



Bill Smiley

We're planning to go to England this summer. Last summer we planned to go to the Maritimes. Last winter we planned to go to Barbados. Two summers ago it was a trip across Canada. The plans are great but the performance is nil.

I'm not sure whose fault it is that the Smileys never get off the ground. I blame my wife. She hates getting ready for a trip. I sometimes think she deliberately broke her ankle last summer so she wouldn't have to get ready.

She naturally blames me, because I don't get everything laid on in time. She may have a point. I don't like super organization. I like to just take off and wind up wherever the fates take me, with as little baggage as possible. She likes to know where she's going to lay her head at night, and likes to have "something decent" to wear on every occasion that might present itself. That means three suitcases.

It also poses a big problem for this summer. I just know that when the Queen and Phil hear we're going to be in the U.K. there'll be an invitation of some sort waiting for us at the Dorchester or the Savoy or the Dirty Duck.

Trouble is, what sort of affair will she invite us to? If it's a lawn party, that means for my old lady a long summer dress, big hat, white gloves. And for me, a tough decision—whether to wear my white sport shirt or my blue one.

But what if it's for dinner at the Palace, as it probably will be? That's another kettle of fish and chips. It would mean a dinner dress and different shoes for the boss. I could manage a black tie over my white sport shirt and if it was extra formal, I'd pin my Canadian Spam medal to my shirt.

I can just hear the dinner conversation, a bit fluty and high-bred but sort of chummy. Rather like the Pope trying to draw out the parish priest.

The Queen. "How delightful of you and your charming wife to do us the honor of coming to dinner. Have you been to England before, Mr. uh Wiley?"

Me. "Yes, your Honor, uh, your Worship, uh, Queen. I fought for your old man in the last war. Guess you were just a kid."

Queen. "A kid? Really? Ow. Ow I see. Your American slang is so refreshing. And you were one of those gallant lads from the dominions who fought for my father, King George the Sixth?"

Me. "Just a minute, Queen. That's no American accent. It's Canadian. And they told me his name was Mackenzie King, not whatever you said."

Queen. "How quaint. And you were decorated, I see. That must be a medal for outstanding valour pinned to your, uh — I say, that is a striking, uh — shirt?"

The Duke. "It's a ruddy sport shirt, Elizabeth. They all wear them."

Me. "Oh, no, Queen. They gave these out with the rationals. All you had to do was be conned into joining up."

The Queen. "Conned? Rationals? Yes, of course. Now, we'd like you to have a wonderful time while you're here. It's lovely this time of year in Scotland. Right up at the top. As far as you can go."

Me. "Matter of fact, Queen, we thought we'd stick around London a while and get better acquainted. Maybe me and Phil here could do a couple of pub-crawls, while you girls get together and talked about your rotten kids and stuff."

The Queen. "Ow, Now, I mean ow, yes. That would have been lovely. But actually, we must go to Canada this summer. Frightful bore, but there it is."

Me. "Yep, you must get sick of having to be polite to ordinary people. And it's a brute for heat over there in the summer. Especially on the prairies."

The Queen. "Quite. And now if there's any little thing my husband and I could do, please don't hesitate."

Me. "Well, let's see. You're the Queen of Canada, right? Right, well, look. There's this school board, see? I'm a teacher y'know. If you'd just write them a nasty letter. Why I've got one Grade 9 class with 38 in it. Just tell them to lay off persecuting me. Oh, yeah. And would you call our neighbours, the Dalrymples, and make sure they're watering our lawn?"

My wife. (Silently and under the table. Kick. Kick. Kick.)

Anyway, Buckingham Palace won't be any problem. But what are we going to wear when we duck over to Northern Ireland to see Uncle Frank, who has asked us out in his fishing boat?

I think I'll have my wife dress in green, and I'll wear something in orange. At least one of us might survive.

May is a special month with several worthy causes. Besides Police Week and Mental Retardation Week (both May 13 to 19) the month is also Red Shield Month in honor of the Salvation Army campaign. The first week of the month was Child Safety Week, and May 12 is National Hospital Day.



Free Press Editorial Page

B2 The Acton Free Press, Wednesday, May 9, 1973

Mother's Day has long, sacred history

The second Sunday in May is set aside as Mother's Day thanks to the efforts of Anna Jarvis, an American, whose enthusiasm for a day to honor mothers was soon accepted across the United States and Canada. Much has been written extolling mothers, much of it treacly and sentimental, designed to bring a tear to the eye and part a dollar from your pocket. So it is interesting to read some of the history of the honor paid to mothers through the centuries and realize it is not a recent emotion but one which has

been with us since recorded time. The custom goes back at least as far as ancient Greece, and Roman Legions brought the heathen observance of Hilaris mother of the gods, to England. Missionaries of the early church capitalized on the pagan festival by substituting Mothering Sunday, fixing it for the fourth Sunday in Lent. It was little known outside of England until the greeting card industry popularized it as Mother's Day. Consequently there are different dates for the celebration on

either side of the Atlantic. Great Britain celebrated Mother's Day on April 1 this year. This is not the only difference. Mothering Sunday also has a theological significance which a sentimental Mother's Day may well miss. The ecclesiastical tradition not only venerated motherhood; it was customary to go to the cathedral on Mothering Sunday for a commemorative service and then to visit one's mother with a symbolic gift. Motherhood, despite the beating

it sometimes takes from those who would have us live in an artificial world, is still something sacred and a term anyone can understand. Perhaps mothers are more honored among men than among women because it is almost every woman's function, while the man can only be a father. There is a special day set aside for fathers but it will never replace Mother's Day in popularity or feeling.

We do need a national energy policy

In a speech at Bramalea recently, former cabinet minister Darcy McKeough made a lot of sense with his call for a realistic national policy on energy resources. Now a parliamentary assistant to Premier William Davis, McKeough quieted many fears when he noted that without foreign pressures, Canada is endowed with enough energy resources to last for the next 50, 100 or 200 years. "We have no energy crisis," he told a meeting of professional engineers. There is an energy crisis in the United States caused mainly by mismanagement but the crisis does

not extend to Canada. It could, however, reach to this country if the federal government does not enunciate a concise policy. McKeough said Ontario imports 80 per cent of its energy and is "sensitive and vulnerable" to decisions concerning energy made in Ottawa and Edmonton. Energy and industrial development are primarily under the jurisdiction of the federal government. One of the ironic points the former treasurer made in his speech was that the increased well head cost of Alberta natural gas will benefit the United States. Of the \$104 million to be spent by the Ontario consumers on Alberta

government. The remaining \$87 million will go to the oil producers—80 per cent of them U.S. companies. There is no guarantee that the extra profit will be used in whole or part for the furtherance of gas and oil exploration in Alberta or Canada. "The irony of this is that the U.S. is suffering a real energy crisis but consumers in Ontario, Quebec, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will pay the higher costs," McKeough was quoted as saying. Canada now buys back more than \$300 million annually in petroleum products made in

foreign countries from oil which came from Canadian soil. There's no doubt, as the energy crisis in the United States gets worse, the price of gas and oil will continue to rise. That is why we need a national energy policy to ensure it does not affect our plants, who produce things for export. It could very well price ports out of foreign markets. And of course, the energy tax proposed by the Ontario government will seem minute if prices step on the escalator. McKeough's speech makes sense and might some day provide the warmth we need to tide us over until alternative energy is discovered.

Mini-Comment . . .

"Old Man Ontario", they called Leslie Frost but it was a term of endearment, not ridicule. His grandfatherly image gave Ontarians a feeling of stability and deep roots at a time when the province was undergoing rapid growth and change. As Premier of the province for 12 years he made a definite imprint on the province of today. His death recently at the age of 77 terminated a life that had had a dramatic impact on the province. Premier William Davis summed it up "I can think of no other man who so perfectly understood the aspirations of Ontario and who so successfully mastered the political processes involved in translating these aspirations into action"

aren't just children, either—we've seen some adults playing this version of "bicycle roulette" too. You won't find them walking along the dirty, dusty streets of the cities in the current round of fundraising walkathons, you'll find them walking in the soft forest glades of the rural countryside and carefully treading the hedge-rows alongside lush green fields of farm produce. They don't walk for money, they walk for the love of walking and communing with nature. They're not your once-a-year, so-much-per-mile walkers who do it for a worthy cause, they're every-weekend, all-for-the-love-of-it hikers who wouldn't trade a hundred dollars for a mile of rustic scenery. Who? Bruce Trail club members, that's who! We're

not attempting to belittle those dedicated walkathoners who trudge many a weary mile to raise funds for worthwhile causes like Oxfam and world relief, but there's a lot more benefit to be derived from regular walks on the Bruce Trail than on an annual hike along the roadsides. Think about it!

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Back Issues Free Press

20 years ago Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 21, 1953. The appointment of D. H. Schull, now the associate general secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in Amsterdam, Holland, as secretary of Acton Y.M.C.A. for the next year, has been announced this week. Mr. Schull, who will arrive in Acton in September, has had wide experience in Y work. He has been on the Olympic games committee, was president of the Dutch basketball federation and is active in youth hostel and church work. The chairman of the board Dick Bean described his qualifications as "excellent".

Acton competitors at the Play Day at the O.A.C. in Guelph tied for second place with 15 points. The winning team was from Walkerton. One of the contestants Paul Lawson set a record in the high jump. Others who competed were Bill Coon, second in the half mile race, Bob Coon, Wayne Arbie, Richard Mason, Janice Baker, Annamaria Spitzer, B. Anderson, D. Dawkins, F. Garner, M. Jennings, J. McCrea, F. Oakes, J. Stuckey and J. Allan. A welcome home party was held in Eden Mills hall for S. Sgt. E. C. Ryder of Petawawa who returned home after a tour of duty in the far east.

With a newly-oiled street behind it ablaze, a K. J. Beamish oiling truck burst into a sheet of flame Wednesday afternoon. The truck was oiling John St. between Bower and Mill. The fire truck rounded the corner onto the still blazing surface and had water on the truck soon. The driver of the truck and foreman Al Kirkness had jumped from the cab but the arms of a young workman on the back were burned.

Mischivous Halton beaver flooded a section of Esqueping township roads northwest of Speyville when they moved from Nassagaweya.

50 years ago Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 10, 1923.

The nomination meeting of the Halton Peoples' Political Party at Milton Saturday afternoon crowded the hall to the doors. There was quite a sprinkling of women in the large audience. Premier Drury, who has been the representative for Halton in the legislature for the past four years, was the only candidate nominated. Mr. Drury said the Shevlin-Clarke transaction was a piece of gross inefficiency, not to call it something worse than that. He stoutly defended the action of the government in the Buckus deal. He placed great emphasis on the necessity of continuing prohibition. He said he looked back to the time when there were no prohibitory laws when every school section had its undernourished children and its sad-eyed women. He said the present law is a huge success. It had cut in half crimes formerly connected with drunkenness; it had filled the schools; it had lessened the amount of poverty; it had brought the province through a time of severe depression with not one single case of disorder or riot—a thing impossible under the conditions of a city population if the liquor traffic were in vogue. Winners of the drawing competition at the school are Fred Grace, Ella Woods and Bessie Rawlings. Trustees of S. S. No. 8 Nassagaweya authorized the borrowing of \$3,500 to build a new schoolhouse in that section. The Wellington Junior Farmers debate was won by Percy Peavoy and David Gray of Rockwood, who defeated Earl House and Russell Hall of Erin. Mother's Day will be quite an impressive event in the churches and Sunday Schools. The butcher shops have agreed upon an early closing plan for Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings and Wednesday afternoons.

75 years ago Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 12, 1898.

It is pretty generally taken as a fact that the ratepayers desire that Acton's streets should be lighted with electricity. Numbers of merchants and citizens have expressed their willingness to put electric light into their premises provided a satisfactory system is installed here. Consulting electrical engineer R. J. Parke of Toronto spent Friday in town and presented estimates to Council. By the estimates it was seen that a plant can be put in and operated on a sound financial basis with advantages to the municipality and at the same time secure more superior electric lighted streets at a cost little or no greater than our present coal oil lamps cost us for oil, repairs and care. The electric lamps proposed have an illuminating power two-and-one-half times greater than the oil lamps when they are perfectly cleaned and turned up to full blaze. "Kit" of the Mail and Empire has been despatched to Cuba as a war correspondent. This is the first time a woman has ever been chosen to fill such a post. On Monday one of Mr. Arch McPherson's fine team horses was misbehaving itself when its owner picked up a stick and hit it on the head. The blow was more severe than intended and touched a vital spot for the horse fell dead. The animal was worth over \$100. The playgrounds at the school were put in good order on Arbor Day. A few trees were planted and the schoolroom windows adorned with plants and flowers. Ad - A Lachute lady says inflammatory rheumatism had reached the muscles of her heart but after 10 bottles of Paine's Celery Compound she is completely cured. She was rescued from a terrible suffering that was leading to death.