

Of Interest to Women

Dr. Jas. H. Mather Medical Officer For Halton County

Other Appointments Made by the County Health Unit—Program in Operation in September

At a recent meeting of the Board of Health of the Halton County Health Unit, Dr. James H. Mather was appointed as Medical Health Officer and Director of the Unit.

Dr. Mather is a graduate in medicine of the University of Toronto and interned at the Toronto General Hospital. After a short time in general practice, being particularly interested in Public Health work, he was awarded a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship in 1933 and obtained his diploma in Public Health from the School of Hygiene at the Toronto University. Following this he held a Fellowship in Public Health administration with the W. K. Kellogg Foundation in Battle Creek, Michigan. In 1940 he returned to Canada to accept a position as lecturer in epidemiology at the University of Toronto.

In 1940 Dr. Mather enlisted with the Medical Branch of the R.C.A.F. with whom he served until October of 1945. During this time, he was for three years, Hygiene Officer for the No. 1 Training Command, following which he was Commanding Officer of a Medical Research Unit, which did large scale investigations into immunization and communicable disease control. He has published several papers on the results of this research. On his release from the R.C.A.F. he became assistant medical officer with the St. Catharine-Lincoln Health Unit.

The Halton Unit feel that they are particularly fortunate in securing the services of a Director with such valuable experience in the public health field. At a former meeting other appointments to the Unit staff were made. Miss Reta L. Cutcliffe (who is well known in Halton as head of the County School Nursing Service since 1945) was appointed as Supervisor of Nurses. Miss Sutcliffe is a graduate of the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto and of McGill University. She came to Halton in 1945 from Swanton, where she served for three years as public health nurse. Miss Oleavia Chant, now public health nurse with the Acton, Georgetown and Milton School Boards and Miss Lorraine Larsen, now stationed in Oakville, have accepted positions as staff nurses with the Unit. Appointment of Sanitary Inspectors and other staff nurses is expected at the next meeting of the Board. Preparatory work will be done during the summer and it is expected that the program of the Unit will be in operation by September.

IT BROUGHT RESULTS

This ad appeared in a Western paper: "Veteran, wife, ten dogs, three feline cats, six children, desire small furnished apartment. We drink, smoke, stay up all night beating drums." The veteran got over twenty offers!

Feed Grain Situation Tight In Halton County

The fine weather of last week made everyone feel better and even Halton farmers who have experienced the worst spring seeding in history were more optimistic. True prospects for a spring grain crop are still bad. In an interview with Agricultural Representative J. E. Whitlock, we were informed that it is questionable if over 40 per cent of the intended acreage for spring grain has been sown. Mr. Whitlock pointed out that in some sections of Halton 75 per cent of the crop was in, but taking the county as a whole there is a tremendous acreage unsown. Some of this, he stated, will be sown to buckwheat, but the great bulk of it, in his opinion will be summer fallowed and a good deal of it will go into fall wheat. In Mr. Whitlock's opinion, it is now too late to sow corn or soybeans for grain, and many fields are so grassy that it will take a tremendous amount of work before the fields would be fit to sow. Silage corn, he stated, can still be sown until the end of June and with favorable conditions, one can still look forward to a reasonably good crop. He recommended Canada 606 or 531 for this late planting.

In answer to our inquiry as to how Halton farmers would be able to maintain their live stock production in view of crop prospects, Mr. Whitlock pointed out that the old slogan "Grow what you feed and feed what you grow" no longer held good. Approximately two thirds of our farmer purchase feed grain and already many of them have either bought grain or have it on order. "After all," he added, "the feed grain crop harvested in Western Canada is the determining factor as to how much live stock we can carry in Canada."

In answer to our inquiry concerning the accuracy of reports with respect to the marketing of sows, he stated that again in his opinion at least two thirds of our farmers would endeavor to maintain their present production. One good farmer told Mr. Whitlock a few days ago, that he was planning to breed four additional sows this fall, because he had never forgotten his old grandfather telling him once, "Boy, when other people start to run you walk the other way." That would appear to be good advice to-day, since experience has shown down through the years that it is the farmers who maintain their production who are the ones who make progress—not the "in and outers".

Haying has now got under way in many communities and it is hoped that favorable weather will permit the taking off of a heavy crop of good quality hay. The demand for farm help was never keener, according to Mr. Whitlock. While some 45 Polish Veterans have been placed in Halton since last November, he stated that he still had applications for at least twelve more, and in addition, has 70 applications on file for Western farm hands, who are expected to start coming East during the present week.

The character of the man makes the difference between lasting greatness and a meteoric flash in the pan.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

Anyone complaining about the heat? I could but I'm afraid to. You see, way back in those cold June days when we were all wishing for warmer weather I vowed that if it got to be a hundred in the shade I wouldn't raise a murmur, and since eighty degrees has been the highest so far it doesn't leave me a leg to stand on.

This is that long holiday week-end that so many have been looking forward to. Incidentally, it meant that daughter had to line up for an hour and a half to catch her bus. Now our two children have gone to Niagara Falls to see second niece, Johnny is away some place on his motor bike Lut Partner and I thought the best place in this heat—often though we are not complaining—is right here at home. Which reminds me—we have Johnny back with us again—that makes the male element around here in the ratio of three to one—and I have a great time keeping socks, shirts and pants with their rightful owners, they all look so much alike.

Well, if I am to keep my promise I had better start in on those off-the-record incidents which took place in Guelph at our W.I. celebration. So here we go: In one of the opening scenes a number of girls dressed as heralds formed a background for the stage setting. They wore high crowned gold color hats. Suddenly there came a gust of wind and away went the hat of the girl second from the end from where we were standing. It just blew off and rolled to the bottom of the steps in front of her but, because the girl was supposed to be immovable as a sentry there was nothing she could do to retrieve it. So the pageant went on, but the hat remained. Other characters came and went but picking up a hat was not included in any performance. Then came the scene when men of the Farmer's Institute in by-gone days held their meeting. They walked off the stage quite informally, talking among themselves. It would have been quite easy for any one of them to pick up the hat without it being noticeable. But no, all they did was just walk around it. I could not help exclaiming "Well, if that isn't just like a bunch of men!" I never once thought of the people around me hearing my remark until a titter of laughter began coming from all directions. After that the hat became a point of focal interest. We looked for it at the conclusion of every scene and nobody ever picked it up. Even in the final tableau men and women dodged around it as they left the stage until all were gone and only the hat remained.

And here is another little episode. It may shock you but to me it was indicative of the many types of people who made up that motley throng—the young, the old, refined persons to the nth degree, or diamonds in the rough. They were all there, and all were similarly perturbed when dark clouds loomed ominously overhead. One person said "If it rains where on earth will the people go?" "Go," said another, "how could we even move?" Then as many faces were turned skyward somebody said "I believe I felt a drop of rain just then, unless somebody spit!"

And how do you like this for a little human interest story? Before the pageant started there were, of course, various ones in charge of the proceedings fixing things up on the platform. Among them was a man with a little girl in his arms, apparently about 7 years old. They had been there about 15 minutes, not doing anything, just standing there, and the little girl appeared to be whimpering. Presently the word got around "She's lost... they say the little girl is lost." And how easily that could happen; but how utterly impossible it would be for mother and child to find each other in that cold mass of humanity. But the platform served its purpose. Ten minutes later there was a stirring in the crowd—back of us—and every one started talking and shouting at once to attract the attention of the man nearest to us so he might relay the message to the man with the child. "She's here," they shouted, "the little girl's mother... back here!" Presently above the din, the man caught on; the child was brought to the side of the platform; the mother tried to edge her way forward, but since there was no place for people to move to, the child was passed from one to another until she reached her mother. As soon as she saw her, the child sobbed lustily "Mummy, mummy!"

Just one more instance. I told you last week about the congested traffic. While I waited in single file with never an inch to spare between my car and the one in front my elbow caught the steering wheel which resulted in a terrific blast of the horn. A woman passing by looked at me

and said "I'm afraid that isn't going to do you any good!" She must surely have thought I was crazy!

Can I Afford To Get Away For A Holiday?

You Can, if You Plan
With the holiday season here, many people have decided to spend vacations at home. "We'd like to go away, but how can we afford it?" they say.

William Clayton, Local Bank of Montreal manager, was discussing this problem yesterday. He thinks a lot of people could fit holiday travel into their budgets by a little extra planning. They set a reasonable financial B of M customers confirm his view. "Every year more and more folks start a B of M account just for vacationing. They set a reasonable financial objective and achieve it by depositing steadily every pay-day," Mr. Clayton says. "By next holiday time they're all set. It's a wonderful feeling... planning and saving add to the fun of the holiday and it's never too soon to begin."

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For some people it's going to mean more money to spend—an easier time in personal financing. That's good for most of us.

But is that all? Not for the wise ones. Wise folk won't let all that money slip through their fingers... Some will save 10%—some 50%... and some will save it all.

Plan your finances now for 1947... figure out your tax saving and see that a good lump of this money

in your pocket is labelled "money in the bank".

For many people that's going to mean "money in My Bank"... where more than a million Canadians—sound citizens who know what saving means—do their personal financing.

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Don't just leave your income tax saving with the rest of what you have remaining after pay-day. You're apt to lose track of it too easily.

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