

A Feature Page

NEWS PARADE

By G. McO.

IT TOOK A LONG TIME

Georgetown ratepayers are slow when it comes to being aroused over municipal matters. For years very little interest was ever shown at nomination meetings, and very few attended, thus giving those in office or those aspiring to office, the feeling that no matter what happened the ratepayers were satisfied. But this year it was different for there was plenty doing and many attended.

We had often heard of the fiery meetings held at township nominations, but did not think local ratepayers could be aroused from their lethargy to take an active part in the nomination meeting and ask questions and present opinions. It was certainly gratifying to this corner, as it no doubt was to the members of the present council, to know that their efforts were not passed by without some recognition, some constructive criticism advanced, or their attention drawn to any mistakes which might have been made in the past. It is a healthy condition for any town when the ratepayers show their interest in the municipal body and the way in which public business is conducted.

To top off this interest, ratepayers should not fail to go to the polls on Monday. There are plenty of candidates in the field, and some thought should be given beforehand to choose the right men for the job.

THE RURAL WOODPILE

We came across a very interesting article the other day, "The Rural Woodpile," author unknown, so we can't give credit where credit is due. The blanket of snow over the week-end and the wintry picture, reminded us of this article, so we thought our readers might be interested in it too. Then again, we have been too busy with the election this week to write our own column.

"It used to be a familiar axiom in the rural districts that one could judge the kind of farmer by his woodpile. However, these days woodpiles in this district have dwindled so badly that if that were the only axiom by which to judge the farmer, then he wouldn't be judged at all. Far too many farms have no woodpiles. The farmer, like the villager, has gone modern and heats his home with coal.

"We always thought it was a great mistake that every crown deed handed out to settlers in this country, did not contain a clause requiring that five acres of bush must have been retained for every 100 acres of land. What that would have meant to the farmers today can scarcely be estimated. Every stick of wood burned in the furnace or stove this winter will be a direct contribution toward the solution of the fuel situation, and an aid to the transportation of coal.

"Too many were anxious to get rid of the modest woodpile, but somehow we are old fashioned enough to imagine that the honest farmer who likes his job is the one who pauses or stops a moment at the open woodshed door after the chores are done and the livestock comfortably bedded down for the night to look at the pile of winter wood. There's comfort in the solid, tiered rows piled to the shed rafters. We cannot farm, but we like the looks of those long piles of wood seen here and there running for some length in the farmers' lane.

"A woodpile is a memory that many a city man cherishes as he sits high in a symmetrically organized mass of concrete, brick and steel. The farmer, however, remembers the days of chopping in the woodlot, the hauling and the sawing, the splitting and the piling. As he turns toward the light shining down the path from the kitchen window, he is glad that he "got up" a larger woodpile than usual this year."

RED CROSS SENDS OUT FIRST MOBILE BLOOD DONOR UNIT

The Ontario Division of the Canadian Red Cross has added a Mobile Blood Donor Unit which will travel through the Province to small towns and communities to augment the work of the permanent blood donor clinics. In the past, donors from outlying districts have been driven to and from the nearest permanent clinic by motor car. This method has now become impossible, with increasingly severe restrictions on gasoline and tires.

The first travelling clinic was originally a dental unit and is now re-conditioned to carry the necessary equipment to implement local Red Cross branches in getting organized for this task. Services of doctors and nurses have been enlisted, lists of blood donor volunteers prepared and arrangements for giving refreshment to donors after the operations have been completed in advance. Volunteer staffs trained by this unit are also ready.

The unit is a mobile clinic in as much as the unit leaves Ontario Division headquarters in Leaside every Monday morning. When the day's clinic

are over in each stopping place, the technician in charge sends the blood donation and used equipment by express to Toronto. Volunteer women drivers from Leaside pick up the equipment at Union Station and take the blood to Leaside work centre, where it is processed. Equipment is again sterilized, returned to the work centre and packed for shipping. By this time the blood has been processed and is loaded on the truck and delivered to the Connaught Laboratories, where the drying and processing is accomplished. The equipment is taken on to the station and expressed to another branch on the itinerary of the mobile unit. The contact person in that town is notified and receives the shipment and delivers it to the local Red Cross Branch. The mobile unit carries an emergency equipment in case weather conditions should delay rail transportation.

The unit returns to Toronto each week-end. The Red Cross Society will expand the mobile blood donor unit service by additional vans when this plan has been proven and as the need arises.

THE RETURN OF BIG BROTHER



While swarms of dignitaries and ordinary people waited outside on the platform of Bonaventure Station in Montreal Tuesday night for the first glimpse of the returning wounded heroes of Dieppe, a youngster sat in one of the cars with her big brother. She was Florence Banks, sister of Private Allan Banks of the Royal Canadian Army Corps. She had a big chat with her soldier brother before he was moved to his home in Montreal.



CONDUCTOR

Kathleen Parlow, Alexander Henssborn and Geoffrey Waddington are some of the leading Canadian musicians who have influenced the career of handsome young Ivan Romanoff. A native of Toronto, he was born the first year of the first World War. Ivan received his first musical training at the hands of the Ukrainian Cultural Society of Toronto, went later to the Toronto Conservatory, skipped school many times to attend concerts, swim and go to the movies for recreation. Recently he moved from the first violin section to the conductor's stand, is currently giving GBO listeners a romantic half hour on Fridays at 9:30 p.m. EDT over CBY and the Southern Ontario network with a balalaika orchestra, vocal quartet and soloist Elena Petrukova.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION PHONE — 8

Poetry

Poems are made to give a thought
An added point, or poignance rare.
The rhymed cadences of song
Influence our dreams both foul and fair.

Poems have played a lovely part
In stirring nations up to life.
And, dark-eyed, have whipped them up
To plunge in turgid, bloody strife.

The lovely dawn, so fleeting fair,
Caught and imprisoned in a rhyme,
Is made to give a sunny hour
Thro' grey days to the end of time.

Poems have been made to save a world
Or break a heart, or praise a face
For a million reasons poems are born—
(This one was made to fill up space).
—CHIPS.

JIMMIE HE'S A SOLDIER

Here I say Eliza, read this letter that I've got,
Blast those blooming spectacles of mine, I can't see one jot,
I know it is from Jimmie, you read what he says,
Bless the little tyke, he had the quietest ways.

Now Jimmie he's a soldier, the same as his dear dad,
His dad he was a soldier too, and he gave all he had,
There's so many like my Jimmie, who are fighting in the right,
We know that they will conquer for they fight, fight, fight.

Dear mom, I wrote this letter so that you will know,
By the time you get it, I'll be in the big show,
Along with other fellows that live down our street,
You know mom, what we'll do to him, when Friday we meet.

We'll settle all the score we owe then we will not owe a thing,
And now that we've got started we're heading for Berlin.
This comrade stuff won't mean a thing, we'll show him who is who,
We'll paste the stuffing out of him, same as our dads used to do.

Now I say Eliza can you beat my Jimmie boy,
My how my Jimmie used to fight, he was his mother's joy,
Of course I'd scold and slap him, but I loved him just the same,
He was such a manly little tyke who always played the game.

God spare my soldier Jimmie, he's the only boy I've got,
He has a heart inside of him as big as a mountain top,
He is a lovely fighter, I know, I've seen him lots,
He'll give his best for freedom, He'll give all he's got.
—John M. Daly.

PICOBAC
Pipe Tobacco
FOR A MILD COOL SMOKE

A STATEMENT

about

BUTTER

In spite of the fact that in some Canadian cities butter supplies recently have not been sufficient to meet the greatly increased demands, the situation does not constitute an emergency; nor is it as serious as some people seem to think. There are two main causes for these temporary and local shortages:

For the past year we have been consistently using 10% to 15% more butter than in normal times—with consequent disturbance to the distribution of our butter supplies.

Many people have been buying more butter than they currently need.

The limited nature of the present shortage is shown by the fact that if every home would reduce its consumption of butter by only one ounce per person per week (for the average home this means a quarter of a pound a week)—or if we reduced our national consumption to the peacetime rate—the shortage would soon disappear.

There is no Reason for Panic Buying

It is unpatriotic and unnecessary for housewives to rush out to beat their neighbours to the nearest grocery store. Butter will not be rationed to meet the present situation. Butter production is actually above normal for this time of year. The Board itself is taking special action which it is believed will speedily restore normal supplies in retail stores.

These supplies will however be adequate for normal consumption, if housewives in all parts of Canada co-operate.

You can help in these ways:

HOW TO SAVE BUTTER

AT MEAL-TIME

1. Use butter only for spreading on bread.
2. Never use butter just out of the refrigerator. Wait until it is soft enough to spread easily.
3. Add a small amount of milk when creaming butter for sandwiches.

IN COOKING

1. Do not use butter in baking and cooking, when lard, shortening or meat dripping can be used.
2. Use level measurements of butter. . . . Guesswork means waste!
3. When adding cheese to a cream or white sauce, use only half amount of butter stated in recipe.
4. Use paper wrappings from butter to grease baking dishes.
5. Do not use butter for re-warming vegetables.
6. Serve meat gravy to avoid the use of extra butter on potatoes.
7. When adding butter to vegetable dishes, add it sparingly. Do not melt it and then pour on.

Scrupulously avoid waste and extravagance. Waste is wrong at all times. In time of war it is sabotage.

Reduce present consumption of butter by at least one ounce per person per week—(for the average home this means a quarter of a pound a week.)

Do not buy more than is needed for immediate use.

THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD