

Dear Mrs Moore, -

Just for your records, I will fill in a few facts about myself, as a sort of a continuation of the Hambley record that I have outlined for you. I, George Henry Hambley was born in that old red brick house, which was known as being "up on the hill" in the town of Port Perry on Nov, 13, 1896, the second youngest of a family of twelve. When I was five years of age my mother, Jane (Jennie) (McLaughlin) Hambley died in the winter of 1902 and that spring my Father, John Hambley took his family to Manitoba. I got my schooling at Swan Lake, Manitoba, and in the Regina Collegiate where my sister Eva McAvoy was living. I taught two different schools in Saskatchewan in 1914 and 1915.

When the war broke out on Aug 4th 1914, I enlisted in the 10th Canadian Mounted Rifles, and after six months of training I went to France in 1916, and I worked a machine gun in the Battle of Vimy Ridge. As a cavalry man of the Canadian Light Horse Regiment, I took part in many battles, and I was with the "A" Squadron of that Regiment when our Cavalry Unit was the first to enter the city of Mons as the Germans were driven out the day before the Armistice of Nov. 11 1918. Following the Armistice, our Cavalry Regiment was one to lead the Canadian Army that marched across the old Roman Roads of Belgium, to become the Army of Occupation of the Rhine Valley of Germany. (I remember reading the life of Martin Luther, as we rode through the famous Black Forest).

On returning from the war I had a brief and memorable visit to Port Perry and visited many relatives in Toronto, in Blackstock, and Oshawa, Without any notice of it, or letter about it, I just chanced to call in at the harness shop of an old man, Mr Rolph, of whom my father had often spoken, (Father said he was the most honest man in Canada), Sure enough the old man gave me the sum of \$200.00 which, he said, my mother had willed to me twenty years before. That was enough to buy my clothes when I was discharged from the army. (I can't remember that my Father ever told me about that money), but there it was. And I thanked Mr Rolph, and my mother.

When I was discharged in Toronto, in 1919, it was my mother's first cousin, Prof. Fletcher McLaughlin, Dean of Theology in Victoria College, who persuaded me to return from Swan Lake, Manitoba, (I learned long afterward that this saintly, teacher and Professor had baptized me) He said, "George, I think you'll get the best education if you come to Victoria College for your arts". And that is what I did, and Prof. McLaughlin helped me a great deal. (I was living on the third floor in a house of Charles st. in Toronto, as we couldn't afford to live in Burwash Hall, when I took sick with Quinsy. Gosh, I was sick. But somehow I got my cousin the younger Dr. Marlow to come and he ~~lanced~~ lanced my throat, and saved my life. The as I was all alone, and so sick, who should come up to visit me but that fine old saint, Prof. Fletcher McLaughlin, climbing those three flights of stairs to call on one lonely student, myself..

Indeed it was Prof. Fletcher McLaughlin, more than anyone else who got me started on the way to the Ministry. I was 15 months as Student Minister at Sault Ste Marie, and then came to Winnipeg to enter theology in old Wesley College, and I was ordained as one of the laity of the Methodists in old Grave Church in Winnipeg on May 31st 1925.

From July 1st 1925, up to July 1st 1971, My ministry has followed the Methodist system in the United Church, for forty-six years, at various places in Manitoba, ending up for six years at Fort Frances, Ontario

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