

# A Feature Page

## News Parade

By Garfield McGilvray

### PROCRASTINATION

We often wonder why this column is put off till the eleventh hour. We know it has to be written by a given time, but most every week we find ourselves involved in a last-minute dash for copy. It brings a very interesting gem, written by that great Scientist, Mary Baker Eddy, to mind: "A great amount of time is consumed in talking, doing nothing, and indecision as to what one should do", and still is brought to mind, Henry Ward Beecher's "We sleep, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when it comes up in the morning." We must procrastinate no longer, another column is at hand.

### YES WE NEED A PUBLIC HEALTH NURSE

Council made a wise move last week when they endorsed a resolution of co-operation with Milton and Acton in regards to securing a public health nurse for this district. We have been without a school nurse for some months now, and according to the M. O. H. the lack of one is being felt more greatly every day. A qualified public health nurse would be an asset to the town as a whole as well as to the school—her suggestions on public health matters would be inestimable.

We feel that school nurses are even more necessary in war than in peace time, since our national health must be improved. Correct foods are not as plentiful, and doctors' ranks are being thinned by enlistments. Other centres throughout Ontario say that their public health nurse is one of their best investments for the considerably small outlay.

Our town council must certainly be commended on the stand they have taken to assure our boys and girls of the best medical care that can be had.

### WAR TAKES ITS TOLL

It came as a rather sudden shock to local citizens when it was learned last week that the Bank of Montreal here would close its doors. The reason given was to conserve manpower for the war effort. The Bank of Montreal has served this community faithfully and well since its amalgamation with the Merchants Bank some years ago. Its various managers and clerks, as they came and went, added something in a very definite way to the life of the community, and it was seldom that a transfer was made that a void was not left in some church group, club, fraternal society or organization.

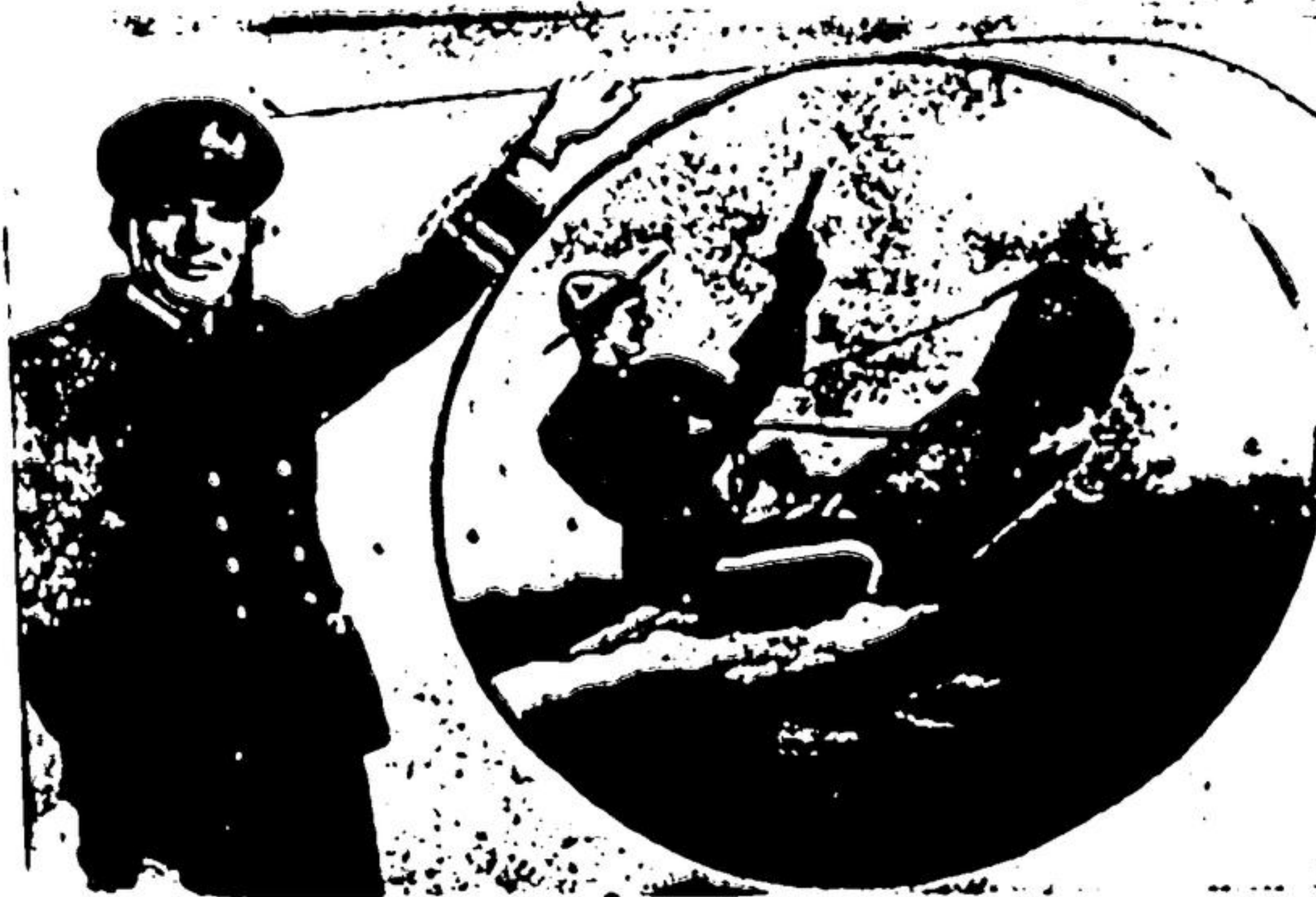
In a monetary sense, the bank was a friend of many, as the coin of the realm was exchanged over its counters, and as the end of the month approaches quickly, we might liken the bank to an old friend, whose sudden departure brings hope that you might pass this way again.

### SHOULD BE GOOD FOR A LAUGH

Like the Herald, many places have suffered from lack of help in the newspaper business. Right now we are in a position to do almost any kind of printing, but a few months back things were very uncertain. So it was with the Leader-News of Waupum, Wis., and they tried a manner of advertising which if it didn't bring actual results, ought to be good for a laugh. Here is the advertisement:—

Girl Journalism Graduate with at least a year's experience on news and ads. needed badly to assist publisher of good weekly. Prefer gal who is a perfect 36, beautiful, smart, willing to work for \$5 a week, interested in weekly papers, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, white or coloured. Because of war we might waive some or all preference. Office cold in winter, hot in summer, the toughest weekly joint in the state to work in because we're ornery. We also expect perfection in other folks. We serve beer when the 40-year-old press has a birthday and serve sarcastic remarks anytime. You'll suffer here, but you'll be a newspaper man or fired before you go, so don't come for a two-months' holiday. We just finished making a swell newspaperman out of a guy with a Wisconsin M. A., but right now he wants to sleep in Navy hammocks. Of course, if you can cook, too, or use a Speed Graphic, it wouldn't hurt, but you don't have to sweep the floor or wash windows or melt metal. If you want to take a chance, tell us something about yourself and what you read and what your plans are. If you got questions, ask 'em. We don't want you here only two weeks any more than you want to get fired or quit. We've got the swellest staff in the state, or did have until the war, and we want to keep half-way good. (Oh yes, don't worry. My wife can cook good.)  
Geo. W. Greene, Leader-News, Waupum, Wis.

## "Mountie" Goes to Sea and "Gets His Man"



Lt. Commander R. A. B. MacNeil, R.C.M.P., Commanding Officer of the Canadian corvette "Dauphin" and formerly of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, is shown here beside his ship's crew, a "mountie" gun in hand, astride a West U-boat Lt. Commander MacNeil has already lived up to the R.C.M.P. reputation of "getting his man"—the Dauphin recently rescued the entire crew of a Norwegian ship under difficult circumstances in mid-Atlantic. For this action he and a fellow officer, also a "mountie" were decorated by King Haakon with the Royal Norwegian War Medal for Gallantry.

## Do You Listen to Andy Clarke 'Neighbourly News' Broadcaster

Would you like to know more about your "Neighbourly News" Reporter

We are indebted to the Grimsby Independent for the following life history of Andy Clarke, Neighbourly News commentator over C.B.L. every Sunday morning at 10:10 a.m. He is sponsored by the Canadian "Weekly Newspapers" Association and his broadcast is becoming widely listened to Andy's home-town paper has this to say:—

"Andy Clarke, the Neighbourly News Commentator over C.B.L. every Sunday morning, the Weekly Newspapers of this province, is a Grimsby boy, bred and born, and a boy that his great legion of friends in this district feel mighty proud of.

He was born in the little frame house that stands at the top of the Clarke street hill, just around the corner off Ontario street. He has perfect proof of that, for as a hustling, bustling lad of eight years, his father gave him a jackknife and he proceeded to carve his initials "A. D. C." in one of the stones in the foundation and those initials are very visible today. Anybody curious enough to go and look will find them on the north side of the building.

Clarke street was named after his "Uncle Bill" who for many years was a stalwart municipal campaigner, Reeve of the Village, Warden of the County and Commissioner of the County, at the time that that system of county government was in use. The street received its name from "Uncle Bill" as he donated the land from Maple Ave. to Elizabeth street for the purpose of opening up that thoroughfare. He also donated the land that for years was Victoria Park, which when the Queen Elizabeth Way went through was all carved to pieces.

When Andy was late in his teens he went to Niagara Falls, N. Y., and got himself a job which he stayed on for several years. He left that and came back to Toronto. That was in the early 1900's. He had an obsession to be a newspaperman (The only one of the Clarke family that ever was. He landed a job as a Cub with 'the old Toronto World, which by the way was the Greatest School of Journalism that Canada ever possessed and one of the best in the world.

He proved to be a "natural". He could smell a story a mile away. That's the secret of a newspaperman. He made good from the start. It wasn't long until the London Advertiser saw in him and he went up to 'the Press Club' and put over a swell job of organizing and developing that paper's district news and circulation.

Then the late Harry Anderson, the "Old Fizzer," Managing Editor of the old Toronto Globe, realizing the worth of Andy took him away from the London paper and made him News Editor of the Globe, which position he held for 13 years.

It was with the Globe that he started his radio career. He was the first newscaster in Canada, back in the late 1920's. In a few short months "Friends" became the best known salutation on the ether. All across Canada from the fisherman on the Pacific, everybody listened for Andy Clarke. Ships at sea picking him up and palatial cruise boats on all oceans waited for his



ANDY CLARKE

voice at eleven o'clock at night. When the Globe amalgamated Andy went with a big city development commission for the city of Toronto and eventually back to radio.

Andy is a true son of the Grimsby Fruit Belt. His father was George Clarke, Veterinary Surgeon to the whole district for years. The Clarke family trace their genealogy tree back to the family of Colonel Shaw, Lieut. Governor of "Muddy York" (now Toronto), whose daughter was betrothed to General Brock, who lost his life at Brock's Monument, in defence of Canada, in 1812.

His mother was Amanda Zimmerman, of the old Lincoln Millitia. His sister, Mrs. W. P. Randall, is now residing with her daughter, Mrs. Clifford Milne at Fruitland.

The next time you listen to Andy telling you in his own droll manner about things in the Little Towns of Canada, you will know where he gets that Little Town feeling that he puts into his words and phrases. Just a Grimsby Kid that made good in the Big City in the Toughest Game in The World, the newspaper business.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right—as God gives us to see the right—let us strive on to finish the work we are in—Abraham Lincoln

There is poetry and there is beauty in real sympathy, but there is more—there is action. The noblest and most powerful form of sympathy is not merely the responsive tear, the echoed sigh, the answering look; in actual help—Octavius Winslow.

I got on to the city train, as decent as could be; My feller nudged his friend an' said, "Let's pass along—I see The company here is rather bum, let's try the other car." I thinks, "You'll do, but now I bet your bills are paid by Pa." For it's Hayseed this, an' Hayseed that, an' Hayseed, comb your hair," But it's "Boom our Agriculture," when the war talk's in the air, Oh it's "Boom our Agriculture," when the war talk's in the air

Yes, makin' fun of backwoods rubes that raises what you eat Is easier than diggin' up the ground that's at your feet. An' an' an' an' gawky farmers when their clo's don't mack'y fit. An' an' an' an' gawky farmers when their clo's don't mack'y fit. An' an' an' an' gawky farmers when their clo's don't mack'y fit.

We ain't no 'grand old farmers, an' we ain't no Hayseeds' too, But folks that earn our livin' like most people have to do; An' if we ain't got all the gush that city folks has got, We've may be got some muscle an' some nerves that ain't rot. For it's Hayseed this, an' Hayseed that, an' "Oce, but you're some crude," But it's "All depends on you, Sir" when it comes to gettin' food. It comes to gettin' food, my boys, it comes to gettin' food, O, it's "All depends on you, Sir," when it comes to gettin' food.

You talk o' "labor shortage" in the country, on the farms, And a "aca'city o' vittles" gives rise to great alarms; All you hear today is farmin', an' "back to the farm" the rage, And you're gettin' wise to the middleman, that grabs the farmer's wage. For it's Hayseed this, an' Hayseed that, an' "Look at that old gump," But it's "Commissary soldier" when the war times make you pump; Yes, it's Hayseed this an' Hayseed that, an' anything you please! But th' Hayseed ain't a wooden-head fool, you bet the Hayseed sees!

## Poetry

### THE LITTLE HOUSE

The little house snuggles against the hill,  
Oozy and snug in the winter's chill.  
Down in the valley through the day,  
Flocks like me go on their way.  
And wisdom think that a house can be,  
A part of man's philosophy.  
But whenever the night comes on,  
And still,  
I like to look at the house on the hill,  
For that on the hillside, brisk and bright,  
The home lights shine through the lovely night.  
Their cheer is like a song that sings,  
Of love, lasting darker things!  
—Arthur Wallace Peck

### SON OF MINE

I am proud to see you going on o' mine!  
And my heart with love is glowing,  
son o' mine.  
Go you forth, and do your share,  
I'll be with you over there—  
When I'm dreaming in my chair,  
son o' mine.

It is the Empire you are serving—  
serve her well,  
With a fortitude unswerving—time  
will tell—  
If you're worthy of her name,  
Of her honor and her fame,  
But I know you'll play the game—  
son o' mine.

It's a hard road that you're taking  
—but you're fit.  
There's a new world in the making  
—do your bit.  
We of Britain must be free—  
It's a fight for liberty.  
And I give you willingly—son o' mine.

It's a sad heart that you're leaving  
—never mind.  
There are others who are grieving  
—left behind.  
But I've put my trust in you—  
For there's something big to do,  
And I know you'll see it through—  
son o' mine.

At the end of the First Great War there were 6,000,000 automobiles in the United States. When the present war started the number had increased to 32,000,000.

### THE HAYSEED FARMER

(Reprinted from The Rural New Yorker)

I went into the p'later patch to get a peck o' spuds; A young sport passin' in a Ford yells, "Where'd you get them duds?" The girls an' fellers with him laffed an' gumped fit to die; I turned again to that old hor, an' 'to myself sez I: O it's Hayseed this, an' Hayseed that, an' "Rube, your clothes are stale," But it's "Help us, Mister Farmer," when the crops commence to fall, The crops commence to fall, my boys, the crops commence to fall, O it's "Help us, Mister Farmer," when the crops commence to fall.

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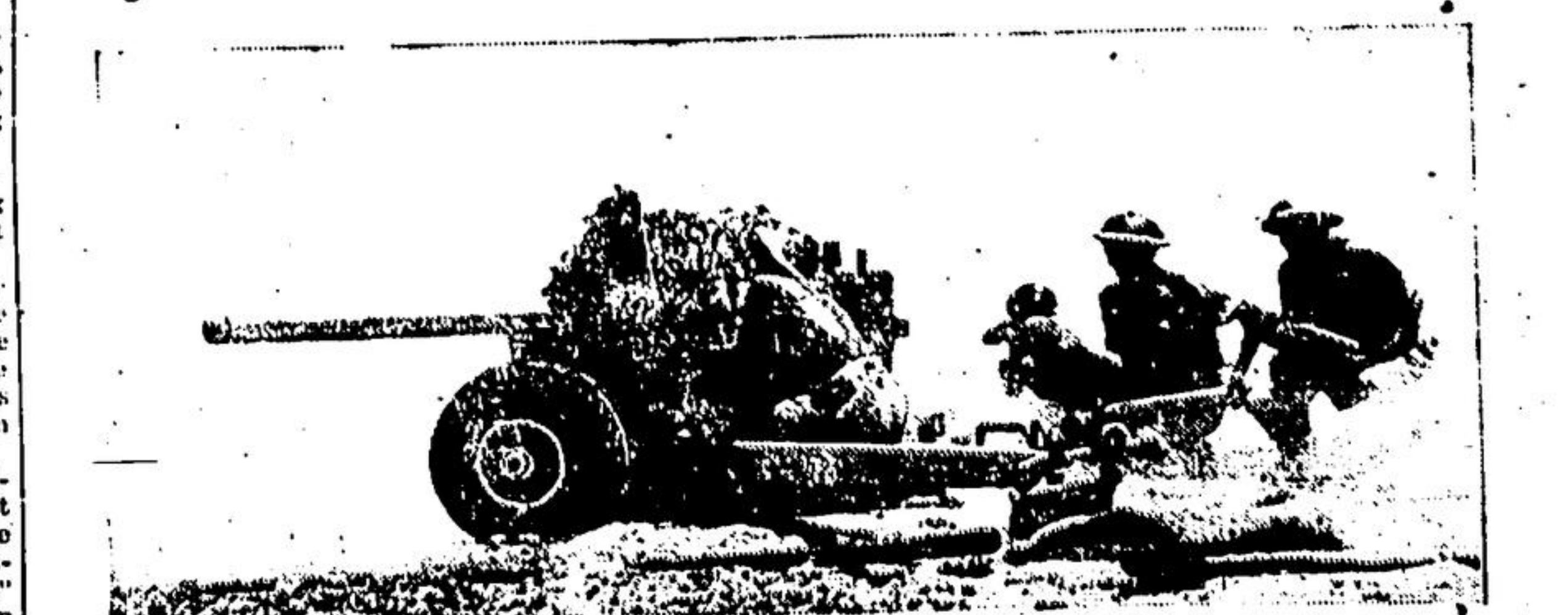
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—Edward W. Littlefield.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

## Six-pounder Tank Destroyer That Beats Rommel's 15-MM.



Many British anti-tank batteries in the Western Desert battlefields have changed their 3-pounder anti-tank guns for 6-pounders. This tank destroyer is superior to the German 15 mm. gun both in range and size of missile projected. Whereas the 15m. gun fires a 4 1/2 lb. shell. Picture shows a British tank destroying battery in the thick of desert action, firing a 6-pounder anti-tank gun from exposed position.