

A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR VICTORY

(The author describes himself as "just a ordinary Englishman" and asked that his name should not be revealed.)

Two years before the war my wife and I rented, in a pleasant, country garden suburb, a cottage built early this century by a famous architect in the style of an old English cottage, the kind that might have been left by the Pilgrim Fathers when they sailed in the Mayflower; plain brick walls inside of distressed cream, oak beams overhead, a deep, wide red brick fireplace, oak doors with wrought iron handles, red tiled hall, dining room and kitchen, bedrooms with sloping, timbered ceilings, and casement windows looking out on a pleasant garden full of apple trees and old-fashioned flowers. It was no modern mock-Tudor "palace" such as real estate agents used to advertise, but a quiet, restful reproduction.

We are fond of antiques, and we took to it, among other pieces, a Cromwellian chest of drawers in old oak. When the dealer found it for us it was covered with Brunswick Black, but he bleached this off and my wife polished the oak until the chest was "alive", some Chippendale chairs, a Queen Anne mahogany chest of drawers, a century old oak table, my oak desk, carpentered in 1760, and so on. Our modern settee and armchairs and other furniture my wife covered with flowered linen and chintz, to match the house, and hung chintz curtains in the casement windows.

I had an absorbing editorial job which brought me \$4,500 a year, and was contributing to an office pension scheme so that I could retire at 65. My wife looked after the house, tended the garden (she added an allotment to "dig for victory" when the war began), played golf and did a good deal of social work, mainly as working chairman of school committees, and help them on leaving school, to go into work in which they will be trained. Instead of into blind alley jobs. She also ran girls' clubs, taught dancing and dramatics, and so on. I wrote a play and produced it with her girls one year. Pleasant life—and it might have reasonably have gone on.

But the Nazis broke loose and ran amok across Europe. The first casualty was my job. I left to do Government work at a salary \$1,250 a year less than I had been earning, and, of course, being sent the pension scheme. Still, I was told I was much too old for the army, and not physically fit anyway. As it was the best thing to do incidentally, counting the extra income tax imposed during the war, my net salary today is about \$1,500 less than it used to be.

One night in September 1940, early in the Battle of Britain, Jerry came over and dropped five large incendiary bombs round our home, so we couldn't get back to work. We just had to wait to see what happened. And something certainly did happen.

Five nights later Jerry came over again and dropped fifty incendiary bombs in the lane in which we lived. Forty nine of them fell in the road, opposite. One fell on a house—our cottage. The district was evacuated. The warden to whom we had given our keys for emergency use was away (one of the time bombs was under his sitting room) and so was the neighbour to whom we had given another key. The water mains were smashed, too, so that when the fire brigade arrived all it could was to draw a drop of water from a tank a short distance away and spray it on the adjoining house to prevent the fire from spreading.

From Books to Burnt Leaves
Result—Nothing left of our cottage but four cracked walls; no clothes, except what we were wearing (and, weren't far away, so we had taken little more than pyjamas and tooth-brushes); no books (our library of 2,000 was strewn in burnt leaves over the garden); not anything. Well, that was that.

Three days later my wife took an unpaid job in the Women's Voluntary Service. Today she's Center Organizer in one of London's slummiest boroughs, working 75 to 80 hours a week. She worked through one winter's blizzards, and one night fed nurses and patients dug out of the debris of a bombed hospital. The school which formed their temporary shelter rocked the whole time to the blast of high explosives. Now she's preparing for the next Blitz.

Meanwhile she runs welfare work in a big tube shelter administrators locally the Lord Mayor's Air Raid Distress Fund; organizes 300 women to darn men's socks; aids in evacuating children; collects for national savings; makes comforts for the troops, and a hundred and one other things. She wears a uniform—good thing too, for if she didn't the usual woman's excuse of "nothing to wear" would be almost literally true. Neither cash nor coupons are sufficient to replace her lost cloths, though now and again I do have the privilege of seeing her out of uniform and in one of the two dresses she managed to buy after what we always refer to as the "affair."

Through the blizzards we remained with relatives, sleeping in a protected basement, little more than a tiny one room studio, for which we are paying the same rent as we paid for our whole cottage. I call it the bird cage.

The debris of our home has been cleared away by arrangement with the landlady we are still looking after our old garden. It's some distance away so we can't do it properly. We've had to give up the allotment, because we haven't time for that.

So, whenever we get the chance, we go over to the old place and dig the garden, prune the roses and clear the weeds. Sometimes we picnic on the lawn with our backs to the ruins. Last year we kept the little bird cage in flower beds through from May to October. We bought of forget-me-nots, clumps of grape hyacinth and scillas, bunches of daffodils and narcissus; great sprays



F. HOWARD SMITH

Recently appointed President of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association following the resignation of H. L. Wells, Assistant Administrator by appointment of the Canadian Government.

of heavenly blue delphinium and lupin vases of marigold from the mound, with which we covered our air raid shelter (now filled with water, useless anyway, without a house), clumps of Adiantum daleale. Now, we've started again, and the brigade has been right with the spring's narcissus.

Despite marauding small boys, we managed to collect most of last September's apples—welcome in these days of fruit shortage.

Well, here we are, loser in income, no real home, no furniture, just enough clothes to keep us going, rationed food, continual work—night duty as well as day duty. We've got an assessment for our compensation to be paid after the war. This will be so much less than the books, clothing and furniture cost us, and much less, compared with what replacements will cost after the war.

There are thousands like us; many worse off with husbands, wives or children buried under the bombed homes; with husbands or sons out somewhere East or braving the German Plank every night to raid Jerry, with limbs amputated and so on. There's an old lady my wife knows, for example, husband and son killed, home bombed, and at sixty five odd she works about 60 hours a week in a factory, making munitions.

Quoth the Blackbird
The pear tree outside the Birdcage window, we look out on someone else's garden hangs heavy with white blossoms in the sunshine as I write. Yesterday, while we were digging in our own garden the blackbird who used to sit on top of our apple tree was still there singing the same tune he always sang when I was digging. "You'll feel it when I was digging, you'll feel it," and I did.

Germany and Japs cannot smash that. There's a lot more, they cannot smash. Memories, for example, real values which will still be here when the barbarian has trampled past.

A friend who's lost nothing told my wife she would be proud to have had what we have in the cause of freedom. Well, I cannot pretend to feel that; yet one day I may. But how small is one couple's loss, besides what we shall gain with victory! Yes, it's a small price to pay for victory!

LOCAL BOWLERS GATHER SPOILS AT ELORA
Elora Bowling Club, which has 30 greens available at home and can, in emergency make use of others in nearby places, puts on probably the best tournament in Western Ontario, certainly in attendance, and class of competition it is among the leaders anywhere.

Local players have been quite prominent in the latest two double tournaments in Elora. Three weeks ago Monday, of four pair who competed in the sixty rink play Georgetown, J. Richardson and W. G. Bell brought home 3rd prize while Hugh Dickie and Ern Thompson garnered 5th prize.

Again on Monday and Tuesday of this week in the Tip Top Tailors Doubles with 50 pair competing Hugh Dickie and Ern Thompson won all their games to take 2nd prize.

CHURCH NEWS

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH
St. George's Church
Rev. W. O. O. Thompson, Rector.
Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday school 10 a.m. Holy Communion 11 a.m. Evensong 7 p.m.

St. Alban's Church, Glen Williams
Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday school 2:00 p.m.
Evensong 2:00 p.m.
Preacher, Rev. B. R. Cookbrook.

St. John's Church, Strathroy
Rev. R. R. Cookbrook, Rector.
Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Harvest and Thanksgiving Service 2:00 p.m. Sunday School 3:00 p.m. Evensong 7:00 p.m.
The Rev. W. O. O. Thompson of St. George's Church, Georgetown in charge of the service.

St. Paul's Church, Norfolk
Harvest Thanksgiving Service 2:45 a.m. Sunday School 3:30 p.m. Evensong 7:00 p.m.
The members of the community are very cordially invited to the above services.

St. Stephen's Church, Hornby
10:30 a.m. Sunday School 11:00 a.m. Morning Prayer

First Baptist Church
Minister, Rev. John E. Ostrom, B.A.
Wed. Sept. 16th The mid-week Service for Prayer and Praise.
Sun. Sept. 20th 2:00 p.m. Sunday School 7:00 p.m. Evening Service "Love and Unwinded"
Mr. Ostrom will speak and sing. Come, and Worship.

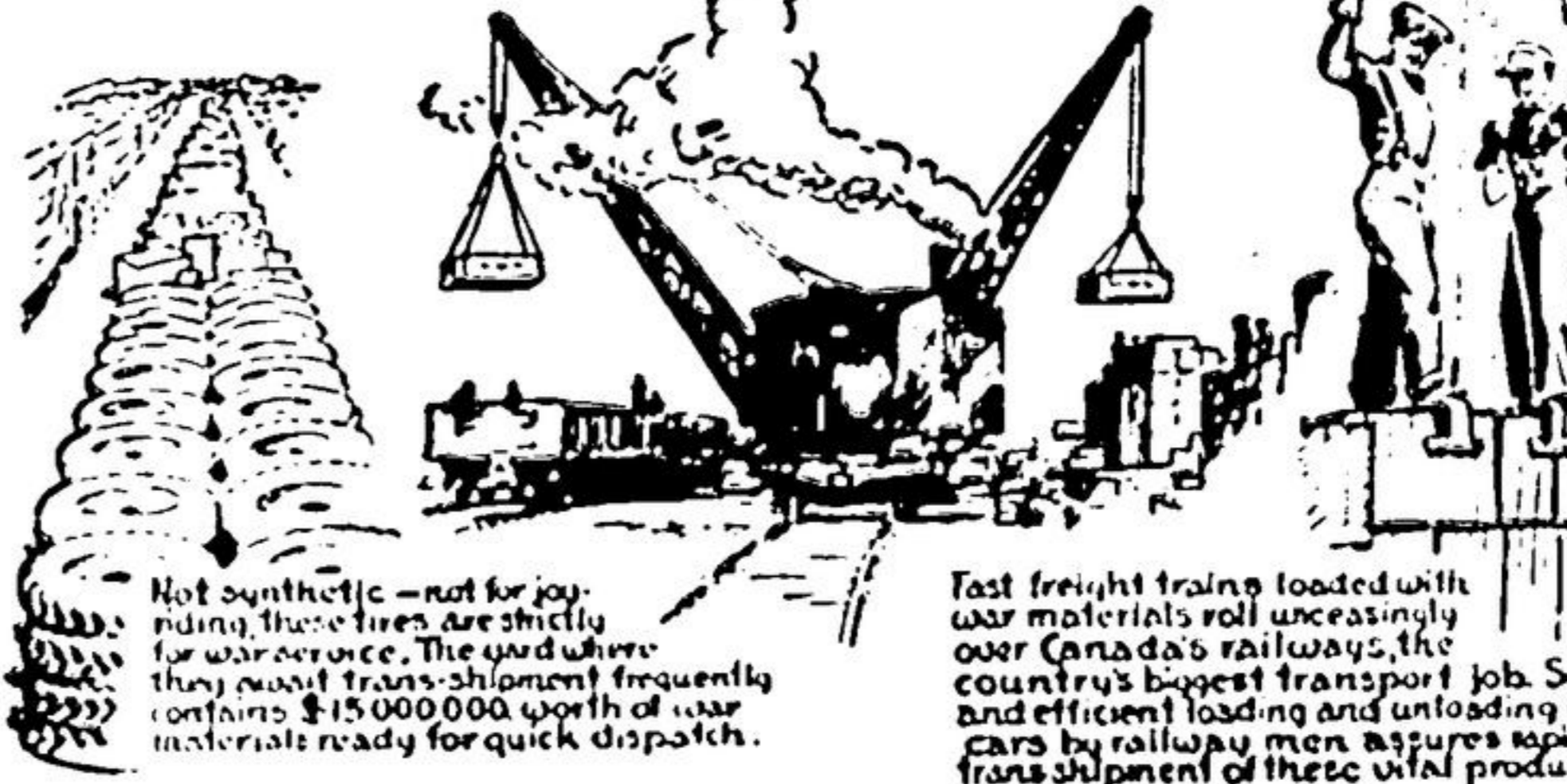
THE UNITED CHURCH
Rev. R. C. Todd, B.A., Minister.
11:00 a.m. Sunday School and Bible Class.
11:00 a.m. Public Worship, subject: "What is a Model Christian?"
7:00 p.m. Evening Devotions, subject: "The Spirit and the Power of Religion."
September 27, 11:00 a.m. combined Sunday School and Congregational Rally. Preacher, Rev. F. A. Chelver, Grace United Church, Brampton.

HOLY CROSS CHURCH
Rev. P. V. J. Morgan.
Mass. at 9:00 a.m. 2nd and 4th Sundays, 11:00 a.m. 1st, 3rd and 6th Sundays.

KNOX PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Rev. Chas. C. Cochran, B.A., Minister.
10:00 Sunday School
11:00 a.m. Public Worship
7:00 p.m. Public Worship
Rev. W. D. Turner of Hillsburg will preach at both services.
LIMEHOUSE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
2:00 p.m. Sunday School and Bible Class.
2:00 p.m. Public Worship.
Rev. W. D. Turner, B.A. of Hillsburg will preach.

THE RAILWAY AND THE WAR . . . By Thurstan Topik

"V" for Victory is the symbol these cranes form in one of three large marshalling yards for war materials that are located on the Canadian National System. They are the largest railway war yards in Canada.



Not synthetic—not for joy-riding, these cranes are strictly for war service. The yard where they load trains is frequently loaded with \$15,000,000 worth of war materials ready for quick dispatch.

Fast freight trains loaded with war materials roll unceasingly over Canada's railways, the country's biggest transport job. So it and efficient loading and unloading of cars by railway men assures rapid transshipment of these vital products.

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SAVINGS THIS WEEK-END THURS., FRI. AND SAT. SEPT. 17th TO 19th

DOMINION OFFERS WARTIME SAVINGS EVERY WEEK

WHOLESALE DOMINION QUALITY

BREAD TASTY CANADIAN	WHITE, BROWN OR CRACKED WHEAT	2 24-oz. Loaves	15c
MILD CHEESE	WHITE OR BLENDED	lb.	29c
VINEGAR (CIDER)	GREEN GIANT	Galvan (Quarts Only)	39c
WAX BEANS	EXCELSIOR OR WHITE SATIN	2 1/2-lb. Tins	25c
PASTRY FLOUR		1 1/2-lb. Tins (Packaged)	69c

CORN FLAKES	KELLOGG'S OR QUAKER	3 1/2-lb. Tins	25c
BAKING POWDER	DOMINION	1-lb. Tin	15c

LUX-RINSO OXYDOL-CHIPS	1 1/2-lb. Tin		25c
P & O PEARL, COMFORT & GOLD	3 cans		14c

AYLMER NO. 6 BEVE

PEAS - 1-lb. Tin 10c

PEARS - 1-lb. Tin 10c

COCOA - 1-lb. Tin 19c

JEWEL - 1-lb. Tin 19c

COFFEE - 1-lb. Tin 49c

RED ROSE REG. OR DRIP GRIND

LOCAL BOWLERS GATHER SPOILS AT ELORA

Elora Bowling Club, which has 30 greens available at home and can, in emergency make use of others in nearby places, puts on probably the best tournament in Western Ontario, certainly in attendance, and class of competition it is among the leaders anywhere.

LORNE SCOTTS' W.A. MEET

The regular meeting of the Ladies' W.A. to the Lorne Scots met at the home of the President, Mrs. J. R. Barber last week. A shipment of 12,000 cigarettes were reported sent overseas. Mrs. Graham very generously offered the use of her home for a bingo social on September 14th. Each member was asked to donate towards the special prize for the bingo game held Sept. 30th. A presentation of a sweater and a pair of socks was made to each Lorne Scot who left town last week. The meeting came to a close with the National Anthem, after which a delightful luncheon was served by the hostesses.

"RECIPE TREASURES" FOUND IN ATTIC

A Michigan reader . . . writing in the (Sept. 30) issue in the Detroit Sunday Times . . . tells of some old family recipes, that are excellent and require only a minimum sugar, which she recently came across while ransacking her attic on a rubber salvage hunt. Be sure to get Sunday's Detroit Times!

This is the Last Week for
PEACHES
ONTARIO ELBERTAS
FINE FOR PRESERVING