Air Force at the start of the Second World War, but his father was not well. He would die of a heart attack in 1943, and his son would take over the farm. When he was called to duty and the situation was made known, the Air Force decided he would serve his country better by staying on the farm.

He always suspected his mother had something to do with that, but he has no regrets. It left him in the enviable position of being one of very few eligible bachelors around, but he was in no hurry to get married because he didn't have enough money.

He still didn't have a lot when he married Shirley Harnden June 12, 1948, in St. Andrew's United Church, where they are still members. Their reception was held at Mrs. Johnston's family home on nearby Charlotte Street.

The Johnstons began their married life as dairy farmers on 200 acres in what is essentially downtown Grafton now. Grafton Public School, which their children attended, sits on a large lot carved out of their acreage.

"I always thought farming was a good life for the kids," she said of sons John and James and

daughter Jean.

"Half the kids in the village came to our place," her husband added. "We gave the kids work to do, and their parents loved it."

That's exactly how John and Jean worked their way through university, Mrs. Johnston said. They hired them to work on the farm instead of hiring someone

Mothers usually didn't work in those days, but Mrs. Johnston did for a while at Canadian Canners in Cobourg. There were canneries almost everywhere in those days, and she transferred to their Grafton plant on Canning Factory Road. It closed in the early 1950s, and Mr. Johnston still recalls lobbying the Minister of Agriculture not to sell it to an American company. But it was sold, and has sat empty ever since.

The Johnston insurance agency was set up in their home

County Road 2 when Mrs. property on Cranberry Lake, Johnston got into the field through her father, Floyd Harnden (known as F.S. because there were two Floyd Harndens in Grafton). He had been a Cooperators agent for 20 years and wanted to retire.

She was one of very few women in the insurance business at the

time. "I always remember the chap who said, 'I am very surprised they hired you when you were still of child-bearing age," she

Her children, in fact, were 11, 14 and 17 when she began, but she found it helpful to be working at home. "I did a lot of my work at night efter the kills had gone to bed," she said. "It was nice and quiet.

The agency operated until 1982, when Mrs. Johnston went to work at Hamilton Township Mutual Insurance Company for three years before she retired. Being a board member (and eventual request a few years ago that they president) of that company is how her husband came to get involved in the insurance business, as an underwriter.

Their children all settled locally. Their late son James lived and raised his family in Grafton, as did John. Jean left the area for a while when she became a minister, but now works in nearby Prince Edward County.

Their grandchildren haven't scattered too far, except for one in Australia one in Alabama. They also have one great grandchild. Since retirement lovely

where they indulge their love of gardening and bird watching, they have kept busy with the local horticultural club, bowling, activities church shuffleboard. They helped put together When The Lakes Roared, the 1997 history of Haldimand Township.

They were also key players in securing a Horizons grant to build the shuffleboard court in Grafton and a Trillium grant to renovate it.

"We pretty well work together," Mr. Johnston said. "We've always done things together, and we've always had an interest in them. We even have the same politics, so we never argue about that."

Mrs. Johnston said common interests is the secret of their success, and keeping active is what has kept them relatively healthy.

It was at a granddaughter's compiled their memoirs for the family.

pages The memories and six pages of photos that will

likely figure in many of the conversations at the June 14 celebration at St. United Andrew's Church — where it all began.