and most gentle persons I have ever known.

Now, don't get me wrong. She was no saint. She was no little, old white-haired lady handing out cookies and benevolency all over the place.

Far from it. She was born and raised in County Antrim, Ireland, and she had most of the traits of that peculiar race. Equally quick to tears and laughter. Witty and stubborn. Quick tongue and quick temper. Warm and fiercely loyal to her own and with a wonderful capacity for giving love.

Her children toved her and her grandchildren adored her and her husband worshipped her. Like so many grannies, the had spanked her own children when they needed it, but grew furious and tearful when they spanked theirs.

She came out to Canada as a young woman, beautiful of face and figure, with long, black curly hair, a haughty, fine-boned Irish look and a warm and lively spirit. She sang like an angel.

She was thrown into a sober puritan community and married a shy young farmer who loved her deeply for 46 years and still does.

Perhaps she was not cut out to be a farm wife. But she pulled her weight. She worked and how she worked! Milking, gardening, scrubbing clothes and floors by hand. She was indefatigable in her pursuit of the demon dirt, and her house was always spotless.

But it was never sterile, as some spic-and-span houses can be. It was never a house, but a home, filled with the warmth and love and life that only an unusual person can provide. There was singing and laughter and chatter and a complete lack of tension.

It wasn't roses all the way. She went through the depression and the mortgages, and those rending decisions about whether the last 50 cents available was going for a

The reason a dog has so many friends is that his tail wags instead of his tongue.

Miniskirts may be too short, but they are not here for long. They are very apecling.

music lesson or dress material for the girls or feed for the hens.

And she didn't go through it patiently and submissively. She was too Irish. She complained. But she didn't whine. Her complaints and common sense (this is one thing that is seldom attributed to the Irish, and should be) producedyesults.

Despite her fire, she had a wonderful way of coming to terms with the situation, whether it was emotional or malerial or spiritual.

She bore three handsome children. She was pregnant, and terribly sick with one of them, when she got word that her young husband had lost an arm in a threshing machine.

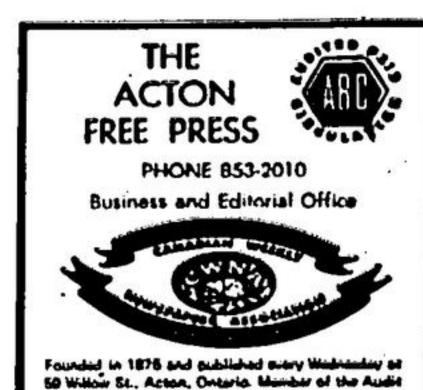
She learned that one of her daughters was going to marry a broken-down fighter pilot, with a total income of \$60 a month, and no prospects. Most mothers would have fought like a tigress to avert, or at least postpone the marriage. She gave encouragement, though her heart must have been sore, and it was then that I fell in love with her.

My instinct was right. When my wife attacked me, she attacked my wife. When I wrote a bum column, she told me. When there was sickness or trouble, she was right there, with ancient charms and cures that worked.

She was not a pious woman, thank God. She was a virtuous woman, and a real Christian. She fed tramps, gave strength when it was needed, and love without stint.

Dying, she didn't whimper to God. Most of her thoughts and words were about those she loved. She didn't want to leave, and fought to the last breath.

Life is going to be different without Granny, but I have a feeling she won't be far away. She couldn't stand it. She'll be around as long as those who loved her are.



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David E. Ditle Publisher Don Ryder Adv. Manager

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back

### years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, April 21, 1949.

The first outgoing long distance call through the new switchboard was placed by Reeve T. Jones who phoned a family friend in Vancouver. To inaugurate local service Mr. A. T. Brown made the first local call to his wife.

The first connections were made by Miss Many Redman, chief operator. Among visitors at the exchange to witness the cut-over were Reeve and Mrs. Theron Jones, Deputy-Reeve and Mrs. Ted Tyler. Clerk J. McGeschie, Mr. A. T. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Hansen and Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Dills.

Mr. Brown recalled the little 18-inch switchboard that was installed when he became local manager for the company in 1896. The system has 682 phones-today. and the switchboard.can accommodate 800 phones.

Andy Nichol, who is with the Canadian Navy, was one of the contestants in the Boston marathon race. He finished among the first 50.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Mason celebrated their golden wedding

anniversary. Work has started on an addition to the Wool Combing plant.

New Rotary club officers are Alf Long as president with Amos Mason, Jack Rolston, Art Haydon, Harold Baxter, Vic Rumley, Len Lovell.

Over \$1,000 was presented to Mr. and Mrs. F.T.C. Brown and their three children who lost their large farm at Limehouse by

Edna Jacques, the famous poetess, presented a delightful recital of some of her works under the auploes of the Friendly Circle.

### years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, April 17, 1919.

At the last Epworth League meeting the Citizenship Committee put on a unique program in the form of a Board of Trade banquet, and subsequent re-organization into a Chamber of Commerce. The theme of the addresses was the betterment of Acton. Mr. J. Chester Matthews was the spirit of this laudable organization. Excellent addresses were given on publicity and advertising by N. F. Moore; waterworks and civic improvements by Frank Kennedy; public library and town hall improvements by Chas. Parker;

# Salt and Pepper

"Don't you ever have a serious thought in that oval-shaped cranium?" asked an inquisitive friend the other day. "All you talk about in that column you run every week is the state of domestic affairs at your house. How about something that takes a little thought for us eggheads."

The remark cut me to the quick. Indeed I had been in a frivolous mood lately. In fact, downright silly, if you believe my other half.

What could I do to erase that image and regain the awe of the astute?

The problem occupied me for several days with no solution in sight. I was almost ready to give up.

Then one sunny spring day last week I was driving through the countryside, wife at side, soaking up nature, when we passed a solid old stone house of the type Scottish masons made famous. It was being renovated and enlarged to embellish the clean lines and accent the solid appeal of these old farm houses.

Nudged my wife. "Didjs see that?" I asked. "Yes," she answered, "but I hope they are going to get rid of that old privy they've got out on the front lawn."

Well, I had noticed that small outbuilding out in front of the house but I thought it was a tool shed. Also figured it looked kind of picturesque.

A sudden flash of intuition asked-Why not write a stirring defense of the old fashioned outhouse, a literary masterpiece that would take its place with other well known apologetic essays eulogizing the pioneers?

Why not? Reason one is I found out someone else has already written it-back in the '50's. Published in 1960. It is appropriately titled 'Clean and Decent.'

Couldn't go wrong there could he? Who could knock anything that was clean and decent?

Lawrence Wright, who is known as an architectural painter, was the author. He got the idea for the book after he had designed an exhibition on the history of the bathroom.

He poked his nose into backhouses and bathrooms from the time when the ancient Britons were hammering each other on the skulls with axes up to the appearance of such exotic gadgets as the bidet. If you don't know what a 'bidet' is you'll have to find out for yourself. It can't be described here.

factories and housing problems by A.T. Brown; the public park by J.C. Matthews; public baths and swimming places for children by Jack Kennedy; fishing clubs and improvements to Fairy Lake and Corporation Pond by Neil McNabb; public market and farmer's rest room by George Elliott. H.P. Moore, who elected president of the Chamber of Commerce, occupied the chair.

Ex-Reeve and Mrs. James Mahon celebrated their golden wedding in Nassaaweyi

Since the adoption of summer time by the railways, post office and tanneries there has been considerable confusion and inconvenience in the homes. The Board of Education decided to adopt Daylight Saving Time for the schools here with a view to simplifying matters. Many mothers will bless the board for their action.

Put up your "Welcome Home" signs. The boys are coming home from the war every. Week.

A few flocks of chickens are still running at large and annoying the neighbor. who have begun gardening.

Thomas Harris, who was born at the Harris homestead in Rockwood in 1832, and was one of the founders of the wootlen mills, has died.

### 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, April 19, 1894.

David Swackhamer died at the home of his son in Esquesing on Tuesday at the ripe old age of 87 years. He was one of the oldest settlers in this section. Mr. Swackhamer came from Beamsville nearly sixty years ago and settled on the first line, Erin, on the farm now owned by Ex-councillor Ismond. Here he lived for many years enduring the hardships of the pioneer. Two sons and three daughters survive him.

Many Canadians who foolishly removed to the United States are returning again.

Mr. Clinton Falkner writes from Saskatown, N.W.T., that the winter was pleasant and the average depth of snow 15 inches.

Dr. Cook, dentist, Toronto, will be at Agnew's Hotel on Saturday. Ratepayers in Guelph will pay 221/3 mills this year. City airs come high.

Beardmore's closed down yesterday morning for a few days. New flues are being put into one of the boilers.

A magnificent aurora display was seen in the northern heavens Thursday about ten o'clock. The tinted lights changed from green to yellow and red.



by hartley coles

The results of Wright's extensive research adds much to the social picture of the various ages.

Did you know, for instance, that the monks at the famed Tintern Abbey in England, immortalized by Wordsworth, arranged a system where the Severn River flushed out their privies? There was a peril connected with the convenience, however. Seems they were in danger of being swept off their seats at times of high tide.

Early English monks, Wright points out, because of the delicacy of their stations, gentility of the times, and the prevalence of Latin, referred to the privy as a "necessarium." These boys could turn a neat oun when the occasion warranted it.

Think you are clean nowadays? In a examination of the Roman baths, Wright gives some rare insights into how fussy they were in the days of the Caesars. At its height, he estimates, Rome was supplying an average of 300 gallons of water per day per citizen. Present day waterworks generally base their rate of supply at about 60 gallons per day per person. Take a bow

We generally associate pollution control with the introduction of the industrial revolution and the subsequent polluting of streams but it's an ancient problem. Back in mid-14th century London, edicts were passed restricting the construction of privies over the Fleet River after a large portion of the population had been wiped out by a plague.

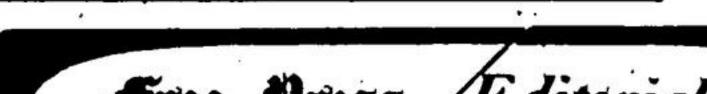
Didn't know there was such a long and colorful history attached to that little old shack, did you?

Highest honor it was ever accorded in my day was a repository for catalogues. Sometimes known as the reading room, it came in a variety of sizes from the cheap one person type to the multiple dwelling.

It is rapidly disappearing from the contemporary scene, but thank goodness someone has taken the time and effort to record the passing parade.

As a gesture of courtesy it might not be inappropriate to remove your hat the next time you pess one.

After all it has been the prelude to the amazing assortment of mechanical contrivances we have in the bathroom today.



education costs, ratepayers will have to agree with Acton council that the budget they struck on Friday night was realistic.

handle this year without causing a stampede to real estate agents to unload houses. It also points out, however, the

that of 1967.

times.

Concern over roads ... A tip of the editorial hat to the roads program, deferred last, year town works crew who have been because of budget chops, would busy cleaning Acton streets during suffer the same fate again. Bower Avenue and Church St. need the last couple of weeks. The streets look clean and tidy, most of the dust rebuilding, a fact of which council is

streets are still broken up. Councillor Earl Masales made a point of informing the press at Friday's budget meeting that improvements will be made on the town streets under a capital works program. Council felt the additional tax burden created by education was

nuisance is removed, outside of areas

like Lakeview subdivision where

enough for taxpayers to handle this year. Ratepayers in Lakeview subdivision are concerned that the

Tender loving care is what your chicken needs these days if you want him to be juicy and tender when he

and chewy to eat, it's likely because it got all tense and nervous just before it went to the guillotine.

Research Council of Canada carried

out extensive chicken tests for two

repairs.

Editorial notes ...

hits your dinner table.

If a chicken is sometimes tough

years and found during stress that the chicken's body produces lactic acid. If an overamount of the acid

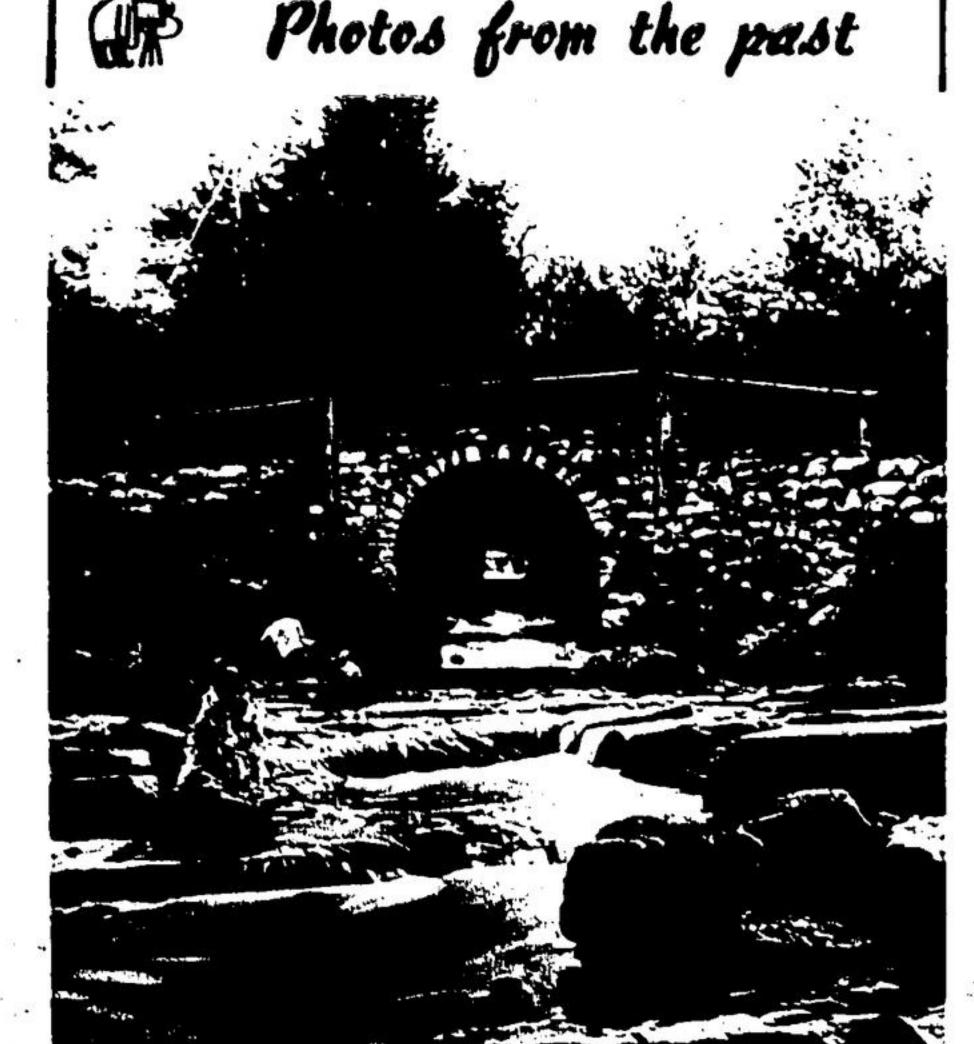
happy, then---!!!"

whole dog.

accumulates, the result is toughness. Dr. A. W. Khan, of the National Research Council's division of biology, says there is a need for a

of security until it's relaxed and

more humane slaughtering method. "Lull the bird into a false sense Biochemists of the National



A GLASS NEGATIVE, 14 by 17 inches, produced this clear photograph of a stream in Esquesing township. The photograph was taken years ago by Jacob Bauer. Does anyone

recognize the location?