

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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"Courage and Patience" is Watchword of War Weary British Men and Women

Here is the first of a series of letters written specially for the Georgetown Herald and the Midland Free Press Herald by Margaret Butcher, English journalist, author of "Comet's Hair" and other novels. Miss Butcher is at present living in Reading, a short distance up the Thames from London, and in her letters give us an intimate glimpse into the lives of the ordinary every day men and women of Britain whose determination to see the war through to victory has not been shaken by the horrors of the Hun blitzes.

(By Margaret Butcher)

READING, England—I met my boss on the stairs this morning. A nice woman, but she was feeling Monday-ish. One so often feels Monday-ish nowadays.

There are lots of Mondays in a week. Perhaps that's the best way to describe it. You know; back to the same faces, the same old round—and one can get rather tired of faces, even with the best will in the world. And nowadays there doesn't seem to be any getting away from them. Along comes fire-watching night (when one really ought to be at home and in bed, miles away) and there are the Faces again. You shut yourself away in one of the offices and—if it's your lucky night—get a bit of sleep; you tumble out of the bumpy concave bed and go to the bathroom to get a cat-lick of a wash . . . to find the Faces chattering up the place; and you know that you've got to go on looking at them till the rest of the day.

And if that isn't the quintessence of Mondayishness—well, what is?

My boss sighed. "I feel awful!" she said. "You know, I was almost in tears this morning. And I was talking to a man who said, 'You must have courage and patience.' I know he's right."

"Of course he is," I agreed. "It's the only sort of show we can put up when we feel like this. I believe it would be easier to make a sudden spurt of courage, in a way." And that time she agreed with me. Then I told her what I think; that when one feels this everlasting Monday, the best thing is to sit at one's desk, work hard and say nothing at all. If folk don't speak they can't say the wrong thing.

"You help me a lot, you know," I said—and she does. She is not only nice, but she looks nice. Her hair is carefully done; she doesn't always turn up in the same clothes. She speaks pleasantly—even if she has to say something not too pleasant—and she's a big man. It heartened her to think that she was helping somebody else along, and she smiled.

"We shall get through this patch, of course," she said.

"But when I look around at the lovely fields and think it all gets me down for a moment. You understand?"

I did. Spring here; summer coming . . . and it's all one vast Monday. But as she went up the stairs I called out: "Don't let's forget 'C' and 'P'."

Our Private Motto

So that's our private motto now; and not a bad one. We have only to look across the room at each other and it's like a shout. Privately, it's my belief that we're all just getting our second wind. A bit puffed and cross at the moment, but it will pass. One is sorry for the Young Things, though; but I don't worry over them. They'll grasp the C-and-P idea in less than no time. After all, it's so much easier for me than it is for them. I've had grand times and I've accumulated enough dogged philosophy to expect some more; but kids can't feel that way about it. They just feel cheated, I imagine, down underneath. They're game enough, though. There's no mistake about that. Life goes on pushing away beneath their skins.

And that reminds me of a little anecdote I heard last week. That stubborn something which goes on and on—and not only in the young folks. The teller of the story was a man I used to know some years ago; the son of a well-known writer. He lives in London—that sorry punished but unpunishable city—and he saw five men with pneumatic drills working on a road during a bad blitz. Bombs were falling all round, and a fire was blazing not far away; and the steady noise of the drills never stopped, for they were trying to get at a broken gas-main. Bombs fell nearer; men were knocked out, but one went down he would be carried quickly away and another stepped forward into his place. No delay, no fuss. They mended that main.

"And they were, all whiskery old chaps," said my friend. "No hot young blood there. Just cold determination to get the job done. Grand old grandpas!"

Queer Streak of Humor

The Newspaper Man also told me a story, this time with a queer streak of humor in it. An old fellow who works at his office-building came along the other morning looking peevish and flustered. It transpired, upon questioning, that a 1,250 lb. time bomb had been dropped in his back garden, and he and the neighbors had been engaged in watching the Squad dig it out and cart it away to Hackney Marshes. As the lorry bumped off, it seems, the crowd raised loud cheers. "Well, you were lucky it didn't explode!" (Continued on Page 5)

THE WEATHER

The long looked for rain came last week, and while too late for the good of grain crops, will be of inestimable value to gardens, hoe crops and pastures.

Temperatures on the whole last week have been normal, as compared with the previous week. The day temperatures were on the average 8.7 degrees lower and the night temperatures 2 degrees higher. Just ideal for a day's work and a good night's sleep.

Following are the local records for the week:

Date	H. and L. Temp.	Rain-fall
Tues., July 8	67 57	
Wed., July 9	80 53	
Thurs., July 10	87 53	
Fri., July 11	76 65	1.01
Sat., July 12	74 62	
Sun., July 13	78 57	
Mon., July 14	82 60	

Halton Juniors Picnic at Huttonville Park

Halton Juniors held their Annual Field Day at Huttonville on Tuesday of last week. Owing to the shortage of labour on most farms, the event was modified somewhat from former years. A mixed softball tournament was held in the early evening amongst teams representing Acton, Norval and Palermo groups. Acton Juniors were declared champions after defeating both Palermo and Norval clubs by close scores. Approximately 200 sat down to the picnic supper, which was followed by an enjoyable dance with Jack Mack's Orchestra, of Toronto, providing the music.

Joanna Shortill Buried at Ballinafad

Joanna Shortill, a life long resident of this community passed away in Guelph General Hospital on Saturday, July 12th, in her 89th year. Although she had been in failing health for the past year, her sudden passing came as a shock to her many friends. She was born on the Shortill homestead, Lot 30, 8th Line, Esequing, and had lived there till she and her mother moved to Ballinafad twenty years ago. She was an active worker in the former Methodist Church and since union took an active part in the United Church, and was seldom absent from the services until her health failed a year ago. She lived a life of service to others and will be greatly missed. She leaves three brothers to mourn the loss of a loving sister, W. B. of Georgetown, R. J. E. of Winnipeg, and F. W. on the farm. Her parents and three sisters and a brother predeceased her. For the past year she has resided with her brother, Fred J. Shortill, on the farm from where the funeral was held on Monday, July 14th. The service was conducted in the church by Rev. George Atken, of Guelph, a former minister, in the absence of Rev. A. O. W. Foreman who is in the north on his vacation. The pallbearers were Messrs. Robert, Fred J., J. Fred and Richard Shortill, of Ballinafad, Hubert Shortill, of Toronto, and Will Anthony, of Acton. Interment was in Ballinafad Cemetery. The flowerbearers were former boys of her Sunday School class. Flowers were given by W. B. and F. W. and family, Robert, of Winnipeg, Mrs. Elizabeth Shortill and family, Elizabeth Walters, of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Campbell, Orangeville, Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Bennett, Miss Minnie Bennett, Acton, Mr. and Mrs. Conover, Erinville, the Woman's Association of Ballinafad United Church.

Mr. Lewis, of Toronto, had charge of the service here on Sunday. His text was Ex. 14 - 15: "And the Lord said unto Moses, speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward: Though there are giants or obstacles ahead he advised all Christians and temperance workers to go forward."

The July meeting of the W.A. was held at the home of Mrs. H. Hills. Plans were made for a field day in the near future.

The Georgetown Herald British War Victims' Fund

Forwarded to Toronto Evening Telegram	\$1066.13
Cash on hand, acknowledged	165.87
Draw on two watches donated by M. Malina, sent directly to Evening Telegram Fund	80.00
Social evening at home of Mrs. George Walters, Thursday, July 10th	10.00
McNab St. Neighborhood Club	10.00
	\$1372.00

WESTERN CHIEFS GREET PRIME MINISTER



During his Western inspection tour Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King was greeted in Regina by two full-blooded Indian Chiefs of the Peapot Reserve in the Qu'Appelle Valley. He is shown here examining a Great War decoration proudly worn by Chief Harry Ball, who served with the 155th Regiment and lost a leg at Vimy Ridge. Chief Abel Watetch (centre) was also a private with the 155th and was gassed at Hill 70 in 1917. Mr. King joined the Chiefs in smoking the pipe of peace after inspecting the all-Indian platoon of a Regina regiment. All recruits in this platoon come from the Peapot Reserve and are following the Great War example of their chiefs.

Aunt of Georgetown Man Writes From England

By kind permission of Ed. Collyer, we reprint below an extract from a letter written by his aunt, Mrs. Newton Bell, St. Leonard's-on-the-Sea, England, to her brother, Rev. Charles Collyer, of Bridgewater, Virginia.

Poor old London has had a most terrible time, especially last Saturday night as you will know. Of course, a great many bombers pass over us on their way to do their ghastly work, and also on their return, but luckily they don't trouble us by dropping bombs on us and I sincerely hope they never will. We are having a VERY quiet time and most nights can sleep like a top. But, of course, when the enemy is on the way to London we don't get much sleep until the welcome "All clear" is sounded. That is a VERY loud blast from the sirens lasting two minutes. One morning it got jammed and went on booming for eleven minutes. Can you imagine the noise of it and how we were all beginning to wonder if it meant that any fresh bit of delivery was on the way to us?

What excitement has been caused by the arrival of Rudolf Hess in Scotland as a refugee. It surely looks as if Hitler can't now be too sure that his friends will stick to him. I hope revolution is on the way in Germany so that this terrible bloodshed may come to an end sooner than we have thought possible. M's last letter told of an air raid near them last week (no damage). They were enroute for Clydebank. I had so much hoped that their beautiful and restful part of the country (Cumberland) might be left unpolished. But, truly, one never knows where is safest from air attack, so it is better to stay quietly at home as put off indefinitely. I don't think it will even come—but we are prepared up to the hilt.

You ask how we are faring. Food is so-baby rationed which makes it easier for everyone to get their share and there is PLENTY of one sort or another—not always the sort we prefer but that doesn't matter these days; we are just thankful for what we get. Eggs are more scarce than anything else—at least I miss them more than anything. But we really have good food and plenty of it. There are community meals in most places and I go for dinner sometimes—very good meals but needless to say I like home best. I don't think I suffer owing to the war in any way that matters. Of course, money is greatly reduced and taxes much higher, but we just manage and get through comfortably.

Needless to say, I wish so much that I could get over to you and to Toronto. If by any chance I should lose my home, it is a comfort to feel I have the necessary papers to enable me to get over to you. But the thought of the Atlantic just now is not attractive. Things don't seem to matter these days. What does matter is the awfulness of the suffering and anxiety everywhere due to the war.

As you say, one feels that Jesus is being crucified afresh and all the victims of the war are suffering with Him. But after we have been through this awful darkness and misery, His goodness will break through and make life happy again. I will never believe that evil will be allowed to triumph.

Kind messages to all friends who make enquiries. Tell them I am not suffering personally from the war, but am just one big heartache for the very many who have lost their people and their homes and all they possess. I am hoping to start next week working on the "Bundles for Britain," getting things in order for distribution here when need arises. I wonder if I shall recognize any dresses which I saw in Virginia.

Harlow-Bruce, Wedding Last Saturday

A quiet wedding was solemnized by Rev. A. W. Fosbury, of Acton United Church last Saturday, July 12th, when Margaret Alberta Bruce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Bruce, of Moffat, became the bride of Oliver John Harlow, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Harlow, of Georgetown. The ceremony was performed at Mr. Fosbury's home in Acton.

The bride wore a street-length dress of blue sheer and white accessories, and a corsage of pink carnations. Her attendant, Miss Eileen Mabee, wore a mauve sheer street-length dress, with white accessories and matching corsage.

The groom's attendant was his brother, Mr. Ray Harlow. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Harlow will take up residence in Georgetown.

\$100 For Herald War Victims' Fund Last Week

The Herald War Victims' Fund was increased by another \$100 last week, as the result of three substantial donations. The McNab St. Neighborhood Club turned in another \$100, and \$10.00 was also brought in by Mrs. George Walters, as proceeds from a social evening held at her home on Thursday, July 10th.

M. Malina, Georgetown jeweler, who donated two watches for a raffle on which \$80 was realized, chose to send in his money directly to the Evening Telegram Fund in Toronto, but as this money was raised in Georgetown, and the draw was advertised for the Herald War Victims' Fund, we feel credit should be given to the Georgetown people for their contribution in this case.

Lions Meet at Cedar Crest

Members of the Georgetown Lions Club enjoyed a social dinner meeting at Cedar Crest Lodge last Monday evening. The new President, Lion R. Licata, was in the chair.

Plans were laid for the Salvage Campaign, which the club is conducting, and it was decided to start collecting papers and magazines next week, with collection of scrap metal, rubber, etc. to follow shortly after. (Details of the collection appear in another section of the Herald.)

It was decided to hold an excursion by boat early in August, when members and their friends will enjoy a moonlight cruise to Queenston. Lions W. H. Long and A. H. Peller are in charge of arrangements for this.

A. C. Welk was elected to the Board of Directors for the coming year, and J. D. Kelly was elected Lion Tamer.

The retiring secretary-treasurer reported on Lions activities during the past year, which included the annual Christmas tree, a concert and bingo, First Annual Rural Night, sponsorship of the juvenile hockey team and substantial donations to the Herald War Victims' Fund, the Red Cross and the Canadian War Services Fund.

Charles Stockford, R.C.A.F. Married Drayton Girl Yesterday

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents on Tuesday, July 15th, at 5:30 p.m., when Eva Lillian Samis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Samis, of Drayton, was married to Charles Willoughby Stockford, R.C.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stockford, of Georgetown. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Duncan, of Drayton Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Annie Mitchell, the bride's sister, was her attendant, and the groom was attended by Mr. Lomer Samis, brother of the bride. A wedding supper was held afterwards for the families of the bride and groom, after which they left by motor and boat for Virden, Manitoba, where Mr. Stockford is stationed as an instructor with the R.C.A.F.

Mr. Stockford was principal of Uxbridge Public School at the time of his enlistment in the air force last spring, and prior to this he had taught in Moorefield Public School, near Drayton.

Local Orange Lodges participated in the "glorious 12th" parade last Saturday in Grand Valley.

Helen McMurphy Given Address and Presentation

Miss Helen McMurphy has been the guest of honour at several delightful social events in the Thornhill district. On Thursday evening, June 27th, the entire community gathered for a lawn party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Robinson and presented her with a beautiful floor lamp.

The pupils of S. S. No. 2, Markham, entertained at a tea, presenting Miss McMurphy with an electric grill. Mrs. Robert Giles and others gave teas in her honour.

Following is the address read at the presentation on June 27th.

Dear Miss McMurphy: It is with a feeling of loss and deep regret that we find we are about to lose a beloved teacher.

Although we hope to often spend an evening with you, yet in one sense this is the parting of the way. The tie of teacher and section is severed. So we feel that we cannot let this occasion pass without meeting together to wish you God's speed and to express our appreciation of your cheerful, friendly co-operation.

Wherever your future field of work may be, we know you will still be teaching by precept and example the better things of life. We all extend to you our blessings. We shall rejoice with you in your successes and mourn with you in your disappointments.

As the years go by we hope that the difficulties you have had in guiding the youth along the flowery paths of knowledge may be blotted from your book of remembrance, and only pleasant memories remain.

We wish you to accept this token of our love and esteem. Sometimes as you relax under the rays of this light we hope your mind will go back to your many friends in S. S. No. 2, Markham.

Signed on behalf of the community: WILLIAM COHEN, ROBERT GILES, C. J. RUSSELL.

CARD OF THANKS
Mrs. Robert Pucharing and family wish to thank their many friends for their thoughtful interest and sympathy, also the kind neighbors for their assistance at the time of the recent loss of her husband and their father.

GUEST AT TESTIMONIAL DINNER



Guest of honor at the Testimonial Dinner at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, last week, was C. O. Knowles, editor of the Toronto Evening Telegram, pictured above. At the left is Right Hon. Malcolm MacDonald, guest speaker, and at the right, Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, P.C., K.C., chairman for the evening.