

## Personal

Miss Edna Mills visited in Toronto over the week-end.

Mrs. Allan Smith is visiting with friends in Toronto this week.

Mr. Howard Allison spent the week-end with relatives at Goderich.

Mr. George King of Mississauga, visited this week with Action friends.

Miss Charlotte Daniels of Toronto, visited over the week-end with Miss Francis Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Warren and Jimmie, visited Mr. and Mrs. John Wood on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Miner of Kent William, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murray on Sunday.

Pte. and Mrs. Benson Corless, of Clinton, spent the week-end with friends and relatives here.

Pte. Ivan G. Chalmers, R.C.A.F., of St. Thomas, was a week-end visitor at the home of his sister, Mrs. A. W. Postbury.

Mr. (Dr.) Gordon Agnew has gone to Ottawa and will visit with Madame Chiang Kai-shek during her visit in the Canadian capital.

Leading Seaman Len Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Lambert and Joyce and Miss Ritchie spent the week-end at Fonthill and Niagara.

Lieut. Robert Moffat, son of Mrs. Edna Moffat and the late Chris Moffat of Innisfail, Alberta, visited with Mrs. Caldwell over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. McDonald, Master Billy and Miss Mary of Georgetown, spent Sunday with Mrs. Angus McDonald and family at Dolly Warden.

Miss Denis McDonald, Mrs. Jean Dover of Fergus and Miss Isabella Hayes of Elora, spent the week-end with Mrs. Angus McDonald at Dolly Warden.

**Cards of Thanks**  
The family of the late Mrs. Ethel, dear associate, deeply thank the many kindnesses shown during the illness of their dear mother and the expressions of sympathy shown in so many ways at the time of her death. These kind words will ever be gratefully remembered.

**Cards of Thanks**  
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bryson wish to express their sincere thanks to the many friends and neighbors who were so kind and thoughtful at the time of their recent bereavement.

## The LETTER BOX

Mr. A. Hall,  
Editor and Publisher,  
The Action Free Press.

Dear Sir:

I see by your paper where Action "once more," has gone "over the top" in the fourth Victory Loan. "Congratulations to Action," and those conducting the loan campaign.

It is really nice to see how strongly those at home are bucking up the boys in the services and only with money but with the many comforts, luxuries and necessities of life which many of those in the services can not procure. I know that when the boys hear, and see what those on the home front are doing for them that they think "Well we really have something to fight for, something that we must put forth a little extra energy in, we must show those behind us that their confidence in us is not misplaced or abused." So again, I say "Congratulations, Action carry on we'll do our best." And now, with all your sacrifices, victory is really in sight, on all fronts, in the air, and on the sea.

Since writing my last letter, I have been inside of Canada's first church, of which I mentioned in my last letter, and what a surprise I received on stepping inside.

Along the walls on every side of the church are old famous paintings, yes, antiques, and bronze plaques, two pictures, one on each side of the church, are old Rubens, just forged the date, but I believe it is of the fifteen hundreds, they are about 8 feet by 12 in size, and each one of those pictures, or paintings I should say, are worth \$50,000.00. All the other paintings, and there are a great many of them, are also by famous painters of old, only the paintings are only about one-third the size of the two by Rubens. The altar is a beautiful piece of art, and has not been changed since the building of the church. They also have another altar much smaller, in a nook in the church which they do not know the age of, and in value, is priceless. Then they have statues, etc., placed throughout the church as well. The church is open from about 6 a.m. until well, I don't know how late at night, seven days a week and there are always several persons in the church. I could write a lot more about the church but I am afraid it would take too much space and as I have been digging up some information about the Louis XIV Hotel, which is the

## Court of Revision

### Pupil, Teachers Honor Principal Entering Air Force

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requested to return when the following was read to him by Joan Odies.

Dear Mr. McKenzie:  
All effort must fail us.  
In trying to know what our hearts would express,  
No reasoning must be in theory well us.

No predictor a word in excess.

From youngest to oldest, we children have outshone.

Do you say the infinite so wortly due?

And, while with emotion are eyes now blushed.

Our hearts beat in unison too.

For this is indeed a momentous occasion.

Music with solemnity, pleasure and pride—

Not, of our regret, but a welcome invasion.

Its memory must ever abide.

Four years have now gone, since our daily lesson meeting.

The factors of incident, fate or design.

But heedless ours, that swift time was inescapable.

The caution for carelessness, thin.

Four years, are the light of our humble existence,

You're tamled among us, our dearest.

Nor do you think that, as sure as the bell's grim instantaneity.

Was the deep evolution we shared.

Nor else have you ceased to the truly inspiring.

Walking in uprightness, nor sorrowing aside.

So patiently guiding our stumbling inquiring.

So willing with sympathy wide;

So nobly endowed with the gift of instruction.

A model of modesty, precision and grace.

Quite too conscientious for any refection,

Or might but the best you could share.

Whene'er we glance, we can point a proud finger.

At something artistic mounted by you,

Until your returning, your spirit will linger.

And help us grow beautiful too.

So many your attributes, we cannot measure—

Adherence to Justice, with Kindness the battle,

Honesty and wisdom; and dear we shall treasure.

The glow of your quick, ready smile.

Yet, added to these, is your greatness of water.

The pure self ambition and comfort and guide.

And dooming the glory of these that a gather,

Beside that of those who have died.

A high courage this, that must have every creature;

And courage we wonder, the best that we can;

But, while we admire you, the Principeal Teacher.

Much more must we honor the Man

So working, well save, and our stamp will keep living.

We'll make the diamond fort, and we'll meet the hand fort.

We'll do much to attract to keep the flag flying,

And thus Men like you with the rest.

Honorforth, overhead when we see a plane—

Across the wide horizon, so vast and so blue.

Our heart-throats will then, like the singing deep-sounding,

Instinctively travel to you.

Some day—it may be when the suns are flaming—

You'll come again to your nest again.

To live and rejoice, while your duties resuming.

The smell of unrighteousness sung—

The prayers of us all for your safety and keeping—

The prayers of three hundred must surely sing—

Will mount up each day, at our rising and sleeping;

The prayers of three hundred can't fall.

So make we a tryd for your early returning.

And make us a token, this seal of our love.

And now may the Lord, Who gives place for learning,

Keep watch from His Heaven above.

From the Pupils of

ACTION PUBLIC SCHOOL

June, 1941.

As the last stanza was read, Christie Lamb, Vernon Johnston and Jackie Davidson presented Mr. McKenzie with an initialed Gladstone traveling bag, on behalf of the pupils.

Scarcey had the excitement of this subdued, when Miss Forder tendered a gold identification bracelet, crested and engraved, the gift of the teachers.

Mr. McKenzie expressed his deep appreciation of these evidences of esteem and devotion, saying that he did not expect, in his military career, to encounter a position so difficult as the one of the moment. He lauded the splendid co-operation afforded him by both teachers and pupils and stated that he was anticipating his return to his duties here at the close of the conflict.

This district, Rue le Champlain, Place Royale and Notre Dame, is the oldest part of Quebec, the first building was erected only a few yards from here by Champlain in 1608. They had to cut down trees before they could erect the building.

Well this is all now, which at that I believe is plenty long enough, but I did think that it would prove very interesting to yourself and many of your readers.

Yours sincerely,

H. V. DRON,  
Leading Seaman.

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