

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Sept. 2, 1943.

Last week, the local ration board of Mrs. J. C. Matthews, Mrs. R. R. Arnold and reeve J. M. McDonald arranged and distributed 3,300 No. 3 ration books with about 30 volunteer workers. The group at the town hall had a pretty busy time right through the four days with Saturday night busy till 10 o'clock in the evening.

Acton's second blood donor clinic was held Tuesday morning at the Y.M.C.A. and there were 27 blood donors. It is readily realized that there are not sufficient male donors in Acton to maintain these donations and the way the residents of the farming community turned out and helped was indeed gratifying. (The donors, all men, were listed.)

Mrs. H. O. Boyes was secretary and assisting her in the clerical work were Mrs. R. Hadley, Mrs. J. Adamson, Miss Boyle and Mrs. C. P. Leatherland. Mrs. W. J. Beatty had charge of the committee arranging refreshments and had as assistants Mrs. H. Helwig, Mrs. F. Terry, Miss Frances-Bills, Mrs. J. Inglis, Mrs. C. Heard, Mrs. C. Nellis, Mrs. W. Middleton and Mrs. Harvey Walters. The reception committee were Mr. A. Mason, Mrs. A. B. McLean and Mrs. W. H. Clayton. The Y's Men's Club had, as usual, charge of arranging and receiving the donors.

Sgt. Jim McGeachie, formerly of Acton, is reported wounded in Sicily.

Pte. Frank Jones writes his mother from England: "On our last leave, Frank Barber and I saw peaches for five shillings (\$1.25) apiece. Grapes are worth 30 shillings a pound or \$6.50."

Virtually a prisoner in France for the past three years, Miss Elizabeth Grace Nadine Beardmore of Toronto, finally has found release in death. She was the daughter of Mrs. Beardmore and the late W. W. Beardmore and for many years was a resident of Acton. Efforts through neutral and diplomatic channels for her return had proved fruitless.

Acton is in the battle in the front line. The Acton Mosquito Bomber was the first Canadian built machine of this type to successfully fly the Atlantic and go into operations in England.

Lieut. Nursing Sister Nora Kenney is home on leave from Newfoundland.

50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Sept. 4, 1913.

Slate blackboards will be introduced in the new rooms of the school building, which will be ready soon. The sweet tones of the school bells called teachers and pupils to resume work again on Tuesday morning.

Mr. P. M. Barry is shipping his first car of turnips from Acton this week. The price is 20 cents per bushel.

The new pews will be placed in the Methodist church this week.

The brick for the new school, the post office and Mr. John Cameron's residence on Church St. has been delivered during the week.

A quiet wedding was solemnized in Toronto when Mr. Herbert Roy Burling of the Metropolitan Bank staff, Toronto, formerly of Acton, and Miss Gertrude Ethel Statham, youngest daughter of Thomas Statham Esq. merchant, were joined in holy wedlock. He has a new position in Chicago.

Matters were busy in the lumber business and the scenes on the street and at the G.T.R. yards reminded old residents of the bustling lumber days of 40 years ago.

Mr. F. F. Savers, the Nassaga weva lumberman was shipping his season's cut from the portable mill operated on the farm of Mr. William Frank Esquering. On Monday 13 loads were brought to town, on Tuesday 24 and on Wednesday and Thursday 31 each day. This meant the moving of 120,000 feet of elm and basswood to the Massey Harris Company Toronto. In addition, 30,000 feet were shipped at Montreal on Monday.

At the regular meeting of Acton Lodge I.O.O.F., the following officers were installed: Junior Past Grand James Agnew, Noble Grand Thomas Morris, Vice Grand Charles Moore, Recording Secretary J. Cole, Financial Secretary S. G. Gantner, Treasurer E. M. McDonald, Warden R. McPherson, Conductor T. Sheppard, Chaplain Neil McDonald. Other officers included L. Williams, J. Dubbie, E. J. Hassard, T. McClure, W. Coleman, Neil McNabb, G. Smith and J. McArthur.

Misses Florence and Amy Speight will teach in Toronto.

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL BAILEY

Where in the holy, old, blue-eyed world did that summer get to? It seems like three-quarters of an hour since it was the middle of June and I was building a picnic table.

This was the summer in which I was determined to make something of myself, or bust my posterior in the effort. I planned to fish, golf or swim every day, get myself in perfect trim, write a book, stay ahead of the weeds in the flowerbeds, and prepare all my course outlines for September.

I haven't been fishing since trout season opened, in May. I doubt if I could find my way around the golf course, it's so long since I saw it. I gave up swimming early in July when I nearly drowned while trying to get out to a raft 12 feet away. My stomach has gone from a solid 30 to a pudgy 32. I haven't written anything except my name on those government store slips. The weeds wave like saplings. And I didn't even know what was on the course when school started.

Oh, well, I like September better anyway.

It's easier to go to work every day and tell a lot of kids what to do than it is to be home every day and have your wife telling you what to do. Like mow that lawn, get off your big fat tail, get a loaf of bread, take the kids for a swim, and stop smoking so much.

It's probably a jolly good

thing that kids have to go back to school. Another month of their kids eating purple pop-sicles and green apples, falling off bicycles and in love, and parents would begin screaming and running rapidly in ever-decreasing circles.

Mothers leave a vast, soft sigh of pure joy when they shove the kids out of door on opening day of school, and sit down in that beautiful, quiet kitchen for that first cup of coffee they've had in peace for two months.

Re-opening of school is thrilling for teachers, too. Their egos are badly flattened from being treated just like everybody else. They're weary of giving orders to kids (their own) who ignore them. They're on "stage" once more, with all those eager faces turned toward them. They can't wait to take that first deep breath of school-room air, composed of the beloved odors of chalk dust, floor wax and warm humans.

It's hard to tell what the kids themselves think of going back to school. They profess to be disgusted. But I met one of my students who has gone to work in a bank, asked him how he felt about not going back this fall, and almost wept at the look of unutterable longing that slipped across his face.

I think most youngsters are delighted to return to school. Especially the little girls. After all, it's pretty awkward trying to strike up a romance with a small male type in the sum-

mer, when he's always going places on the dead run, always doing things girls aren't allowed to do, and nearly always dirty and rather smelly.

But it's a different story when she gets him sitting behind, be-front or beside her in the classroom. He's not only stationary, but fairly clean, and she can smile at him, nuzzle him, make him talk when he shouldn't, tell the teacher when he pinches her and generally pursue the arts of

R. Gardhouse Winner Strong Competition In C.N.E. Shorthorns

Strong Shorthorn herds from this area battled it out for top honors at the Canadian National Exhibition. Out of a possible total of 42 points, the herd of Reford Gardhouse, Milton, scored 42 points to win the Premier Breeder award. His herd scored a similar number of points to also win the Premier Exhibitor award. Just a whisker behind with 40 points was the herd of S. G. Bennett, Georgetown, the runner up for both awards. The Championships were evenly divided between these herds. Bennett exhibited the senior and grand champion bull, Scotdale Royalist; the junior champion

courtsip employed by small females.

Is everybody, then, happy about school starting? Not exactly. Check the old man. Come with the summer is that peaceful hour when he could get up in the cool of the morning and enjoy a solitary, leisurely breakfast, paper propped up against the coffee pot, while the old girl and the kids loaf in bed.

During the school term, breakfast hour, if our house is any indication, is like Saturday night at the corner saloon. One kid wanders in in underwear, looking for the pants and shoes he took off last night. Another is getting heck from her mother because she just splashed orange juice all over her only clean blouse. Dad is trying to feed the dog, find lunch money, eat his burned toast and make those blasted kids get a move on!

bull, Scotdale Titan, the reserve senior and reserve grand champion female, Scotdale Naomi Rosebud and the junior champion female, Scotdale Tullip Queen.

Gardhouse showed the senior and grand champion female, Aberfeldy Clipper Alike 2nd, the reserve junior champion female, Aberfeldy Golden Shred 1st, the reserve senior and reserve grand champion bull, Aberfeldy Deacon (last year's grand at this show) and the reserve junior champion bull, Aberfeldy Excelsior.

Henderson, Milton, had two second place animals, a third and a fifth. Mrs. J. C. Binnie, Puslinch, a new exhibitor, showing one animal only, placed fourth in a strong class.

In a special class open to boys and girls under 21, Douglas Gardhouse, Milton, was the winner

Away and Beyond...

Having been absent from the local scene for the past week to attend the annual meeting of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, perhaps we'll be excused if our thoughts turn on a personal note and to another province.

Quebec was the convention province this year and the old-world charm for which the province is famous was exceeded only by the beauty of its scenic St. Lawrence.

From Montreal we sailed the St. Lawrence to Murray Bay where the Manoir Richelieu was the convention site. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that its beauty defies photographic exaggeration.

The observations that crowd upon us for mention are many, after such a meeting in such a setting. Vying for space are such things as the difference between the bustling newness of Montreal as compared with the old-world atmosphere of Quebec; the similarity in the problems of weekly publishers in British Columbia and Nova Scotia; the fellowship and free exchange of opinions unlimited by any sectional differences; the impressions of travelling companions from Oklahoma, Boston and Connecticut and their thoughts on Canada; the beauty of the round-topped rolling Laurentians set in a purplish haze and accented with the patchwork fields of varying greens; the growing evidence of a Quebec emerging and seeking status in this Canadian confederacy.

The thoughts are many. Travel and association with such a cross section of Canadians has a way of lifting one's thinking to

a broader and more national plane. Indeed one American speaker, prominent in the field of journalism, charged weekly newspapers to lift their thinking from the local level to the national and international sphere. But always the cry was, where to find the time for the necessary research.

As the days roll by the events of the past week will undoubtedly be recurring and contributing to the weekly budget of editorials. Perhaps uppermost in our thinking is the role Quebec is insisting on playing and the general Canadian apathy to a situation that may well prove one of the most dramatic in this, our first century as a nation. One member of the provincial cabinet set out to give us the answer to the problem but after 45 minutes we felt only more aware of the problem and less of the solution.

One other thought, of a more practical nature, that developed from our meetings and talks with fellow publishers, is the tremendous technological changes which are affecting weekly as well as daily newspapers across the country. Changes are sweeping through the industry at a tremendous rate, in fact, at a frightening rate, when one considers the tremendous investments in equipment that are necessary to keep pace.

It was a rewarding week. It was a refreshing week away from the press of routine and deadlines. But now it's back to the routine for another 52 weeks and we look forward to it.

The Winner's Circle...

The staff at the Free Press would be less than human this week if they didn't feel a sense of pride after this newspaper placed in the winning circle of Canada's weekly newspapers.

It is not a new experience for The Free Press but it is an experience that never seems to lack in lustre from the frequency of repetition. Judged the "best all-round weekly" in its circulation class and claiming further honors in the best front page competition adds immeasurably to the satisfaction the editors and staff get from the weekly publication.

The Free Press has been winning awards in the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Competitions for more than 25 years. They have provided an incentive and challenge. This, of course, is the true purpose of the contest.

We're not looking forward to a life of leisure now. That isn't the object in striving for prizes. Indeed the winning of awards often increases the load as the striving continues. Every week is a new one. Every

Thursday we begin a completely new news package and the deadlines and pursuit of news and advertising material for that new package are never ending.

Of course no one person is ever responsible for a newspaper winning awards. Everyone in Acton and district has directly or indirectly assisted the Free Press staff in producing a newspaper worthy of the community it represents. Those who read the paper, those who advertise in it, those who serve as district correspondents, those who supply news leads, and those who boost the paper join the editorial and production staff in producing every issue.

There is no magic formula for producing weekly newspapers. It takes hard work and long hours but more than anything else it takes the kind of co-operation that the people of this town and district give their home town paper.

The publisher and staff are proud to share the Free Press honor with the town and district that makes it possible.

The Acton Free Press

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The only paper ever published in Acton
G. A. Dills, Editor-in-Chief
David R. Dills, Managing Editor

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A special message to all parents of boys and girls now in high school

You can guarantee your youngster's College Education in partnership with MY BANK



BANK OF MONTREAL UNIVERSITY EDUCATION PROGRAMME

A comprehensive, life-insured plan for financing a college education for boys and girls now in high school

If you are like most parents with children in high school, you are probably wondering how you are going to meet the costs of financing your youngster's college education. To help parents solve this problem, the Bank of Montreal has introduced its University Education Programme—the first life-insured plan of its kind in Canada.

Under this comprehensive programme, parents, guardians and sponsors of high-school students can spread the cost of a university education over periods of up to nine years, thus keeping monthly payments to amounts they can afford without hardship. And the cost to the parent is only a fraction of the interest paid on a straight loan programme.

HOW THE PROGRAMME WORKS Under the basic plan, the parent agrees to make monthly payments to the Bank starting, say, two years before the student enters university, and terminating one year after graduation. In return, the parent receives an annual sum from the Bank at the start of each of the four university years.

VARIANTS OF THE PLAN Several optional plans are available under the programme, and these vary as to the number of years in which the parent wishes to make monthly payments, as well as to the amount required annually for university expenses. Plans are based on objectives ranging from \$1,000 to \$8,000 payable to the parent in four annual instalments.

Here is an example of how one of the basic plans can be varied to suit your needs:

| PLAN | THE PAY MONTHLY | NUMBER OF YEARS | YOUR PAYMENTS BEGIN |
|--------|-----------------|-----------------|---------------------|
| Plan A | \$49.55 | 7 years | 2 years |
| Plan B | 42.78 | 8 years | 3 years |
| Plan C | 37.54 | 9 years | 4 years |

LIFE-INSURANCE FEATURE If the parent concerned should die after the start of the programme, the funds for education specified in the agreement will be advanced by the Bank each year without any further payments being made by the family or the estate.

HOW TO JOIN THE PROGRAMME See the people at your neighbourhood B of M branch. You will receive a warm welcome from a staff who will be pleased to give you further details and to help you select a plan suited to your needs. Ask for your copy of the Bank of Montreal University Education Programme folder.

P.S. If you need help in financing a student already in University—or planning to register this year—talk to your B of M Manager. Chances are he can arrange a tuition loan with extended payments adapted to your circumstances.



BANK OF MONTREAL

Canada's First Bank

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1858