The Flesherton Advance.

VOL. 61; NO. 52 | FLESHERTON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1942 | W. H. Thurston & Son, Props.

BIG DANCE AT MAXWELL

(By Portlaw Reporter)

A well attended dance was held at Maxwell hall on Friday evening. Mr. Thos. Phillips rented the hall for the occasion and the proceeds of $39.20 went to the Fourth Line unit of the Flesherton and Artemesia Red Cross Branch. Little Marie Jamieson of Toronto drew the ticket on a quilt which the ladies had made, Mr. J. W. Chard being the lucky winner. The proceeds of the quilt amounted to $18.45. The next Red Cross meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. H. Patton, Thurs., May 28th.

Future Events

MT. ZION SOCIAL

Come and see "Don't Darken My Door," Markdale's new comedy drama at Mt. Zion ice cream social on Thurs., June 18th, 1942.

WILLIS TIPPING

And his famous 11-piece Cascade Rythm Band will play at the Crystal Gardens, Dundalk, Monday, June 1st. Admission: 50c.

Flesherton United Church

Rev. G. K. McMillan, Pastor

Services during the summer will be held as follows:
10.00 a.m. — Worship at Ceylon.
11.00 a.m.—Worship and Sunday School at Flesherton.
7.30 p.m. — Vesper service at Flesherton.

Maxwell United Church

REV. GEO. L. MERCER, B.D., D.D.
Minister

SERVICES OF WORSHIP
(SUNDAY, MAY 31)
11 a.m. — Eugenia.
2 p.m. — Mt. Zion.
3.30 p.m. — Wareham.
8.30 pm. — Maxwell.

FLESHERTON AND ROCK MILLS BAPTIST CHURCHES
Frank B. Keys, Pastor

ROCK MILLS SERVICES
Sunday School — 2.30 p.m.
Church Service — 3.30 p.m.
FLESHERTON SERVICES
Church Service — 11 a.m.
Sunday School — 12 o'clock

SOLDIERS HONORED

(By Portlaw Reporter)

In spite of rain on Saturday evening, the Orange Hall at Proton Station was filled to capacity when friends and neighbors gathered to present Pte. Robt. Sheardown and Seaman Lloyd Little with gifts of remembrance. The crowd was called to order, and Clifford Allen read an address signed by Fred Linton, Clifford Taylor, Arnott Menzies and Bruce McCutcheon. Bob was presented with a wrist watch and sum of money, while Lloyd was presented with a pen and pencil set and sum of money. The boys thanked thei friends for the gifts in a few words.

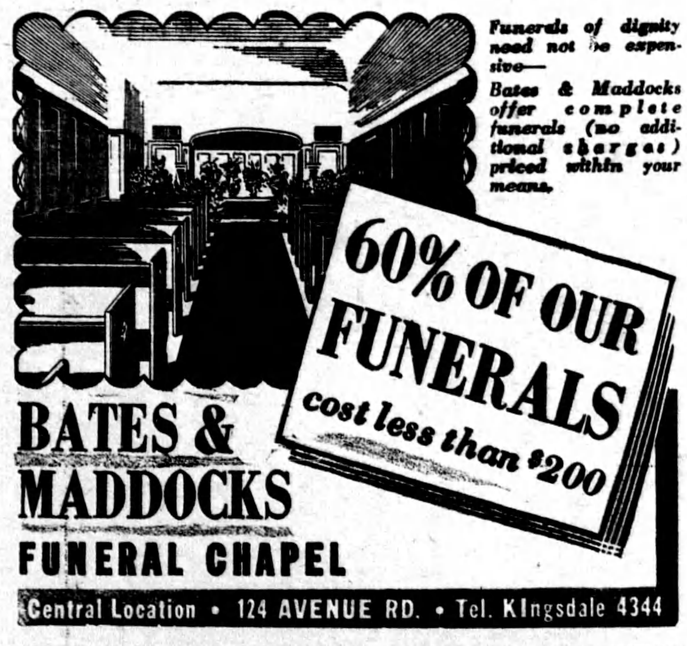
Mesz—Wyatt

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at the Baptist parsonage at twelve o'clock noon, on Saturday May 9th, when Rev. H. E. Secord united in marriage Marjorie Blanche Wyatt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs Bert Wyatt, and William Mesz youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mesz, both of Walkerton. The bride wore a beige street-length dress with brown accessories and carried red roses. Miss Shirley Ball, of Hanover, the bridesmaid, wore pale blue and brown accessories and carried pink roses. Mr. William Wyatt, brother of the bride, acted as best man. A reception was held at t' home of the bride's parents, where the bride and groom received thirty-nine guests at the door. The house was decorated with pink and white streamers and white bells, with the tables adorned with tulips. A delicious wedding luncheon was served, following which the happy couple embarked on a short honeymoon. — Walkerton Herald-Tifes.

ENGAGEMENT

The engagement is announced of Helen Elizabeth (Betty), daughter of Mrs. Ernest C. Murray of Toronto and the late Dr. Murray of Flesherton, to Flight Sergeant Thomas Wm. Hunter, son of Mr. Henry L. Hunter and the late Mrs. Hunter of Bruce Lake, Sask. The marriage will take place in Glebe Road United Church, Toronto, June 15th.

Mr. Lloyd Allen spent a week at his home before enlisting in the Ordnance Corps in Toronto.



FLESHERTON PUBLIC SCHOOL
under the direction of Mr. V. Perry, music supervisor
presents a

PATRIOTIC CONCERT

Town Hall, Flesherton

Thursday, May 28, 1942

at 8.30 o'clock p.m.
A PLAY
"Builders of Canada"
Patriotic Drill by Kimberley School
SONGS DOUBLE TRIO CHORUSES
Billie Kernahan, boy violinist, of Meaford
Admission: Adults 25c., Children 15c.

All On Rescue Ship Had Thrilling History

By HUGH TEMPLIN

Before the United States entered the war, two of the most popular places in the City of Lisbon, capital of Portugal, were rather dingy shipping offices. One of them had a certain air of romance about it, for it belonged to Pan American Airways, whose big Clipper planes were supposed to fly from Lisbon to New York three times a week. It was on one of the main streets in downtown Lisbon, in the district occupied by the banks, the money changers and the pawn shops. All of these places were well known to thousands of refugees from Nazi-controlled Europe, who escaped to the freedom of Lisbon and who hoped to go on to the United States or somewhere else in the New World, out of Hitler's reach. It was easy to imagine these refugees making their hopeless rounds. And no place would be more hopeless than the ticket offices of Pan American Airways, for only the greatly privileged, with "pull" at Washington or London, or Ottawa, ever set foot in these ships with wings.

In October, 1941, there was another place visited by thousands of these persons who still hoped to escape. That was the office of American Export Lines. This was a steamship company, with ambitions to take to the air as well and break the monopoly enjoyed by Pan American. But the war with Japan intervened before the first Export Lines plane took to the air. The company was sending three ships a month to Lisbon. And the most famous of them all was the S. S. Excambion.

Out of Europe by Refugee Ship

The eight Canadian editors, temporarily stranded in Lisbon, had return tickets for the Clipper, but the weather was interfering with plane schedules and danger was drawing closer all the time. There would not even be a boat out for two weeks if we did not go by the Excambion, so, one or two at a time, we gave in to the inevitable, turned our Clipper tickets over to the British Embassy and received boat tickets in exchange.

The Atlantic is wide between Lisbon and New York, about twice as wide as from Newfoundland to Ireland. The water is blue and warm, with occasional dolphins jumping out of the waves and playing around the ship.

There was some delay in leaving Lisbon. I had come on board early, after paying out my last few escudos to the Portugese police guard at the wharf entrance—their last chance to get graft out of the departing travellers. I had intended to keep that money for souvenirs and was a bit sore about it.

The harbor was interesting, as all harbors are. From the land side, big cranes were lifting casks of wine, crates of raisins and figs, and boxes of unmarked goods. On the river side, odd little sailing vessels, unchanged from Phoenician days, had cargoes of cork brought from the interior. They were family affairs, evidently, and inhabited not only by people but by dogs, hens and fighting cocks.

It was dark when the Excambion pulled out and sailed down he broad Tagus river. Now that I was leaving it, Lisbon looked lovely, set on its seen hills, one of the few brilliantly lighted cities left in Europe. The last bit of Europe I could see was the red neon sign over the gambling casino at Estoril.

There was a feeling tension on board that decreased gradually as the days passed, but flared up again as fresh news came in. Just before the Excambion left Lisbon, there came word that an American destroyer had been torpedoed by the Germans. It seemed that the United States might be in the war at any moment. Two days out, we heard that an American passenger ship had been sunk just south of us. Boat drill took on a new earnestness.

About half way across the Atlantic there was fresh anxiety. A grey ship was approaching from the north, giving no signal. It looked like a merchantman, but as it came closer, the passengers with glasses could see its guns. The Canadians took it for granted that it was a ship of the British Navy, and it seemed that some of the enemy aliens on board feared the same thing. If it came alongside, somebody seemed likely to be taken off, whether British or German. The grey ship crossed our bows several miles ahead and then put on speed and was quickly out of sight. None of us ever knew what ship it was, but the Captain shared our view that it was British. From that time on, we felt safer.

The Excambion travelled alone, not in convoy. It was lighted at night, and had an American flag painted on the side. It made just two more trips after that, before being taken over by the American Navy. There must have been thousands of sad hearts in Lisbon as it sailed away for the last time.

Living With Adventure

The stories of the people on that ship would have filled a library, and many of them were horror stories. I mentioned a few of them in the first story of this series, written while on the Atlantic. But I omitted the most exciting of them all.

There was one passenger we did not notice until the ship was a day out of Lisbon. His real name never appeared on the passenger list. He had been private secretary to a ruler of an European country, a man who just disappeared when Hitler took over the country by force and treachery. This man had been active in his opposition to Germany and he had kept one step ahead of the Gestapo, getting to Lisbon at last, though it took him two years to reach it.

Perhaps he grew careless, or his luck deserted him there. The German crowd in Portugal found him and had him arrested on some charge. But the British were alert. The day the Excambion sailed, he got out of jail somehow and was nailed up in a packing box. It came aboard with a shipment of goods, under the eyes of the Portugese police. For a day, he stayed down in the hold, then came on deck, a free man again. At Bermuda, he left th ship, to land on British soil at last.

By comparison with this man, our real live Prince of the House of Bourbon pretender to the throne of France, and a French Admiral going to join the Free French, seemed ordinary, indeed.

High Regard for Secret Service

It was at Bermuda that the British Secret Service took a big jump in our estimation and the Canadians had a chance to stick their chests out a little further.

The arrival of the Excambion at Bermuda was exciting enough. The negro pilot came out in his little launch and boarded the ship just before dark. Bermuda consists of a small group of islands, strategically situated in mid-Atlantic, with Hamilton the chief city. To get to Hamilton harbor, the ship had to pass through a long bay strewn with mines. The open path was a zig-zag

ALL ON RESCUE SHIP
(continued on page 4)

GASOLINE STATIONS OPEN ON SATURDAY NIGHTS

Gasoline stations in rural areas more than five miles from a city are now allowed to remain open one evening a week until 9 o'clock. This ruling was made by Munitions Minster Howe last week. Flesherton gasoline stations are remaining open on Saturday nights.

Relaxation of the 7 o'clock closing order was being made for the convenience of farmers who found it difficult to make gasoline purchases during the day.

Young Woman Dies

Death came suddenly on Tuesday to Mrs. Byron Hill of Artemesia in the Markdale hospital, following the birth of twin girls on Friday last. Her passing has brought a gloom over her native district. She was formerly Margaret Davidson of the west backline, near Markdale, and a sister of Mrs. Bert Porteous of Maxwell and Mrs. Clarence Alcox of Toronto Line North. The young woman, who was 23 years of age, was highly regarded by a large circle of friends who sympathize with the young husband in his great loss.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Hill will be held from the home of her father-in-law, Mr. Silas Hill, Markdale, on Friday, May 29th, at 2.30 p.m. Interment will be made in Markdale cemetery.

Mrs. H. Down Passes

Mrs. Henry Down, well known resident of Flesherton, passed away at the Collingwood hospital on Friday morning of last week, following an illness of only a week. She entered the hospital the previous Monday.

The late Mrs. Down was born in February, 1866, and was formerly Elizabeth Fawcett, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fawcett of Heathcote. She was the last surviving member of the family. She was united in marriage to Mr. Henry Down in 1887 and for a time resided in the United States, later farming at Hatherton, Osprey Township. She and her husband moved to Flesherton 23 years ago and conducted a grocery store. Later Mr. Down and sons erected the garage on the main corner, now operated by his son, Alfred. Her husband predeceased her by several years. Surviving to mourn their loss are two sons, Robert, of Markdale, and Alfred, reeve of Flesherton, and one daughter, Wilma (Mrs. Wilbert Poole) of Collingwood.

Deceased was a charter member of Carnation Lodge, L.O.B.A., Flesherton, and was the first Worthy Matron, a faithful member of St. John's United Church, particularly active in the Woman's Missionary Society, the Woman's Association and the W. C. T.U. She had the moral welfare of young people very much at heart and they were always welcome in her home. Her cheery disposition and pleasant smile was always an inspiration to all with whom she came in contact. She will be greatly missed in the village.

The funeral was held on Monday afternoon, with service in St. John's United Church at 2.30 p.m. Rev. G. K. McMillan conducted the service and preached an inspiring sermon, briefly touching on her life in the community and influence of her Christian character which surmounted her life. Capt. J. Dougal of Collingwood Salvation Army Corps led in prayer. The hymns sung were old favorites "Unto The Hills" and "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." By special request of Mrs. Down the hymn "My Saviour First of All" was beautifully rendered by Mrs. Blackburn and Mr. Geo. Cairns. Interment was made in the Flesherton Cemetery.

The pallbearers were: Robert and Alfred Down, Wilbert Poole, Jim Poole, Jack Down and Clarence Fawcett.

Among the large number of floral offerings were tributes of sympathy from Flesherton neighbors, business men, Slaters of Owen Sound, LO.B.A. of Flesherton, Old Boys and Girls, Salvation Army Corps of Collingwood, Alliston friends and Markdale H.E.P.C. staff.

Among those from a distance who attended the funeral were: Mr. and Mrs. Percy Foster and Miss Gertie Fawcett of Alliston; Mrs. Will Hutchinson, Mrs. Herb Fawcett, Mrs. Steve Lewen, Hazel, Kathleen and Clarence Fawcett, Capt. and Mrs. J. Dougal, Mr. and Mrs. Will Hindle, all of Collingwood; Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Hall and Rev. A. E. Armstrong, Meaford; Mr. and Mrs. W. Hall, Coldwater; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hall, Thornbury; Mrs. J. B. O'Brien, Oakville; Mrs. Jas. Sergant and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McKee, Shelburne; Mr. C. McKee, Toronto; Mrs. Chas. Hodgson, Bert and Marion, Grand Valley; Mr. and Mrs. R. Smith and Ina, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Corbett, Dundalk; Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, Ruby and Lucretia Rowe and Mrs. Noehn and two children of Barrie.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our sincere appreciation of the many expressions of sympathy and acts of kindness during the illness of our mother, and in our bereavement, also for the beautiful floral offerings.

—The Down Family.

In Memoriam

BINNINGTON — In loving memory of my dear father, Edmund Binnington, who passed away May 31st, 1940.

We watched you suffer day by day,
And could not help in any way,
But just stood by and saw you pass
Into the Saviour's arms at last.

—Ever remembered by daughter, May, and family.

AIRCRAFTMAN W. J. MEADS

Aircrafman William J. Meads, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Meads of Artemesia, who is now stationed at Brantford with the R.C.A.F. He attended the Galt Aircraft School, then trained at St. Thomas and lately has been stationed at Dunnville as a mechanic. His brother, Don, is in England with the signal corps of the Fifth Armored Brigade.

Petition Presented Sunday Train Service

Last week a petition was circulated around the village in regard to the commencement of a Sunday train service between Owen Sound and Toronto during the summer. With the curtailment of travelling through the gasoline rationing system and tire problems, the inauguration of a train service on the local branch of the Canadian Pacific will be needed in the near future and the Canadian Pacific Railway is urged to commence the Sunday train service. They will have the support of everybody in the crusade as it will be possible for people to journey on Saturday and return in time for work on Monday. Travel by rail is becoming greater all the time and the feature of a Sunday train service will be a great boon to the city people.

HOLDFAST U. F. W. O.

The Holdfast Club met at the home of Mrs. Nichol for their May meeting and 14 members and four visitors were present. The meeting opened by singing "Men of the Soil" and repeating of the Creed in unison. The roll call was answered by helpful garden hints. Several quilts were displayed and will be forwarded to the Salvation Army by Mrs. Hogarth. A well-prepared paper on the life of Winston Churchill was given by Nellie McLean, while Mrs. Hogarth gave a reading. Mrs. Sinclair conducted a quizz on Canada and Mrs. Nichol presented a jar of maple syrup on which tickets were sold. A game of bingo decided the winner to be Mrs. Bradey Irwin. The meeting was closed by singing the National Anthem, following which a social half hour was spent. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. John Stewart.

NEW FOREMAN AT ROCK MILLS

Mr. Mannie Dobson of Feversham has received the appointment of superintendent of the saw mill at Rock Mills, owned by the Durham Furniture Company, succeeding Mr. John A. Foster, who has held the position for the past twelve years. Mr. Dobson takes over his new duties on Monday, June 1st.

BORN

HANLEY— At Mrs. Nuhn's Nursing Home, Flesherton, on Monday, May 25th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Hanley (nee Eleanor Helmkay) the gift of a son.

In Memoriam

POOLE — In loving memory of my mother, Mrs. John Poole, who passed away May 30th, 1937.

Until the shadows of the earth are cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom is over-passed,
Good night!

—Daughter, Margaret