

You try to look at the picture of all in Canada that comes under the heading of "war effort," but the reporter's eye has trouble with its focus. The panorama that stretches from Atlantic to Pacific is too filled with the mass of detail of ten thousand bustling cities and towns, villages and hamlets and crowded settlements. You see only the bold brush strokes which are billion-dollar victory loans, hundred million dollar contracts, and huge armament plants and nation-wide recruiting drives and tens of thousands of soldiers and sailors and airmen in training and on active service. If you look long enough at these limited scenes—at individual large cities, at Toronto or Montreal, Vancouver or Winnipeg, the picture becomes clearer, but the figures are still massed, the action still too big and blurred, and you cannot, even by squinting, find John Doe and his wife Mary and their son, young Steve, among all those bustling people.

So you stick a pin into the map of Canada and the pin point covers another pin point labelled "Georgetown." Thus it is that to Georgetown, Ont., you go, all unexpected in search of the story of Canada's war effort.

From the C.N.R. station, after a thirty-five-mile ride westward from Toronto, Georgetown is a neat patch of green, through which penetrate the cables of big old houses, church steeples, and a little inconspicuously, factory chimneys. For Georgetown is an industrial town as well as a farming centre. Its ten factories employ a thousand working people. In appearance it differs little from the other small towns. Its main street is composed of two or three blocks of old brick buildings whose ancient vigour is set off against the freshness of one of the two banks. Along a side street, as if modestly refusing to flaunt its modernistic front, stands a new structure, unusually large for so small a town, the class B post-office, presided over by the town's military expert, Colonel Cousens.

The larger factories are on the outskirts, the smaller ones near the centre.

Georgetown is an old settlement, one of the oldest in Ontario. Life here was peaceful and quiet indeed—before war came.

On this evening most of the "leading citizens" are to find you seek them at their offices or at their homes, and get the same answer everywhere: "He's over at Lawyer Dale's."

Lawyer Le Roy Dale's office, just off Main Street, is crowded with men, some sitting, some standing against the walls. As you enter quietly a man is speaking:

"... honor and the privilege to inform you that we have oversubscribed our Victory Loan quota by 100 per cent. Instead of \$140,000 we raised \$232,000. We also obtained another \$80,000.00 by canvassing special names."

For a moment there is a surprised silence as the members of the Georgetown and district Victory Loan Committee consider the figures. Then there are cheers, hand clapping, back slapping. "We've done it, one!" the speaker cries. "Let's go after more!" another enthusiast proposes. There is general elation. Georgetown has done the trick.

No small achievement had been this raising of \$327,000 in Georgetown and vicinity, you learn after the meeting when you go into the streets. The town's population is only 2,482 by the latest count, and the surrounding district has some 1,600 more. The locality is not rich. It is average. It is typical of a thousand other Canadian small towns whose composite endeavor in the long run determines the success or failure of Canada's war effort. In some things Georgetown excels. The loan is but one example. The average subscription was \$69, the per capita subscription more than \$80. Had all of Canada done as well, \$860,000,000 would have been raised in the first Victory Loan.

Few Recruits Left

For some reason in Georgetown you feel more directly the contact of Canada with the overseas. Here the conflict is truly a community war. Everyone seems to be doing something about it. In this typical small town you can get close to the people who are watching the war at home; you can feel Canada's war effort to its essence, to its least-common denominator. The war effort is humanized. It is translatable into the terms of individuals. You can get to know what Mr. Maw, Gibbons, McMurphy do. In the large city all this is obscure. It is a pity, perhaps.

In terms of other fund raising for the war aside from the Victory Loan, Georgetown has also done well. The sale of War Savings Stamps and Certificates demonstrates this. Approximately \$2,000 a month are being sold by the local post office through arrangement with employers and employees. About \$3,000 have been sold directly and in addition, \$1,500 worth of saving certificates. The more than 300 pupils of the public school purchased \$1,000 worth of stamps since they were first issued.

But Georgetown truly shines when it comes to recruiting. Paradoxically the town is a headache for the officials in charge of the four month compulsory training camps. When young men were last called up for examination only six were found who could join. This was no case of ill health, or pacifism, or even sabotage. Far from it. It was just that nearly everyone of the right age had already joined some branch of the armed forces. Up to the beginning of July more than 250 young men had enlisted. This is more than six per cent of the total population, and if the proportion for the whole of Canada were the same our armed forces would be composed of 600,000 men. Of the 250 seventy-four are on active service with the local regiment, the Lorne Scots. Fifty had been mobilized, joined other regiments and are now overseas. Another fifty-five are still in Canada. Thirty joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. Twenty are members of the Veterans' Branch, and one is an Army Cadet. The remaining thirty-three belong to Company C of the 2nd Battalion of the Lorne Scots. Every day one or two new recruits enlist.

Most of Georgetown's army men are privates. There are some corporals and a scattering of sergeants. There are also a few officers—two lieutenants, one captain, a major and a colonel. The majority of the recruits are farmers and working people, but among them are the sons of a manufacturer, the superintendent of one of the larger mills, a real-estate broker, a stock-exchange man. Then there are the four Ollivets, father and three sons, the three Rayners and three Emmersons, in each case father and two sons. Four Georgetown Barbours, whose ancestors helped found the community, uncle and three nephews, are officers in the Lorne Scots and four cousins of the Post family are in uniform. The former Georgetown United Church organist and choir leader is an R.A.F. pilot officer in Egypt.

Letters from the town's sons in the armed forces and from relatives and friends abroad keep the people keenly interested in the war, and aid in maintaining constant contact with the overseas. Every letter is read and reread. Many are published in the local weekly paper. The people of Georgetown seem to know more, because of this correspondence, about conditions in London, the bombing of Lancashire, events in the Clyde-side, than the inhabitants of our large cities, where such letters are dispersed and lost among the mass.

Most of Georgetown's population is of British stock. There are few families of foreign origin: five Jewish, two Italian, one Norwegian, two Polish, three Chinese, one Belgian. These take as keen an interest in war work as do the others. The wife of the Belgian heads the Soldiers' Comforts Committee. Two Jewish ladies are in the Army. A Jewish manufacturer leads salvage work undertaken by the Lions Club. A foreign-born jeweller donates watches and runs draws for the benefit of the British War Victims' Fund. The Norwegian occupies a leading position in a plant engaged in war work. There is little distinction in this intensely patriotic town. "We're all in it," is the general expression.



Wives Knit, Men Salvage

Late as many other towns Georgetown has a very active Red Cross Society which successfully engages the whole community in doing something for the war. The society has been highly praised by the central office as being one of Ontario's best. It is presided over by the lawyer whose office we have already visited, the genial, universally-liked and respected and much over-worked Le Roy Dale, K.C. who is one of the major "figures" of the town. Moving spirit among the ladies is Miss Annie Ryan, ex-principal of the public school and worker extra-ordinary on behalf of the soldier and the refugee.

More than 250 women in Georgetown and district participate regularly in the work of the Red Cross. Through their efforts more than nine thousand dollars has been raised thus far, two thirds of it being spent in purchasing wool and other supplies which are turned into finished goods by the nimble fingers of the womenfolk. The balance was sent to the Red Cross in Toronto. How active these women are can be seen any afternoon or evening. When sitting on their front porches they can be observed knitting away, making sweaters, socks, mitts and scarfs. Shipments to the Red Cross warehouse in Toronto follow one another with swift regularity.

Money saved the Government by this work which is, of course, given gratis, runs into the thousands of dollars. One shipment alone, for example, that was sent during the week of July 9, included forty-one sets of articles for the merchant marine and 153 sets for the Air Force. The quota for seaman's goods alone, for the slack summer season, includes 160 sets of sweaters, socks, gloves and helmets.

Other Red Cross activities encompass many more than the 250 members of the branch society. Carnivals, dances, parties, go on throughout the year. The big affair of this summer's season was the Garden Party held on the grounds of the beautiful Nixon estate, the most pretentious hereabouts. Everybody attended and more than \$500 was raised. There was scarcely a soul in town who in some way or other was not involved. Eighty pretty girls canvassed the town and district for days selling tickets in almost every house. Local merchants donated goods for the raffish. Food was prepared by the housewives. The manufacturers paid for the entertainment. "We didn't have to spend a cent of Red Cross money," Mr. Dale said afterward. "Everything was net profit."

Quaint was the slogan under which the whole affair seems to have been conducted. In a Main Street store window, where articles to be raffled were exhibited, stood a sign containing this slogan:

Will you help us
Who help them
Who help those
Who help us?

What this rhetorical question lacked in clarity, it more than made up in honest homespun sentiment.

Also composed of women is Georgetown's "war baby," the St. John Ambulance Corps, which was organized last spring. Its membership is only twenty but classes are being opened to train new applicants in the rudimentary arts of medical ambulance work. The leader is Mrs. Tom Orive, an old hand in this type of activity. She was an Army nurse during the past war and a member of the Red Cross Society since 1900. "They used to laugh at us in the olden days," she says. "They called us Saturday-afternoon nurses. But we showed them. We've got to be ready this time. I am just diving to go over, but I guess they won't take me because of my age." Mrs. Orive is active too, in the establishment of the ARP organization which, it is hoped, will get under way this fall.

The busy ladies of Georgetown also find time for the Soldiers' Comforts Committee of which Mrs. Hester Guyot, wife of a well-known Belgian interpreter and translator, is secretary. To April of this year 26,000 cigarettes were sent overseas on three different occasions to from seventeen to forty men. In June and November gift parcels were forwarded. Then again on June 17, 300 cigarettes were mailed to each of forty-nine local boys

serving in England. Today the list has grown to over one hundred names and to raise more money tag days will be held, and other money raising schemes put into effect. So far the committee has collected and spent \$178. This may not be "big money" in a metropolis, but for Georgetown's women it meant many weeks of hard work. The boys are deeply grateful for the cigarettes and gifts. "Their letters indicate that they are flattered to be remembered by fellow townsmen," Mrs. Guyot says. "It does something to their spirit, makes them feel more important, convinces them that the town is with them, that they represent the town at the front."

The menfolk try not to lag behind the ladies. One day not so long ago the town was treated to an unusual spectacle. The town's leading businessmen, members of the Lions Club, were observed whooping it along in trucks. They were covering the whole district door to door seeking salvage to be turned in as their part of the nationwide salvage drive. The slight Mr. Brill, proprietor of one of the town's dry-goods stores and owner of the Brick Hosiery Mills (employment 20) led the committee. On the truck, too, was the young and energetic Walter C. Biehn, editor and publisher of the Georgetown Herald (circulation 1,125) without which it would be difficult indeed to rally the community for concrete work. The results were most encouraging. Remarkable initiative was shown by the committee—to acquaint the citizens with the aims of the campaign, cards were printed to fit the necks of milk bottles recommending measures to accumulate salvage and prevent waste.

Their Life Has Changed

In a very small way Georgetown is having a war boom. But this is not on the scale of "boom towns" like Parry Sound, Ont., or Sorel, P.Q., where newly-built plants give employment to thousands of employees gathered from far corners of the Dominion. Here business conditions have improved, but not too radically. Employment has risen from ten to twenty per cent. The extra money in circulation has helped the businessmen; real-estate transactions have

multiplied; some of the back lanes have been paid up. Two plants are working on war orders. The Brill Hosiery makes socks for the Army. The biggest plant turning out products for the Department of National Defense is the town's wonder child, Smith & Stone Electrical Manufacturing Co. Ltd., which grew from a small workshop into a large modern enterprise in less than twenty years.

Smith & Stone manufactures electrical porcelain, plastic molding, wire-line devices and specialties. Just now fifty per cent of production is devoted to Air Force orders. More than 370 workers, many of them women, are employed. Sales could be increased indefinitely according to the plant's manager, W. B. Ford, but new machinery cannot be obtained. Small changes will enable the company to increase production by a further fifteen per cent in the near future. But this is the absolute limit.

The factory pays its employees a ten per cent cost of living bonus. Other plants in the district have also begun doing the same. This was not due to organized-labor pressure. There is no labor organization of any kind in existence in the whole district. Ninety-nine per cent of Smith & Stone employees have pledged to devote five per cent of their earnings to the purchase of War Savings Stamps, of which thus far more than \$5,000 worth have been sold through the machine of the plant. The workers also subscribed \$6,400 for the Victory Loan. Mr. Ford says that nearly a fifth of the staff has joined the armed services and that there is beginning to be felt a keen lack of skilled labor. It is hoped that exemptions will be granted to new classes so as not to disrupt production.



Joseph Gibbons, Georgetown's mayor, runs one of Main Street's three barber shops. He is now serving his eighth term as director of town affairs.



Mrs. H. C. McCreary and Mrs. Wallace Thompson are among dozens of Georgetown ladies who knit and sew for the Red Cross.



The Georgetown Lions Club conducts Georgetown's salvage campaign. Here President Dick Liscia, fruit merchant, whose truck tours the town in search of salvage, loads up his truck for a trip to Toronto, aided by Bernard Brill.

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