

Ford Moynes has asked me to relate some of my reminiscences of early years in Lindsay. For it was in that town that I spent my childhood and youthful years and started in the newspaper business. I was born in Lisburn, County Down in Ireland, but was only a baby when the family migrated to Canada and to Lindsay. There were five of us, my father and mother and two older sisters.

My mother was a school teacher in Ireland and I inherited, to some extent at least, her love of literature. So I wanted to be a newswriter. The Wilson Brothers owned "The Post" and a daily newspaper in Port Hope and it was G. H. Wilson, of Lindsay, who gave me a job as reporter when I was through the Collegiate Institute. But Mr. Wilson thought it would be a good idea if I learned to set type, so I did my reporting in the mornings and the evenings and set type in the afternoons.

Hanging on the wall in my office at my home, 527 Sunderland Ave., Calgary, is a group picture of the Typos Hockey team of The Post. In the middle are photos of G. H. Wilson, president, and J. V. McNaulty, manager. (Mr. McNaulty was then editor of The Post). Circled around are: Capt. George Reilly, George Johnston, H. Begg, H. Williams, A. Barry, M. Irwin, and L. Nesbitt. I played rover. There is also the photo of H. Frampton, sec-treas. I wonder how many of the members of that hockey team are alive today!

I think that James Begg was mayor of the town then but I forget who was the town clerk, but I think a young lady did most of the work. John Short was chief of police and Jim Bell was fire chief. A Mr. Callaghan was market clerk, and when I once asked him what he knew for sure he replied, "A snake can't straddle a log." Albert Palen was postmaster. Mr. Jackson was magistrate. His son Niven lived in Calgary for many years, but died some time ago. J. R. McNeilly was county clerk.

J. V. McNaulty was editor of the Post and a capable man. He later went out to Vancouver as editor of a Lumberman's Magazine and did well with it. He taught me not to use big words which I, in my youthful zeal, was inclined to do. "You are writing for people to read, and not to extend your vocabulary," he told me. I had used the word 'yclept' which I had dug out of a dictionary. (Yeleft, an armchair

word meaning named or styled).

Mr. Wilson, the owner, was a considerate boss. His advice for me to learn printing helped me greatly in later years.

I even operated an old typograph machine, one of the first produced to set type from hot metal. The plant was first located at the east end of Kent Street, where later the Ed-

monds ran the first movie operation in Lindsay, known as Wonderland. Then, Mr. Wilson put up the new building on William Street.

I will always have a senti-

mental interest in The Post for it gave me a start in a career which suited me and in which I have been happy. I was the first publicity superintendent with the Alberta Wheat Pool,

the first Wheat Pool to be organized in the west. Now the three Wheat Pools have grown to be the world's largest grain handling concern.

Much have I seen and known,

cities of men, climates, councils, governments. But in my declining years my thoughts often go back to Lindsay and to the countryside wherein I grew up. Life was simple in

those early years. There were none of the distractions for young people which now exist. But only those who have lived through those older years can understand the differences.