

A Feature Page

News Parade

By GAYLARD MCDONNELL

We had hoped that advertising and other news items would be sufficient for a time, as to crowd out this column. It keeps one busy to write about anything but the war these days, and we doubted if anyone ever read the column anyway. But along comes a lady who says she missed it a couple of weeks . . . and you know how it is, we never like to disappoint the ladies. But that still doesn't open up more subjects to digest, so if you have anything you want brought to light, let us know and we'll try to tear it apart in this column . . . Say, already one farmer wants to know where the public shed is for tying his team while he goes shopping. Now, listen brother, we never knew an old-fashioned winter was on its way, or we're sure the town fathers would have taken care of this.

LEFT OURSELVES OPEN

A couple of weeks back we commented on the situation facing a number of nearby skating rinks, and showed our lack of attending the local ice palace this season as a sport's reporter, when we left ourselves open for a sharp upercut by Editor Dills of the Acton Free Press. We no doubt took it for granted that the boys over there were doing all the patting necessary, and that we could forget a little of the friendly old rivalry between the towns . . . but not Editor Dills, he seized upon our lapse of memory or something and here's his story:

"Commenting on the war-time use or non-use of arenas last week, and the fact that Acton has leased its arena for storage purposes The Georgetown Herald says: 'It is a far cry from days when Acton sported some of Ontario's best hockey teams.' We'll say it is brother, but who would have thought that even the war would bring about such mutual agreement on this point of 'Ontario's best hockey teams.'"

AN OLD-FASHIONED WINTER

We haven't heard any of the older folk bragging this year that "we don't get the winters now like we used to get—frosty and extremely cold weather for days at a time—and snow piled so high that you could hardly see the fence tops." However, we think this winter so far can live up to most of the old-fashioned kind, and if they were any colder or saw more snow, we hope the weatherman doesn't stretch a point to equal them.

But on the whole it has been a grand winter . . . healthy weather with frost in the air . . . plenty of skiing and sleighriding for the younger set, and the older folk, too, rather enjoy looking out on the great piles of pure white snow—providing of course they haven't too large a sidewalk to keep clean. But the boys and girls of today miss a lot when an old-fashioned winter comes along. The motor car has spoiled a lot of things for the kids. We can remember when the favourite winter sport was "hopping bob-sleighs and cutters." One made a number of friends hopping sleighs, and it was only the odd farmer who would put the whip to the horses just as you were about to swing on. But the youngsters of today have one compensation, they can ski. In our school days, skis were practically unheard of, but we certainly got a kick out of fastening on a couple of barrel staves and coasting down the "white bridge" hill. The sport has come a long way since, and it is wholesome and healthful.

Yes, we sometimes wish we could get out and do the things we used to do—but twenty years can make a difference for all of us—just as the motor car tries to plough through the snow-filled roads, where old Dobbin could nearly always take it on high.

SHOULD BE PROUD TO LIVE HERE

Little time was left at our disposal last week to make any comments on the Mayor's inaugural address. However, we believe something more should be said, as few towns are in the happy position, where a mayor who is taking his seat in council for the tenth time, can look ahead in the year 1943 with such enthusiasm and a sense of public pride in a job well done. The address was full of public service, of ways and means by which a town council can be of benefit to the community, and predictions for a better and happier community when the boys return home.

It made one feel proud to live in a town, when at the beginning of a new year the town's leading citizen could show the business of the community in the best financial position it has ever attained; where a reduction in the tax-rate could be forecast; where lower hydro rates were not an impossibility, and where our boys and girls of school age might indulge in winter sports at an arena, which might be purchased for the benefit of all.

The inaugural address showed the interest the town fathers should have in the town they represent, and if but a part of the thought outlined were put into effect, Georgetown could not help but be a better and happier place in which to live.

TOMMY DORSEY'S '43 SONG CHOICE

Tommy Dorsey, one of America's best-known band leaders, points his musical pointer for a "Song Hit to Be Star '43" as "It Started All Over Again."

English teacher: Will you correct this sentence: "Girls is naturally better looking than boys."
Sophomore: "Girls is artificially better looking than boys."

R.C.A.F. Women Get New Uniform



The Royal Canadian Air Force (Women's Division) has a new and streamlined version of its uniform. As present ones wear out, they will be replaced by this attractive design. Planned and executed by Canada's foremost fashion authorities, it is practical, becoming, and incidentally saves fabric. Most notable change is the cap—a curved, wide visored model of fabric on felt. The tunic has slimmer lines, fake upper pockets and patch pockets below. The back is tailored in one piece, with a detachable belt. The skirt is a simple, straight, knee-length affair with a full skirt and plenty of swing to the hemline. The tunic has an inverted pleat and full belt at the waist, with its lapels flaring higher, and pockets on a diagonal slant, promises greater warmth as well as slattery. Color, material, and insignia have not altered their proud Air Force identity. Only one "extra" has been added—a flat shoulder bag of blue leatherette, which swings from right shoulder to left side, will more than compensate for the departed pockets.



A Letter Your Boy Might Write

This page has featured one or two letters regarding what we back home might write to boys in the services overseas. Here is a letter which your boy might write from Saturday Night, written by L. B. Shapiro, who is in England to give some idea of the things the Canadian soldier is thinking about. We print it here:
Dear Mrs. Cartwright:
I met your boy at the Beaver Club in London last night, having a sandwich and coffee in the canteen. He had come into London on a 48-hour leave with six other lads from his unit. He looks fine. And when I asked him how he felt, he said, "I've put on 20 pounds in the last year—all muscle. Feel, mister. They won't know me when I get back home. Only last week I had to have my uniform let out around the shoulders. We sure do eat. The rations aren't exactly what they used to be back home (what wouldn't I give for about four eggs, sunnyside up (with a slab of ham sizzling in the middle?) but we get plenty of helpings of everything. And after a day of this Commando-type stuff we're doing, nobody bothers to be polite, believe you me. The boys eat like those double-quick movies we used to see back home."

Well, Mrs. Cartwright, your boy and I went into the reading room at the club again, and looked over the home town papers. It's amazing how hungry he is for news about the old place. He read the paper column for column and, he didn't even pass up the society page. That paper must have been read by two or three hundred lads because it was brown with thumb-marks and almost falling to pieces although it had arrived brand new only four days ago.

Afterward, he told me what he'd been doing on his 48-hour leave. In the afternoon he went to the Gaumont Theatre to see Noel Coward's picture, "In Which We Serve." He said it made him feel like going up to every British sailor he saw and shaking hands with him. Later in the evening he went to Covent Garden for dancing. Although he didn't know a girl to bring along, he had a nice time because there were more girls there than fellows. That's hard to believe in a city as crowded with soldiers as London is, but it's true.

He hooked up with a lot of American soldiers after the dance and the party of them strolled down to Trafalgar Square in the black-out and serenaded Lord Nelson with close harmony from "Tin Pan Alley."

That's one thing I'd like to tell you about Mrs. Cartwright. You know the Americans rather better than the English do, and he is acting as a sort of ambassador-host in introducing the Americans to the English. You'd never think your boy as a diplomat, but you'd be surprised at the grand job he's doing for international relations.

If you could see them all together on Piccadilly your boy and the Americans and the British, you'd stop worrying about what the world's going to be like after the war. The League of Nations was never as fine and as effective, in its great Geneva Palace, as what is taking place among the lads from all over the world in places like the Beaver Club, the Rainbow Club and the Y.M.C.A.

Of course, Mrs. Cartwright, your boy is working hard. It's no picnic, being a Canadian soldier. He's up before dawn these December days, and he goes through a tough grind of training. On a couple of schemes he raced all over the island for six days running and that wasn't any holiday stroll. But he knows the big push is coming, and he also knows that when it does come, he'll be as ready as any soldier in the world.

He doesn't feel so hot about his inaction. He wonders why the Americans come here for a few months and then push off to North Africa. And then he supplies the answers for himself. He feels he is being held for the big show, the main event, and not for sideshows like North Africa. He likes to feel that he is being held in England for the big job because there are no other troops so well qualified to open the full scale attack on Hitler's Europe.

Right now, Mrs. Cartwright, with the grey days here and the holiday season coming on, he's getting a little lonesome. If I were you, Mrs. Cartwright, I would see that his friends wrote him more often.

Remember, Mrs. Cartwright, there is no more sentimental person in the world than a soldier overseas. You'd be amazed to know what a pleasant hour a soldier can spend before lights out, going over the mail from home. Your boy kept telling me last night how he laughed over your letter about little Bobby's crush on the girl next door. And how thrilled Dorothy was when you let her go to her first dance.

In some ways, Mrs. Cartwright, your boy is closer to you now than he ever was when he lived at home. He never had any time, in the old days, to talk about the homey little things. Right after supper he'd jump up and go downtown to meet the boys. Bobby and Dorothy more or less annoyed him, but not now. He'd give a month's pay just for a look at Dorothy in her first evening dress.

It sounds sentimental, Mrs. Cartwright, but that's the way your boy is—when he's overseas. He's going to be a lot more thoughtful about little things when he gets home. Sincerely, etc.

Brown: "Do you expect to help your wife with her housecleaning?"
Blue: "Yes. I expect to stay out of her way."

Poetry

THE CANUCKS AT DIEPPE

It was a foggy August morning, all was silent as a ghost. The Canucks were sailing on the sloop toward the old French coast. Yes they were wearily waiting, their thoughts were far away. Where they had spent August 30, and where they were today. Then with a thud the guns tore loose. 'Twas deafening to hear the roar of the old navy guns, and the planes up in the air. A jump, a rush, and on the beach our gallant boys did run. Their tommy guns spat as they neared Dieppe and charged the waiting Hun.

They never paused nor faltered, the bullets they did pour, As on they sped while o'er their head the shrapnel burst galore. His deadly firing machine-guns, his mortars and his bombs Did not stop our boys one moment with all their deadly throngs. Yes, they reached the street of cruel Dieppe, put up a heroic show, It was their present objective, and no further they dare go. Then the order came to retire, and with their wounded by their side, They fought their way back to the boats, and sailed home with the tide.

Ah, friends, it was a great reward, a sad yet glorious day, For everyone of those Canucks in that land so far away. And I'm certain they'll get credit, where true credit is due, Not forgetting our navy, and our flying machine, too. Now if any of you readers had sons or husbands, too, Who fell that August morning for the flag that's good and true, Remember what I tell you now, they went through fire and hell, Fighting for our freedom and the land they loved so well. Yes, our boys will visit Dieppe again; their lines may even get thin, But I'm sure there'll be some of them left when they march through Berlin.

Written and composed by
W. R. WEATHERUP,
EX-PPCLI, C.E.P.

A glance at the 1943 Calendar shows that in 1943 there won't be one mid-week holiday. New Year's and Good Friday are the only two that are not on Saturday or Monday throughout the year.

Letter From North Comes in Verse Form

Dear Georgetown Herald:
To write a few lines from a friend in the North,
Seems small to commence, and not of very great worth,
But the things we do here, and of conditions I'll tell,
Won't be like those in war factories, where men do rebel.
The North is a cold place, six months of the year
But the rest of the time we have cause for no fear,
We grow lots of crop, with a splendid variety,
Which keep folk real active, and help all society.

Last year a wet season was the rule in the North,
But here it was just opposite, we were plagued with a drought.
In spite of conditions, immense crops were in order
We have lots for ourselves, some goes over the border.
Help for the harvest was urgently called for
And folk of all ages, came forth without tremor,
Put their hands to the furrows, and piled up the wheat
And the nation's great harvest, gives us plenty to eat.

A great many people have spent time in this country
And come every year to partake of its bounty.
A great many more don't know its great beauty
Could not come if they wished to, because of their duty.
To those I would say, try and plan for some pleasure,
There's hunting and fishing, with real fun in store;
Good roads are now common, for motorists to roar.

Bring your boats and your outboards, fish line and bait,
Catch pike, pickerel and bass, lake trout, all lie in wait;
Deer, moose, and the partridge are running about.
The hare, too, are numerous and will scratch up about.
The lakes and the rivers give you plenty of space,
Your desire and your compass is good any place.
Fortune, too, awaits you, if your desire runs that way
Because the gold's not all found yet, and there's plenty will pay.

For those who don't wish to rough it a bit
Good hotels are established and boast they're just it.
Convenience is planned so your stay is a pleasure
And they serve up the meals, in a beautiful measure.
But most folk now-a-days desire their own cooking
And places for these too, are here for the looking.
When out in the bush good camps are oft found
And provide you with shelter even tho' not real sound.
Roughing it a bit, is what folk look ahead for
Will take knocks and bumps, and keep waiting for more.
But really it's not bad if your body is healthy,
And your purse don't need stretching, no need to be wealthy,
To live is quite easy, it's fun you'll be after.
And no one will question, or be annoyed by your laughter,
If the towns you would visit, they're here up-to-date,
And the people keep busy, and you're never too late.

Our railroad is one of the best in the land,
Their schedule is often, every convenience on hand;
Our miners and farmers, are right on their jobs,
The lumbermen, too, take out logs & logs.
The highway's kept open all through the whole year,
Trucks, busses, and cars go without any fear.
We have factories too, which employ plenty of hands,
And the product is shipped to overseas lands.

Now in my first letter, I can't give every detail
But in future letters I hope I won't fail—
To tell plenty of interest, that will cause some comment,
My description will be authentic, and all be well meant.
I have plenty of friends in country and around Georgetown
And feel they will read my few lines with no frown,
So let's keep our chins up with hand to the wheel
And Victory will come to us, and we'll have a new deal.

Cordially yours,
R. W. JOHNSON,
R. R. No. 1 Thornloe, Ont.

These days a man has to be pret dog-gone small to hide behind a woman's skirts.