



DOMINION SEED HOUSE
This striking advertisement for the Victory Loan last June was contributed by the Dominion Seed House. Weather conditions of this time of year did not permit the erection of the

Active Service Notes

Since our Active Service list was published recently, we have been informed of a number of changes in address. LAC Bill Armstrong, who is home on furlough now, has been moved back from the West Coast to Rockcliffe Air Station, Ottawa; AWS Paddy Weaver is in Beers, N.B., with the Women's Division of the RCAF; ACS Alfred Byliss has moved from Jarvis to Trenton; ACS Bruce Kennedy is now at No. 6 I.T.S., Toronto.

Lancel Stone, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Stone, of Toronto and Georgetown, has recently enlisted with the Fleet Air Arm and is overseas. He spent last summer working at the Smith & Stone plant in town, and will be remembered by local citizens.

Mr. John Gillett has returned home from overseas, where he had been working with the Lorne Scots Regiment on active service. Mr. Gillett went overseas last summer with the local company under the command of Major J. R. Barby. He was invalided home with a defect in his hearing and has been granted his honorable discharge from the army.

Mr. Gillett's father, Mr. "Pat" Gillett, who was himself invalided home last summer, and is at present recuperating at his home from an injury incurred when working in the mill, had a reunion last week with a friend from overseas. When Sgt. Major Dymond was in town with the mobile motion picture unit from MID, he discovered that Mr. Gillett lived in town and paid him a visit. It was a reunion of the two men had gone through the Liverpool blitz together, and both returned to Canada on the same boat. It was a great reunion for the two men and the talk flew thick and fast for a few hours.

Gordon McDonald, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McDonald, R. R. 5 Milton, School at the time of his enlistment in the RCAF, has received his coveted wings and is now a Pilot Officer. He is at present spending a leave at his home. Gordon is the sixth district man to receive his commission, and we understand, one of the youngest men in Canada to be commissioned in the Air Force.

Mr. E. A. Hill, in a letter from overseas dated January 6th, writes his thanks for the Herald which has been arriving quite regularly.

"To all of us over here it's surely regarded as a letter from home," he says, "and is read with great interest by all the boys here, providing us with news and events in and around Georgetown." He also expressed his thanks to the many organizations which have sent cigarettes and parcels so generously.

A letter from Mr. Norman Decker, in Niagara Falls, tells us that Capt. Norman Wright, LAC, who was stationed for some time at the local armouries last spring before the Lorne Scots were mobilized, has been in a Toronto hospital for two weeks and will be there for another week or so. Mr. Decker had dinner recently with Mr. Decker of the Niagara Falls Evening Herald, who used to live in this district and has several relatives around Georgetown.

LAC Fred Armstrong writes from Prince Rupert, B.C., to say he enjoys reading the Herald, especially now that the hockey season is in full swing.

"There is no hockey played out here," he says, "as it never stays cold long enough to make ice and there are no artificial rinks. We did manage to have a couple of nights' skating between Christmas and New Year's on a small inland lake. It is surprisingly warm here. Haincocks are in style more than ever, because it rains nearly every day."

We had a very nice train trip to British Columbia, especially coming through the Rocky Mountains. I would like to tell you about Prince Rupert, but it being on the coast, I am not permitted to do so.

Mrs. Isaac Miller, Market Street, has recently had word of her two nephews, both of whom lived in Georgetown about nine or ten years ago. A letter from Mr. V. Williamson, thanking her for a parcel sent last November, tells of his transfer to the Royal Artillery.

We are a zealous regiment, and being right on the coast we have our moments. The way Mr. Williamson describes his experiences. "A few weeks ago, Jerry came over and gave me all he had, saying the last being for our light, but being a rotten shot he missed by 200 yards. Then two weeks ago, he had another try, dropping his last two bombs at the light, but missed again by a hundred yards, so you see we must be under a lucky star. One of the bombs exploded and the other one didn't. It took the bomb disposal squad a week to dig it out—when they got it out, it weighed just over a ton—nice Christmas box, eh!"

A post script to the letter says that Stan (A. B. Stanley) Hodgson, Mrs. Miller's other nephew, arrived home for a leave—the first time the two men had met in eight years.

A clipping from the Berwick Journal, of December 11th, 1941, brings news of Mrs. Miller's other nephew, A. B. Hodgson. This is so interesting that we reproduce it in full below:

Slipping into an American port for repairs, a British cruiser found a welcome awaiting her symbolizing without doubt the co-operation of the U.S. people in the present war. At the same time, a Berwick man who was a member of her crew, celebrated his coming of age, and found two birthday presents awaiting him—(1) a greeting telegram from home; and (2) a special party and gifts from friends he made on shore.

The American town in question was Reno, in Nevada; the Berwick man was A. B. Stanley Hodgson, son of Mrs. and the late Mr. Hodgson, 3 Sea View, Highfields Estate, and the ship touched port on his birthday. Although he was not able to get ashore on his actual birthday he did so the following day and spent a happy time with his new-found friends.

Describing his birthday to his mother in a letter received this week, A. B. Hodgson, who is applying for a transfer to the Fleet Air Arm, tells that first he went flying in the dark, and after a cut-ride they had supper. After the usual games and festivities of a party, he was given several birthday presents, including travelling kit and a pair of fleeco-lined gloves, and then came the surprise of the day in the form of a beautiful and decorated birthday cake and also birthday cards from those present. "What a time I had!" concludes Hodgson, "I'll be sorry to leave this place, as everyone is so nice to us." With reference to his transfer to be an airman, he says that he now has put in 10 hours flying time, but has doubts of "getting his ticket."

Since receiving this letter, Mrs. Hodgson has received communication from his friends in Reno, who are called Hatton and own a draper's shop in the town. Addressing her as "friend," they write to say how glad they were to be able to entertain Hodgson and express the hope that he will return. They add "We would like to say how much we greatly admire the jobs the boys are doing, and sincerely hope we can be of assistance. We appreciate the courage and fortitude you (in England) have shown and want you to know we are thinking of you and wish you the very best of luck!"

A. B. Hodgson has had an extremely adventurous life since he joined the Royal Navy. He has been to Canada, visited the various ports of call of the Mediterranean fleet and served in the Spanish war zone. Now he has spent his 21st birthday in America.

two keys to a cabin

by Lida Larrimore



R. E. POCLES
Heading the Employees Committee in the Second Victory Loan, is R. E. POCLES, of Provincial Paper Ltd.

"I've never thought of it especially, but now after seeing Skippy and Net, I'm sure I do."

"I'd be awfully jealous of them." He drew her close to him. "I have to touch you to be sure you're here. Downstairs in the office I couldn't



"What did you think?"

"I like it here." Her eyes moved around the warm comfortably-furnished room. "I like Mrs. Adams and Abbie and the children. How long may I stay?"

"As long as you like. But—" He hesitated.

"What, John?"

"I called Mother tonight. She's expecting us in Rockland tomorrow. I'm free for the afternoon and evening."

"But I can come back here with you tomorrow night?"

"I think Mother will expect you to stay with her for a day or two."

"You—can't?"

"I can run out at night after office-hours and back early in the morning. It isn't far." His eyes searched her face. "You don't mind, Gay?"

"You've never told me," she said hesitantly. "What does your mother think of this—of us?"

"She was surprised, of course," he said guardedly. "But she's gotten accustomed to the idea. She loved your sending flowers for her birthday."

"Yes, she wrote me. I remember the date because I helped you buy a birthday present for her in New York."

"It was sweet of you to remember. She's eager to meet you. My sisters, too. And Granny. Granny's all for romance."

"I don't think I'll feel strange with her. Your mother, I mean. She's Uncle John's sister."

He was silent.

"Is she like Uncle John was, friendly and wise and amusing? I have imagined her being that way."

"Mother is rather reticent," John said slowly. "She's never gotten over my father's death. And then her life hasn't been easy. My father died when I was twelve years old. He left very little. She made a great many sacrifices to send me to college and medical school. She worshipped my father. We, Sarah and Debby and I, have been her whole life since his death. You won't be offended if she seems a little—reserved?"

There was silence for a moment. Then Gay said, "Can't we spend tomorrow afternoon and evening with her and then come back here?"

"I'm afraid she could be offended, but if you don't want to go..."

"I want to do what is necessary, but I'd rather be with you during the day."

"But I like it here. It's friendly and unpretentious. With your family—"

"Oh, you know how it is in New York. We quarrel. People get in our way. We quarrel. People get in our way. We quarrel. People get in our way."

"His hand found hers. It was a simple, warm gesture. "I can't go."

"I'm not timid about meeting people, usually. There isn't much of the shrinking violet in my temperament. How shall I act to make the proper impression?"

"Just be yourself, Gay."

"With no modification?" Mrs. Adams glared at him, sparks between her teeth.

"(Gay's) hand found hers in an instant. It was a simple, warm gesture. "I can't go."

"I haven't known a sister. I don't seem to get along with most of the things that people think are important."

"That isn't a lack of character. It's just self-protection. Knowing what you want and how to get it."

"I know what I want and getting it isn't so easy."

He dropped his head to kiss the soft hollow at the base of her throat. "Mother will be so glad," he said.

"I hope so." With her hands on his face she lifted his head. "But if she doesn't, it isn't especially important, is it? It doesn't matter, does it? Does it, John?"

His head dropped against her breast. Her arms were around him, holding him close.

"No—No, darling," he said. "Nothing matters except that you're here."

(Chapter XXII next week)

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