

# Anniversaries

## Former district pair feted on anniversary

Sunday was open house for two Rockwood residents who moved into the village seven years ago after having lived in Acton and district for 40 years. The celebration was one where Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Rourke of Main St. were feted by their family on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary.

The couple were married in October, 1924, in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church in Grimby with Father Millar officiating. Elizabeth Daly and Thomas O'Rourke had come to Canada on the boat from Ireland in May, 1924. They had come together as friends of about four months. "We didn't know a soul except for a former school mate of my husband's," related Mrs. O'Rourke. She explained that, after the wedding, they visited Niagara Falls and then went to Acton where John Graham, her husband's friend, resided.

Acton residents Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke lived in Acton for five years. In 1929 they moved to a farm in Esquewas where they stayed and raised their family until Mr. O'Rourke's retirement from Beardmore and Co. They moved to Rockwood in 1969. The weekend celebration was one of history for the O'Rourke family. Reportedly, there has never been an O'Rourke who has managed to hit a 50th wedding anniversary since about the year 432. "Since before St. Patrick came to Ireland," says the gregarious Mrs. O'Rourke. She says the story of her husband's family has been written up in Irish history and the couple and their family are proud of their Irish heritage. Saturday night was family time when four generations attended a supper at the Colonial hotel in Rockwood for a surprise dinner. All members of the family attended including adults and children. The O'Rourkes boast six children, 16 grandchildren and five great grandchildren. Attending the Saturday supper were Hugh and Emmett of Acton, Maureen from Toronto, Sheila from Brampton, Desmond from Camp Borden, and husbands, wives and families. Surprise of the evening was when son Jim arrived from Calgary with his wife Myrtle, and eight-year-old son Collin.



TWO DISTRICT residents celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Rourke of Main St., Rockwood were former Acton district residents who came to Canada from Ireland in 1924 and first took up residence in Acton.



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## "Some of my best friends are cows, and how I helped some very nice people without realizing it."

BY WALLY CROUTER



hand. But if all of a sudden there's a strange voice in the barn, you get a bad reaction from the cows." I say a little bull in the barn never hurt anything. Some of the stories really move me, like when people have accepted me as part of their family. One particular story I remember, a little on the morbid side, but this woman said that she and her husband always listened to the show and they had been married for years and years. They accepted me as a friend even though we had never met.

Now her husband was an invalid and one morning she went down to make him tea and when she came back up I was still talking but he was dead. So I was the last voice he heard. She said, "I don't know what this means to you, but having you there then seemed natural to me, you were very close to both of us."

Another story was about this man and woman whose only son was killed in a car accident.

It was such an emotional upset to the wife that the husband had to quit work. He had to take a leave of absence, and they had to visit a psychiatrist.

This was their only son, so the doctor said that there obviously had to be some kind of substitute in the woman's life.

One morning they're sitting listening to the radio and

the husband says, "Well, why don't we adopt Wally Crouter as our son? Could you be content with that, that all of a sudden he's taking the place of our son? In that way you're not alone. If I do go back to work, you'll have somebody with you all the time."

So they adopted me as their son. I didn't know anything about it until they came to see me three or four years later.

I was making a personal appearance and a very nice looking couple came up and explained everything. Now, of course, the woman was back to normal and they had come to release me back to myself again.

The husband said, "You're released, you don't have to be our son anymore. You didn't know, but you were. We still listen to you, but we've adjusted ourselves to our problem. But you filled such an important part at that time, we felt we just had to let you know."

That sort of story kind of makes you humble because although you tend to look on the radio show as just a job, I think you do perform a service in people's lives.

*Respectfully yours  
Wally Crouter*

CFRB 1010



by Wendy Thomson

Every now and then there are enquiries about one of the various animals I've written about that hasn't been mentioned for awhile. I have to explain that they have "gone walkabout", meaning that something told them it was time to move on. And they did.

And the ferret, Thomas-cat, Charlie the turtle and Rabbit, just to name a few, all left. Some travellers were heard of again; some weren't.

Another of our brood went walkabout this month. Daughter Beth phoned (collect) from Edmonton on the 26th, to tell us she was there, well, working and happy. It gave us an opportunity to wish her Happy Birthday—her seventeenth. Ever since Beth began getting the urge to fly, there have been battles fought on by our (square) efforts to limit her flying space (and/or time).

**Same boat**  
Friends in the same boat have asked why I didn't write about some of the ridiculous situations and problems brought on by raising a teenager or two.

I felt it wouldn't be fair to Beth, though, to write (however lovingly and amusedly) about our clashes. When Bill Smiley wrote so much about his daughter leaving home, a few years back, I used to wonder why, since at the time her comings and goings didn't interest me particularly.

Now I figure it wasn't just to fill space; but perhaps to say to other parents, "Look—we're going through it too. Just hang on and there's a chance things'll straighten out."

**Distance**  
The way I can see it, when our bird wanted to close her eyes and jump out of the nest to see if she could fly, maybe it was best that she do it at a distance where we weren't so apt to be hollering advice, warnings and directions (which she wouldn't pay any attention to, anyhow).

Of course, she might land with a great thump right on her tail-feathers the first time or two, but isn't that what independence is all about? And ever since our three offspring could toddle, we've encouraged independence, so we can't fuss (too much) now.

I've been quite interested in reading past Painted Box columns and seeing how they

wove, interwove, and relate to what's going on in our lives at present. It's quite fascinating to be able to follow the different threads. About Beth, six years ago I had been planning her eleventh birthday, fretting that we'd got past the hotdog and hamburger stage and into the years where a party called for something with a little more fuss and flair. "It becomes apparent now and then that she and her friends are on the verge of becoming young ladies," I wrote.

Now, she's back into another hotdog and hamburger stage. And in our home, the first October 26 went sailing by almost unnoticed. We thought a lot, though.

If Beth had been around, I'd promised to make her favourite spaghetti and put a candle in the middle of one meatball. As it was, we had roast beef and yorkshire pudding, which I don't remember writing about before. There's quite a few recipes for the latter lying about, including one in which brown eggs are used, one which is made in a blue bowl, and one to which the cook must sing "Blue Skies" while beating. (These have all been sent to me.)

I can never remember which is best, so I'll use another old faithful.

### YORKSHIRE PUDDING

1 1/2 cups flour  
3/4 tsp. salt  
1 1/2 cups milk  
3 eggs  
3/4 cup drippings from roast beef.

Mix flour and salt. Combine milk and eggs, add to flour, and beat with whisk until smooth.

Heat a square cake pan in oven with drippings until fat is melted. Pour in batter quickly and bake at 400 degrees 30 to 45 minutes until set but not dried out.

Serve with lots of beef gravy. Serves 4 or 6.



GOLDEN WEDDING anniversary was celebrated on the weekend by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith. The reception was in Ballinafad hall.

## Mr., Mrs. Smith 50 years wed

By Mrs. R. Shortill Sr.

The weekend of October 27 was a happy time for a popular couple here in Ballinafad when Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith were honored on their golden wedding anniversary.

On Saturday evening the family gathered at the home of Doris and Charlie Burt, Fifth Line, Erin, where a delicious dinner party was held. On Sunday their family held open house for them in the afternoon and evening at the Community Centre. Relatives and friends called there and enjoyed tea and goodies.

**Gold theme**  
The tables and curtains were gold, also the antique couch where they received their guests was upholstered in good brocade.

Mrs. Smith looked beautiful in a rose and silver floor length gown with gold slippers. She wore a beautiful corsage and Mr. Smith, in a charcoal suit, was a handsome groom with a white carnation in his buttonhole lapel.

Their three daughters, Mrs. Ruth Burt, Mrs. Doris Burt, who are twins, and Mrs. Joyce Swann were also attired in lovely floral floor length gowns as were the

granddaughters who served tea and showered the guests with happy hospitality.

Mrs. Griffin-Jones of Sudbury, a dear friend, had charge of the guest book.

**Gifts, cards**  
Many beautiful gifts and cards, a beautiful bouquet of red roses, graced the front of the reception room.

Frank Smith and Winnifred Hull were married Oct. 28, 1924 in Ashgrove Church by the late Rev. Caldwell. It was the first wedding in that church for 60 years.

Frank was a veteran of World War I and had served in Mesopotamia in the expedition along the River Tigris when his battalion had been sent to relieve General Townsend's troops.

His birthplace was in London, England, but he had emigrated to Canada before 1914 and served in the Canadian forces.

Winnifred Hull came as a child from Suffolk and the family home was in Stewarttown. After their marriage they lived in Stewarttown, then moved to Silvercreek. Here their family grew up. They later moved to their present home farm Lot 1, Conc. 9 west on the Elgth Line (the former McClure farm.)

**Active**  
Frank and Winnie have been very active members of Georgetown Legion, Hospital Auxiliary and volunteer workers. Mrs. Smith has been very active in all community affairs, most especially the Women's Institute where she was president for a number of years and where she is now secretary-treasurer. Her pies, cakes and special cookies are famous all around.

We people of Ballinafad extend our hearty congratulations to them on this momentous occasion.

**Open house**  
On Sunday afternoon district friends and former

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## PROCLAMATION

We hereby proclaim the week of November 4th to November 11th, as "Remembrance Week" in the Town of Milton.

A.J. MacArthur, Mayor



TEA TABLES are filled at Legion Ladies' Auxiliary bazaar Saturday. It was held for the first time in the new Legion hall.

## Bazaar brings in \$900

The new Legion hall will never be appreciated more than it was last Saturday afternoon.

The occasion was the ladies' auxiliary annual bazaar. With plenty of room to set up tables and move around, it was a pleasure both for the workers and the visitors.

Over \$900 was realized and the auxiliary extended sincere thanks to all who attended and to their own members for their efforts.

The prize winners were: Bea Anderson, pillow of money; J. DeWilde, pillow of money; June McHugh, salt and pepper; Verna Harrison, afghan; Sandy Palmer, Christmas cake.

Louise Toth, doll; Laura Drysdale, stuffed animal; Louise Toth, serving tray; Mrs. Cutts, necklace and earrings; Barb Mellon, Avon cologne; Helen Lesueur, mixing bowls and wastepaper basket.

Donna Krapek, glasses; Mary Cooney, ash tray; A. Moore, miracle knife; Mary McColl, fruit dish; Kathleen Dodds, set of bowls; Noreen Alton, pillow cases; Barbara Durham, set of pictures.

Mary Hinton, pillow cases; V. Spires, coasters and ashtray; Lynne Mellor, record doll and pillow cases; J. Milne, pie plate and cake tin; Diane Butler, panty hose; P. Bittorf, ashtray.

V. Harrison, candy dish; Lois Gordon, cream and sugar; Bette Footitt, soap dish and ashtray; Helen Perry, cake dish; F. Rocher,

bath powder. Harry Van der Haden, necklace; Cathy Jensen, candle; Doris Morton, nylons; Cheryl Phillips, fancy soap; Paul Cargill, ashtray; Charles Townsley, mug tree; Jessie Price, panty hose; Georgina Fellows, panty hose

and ashtray. Shirley Turkosz, pickle forks and jam jar; J. Pavli, dog ornament; H. Woods, plaques; Joan Ford, stuffed dog; Janice Hagan, pan and brush; Myrtle Davidson, pillow cases.

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