



SPEAK
DISTINCTLY,
DIRECTLY INTO
THE MOUTHPIECE

Clear telephone lines for ALL-OUT PRODUCTION

Your telephone is part of a vast interlocking system now carrying an abnormal wartime load. Don't let needless delays hold up messages on which production efficiency may depend.

OTHER "WARTIME TELEPHONE TACTICS"

- 1 BE SURE you have the right number... consult the directory.
 - 2 ANSWER promptly when the bell rings.
 - 3 BE BRIEF. Clear your line for the next call.
 - 4 USE OFF-PEAK hours for your Long Distance Calls.
- These things may seem simple, but as a wartime telephone user, they are very important.*

On Mailed Service Giving Things to Words

THE TRUTH ABOUT HAITI'S WALKING DEAD MEN

What terrible power turns living men into zombies... mindless slaves who must obey the will of their masters. Inez Wallace, distinguished newspaper correspondent and world traveler, spent six months in the West Indies before she learned the real answer which she reveals in The American Weekly with this Sunday's (May 3) issue of The Detroit Sunday Times.

TENDERS FOR COAL AND COKE

SEALED Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Coal" will be received until 3 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Thursday, May 7, 1942, for the supply of coal and coke for the Dominion Buildings throughout the Province of Ontario. Forms of tender with specifications and conditions attached can be obtained from the Purchasing Agent, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and the Supervising Architect, 34 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont. Tenders should be made on the forms supplied by the Department and in accordance with departmental specifications and conditions attached thereto. Coal dealers' license numbers must be given when tendering. The Department reserves the right to demand from any successful tenderer before awarding the order, a certified cheque on a chartered bank in Canada, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 per cent of the amount of the tender, or Bearer Bonds of the Dominion of Canada or of the Canadian National Railway Company and its constituent companies unconditionally guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Dominion of Canada, or the aforementioned bonds and a certified cheque, if required to make up an odd amount. Such security will serve as a guarantee for the proper fulfillment of the contract. By order, J. M. SOMERVILLE, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, April 20, 1942.

Reminiscences of G.H.S.

Anonymous Scribbles, in Prose and Verse, Recalls School Days—Another Installment Next Week

(Anonymous)

I'll have to admit that I am very slow at picking up a hint but at last I realize why that advertisement for the Oakville Monument Works was placed on the opposite side of the page containing my story of April 28th. (Look it up). Their motto is: "a card or letter will bring our service to your door." In spite of this threat I will write this weekly story anyway, for who knows I may even make that "What's My Name?" radio program yet. However, it has been rather interesting for me during the past few weeks to see just what I could accomplish with my fifty-word vocabulary.

This week's story is affectionately dedicated to all those people who had the misfortune of having to attend Georgetown High School while I was interned there. For their benefit I have asked the editor to kindly print this article suitable for framing. Autographed copies may be had on request. You supply the copy; I'll supply the words.

Before I begin my story, however, I would like to take this opportunity of revealing to the parents of High School students a mystery which has no doubt baffled them for some time. Mothers! How often have you watched your boy come home from school at night and they asked the question: "Father, how did you learn at school today you bum—I mean my son?" At last that question is about to be answered for I will tell you what we learned when we went to High School. I have concocted this rhyme without reason, hoping it will shed a little light on the situation. Of course, I realize it is rather risky writing rhymes without a "poetic license," but no lawyer on earth can prove that what follows is a poem. A suitable title for this (you name it) might be "O! Put your boy in High School mother, for it's cold sleeping out in the snow." (Since I have written this from memory, students will kindly inform the editor of mistakes).

We learned of loads and load of lore
Of things we'd never known before.
Just why a bell rings on the door
Or why a rock falls to the floor.
We learned of things both great and small
And not to loiter in the hall
We learned that it gets dark at night
Because the sun is out of sight.
Of how explorers came by boat
Which made just one more book to tote.
We learned of Pompey and of Cressus
And how to focus reading glasses.
We learned of physiography
And how we got democracy.
Of Mr. Roosevelt's fishing trips,
The face that launched a thousand ships
The dance that shook a hundred hips,
Of who said good-bye to Mr. Chips.
We learned of all those Latin cases,
How to snap Bill Armstrong's braces,
About the history of Herodotus,
How Herb Arnold used to cuss at us;
Of Ally's horse Apocryphus,
Or of Beeny's ancient omnibus;
Or all about McDonald's crate
And even of Mark Antony's fate.
We learned Miss Inman's favourite joke
And why Croesus went flat broke,
How Horatius kept the bridge
The inside workings of a frog;
Of how to prove a theorem right
And how Ben Franklin flew his kite;
Of why the Latin student sleeps
Or why the Latin teacher weeps.
We learned of earth's most violent clashes
Why thunder roars and lightning flashes,
Why high is up and down is low,
Why workers sweat but rich folks glow.
We learned of all the earthly creatures
Of mice and men and double-features,
How Mr. Heldmann told his jokes
Then tells them over for younger folks.
About the "writing on the wall"
And also of Niagara's fall.
We learned of poems and rhyming couplets
And even of Dionne's quintuplets.
Of Paul Revere's most famous ride
And how he took it right in stride;
But then he had to stand up straight
Instead of sitting at his plate;
Or how he had to lie on his side
Because that ride sure tired him in.
We learned of ringing plains of Troy
And of flat-footed floggies' floy,
Of how the earth is made of dirt
And how the Chinese wash a shirt;
What it is makes corns and callouses
And why Aurora Borealis.
Of how the Roman Empire fell
Just how to make those chemicals smell;
Of how to mix for certain gases
Which never failed to choke the classes.
And even of the world's great sin
In giving Socrates the first Mick Finn;
And how he took it with a grin
But brother it sure done him in.
We learned of great inventions
And with sorrow of detentions;
Why students could not sleep at night
But sure caught up in broad daylight.
Of why the cat was never belied
Of how Thermopylae was held
And how the Persians were repelled
Of how "a certain done" was felled.
We learned about perimeters
And also calorimeters.
Of how men drink all week from Monday
And then turn up in church on Sunday.
Of how the farmers reap their grain
And what they all throw back again.
We even learned about ozone
And of Mohenmy's saxophone.
We learned of Goldham big and burly
Why Don was late but always early;
Why Walter Cooked and Agnes Read,
Why Joan was Hale, but Caesar dead;
How Jim was King, but Fred was Toast,
Of how inertia makes cars coast.
How Doug was Cole but Robert Burns
And all about Egyptian urns.
The famous man we learned by dozens
Of kings and queens and all their cousins.
We learned that though the rising sun

facts of Hate" responsible. I remember well the first day I ever was dragged—I mean stepped—inside. I gazed around in awe as I admired those graceful Grecian columns supporting the doors; those artistic Roman arches supporting the windows and those stately Georgetown Lumber Co. two by fours supporting the plaster on the ceiling. For truth to tell, whenever it rained the water would seep down through the crevices causing the occasional chunk of plaster to drop off, either on the floor or on anyone unfortunate enough to come between it and the floor. That is why during wet weather, our janitor, Jack Brass, used to go rushing about from room to room with a pail, looking for the biggest drip. Without fail, he always selected me.

Ah yes, I recall the first time I stood within the school gazing about at its haggard desks with their removable seats. "My, how delightfully quaint this building looks," I thought to myself. Why as I stood there a little longer I could almost imagine that it felt quaint. Then even to stretch my imagination still farther (there was no rubber shortage in those days) I could almost believe that it smelled quaint. After drawing a deeper breath, however, I decided to let it go at looking and feeling quaint.

The first year I was there they had the flag-pole repaired and painted. After examining the work carefully, our principal, Mr. Lambert, agreed that it was a great improvement to the school. He said that from up there he could spot a student smoking on the way to school, as far away as Maple Avenue.

Everyone told me at school that I had broken all records by getting into first form at the tender age of twenty-eight, although many and many a student had still been trying to get out at that age. Oddly enough, however, the other pupils seemed rather small in comparison to me but afterwards I learned that this was only because they were so young for their age.

I was always an ambitious student and I recall how I won the cast-iron medal for being the first person of the new season to fall downstairs. Of course I wasn't the only one to fall downstairs. In fact Mr. Lambert used to keep a list in the office containing the names of all those who did so. The idea was that if we got enough names on the list we would get a new set of stairs. This arrangement was soon discarded, however, for it was found that it was far cheaper to get a new set of pupils each year instead.

Despite all the most modern conveniences, such as doors and windows, our school had no assembly room I am sorry to say. Now, I understand, when they were building the school they did have a room set aside for this purpose, but at the last moment they decided to put shelves in it and use it as a cupboard. The result was that we had to use either a class-room or the stairway as an improvised auditorium. Whenever the entire student body was assembled we were so crowded that some of the pupils had to be picked up afterwards and assembled. For instance, I remember one Christmas party we had there on day. We had just finished singing our theme song "We Must All Stick Together," when Henry Lortman squeezed through the crowd carrying a large bag of apples. By the time Henry had forced a passage through the crowd to the other end of the room, he was left holding a bag of apple sauce—not apples. Really though it was so crowded that Miss Beales (who was a favourite with all the boys) stood ready with a "first aid kit" in case anyone fainted. I was so surprised at the school being considered enough to provide such precautions—that I fainted. Of course when anyone did faint like that, fifty pupils had to leave the room in order to give the victim room to fall down.

Another thing we lacked was a gymnasium. This wasn't missed so much during good weather but when it rained it was a little crowded playing football in the hall. We didn't even have room to kick the ball. We just had to put a foot against it and push. Now playing football in the hall was against all the rules and regulations of the school and just as the game began to get exciting Jack Evans would rush up out of the basement and kick the ball outside. Then he would kick us outside too.

While I was there, the school made a desperate appeal to the taxpayers for a new addition to overcome these crowded conditions. The taxpayers turned this appeal down however, saying that the students would probably be pushed around in the world after they left school anyway so they may as well start getting used to it then.

Despite its drawbacks our school turned out a good many well-known persons for various stations in life. They even turned me out—for taking the engine out of Edgar Beeny's car. But that is another old story and I will come to that eventually.

As principal of the school, Mr. (Continued on Page 8)

HOLD HIGH THE TORCH OF FREEDOM



FUNDS AVAILABLE FOR Increasing FOOD SUPPLIES

To increase food production for Great Britain and the Empire's armies many farmers are redoubling their customary strenuous efforts. It is not surprising if they have to borrow to help finance their increased task.

If you, a farmer, need credit for any constructive purpose, call on our nearest branch manager and tell him of your requirements. He understands farm problems and will co-operate with you as far as sound banking permits. Your business with the Bank will be held in strictest confidence.

BANK OF MONTREAL
"A BANK WHERE SMALL ACCOUNTS ARE WELCOME"
Modern, Experienced Banking Service.....the Outcome of 124 Years' Successful Operation

Georgetown Branch: A. C. WELK, Manager

Notice to Creditors

Of the Estate of ARTHUR SPENCER WILSON, late of the Town of Georgetown, in the County of Halton, retired farmer, deceased.

ALL PERSONS having claims against the Estate of the said Arthur Spencer Wilson, who died on or about the 4th day of February, 1942, at the City of Guelph, are required to send to the undersigned solicitor on or before the 2nd day of May, 1942, full particulars of their claims and any securities they may hold therefor.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the 22nd day of May, 1942, the Executors will proceed to distribute the said estate having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice. DATED at Georgetown, this 28th day of April, 1942.

KENNETH M. LAMONDON, Solicitor, Georgetown, Ontario.
Solicitor for Sarah Vinita Wilson and John E. Wilson, Executors.