THE Flesherton Advance

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F. J. THURSTON, Editor

MRS. ALEX. SMITH

Mrs. Alex. Smith, a well known and life-long resident of Osprey Township, passed away at her home on Lot 29, Con. 7, Osprey, on Wednesday, March 8th, in her 79th year.

The late Mrs. Smith, whose maiden name was Sarah McFadyen, was born at McIntyre September 19th, 1865, a daughter of the late Alexander and Effie McFadyen. She was united in marriage to Alexander Smith on February 22nd, 1888, who predeceased her in January, 1928. To them were born four children, John, in Feversham; Neil, who made the supreme sacrifice in France in 1918; Christina (Mrs. Thos. Trimblé) who passed away in May, 1937, and Leslie at home. Surviving also are two sisters, Katie (Mrs. Sandy Morrison), Annie (Mrs. Thos. Bennett) of Commanda. There are nine grandchildren and one great grandchild. Mrs. Smith lived a very beautfui Christian life and will long be remembered by a host of friends.

The funeral was held from her late residence on Saturday, March 11th, with service at the house conducted by Rev. A. D. Lehman, a former pastor of Mt. Pleasant M.B.C. church, which the deceased had attended regularly when health permitted. Rev. and Mrs. Sargeant rendered a duet "The Land Where We'll Never Grow Old." Interment was made at McIntyre Cemetery.

The pallbearers were: Messrs. Wm. Kendall, Chris. Thomson, Fred Monaghan, Dan McIntyre, Albert Wilton and Ernest Morrison.

THIS CHANGING WORLD

Canada's young men are becoming accustomed to a broader scene of life than is to be found in a narrow nationalism. The story is told in The Printed Word of two flying boys in Montreal who were completing recent Valentine shopping. "One more item and I'm through," one told the other. "I crave nuts. Saw some beauties in a store window. Let's go."

They did go, up and down St. Catherine street and side streets, ogling every display. No nuts.

"I know I saw them," the senior flier persisted. "They were in a carton beside a box of dried apricots."

Further search brought no better luck. They were at dinner some hours later when it came to him.

"I know where I saw those nuts," he suddenly recalled. "It was in Reykjavik, Iceland."

Letlers From Overseas

The following is a letter received by Miss Nellie Alllison of Maxwell from Sergt. Bill Kerton, who is at present with the fighting troops in Italy:

Just a line to let you know that I received the three hundred cigs mailed Sept. 29th. I received them Jan. 20th, so you can see how long it takes for mail to catch up with us here. We are still waiting for some of our Christmas parcels. We have received letters telling of parcels mailed such and such a 'ate, but so far they have not arrivel, but we are still hoping. I cannot tell you in so many words just how much mail means to us over here, and a parcel from Canada is like manna from heaven. There is a general stampede when mail comes up the line, a disappointed look on the faces of those who don't score.

I was lucky enough to receive five copies of the Flesherton Advance last night and burned out two precious candles reading them in my slit trench. I had a piece of tarpaulin stretched over top, plus my waterproof to keep the light from shining out. They were September and first week i October issues.

We have sort of an al fiesco setting here on the side of a valley. My slit trench is dug in a road bank and is fairly safe from Jerrie's hells, which go whizzing over on the farther side. We dread the rain worse than his shells. We have frosty sunny days and frosty nights and have a field of cauliflower next us, so are having some nice fresh vegetables for dinner. Oranges are plentiful but meat is not to be had. Ours comes in tins from Argentina. After the war I think I will go down there and make those Spaniards eat as much of it as I have had to over here. They put some nice pictures on the cans, but it is still bully beef to us.

Well, I must sign off now, but I would like to thank you and all members of the Stephens' Corners Red Cross for their kindness and efforts to convey some comfort to the boys away from home. Here's wishing every success in the new year to everyone around there.

Yours sincerely,
—Bill Kerton.

26 F b. 1944

Dear Mrs. Nuhn,- This is to acknowledge receipt of two parcels of cigarettes sent in December and January, which arrived yesterday. They are the first parcels I have received since last October, when I received 300 cigarettes sent in September. I thought you had forgotten all about me, but it is quite evident now that there has been a serious hold-up in the mail. That can partly be accounted for due to the fact that I have changed my unit and address.

I can assure you that I am indeed grateful for your very kind remembrance of me. Please convey to all the ladies of the League my very warm thanks and appreciation of your efforts on our behalf.

—John W. Cook.

Mrs. John Nuhn:- Thanks once again, I really do appreciate these a lot. I have een receiving The Advance quite frequently, usually six or seven in a bunch. It's surprising how many fellows read it. They don't know the place but—it is Canadian, which explains a lot. Met a fellow from Hepworth recently, the first one yet whom I knew.

—Jim McFadden.

Mrs. Alf. Down:- I suppose the weather will be cold, the snow blowing and the roads in bad shape, as like other winters. I only wish I was there, but here's hoping it won't be long until I am back in Flesherton again.

You say in your letter that what you and the others in the Welfare League are doing is only small in **sending the parcels** every month, but I sure don't agree, as it is a big job packing the parcels for everyone. The things you send are fine and everything is so useful to us, as over here you couldn't buy a bar of soap or anything unless you had a coupon. I was talking to a young lady in town the other day and her little girl wanted some sweets, or candy. Her mother didn't have any coupons, so she couldn't have any. I looked through my pockets and found a stick of gum which pleased her. A person often feels sorry for the little kiddies.

I must close now a it is getting late. In this man's army you have **to arise in the morning or else your** name goes in the little black book and from there you have to be lucky. I must thank you all once more for what you are doing for us boys here.

—Edgar Doupe.

Other letters received on the usual form were from Ray Richards, Don McMillan, Bill Welton, Earl Ottewell and Geo. McFadden, all expressing thanks for "smokes" received and also for The Advance which is sent to each of the boys overseas by the Welfare League.

Sees Flesherton From Air First Time

It was my good fortune to have my first flip in an airplane from Camp Borden and to fly over territory around Flesherton and surrounding country, which I knew exceptionally well, having resided in Flesherton nearly all my life.

It was also a very astonishing fact that the pilot of my plane was a local boyhood friend of mine, with whom I had played a great deal of hockey a few years ago, but at that time, little did we realize that a few years hence we would be flying over the little ponds which we had cleared of snow, to have those Rock Mills practice games, before our finals in the Semi-Pro. League. But that is exactly what we did on a lovely spring-like afternoon last week.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we were given an Anson plane to take for a test flip. After putting on my parachute harness, and settling in the seat beside the pilot, I enquired about the full directions of affixing the parachute to my harness in case we had to bail out, because as yet I hadn't too much confidence in the machine under me, and wondered why the parachute should be kept fastened to the roof of the plane, as is the custom, and not on my knee ready to be hooked to the harness at a moment's notice.

With a roar of the propellors we taxied down the field and my thoughts turned to other matters. The pilot made a beautiful take-off and the earth began slipping away. As we gained altitude the country took on a different look altogether from what I had imagined. It looked like a big white blanket with small sections here and there blacked out, which represented the bush land. In comparison to the cleared land, the bush of our surrounding country represents a very small per cent, which brings home the thought that something should be done in the near future with regard to reforestation of the hills and valleys not suitable for anything but the growing of those good old maple trees which have always been so prominent in the district.

We had been flying for about 15 minutes and I was becoming accustomed to the air "pockets" into which we went and caused the plane to drop or raise suddenly five or ten feet, when all of a sudden we took a nose-dive and lost about 500 feet of altitude all at once. Well, when I got my breath back and had pried my fingers loose from the iron seat on which I was sitting, I glanced over to see how the pilot was making out, but he seemed to be unconcerned by the drop, only that he was doubled up over the controls in a great burst of laughter and only then did I realize that I must have been the goat, but resolved that it would be the last, as I was becoming used to the "feel" of the plane and was losing all my previous fear of the air.

We flew over the pilot's home and along the Collingwood gravel, and as we neared Flesherton the first outstanding landmark to meet my eye was Jim Dargavel's fox pens, and on close scrutiny there was Jim standing with his red coat on (his curling jacket). Then my eye caught a movement on the main street of Flesherton and I could see many people craning their necks almost to the breaking point, as is the usual custom when a plane flies over the metropoltain area. At the back of McTavish's garage was "Shire" with a wrench in one hand and holding a big police dog in the other, while across the street the staff of McDonald's bakery was all out gazing at the "Stars" above.

But the pilot shouted above the roar of the plane "What's that, a runaway?" No, it was only Bob Phillips doing his usual running around in circles in the middle of the road between The Advance office and the harness shop. And it was really a sight, viewed from above. There he was, 6 feet and a half of husky manhood, with a cobbler's apron on, a boot in each hand and running around two other men, Capt. F. J. Thurston, and son Bud, waving frantically at us as though he wanted us to make a landing on their upturned faces. We passed on through town, but it was difficult to distinguish faces, especially in the group assembled in front of the B-A service station. As we returned and again passed over, a flash of light suddenly appeared on the ground and we decided that the bright sun was being reflected from the bald heads of Alex. Henderson and Howard Milligan as they raced out to see the plane go by.

The pilot enquired how I was feeling and being assured that I was o.k. and was ready for anything, we put on a small "show" for the fans below, and then streaked down the highway and then across toward Borden.

There was a stiff wind blowing when we arrived at Borden and we seemed to coast in very slowly for a perfect landing, and one of the most exciting and "never-to-be-forgotten" trips of my life.

Signed,
—"GUESS WHO"

Chatham, Ont., has a woman shoeblack. But after all Chatham girls have been known to take a shine to a man before now.

Most folk have what the professors call a pleasing personality so long as they are getting their own way.

They talk about women being fond of talking, but after all who is it that fills our pulpits, courts, lecture halls, political platforms and the House of Commons—well, mostly men.

More and More Cream Wanted

There is a great demand for butter now. The price being paid to the producer, plus the 10 cent subsidy, makes the returns to you worth while. You wll benefit by feeding your milch cows extra grain or concentrate.

Bring you cream to the Flesherton Creamery for best results and quick service.

A WORD TO THE WISE

Our meat lockers are fast being rented.

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Phone 66 **Angus Avis, Manager**

By the free use of the Mediterranean route, Great Britain will probably be able to save shipping space to the extent of 2 million tons per year.

Uncle Sam is considering a $2,400 a year ceiling on farm wages. The old-fashioned hired man wouldn't have considered that a ceiling, but a dream.

Members of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Wiarton, went to the bush Wednesday, February 23rd, and cut down trees that will make at least 30 cords of two-foot wood for their church.

NATIONAL SELECTIVE SERVICE

If You Employ Male Persons

Have they all complied with the Military Call-Up?

Under an Order signed under authority of the National Selective Service Mobilization Regulations:

1. **Every employer of male employees must make an examination of the documents of these employees, and forward advice on those who fail to produce documents showing good standing under Mobilization Regulations.**
2. **This examination must be completed by May 1st, 1944.**
3. **"EMPLOYER" includes industrial and commercial employers, and also farm operators.**
4. **"MALE EMPLOYEE" includes all male persons working for you, including relatives.**
5. **A booklet "EMPLOYERS' GUIDE," has been sent to industrial and commercial employers. A return post card has gone to farm operators.**
6. **If you employ any male person, and have not been notified of the survey by booklet or post card, contact the nearest Employment and Selective Service Office and ask for the booklet.**
7. **Obligation to make the examination rests on each and every employer of male persons, and employers must act.**
8. **Penalties are provided for failure to carry out this examination, and for male employees failing to assist by refusal to produce documents.**

DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR

HUMPHREY MITCHELL, *Minister of Labour.* A. MacNAMARA, *Director, National Selective Service.*

B-6-44-W

For The Coming Spring

NEW "SUNWORTHY" WALL PAPERS

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DRAPERIES

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