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Georgetown Branch: A. C. WELK, Manager

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Before the Morning Watch

By "Barjeaver"

This summer, dusk deepened slowly over the North Sea as the destroyer flotilla reached its patrol area. In an overcast sky a star or sinking cruiser's light held out for a while against the darkness and faded at last. The long line of ships, their grey paint gilded by the slant rays, were veiled in haze for minutes and soon, as the gathering twilight merged into the dark-

bridge of the next astern, and at the same time he was estimating his fuel requirements when he returned to harbour, wishing he could snatch and hoping he could somehow keep at bay for the next six hours a longing for sleep.

For the duty four hours naught talk- ed very much. The sky held a pale diffused light, with patches of stars alternately obscured and revealed in the shifting loadings of mist and air. This light seemed to show the dark shadows of the ships as they curved and broke in streaks of grey wash. Occasionally a lost gull gave tongue. Once a floating spar was reported and avoided. Now the watch-keeper

anybody could be unhappy who hadn't got toothache. The world was just composed of two lots of people, those who had toothache and those who hadn't. The ones who hadn't ought to go about dancing and beating cymbals together like the Salvation Army and shouting "I haven't got toothache! Hurrah! I haven't got toothache! Hallelujah!" Most people didn't know when they were well off, and that was a fact. He wondered what the captain would say if the ship's company started leaping bare-footed and shouting "Hurrah!" because their bellies are aching. He decided they would get into action and then perhaps a shell would come along

Fine Table Cheer

SUNDAY, SEPT. 29th, 1940

Canadian National Railways