

# Buying an anniversary gift taxes Smiley's ingenuity

Me and the old lady had another wedding anniversary last week. Holey ole Moley, how the years fly by!

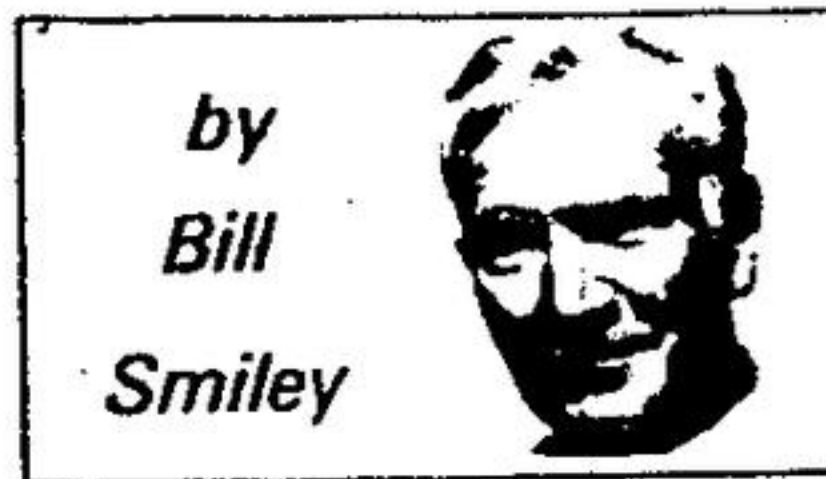
Usually, we remember our anniversary a week or ten days after it has gone by, and laugh about it. We don't believe much in anniversaries, as do some people who squabble all year, then go out to dinner with wine and roses, and are back pounding on each other within two days.

One year I actually remembered and brought home 18 yellow roses. She fainted dead away with shock, and when she came to gave me the devil for wasting all that money.

This year, I thought about it away back in August, and filed it away in my memory bank, determined to surprise her this year. Show her, by George, that there was some fire, or at least a few embers, underneath that wisp of smoke.

My first thought was to sneak off with her engagement ring and have it re-set in 24-carat gold. I had to dismiss this idea as impractical for two reasons. First, I'd have to remove her finger to get the ring to the jeweller. Secondly, the price of gold went up so fast it made my eyes water when I read the financial page.

Then I thought of a mink coat. But again there were two obstacles. One was the price of mink coats, which have soared almost as high as gold. The other was a conviction I've held,



by Bill Smiley

that the only creature on this earth who needs a mink coat is a mink.

Well, I worked my way down through an emerald brooch, for her Irish ancestry, a pearl necklace, diamond earrings. It was all disappointing. I knew I'd be ripped off with emeralds, she likes gold necklaces, not pearl, and she's always losing one earring, like every other woman. What is as useless as one diamond earring? I'd kill her if she lost one.

That's one reason I got little done through August and part of September—worrying about the present for this one anniversary I would have remembered.

I considered giving her a new car. But I can't even afford one for the two of us, let alone one for her.

One after another I discarded seemingly brilliant inspirations. I even went to the lengths of planning to sneak out in the middle of the night and painting the back stoop,

which she'd been trying to get me to do all summer. But I shuddered at the thought of painting out there, all alone in the cold and dark.

Finally, it hit me like a thunderbolt, and a tidal wave of relief swept over me. I had it.

Something to suggest her Mother Earth qualities. Something in green and gold, her favorite colors. Something that would suggest her sweetness, juiciness, tenderness. Something she could get her teeth into, instead of junk like rings, necklaces, fur coats. Thirty-three cobs of corn!

With the decision made, I relaxed, and promptly forgot all about our anniversary.

She didn't, for once. On the fateful day, I arrived home from work, tossed out a few jolities, read her some interesting bits from the papers, asked what kind of day she'd had. All I got in return was cold shoulder and hot tongue.

She was in a bad mood. Not because I'd forgotten our anniversary. Just one of those rotten tempers women get into once in a while because they've had to deal with the plumber and TV repairman, the vacuum cleaner went on the blink, all the woodwork in the house is "filthy", and they've scrubbed the kitchen floor and have a sore back.

In the old days, I used to pet her and pat her

and promise her, and she'd gradually come around. But I gave that up years ago. It was too hard on me.

Nowadays, I fire right back: "What the hell's biting you? Cut out the self-pity. I work too, you know. Aw, go soak your head, crab." And so on. We usually have a good verbal set-to, sulk a little, and the air is cleared.

But this time she speared me, right in the middle of one of my finest perorations. "Did you know this was our anniversary?" Talk about hitting below the belt.

I was stricken with remorse, shame and guilt. No details, but we kissed and made up, and I did the dishes.

Must say we've weathered the storm pretty well. I was five years older than she when we were wed. I now look like an elder statesman of about 65. She looks about 34. My hair is white, hers is black. Her teeth are white, mine are black.

It's a little disconcerting when you go to a reception or some other function, the host reads your name-tag, and burbles, "Well, Bill Smiley, I've heard of you. And you've brought your daughter along. How nice."

But I wouldn't trade the old battleaxe for a new one, even though she's laid a pretty good collection of scars on me, physically and otherwise.



Sonny and Grace Townsley celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on October 5. On Sunday, an open house and family dinner were held at the Acton Legion for the well-known couple.

## Golden anniversary for well-known pair

Grace Townsley has accepted hockey as a way of life—she had to. With a husband whose blade skills were in as much demand as Sonny's, she either had to like it or lump it. Now, after 50 years of marriage, she is still as proud of her husband's talents as she was when they were first married and he was centre for the Stratford hockey team. The couple celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on Sunday with an Open House and family dinner in the Legion. They were married on October 5, 1929 in Newmarket and through a long trail of various hockey teams and cities, they ended up in Acton in 1941 and have stayed ever since. Mr. Townsley started his amateur hockey career in 1928, and is still very active in the sport. He has held numerous posts with the Acton Sab-

res since their inception, including Assistant Trainer. Just last Thursday evening he was awarded a plaque from the team in appreciation of all his hard work. He has also been named to the Halton Hockey Hall of Fame and has been told his name is mentioned in the Hall of Fame in Toronto. Mrs. Townsley is not idle while her husband is out and about. She canvasses for all the charities, and works at the Legion, and works at the Legions, and works at the Legions. She retired from Beardmore in 1970, just one year before Mr. Townsley retired from the same place. Since his retirement Mr. Townsley has been busy tending his lawn and garden and sharpening skates. The couple has travelled to Hawaii and Florida. Over 200 people attended Sunday's open house, with some 175 at the family dinner. The

## On the Leavell

With Helen

Winners at the Acton fall fair L'Arche Auxiliary for the mentally retarded draw were: \$50, Mrs. P. Vander, Toronto; and for the lighted Christmas tree, Mrs. B. Spaldin, R.R. 3, Milton.

High school graduates will soon be streaming back into town for the annual commencement exercises November 2. It is a time for renewing friendships and exchanging stories.

Alice Doby of Churchill Rd. N. was in for quite a shock when she returned from her Bracebridge area cottage on Monday. Her well cared for hedge and neat link fence were practically mowed over by a van which decided to drop in for Thanksgiving dinner. A flower bed was also dug up and many trees damaged. The driver miraculously survived the crash which totally demolished the van.

Former Free Press staffer Rosalyn Hall is back in town for a few weeks, visiting her parents for the first time in four years. Ros is working for an insurance company in Alberta. Welcome home Ros.

The aroma of turkey could be smelled across Canada on the weekend as Canadians celebrated Thanksgiving. And yes, for another year I avoided cooking

the bird by going home to mother. It is only my fourth married Thanksgiving but I'm running out of excuses why I haven't tackled a turkey yet.

I was brave at Easter and faced the challenge. However, the fowl was donated by who else but my mother. She told me to take the bird out of her freezer and try my culinary talents. Easter morning, with my mother, and cooking coach, in Frankemuth, Michigan, I started to prepare a feast for my father and husband. No, I didn't burn it. I didn't even get around to cooking turkey. I had inadvertently taken a large package of chicken parts. We ended up having chicken and bake chicken.

This holiday however, I wasn't given a chance to do much. I was asked to thaw out the turkey—yep, I set out a chicken. As this one was intact though, I had to wait for the help of her weekend "cousin" of Summers-town Station near Cornwall. I wasn't even invited into the kitchen until it was dish washing time.

At this rate, maybe we will have beef for Christmas!

Those going to see Charley Pride in Hamilton Place Sunday will be in for a surprise when the bus pulls up in front of the Kitchener Auditorium instead. Mrs. Emily Price, who writes the Friends-in-deed column told us she slipped up at the place he is performing. Her story should have read Kitchener. Bus times remain the same.

## Farm land

In spite of provincial guidelines, Ontario is still losing valuable farmland, Ontario Federation of Agriculture president Peter Hannam says. "But it's not a physical loss of land so much as a loss of farm productivity due to conflicts between farm and non-farm users of land. Complaints about noises and odors of normal farm operations from urbanites living in farm areas are putting intolerable pressures on farmers," he told the meeting. Hannam said that

while many progressive farmers have felt like throwing their hands in the air and saying "I quit!", most are changing their mood to one of fighting for the right to farm without harassment.



## PUBLIC NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE THAT Council for The Corporation of the Town of Halton Hills intends to pass a by-law to stop up, close and convey a portion of the Unopened Road Allowance between the East Halves of Lots 10 and 11, Concession 11, in the former Village of Norval, now in the Town of Halton Hills, in the Regional Municipality of Halton. The portion of Unopened Road Allowance which is to be stopped up, closed and conveyed is shown on a Plan of Survey registered as Plan 64 of the Village of Norval, now a part of the Town of Halton Hills, in the Registry Office at Milton. A copy of the Plan of Survey is available for inspection at the municipal offices for the Town of Halton Hills located on the 7th Line of the former Township of Esquesing. THE COUNCIL or a Committee of the Council will hear in person, or by their Counsel, Solicitor, or Agent, any person who claims that their land will be prejudicially affected by the by-law and who applies to be heard at a meeting to be held in the Council Chambers at the Municipal Offices, Trafalgar Road on the 22nd day of October 1979, at the hour of 7:30 p.m. o'clock. THIS NOTICE was first published on the 19th day of September, A.D. 1979.

K.R. RICHARDSON CLERK ADMINISTRATOR THE CORPORATION OF THE TOWN OF HALTON HILLS 36 MAIN STREET SOUTH GEORGETOWN, HALTON HILLS, ONTARIO L7G 4X1.

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Jan. 28	729	1149
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Feb. 11 to Mar. 10	749	1169
Mar. 17	759	1179
Mar. 24, 31	729	1149
Apr. 7	739	1159
Apr. 14	749	1169
Apr. 21 to June 30*	759	1179

3 in room - deduct per person 40 80  
Child 12 & 13 yrs 1 in room 170 340  
with 2 adults - deduct 180 360  
Single room supplement 50 101  
Taxes and service charges 25 50  
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