

A Feature Page

News Parade

By Garfield McGilley

Looking Over the Exchanges

We don't know whether it is the case in all newspaper offices, but to us the arrival of the exchange papers each week is an event which we would dislike to give up. Naturally the war has had its effect here too, and the number of exchange papers are limited. But their reading sure broadens one's ideas, as one glances the happenings in neighbouring towns. We often notice items which interest us and which we think might interest Herald readers. If we don't happen to put them in a paper, they pass by and are forgotten. This week we are trying to remember some of these items and jot them down for your perusal.

Our first subject is taken from "The Twenty Years Ago" column in the Acton Free Press. Among many interesting items was the following: "The Armenian Relief Association of Canada has purchased Cedarvale Farm at Georgetown for the training of Armenian boys in all branches of Agriculture. 100 boys are expected to arrive this spring."

Time certainly flies, as it seems only a few short years since these boys were among us in Georgetown. Mr. Alex MacLaren, himself a professor in agriculture, was the superintendent of the school at that time. The boys spent a number of years at the farm and when the school was finally disbanded, they took their place along with Canadian young men on farms, in factories and other vocations.

We can remember some of the events planned, and time spent by outside organizations to make these young boys, many, if not all of whom, had lost their families in the strife that was rampant in their part of the world at that time. Personally, we can remember taking part in a minstrel show at the school, and often lurked around "the old swimming hole" in order to talk to the boys who were specialists in the sport. On another occasion we can recall the T. Eaton Co. sending out a party of entertainers, who decorated a Christmas tree and had presents for all.

But time changes, as the heading under which our subject is taken would suggest, and at present we can't think of any boys who are in town now, although one or two may be on farms in the district. We believe it was a fine gesture on the part of Canadians in bringing these "new Canadians" over here, for they have made good citizens, and especially at a time when their own country was bearing the brunt of the Turkish onslaught.

And now after twenty years, we find a girls' school located where the Armenians once found a new way of living in Canada. It is operated by the United Church of Canada, with Miss Josie Oliver as superintendent. Prior to this the farm had been used as a hostel for old country lads, waiting placement on Ontario farms.

It seems that we have chosen the Acton paper again for our second thought. Anyone who has ever followed sport and especially hockey, will remember Gordon Cooke, or "Cookie" to his friends. Gordon is on active service in England and often finds time to write to the editor of his home-town paper. Here is a paragraph from his letter, which he had written after a furlough:

"This afternoon I visited the Canadian soldiers' cemetery in England and the only name recognized was that of Sgt. F. H. Toat. I took a snap of his grave and will send it on to Arlof Dills when the film is developed."

Sgt. Toat was the first Georgetown casualty in this war, and it was a fine thought on the part of this Acton boy in visiting his grave. The name of "Sheehy" Toat will not soon be forgotten—not even by Acton sport enthusiasts.

No doubt Andy Clarke has his quota of listeners in Georgetown as elsewhere in Ontario, and those who follow his regular Sunday broadcast at 10.05 a.m. will recall some of the parodied poetry he recites generally as a parting farewell. Here is a bit of doggerel, as the Tweed News puts it, that he dug up, and we hope the femmes won't take us too strongly to heart:

WOMEN

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction—
A woman's the greatest of all contradictions;
She's afraid of a cock-roach, she'll scream at a mouse;
But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.
She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse;
She'll split his head open and then be his nurse;
And when he is well and can get out of bed,
She'll pick up a tea-pot and throw at his head.
She's faithful, deceitful, keen-sighted

Another Letter for Overseas

When we started writing these letters, which everyone might send overseas as a news-letter to their friends, we hadn't intended them to be bi-monthly affairs. However, there seems to be space to fill this week, and if you think it worth the trouble send it on to Jim or Jack, or Mary, as the case may be, in the services.

Probably the weather is a good subject to begin with. According to your letters from overseas, the weather in England has been quite "summary" to what we back home have been experiencing. You say you didn't need your great coats? Well, we could have done with an extra one over here. But Sunday was the first day of Spring, officially and with the robins chirping, the crows cawing, and with mud-beds making their way north, spring must be close at hand in a more practical way. Burer signs—the boys are playing marbles and the girls have their skipping ropes out.

We hope you are receiving parcels regularly from home, and especially that Easter is not too far distant. The folks back home are doing a nice job of raising funds for this purpose. A big event of this week was the Legion Concert Party at the Gregory Theatre with some fine entertainment, and the entire proceeds goes to their War Services Fund, which no doubt you will participate in later on. "We are trying to make their stay abroad a little more pleasant," said one Legion man.

War regulations may crimp the Easter Parade somewhat this year, with styles along more conservative lines. Nevertheless the femmes are looking forward to it (and believe me they are in the majority on the streets these days). Speaking of Easter, which falls on April 25 this year, did you know it has been 63 years since it fell on such a late date before. It won't fall on that date again until 2038 A. D. when we won't care.

Many of the town's leading citizens have been busy in the latest Red Cross drive. It is reaching its conclusion, and like all other war efforts here, it will undoubtedly be a success.

Remember Sgt. Leslie Clark who used to have a hand in getting out your weekly news in peace time. Well, perhaps you've run across him over there—he's on Ferry Command with the R.A.F. In a letter last week he says he is having a grand time—ran into a number of Lorne Boots and stared an old-home week or something—Steve Emmerson, Bruce Harley, Freddie Toat, Jerry Watson and others. Next to home he says, he likes it over there, and the people are treating them swell. Tells of some of the places he has visited, including Madame Tussaud's wax museum. Everyone is there, he says, including Hitler and Mae West, and adds, "what an ill-assorted pair." Says he'll hear more of him when we get his mail from some of the far-off places he has visited.

and blind:
She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind.
She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down;
She'll make him her hero, her ruler, her clown;
You fancy she's this but you'll find she's that,
For she'll play like a kitten and fight like a cat.
In the morning she will, in the evening she won't,
And you're always expecting she will when she won't.

We know by this time that we have worn both your patience and the patience of the editor, but with so many ladies following the over-burdened birth notice columns in the daily papers, these days, this item appearing in the Warton Echo is rather timely. It reads as follows and needs no further comment by us:

We notice in one of the Toronto Dailies a writer increased at the "Nee-nee, a thousand times nee", which we constantly get in the birth notices. Nee means born, so it is not correct to say "Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Jones, nee Mrs. Smith—triplets." Mrs. Jones may have been born Smith but she was christened Mary, so the nee doesn't apply to the Mary. This would be the correct way if you must use nee: "Born—On March 1st, 1943, at So and So Hospital, to Mary Adeline (nee Smith), wife of John Jones, triplets." We have long been going to protect the endless "nees" that we receive and this writer got us started.

If we fail to hear any comments on our way of bringing a little news to light, we may digest another column sometime.



"Commandos Strike at Dawn," the vivid photoplay of Canada's Armed Forces produced by Columbia Pictures, portrays the hard-hitting Canadian Army so well that the film is rated as one of the best of this war. Based upon Norway's resentment of German aggression, and starring Paul Muni, the movie shows battle tactics of the Canadians, above, as they storm a "Nazi" airfield. Lower picture was an off-the-set camera-study of Greta Granstead, one of the starlets, chatting with A. Gerlock and Doug. Allen, telegraphists aboard an auxiliary cruiser of the Royal Canadian Navy.

ed in his regular routine of duty. He had a good Christmas, although under quite different circumstances than ours. He was swimming and acquired a sunburn, so we can only guess what part of the world he was in then.

Unlimber that pencil and paper when you get a chance boy. We like to hear from you, and so do the folks back home. So long.

Poetry

SNOW

Have you watched the fluffy snow-flakes,
On a quiet winter day,
Tumbling down, so softly, gently,
In their playful sort of way?
Just like down they float so airy,
Never roughness in their fall,
Moving with the unseen currents,
Here and there until they stall.

On some twig or limb or rooftop,
On some pavement or the ground,
What fantastic forms and figures,
In these crystals can be found.
Stars and trees and ferns and flowers,
Like no human hand can hew,
Never two alike, though billions
Tumble from the sky's gray-blue.

Watch some hesitate a moment,
Sometimes start to rise again;
Then they change and flutter softly
Downward like the mist of rain.
This is Nature's moving picture,
Dropping round us like a pail,
No rough raucous sound to mar their
Silent beauty as they fall.

Then all night they softly tumble,
Covering field and woodland, too,
With a blanket, soft and spotless,
Which the morning brings to view.
And it covers, in the churchyard,
With its softness white and deep,
Resting place of weary mortals,
Where they sleep their last long sleep.
—RALPH GORDON
625 Crawford St., Toronto.

A LOVELY LADY'S PRAYER

Make me too brave to lie or be unkind,
Make me too understanding too to mind,
The little hurts that no one quite intends,
Make me too thoughtful to hurt others so,
Help me know
The truest hearts of those for whom I care
Their secret wishes, all the loads they bear,
That I may add my courage to their own,
May I make lonely folks feel less alone
And happier ones a little happier,
yet
May I forget
What ought to be forgotten and recall
Unfailing all
That ought to be recalled, each kindly thing,
Forgetting what might sting,
ay after day
Let me be joy, be hope, let my life sing.
(Mary Davies)



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MORLEY CALLAGHAN

Internationally known novelist and story writer who will take a prominent role in the new CBC series devoted to the inquiry into the post-war world.



By Flying Officer R. A. Francis
RCAF Public Relations Officer
Overseas

Just as life for the folks at home is a routine broken by certain ups and downs, so the day to day program for an airman on active service becomes a round of well established duties, punctuated by moments of high exhilaration and of despondent loneliness.

These two states of mind may stem from precisely the same origin—the mail from home.

How small a matter this may appear to some in Canada is evidenced by the few letters which they write to their sons or brothers overseas. Its importance in the minds of others is likewise shown by the steady flow of letters, cards, clippings from the home town newspaper, which turn up at base post office overseas and are sent on to the addressee.

The importance of mail to a man who may have 3000 miles of water and another 3000 miles of land between himself and his family, is difficult to assess. It is a fact however, which Air Force authorities will support, that morale—that much abused word which means roughly the state of mind of your men—is unmistakably bolstered by a regular stream of information from home through the mails.

A few hundred words of family news and local gossip on a sheet of paper may not look very important to the person who is home and close, to the things of which he writes. But to the chap who is far from home in some lonely outpost—or the biggest bombing station in the land—it means that he can think for a moment about the things he left behind, and about the things he will some day return to.

It means that he has not been forgotten, that somewhere people are thinking of him, that someone misses him, is praying for his safety, wishing him good luck.

That is what it means to him, whether he's an air marshal or an ACO, and whether he admits it or not. It means somebody has remembered—remembered he would like to know whether the kid brother made the second base spot on the mandol team. Remembered he was anxious about his brown cocker spaniel, who had caught her foot in a gopher trap. Remembered that he used to go down to the foaming river and watch the salmon run, leaping up the falls. Remembered how he liked to be the first in the spring to notice that the days were getting longer.

A flyer likes to think of these things when he comes home from a mass raid over Germany, or when he is through for the day with his engine, or his paint brush, or his cooking pots or his parachutes.

He thinks about them and all they stand for because they are his way of life. They represent what he has had before and what he wants to have again.

There is only one way he can know about them. That's when the kid sister, or the folks or the girl friend write and tell him.

Whether he is from Halifax or Hazelton, Coleman or Chicoutimi, it makes no odds. If the mail bag comes bulging into the orderly room and there is nothing in it for him, he is the loneliest guy in the world.

A dozen lines from any member of the family would have done the trick, or an airgraph from the fellow he used to work with down the street, but he gets nothing and he wonders if anybody ever thinks about him at all. Some other fellow gets a fistful of letters, a carton of cigarettes, another gets a parcel with chocolate and chewing gum, maybe some socks and a tin of pork and beans—not much at home, but the difference between existing and living to a man on an active service station.

Oh sure, some will be torpedoes on the way. An airman overseas is the first to admit it. He also suspects, tactfully, that a few more letters dispatched from the point of origin would take care of the matter.

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