

AUTUMN IN ACTON

When the gorgeous tree, with coloring rare
Are covered high with blankets of snow
When our little beach and lake so fair
Have gone to sleep—nor ever a crow
To left in the lee-top to call us home;
Nor the tinkling bell of the grating line
Tells us "Sun-is-up-and-the-day-is-
fine."
Then we'll gather round the home-fire's
gleam—
Though moonbeams quiver and shiver
—to dream
Of swimming and boating and fishing
again
In another summer to come. —A. P.

Twenty Years Ago

From the issue of The Free Press of
Thursday, October 17th, 1918

A good many potatoes were dug from the war gardens on Thanksgiving Day. Another addition to the immense tannery plant of Beadmore & Co. is being completed, at the southwesterly corner of the premises, near Main Street. Rev. F. E. Barrett, of Liverpool, N.B., preached in the Methodist Church last Sunday, with much acceptance. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph M. Lambert, Main Street, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on Thanksgiving Day. The Secretary of the Fall Fair reported a balance on hand, after allowing for all expenditures, of \$122.25. Prize money will be paid immediately.

DIED

SMITH—At 8:30, on Tuesday, October 18th, 1918, George Smith, in his 80th year.

ONE RACKET — 1 SHEEP

Lawn tennis grows in popularity every year. There are courts in practically every town in the country.

But how many people know that it takes eight sheep to make a tennis racket?

"Cat-gut" is really sheep-gut—made from the sheep's intestine, says a writer in Answers. Millions of raw "castings," as the intestinal tracts are called, are brought from shepherds to be turned into racket strings.

First the castings are cleaned and split in half to make two strands. These are graded by experts into the quality of string each will make, and measured out into the required lengths. Each intestine will give so much gut suitable for first-class rackets, so much for second-class, and so on down the scale. These of the strands that are to be made into colored strings are then dyed. The next stage is to put them through the sulphur chambers to prevent decomposition. Then comes the twisting process, that turns the limp intestine into the hard, swangy gut. The strands are placed on hooks, and under the close supervision of an expert, are twisted tighter and tighter each day until they attain that elasticity, yet lack of plasticity, so necessary to the gut string that is to make history at Wimbledon or Forest Hills.

Men who have been trained to this work can tell to the fraction of an inch how much more spinning a strand will take before reaching breaking-point. The best gut is still spun by hand.

After this important process the gut is ready to go to the polishing-room. There it is clipped and coiled into standard lengths labelled for quality, and ready for dispatch to the racket manufacturer.

And here's a tip that snow-white clarity which the uninitiated like to see in a racket string is not the sign of a good gut. It has been dyed and treated with chemicals. The best natural gut is a rather dirty grey.

CHARCOAL FROM WOOD WASTE

Among the many problems that engage the attention of the Department of Mines and Resources is the utilization of the large quantities of wood waste that occur in lumbering operations in Canada. The manufacture of charcoal from this waste would help to solve this problem. If a local market could be found to absorb it, charcoal, because of its bulk, cannot be transported any great distance economically and there is only a limited demand in Canada, where it is chiefly used for lighting fires, and for cooking. Other uses are in the manufacture of metallurgical products, chemicals, black powder and poultry food. It is also used in the purification of water as a decolorizer and deodorizer.

In Europe successful attempts are being made to use producer gas from charcoal as a fuel for heavy trucks. Such a fuel is considerably cheaper than gasoline and, if adopted in Canada would increase the demand for charcoal. When wood is heated in the absence of air it decomposes, evolving gases, and leaves as a residue, charcoal. The earliest known method of making charcoal was to stack wood in beehive-shaped piles and cover almost completely with leaves and earth. By kindling a fire and regulating the air supply, part of the wood is burned, producing sufficient heat to convert the remainder to charcoal. This method is still used to some extent, but in modern distillation plants, charcoal is produced by placing dry wood in steel vessels which are heated externally. The gases evolved, after passing through condensers, are further processed to yield valuable by-products, acetic acid and methyl alcohol.

There will never be a state of society anything like perfect, but of all forms of government so far devised a democracy seems to be the best.—Stanley Levin.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



BACKSLIDERS ALL

Men's wills are like hills—not mountains but bluffs. That register briefly in spasms and ruts. And owing to languor or soft rubber spines. Our stout resolutions shrink small on the vines. Pull ninety per cent. of the fish we would fry. Survive like a snowball in middle July. Concluding to diet, I'm on but a week. When estrange deserts me, my hinges all squeak. Then breaking a pledge to the "daily half dozen" squander swift hours with a giddy young cousin. A voice urges know it from "kiver to kiver". But dances attract me, I scull on the river. The good-natured boater, or com'nter at wit. May hypnotize effort once throbbing with life. How often we promise to hang up pyramids. Left sprawling for discord to stage gloomy dramas. "More cash I must give you," says spouse to his wife. "Home early" swears he to the joy of his life. Do they do it? Misadvent or settle that debt. March stonery to church he it sulkier or wet. Ask the man in the moon, who winks with his eye. And keeps all his dates with the stars in the sky. —John M. Copeland

Getting along on Bower Avenue again this week we came to the brick house where Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McLean have had a comfortable home for many years. It was built by Joseph Perkins about forty-five years ago. Joe lived in Blackville after he left Acton. His father and mother occupied this new house when it was built. They were a fine type of an English couple came to Acton about sixty years ago bringing some of their family of boys and girls with them and lived here in highest esteem for about a quarter of a century. Mr. Perkins was an expert cutter of fine gloves and held a position in the Canada Glove Works during all his residence here. He was a great lover of the Anglican Church and was for some years a church warden at St. Alban's. Things do not always "stay put" in denominational matters in this country, however. For the two eldest daughters married Methodist young men in Acton. Miss Jessie married Will Speight, and Miss Agnes was joined in wedlock to Jack Lambert. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins have both passed away. A few Acton friends.

HE PLAYED THE WRONG INSTRUMENT

"The trouble with your boy," said the Judge, "is that he played the wrong instrument. If, instead of letting him waste his spare time and money playing the nickel in the slot gambling machines in billiard rooms and dance halls, you had had him to play the piano, the violin, the trombone or some other instrument, he might have kept away from bad company and he would not now be facing a two year sentence in the penitentiary." "That hurts, Judge," said the father; "his mother wanted me to give him music lessons, but somehow I thought it was stazy for a boy, and again I guess I was too mean to lay out the money. Gosh, Judge, ain't there something that can be done, he's only seventeen?" "Well," said the Judge, "I could put him under parole. He looks as though he had good stuff in him; and I will do it under one condition, and that is that you buy him the best instrument you can afford and get him a fine teacher and arrange to have him come to my home once a month and let me judge how hard he is working at his music. You see, I was brought up with music in my home; and I know what it means." "This story was told to us by a band conductor who refused to have his identity revealed. This much we do know, boys and girls who are deeply engrossed in music study have not the time for dangerous nonsense. As Cervantes puts it, "Where there is music there is no mischief." Even in prisons, experts have found that those who play in the band and the orchestra offer far fewer disciplinary problems than those without these privileges.

Millions and millions of dollars are spent each year upon the manufacture of gambling slot machines, which, like all gambling devices, prove dangerously attractive to youth. They are the kind of things that are a fraction of their cost spent upon music and musical instruments would reduce the potential prison population of to-morrow very greatly. The reason why such machines exist is that parents fail to do anything to counteract them. Our prisons are filled with young men and young women, many of whom are there because of the neglect of their parents, just as though the parents had led the youths to the prison gates as a kind of human sacrifice in this "age of disc care." Let us stop it! Do your share! The Editor

THE LANCET ON PASTEURIZATION

Certain correspondents on the subject of pasteurization of milk have asserted that the Lancet, the great English medical journal, is opposed to pasteurization. Here is the answer to that assertion.

What is needed is not enquiry but action. It may not be administratively possible to pasteurize the whole milk supply at once, but it is certainly feasible that all the large urban areas should have the power and we hope the duty to see that only safe milk is sold within their borders. Tuberculin-tested milk gives this safety as regards tuberculosis, and pasteurization properly conducted gives safety from all risks. The time has come when no ordinary raw milk should be sold in any of our large urban areas or distributed on the authority of any education or other local authority. And later safeguard should be extended to the countryside and smaller towns.

The foregoing, a quotation from an editorial in the Lancet of July 17th 1937 effectually dispels the opinion regarding pasteurization of one of the most authoritative journals in the world and disposes of the assertion referred to.

Pasteurization as a preventive health measure has stood the test of time. In great cities, such as Chicago, where it originated, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Toronto and hundreds of others where the measure has been in force for years, its value is so well recognized that a proposal to return the use of raw milk would be regarded as evidence of insanity. Pasteurized milk has saved thousands of lives every year all over the American continent. It has prevented wholesale epidemics of milk-borne disease there is no evidence that it has caused a single case of illness.

QUICK WORK

I've just called to compliment you on your service," said the old lady to the Postmaster. "Yesterday I received a telegram to be sure from London and what I received was the stuff of the old days was still set."

The Old Man

THE HARDEST WORD

I remember when a boy, I asked my father once which to his mind, was the hardest word in the English language. Without a moment's hesitation, he answered "No." "No?" I echoed in surprise. "Exactly," he answered. "Not in spelling as I suppose you mean. But you will find as you go along that it is the hardest word in the English language." I did. It was curious that I should be led into the profession that of the editor-in which the use of this little adverb is so frequently necessary. And difficult it was at times to say, as my father predicted. Yet few would choose this word, if asked as the most difficult word in the language. —Edward W. Bisk

DOG GOES TO CHURCH

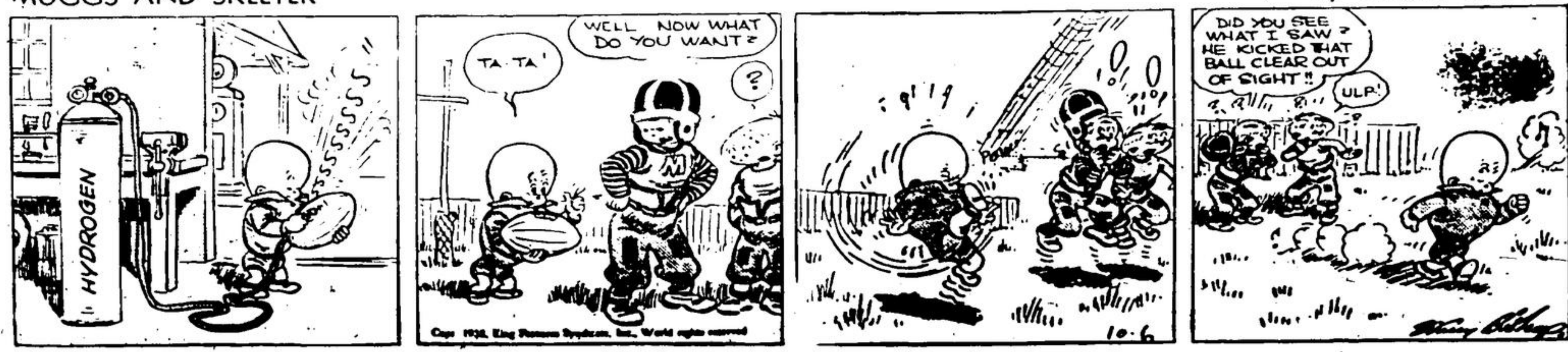
June an Alsatian guides her mistress, Miss Johnson, two miles to church at Antree, England, every Sunday. Miss Johnson left her eight five years ago and for a long time was a prisoner at home until the dog was found to guide her. June looks up and down each side before crossing, and on reaching the church, walks sedately down the aisle taking her place at her mistress' side during the service.

Repetition
Repetition
Repetition

Undoubtedly, one of the fundamental and very real functions of advertising is continuity and everlastingly pounding home the facts and features and facilities of the advertised products and services. The reasons, of course --- if, indeed, there be need for the mention of reasons, --- if not the too often attributed fickleness of the buying public, but rather that other things in numberless quantities lay claim to the buying power of the public and that it takes more than single and casual mention of articles to make impressions; and that each day brings to the markets new members of the buying public. Fundamental and basic as such a statement is, it is well for all of us who are concerned with distributing things which have been made to the places and peoples where they are used, to repeat it frequently to ourselves. For there has been too much advertising waste resulting from the very lack of --- repetition. Too many beginnings of advertising programs, based on well-laid plans, which have for varied reasons not gone beyond the beginning stage. But, what is more serious, they have failed of fruition for lack of continuity, which is, broadly, another way of saying repetition!

Spasmodic Effort will not WIN ---
Persistency WILL!
Regular Space in
The Acton Free Press
Phone 174—Acton
Will Bring Satisfactory
Results!

MUGGS AND SKEETER



By WALLY BISHOP