

JOIN THE CROWD AT THE— LIONS STREET CARNIVAL

FREE ENTERTAINMENT

**BILL DAVIES, Ventriloquist—CHARLIE JACKSON, Versatile Comedian—
LOU RAYNE, English Comedienne; CLIFFORD VOISEY, Accordionist**

LORNE SCOTS REGIMENTAL BAND By Kind Permission of Lt.-Col. Bertram, M. C.

BINGO - GAMES - BOOTHS

A Grand Time For Old and Young
Main St., Georgetown
Friday Eve'g, August 18

Jitney DANCING
Doris Hulls' Orchestra

2 BIG DRAWS:
Bicycle to be Ruffled Off Night of Carnival; also
Draw for One Ton of Coal
Proceeds to be used for levelling and beautifying of
the Lions Park Site on Water Street.

LOCAL NEWS

—Norval Junior Institute and Junior Farmers annual summer dance will be held at Huttonville Park, Thursday, August 24th. Modernaires Orchestra.

—Prepare now to spend Labour Day, Sept. 4th, in Georgetown and attend the Lorne Scots Jamboree. A full day of sports and entertainment of the highest calibre, is being planned and sponsored by "C" Coy.

—All teams wishing to enter the Softball Tournament at the Lorne Scots Jamboree at Georgetown on Labor Day are urged to do so not later than Friday, Aug. 25. Entries should be sent to CSM Carney W., Georgetown Armouries.

—Week end Specials—Clothes Baskets, ironing boards, clothes pins, thermos bottles, fly coils 4 for 5c. Blain's Hardware and 5c to \$1.00 Store, Brampton. One of Ontario's largest hardware stores.

—Group No. 2 of the Past Noble Grand's Club of Verdun Rebekah Lodge will hold a lawn tea at the home of Mrs. W. Mendham on Thursday afternoon, August 24th, 3 to 7 p.m. Admission 25c.

—Georgetown Girls' Pipe Band travelled to Malton by bus last Sunday where they took part in a concert and sports day under the sponsorship of Victory Aircraft. The girls were entertained at dinner in the ladies staff house by the management of the company.

—A young lad in the district was addicted to using "ain't" in his conversation. His teacher attempted a cure and had him stay in after 4 with the task of writing the phrase "There is no such word as 'ain't' a hundred times. The quick-thinking youngster reflected for a few moments, then said "But teacher, if there is no such word, how can I write it a hundred times?"

—Slender Tablets are effective. Two weeks' supply \$1; 12 weeks \$5, at MacCormack's Drug Store.

Boys' Band of Arcadec (Georgetown)

(By Edward W. Woodson, in the Toronto Telegram)

Arcadec is a little Canadian town thirty miles northward from Toronto as the King's Highway runs, and many a thousand as imagination files. It has a busy main street and agricultural and industrial enterprises that prosper. An up-hill and down-dale place of peace and refreshment, with distant hills whose blue and violet and grey-green shadowlands seem to bring the glorious sky closer to earth—or lift dear earth a little nearer heaven.

Shaded avenues of hospitable homes have trim velvet lawns and flower gardens which might be in Kent, Surrey, Hampshire or the Isle of Wight. Its proper name isn't "Arcadec" of course, but it serves. There are many hundreds of Arcadecs across Canada, praise be! The Canada that our fighting men dream about over there (when they have time to dream) is very like Arcadec. Or so many of us believe, and it is a belief that helps a lot.

There is a boys' band in Arcadec that it would be grand, to talk about if folks would listen long enough and not get bored. I went to a rehearsal of the band the other evening and saw and heard things that were music in a far finer sense than anything a music lover finds in concert halls and theatres.

Rehearsal

There were eighteen young players in the band room, boys from the public school. Boys with men's voices and boys whose clear treble tones were light as twitter of wren of finches through an English copple. Clarinets, cornets, flugelhorn baritones, trombones, drums and a sousaphone were instruments represented. Musical director was a fatherly music-lover whose own boy in earlier days had won all sorts of trophies in solo band work. The music they made was variously splendid—terrible—sweet—agonising—thrilling—discordant—awful and beautiful. They played marches and exercises in scale and interval, and hymn tunes. To sit back as an alleged music critic and listen was to have grand opera, oratorio, Mendelssohn Choir chorality, cathedral liturgy, virtuoso solism, cabaret dissonance, jitterbug delirium, band festival pandemonium and heart-searching phrases of heavenly loveliness all mixed up and one after the other.

It was boydom—blessed boydom expressing itself in terms of tones and semitones and phrases and cadences and rhythm harmony and dissonance. The critic listened and looked. Sometimes when he ought to have listened he looked and vice-versa. A face—a facial expression—a frowning brow or a laughing eye had perfect counterpart in a lovely sustained tone, a mellow clarinet note, a sweet persuasive cornet phrase, a trombone passage of noble steadiness.

Criticism

It was delightful to try and imagine what world famous conductors and bandmasters might say to these young bandmen of Arcadec about their playing. I have heard the dynamic Nikisch blast a tornado of wrath upon the men in London rehearsal. Hans Richter would roar abuse through his patriarchal whiskers at the Halle Orchestra—even during concerts. Beecham can blister his players with polished carcase, and a Stokowski remark at rehearsal can freeze like a hurricane from the stratosphere.

But it was still more delightful to know how feeble and out of place these tongue-lashings would really be. For here in this band room there is more than music-making of the crotchet and quaver sort. The very soul of music is abroad amongst these boys and their instruments. These boys are learning to make better music than that of overtures and marches and hymn tunes. They are learning to play together so that their playing may be good and pleasant sounding to a listening world outside. And as they learn this gentle art they are also mastering that more difficult art of living in a world far more complex and contradictory than ever counterpoint and fugue and musical form can be. For when music whispers to the listening ear she says things that the

wisdom of Solomon never prompted.

Citizenship

We have classes in which young folk are taught oratory. Youngsters are encouraged to learn the art of public speaking. There are also classes arranged for instruction in civic government; boys and girls playing at parliament and all that is implied therein.

But here with these boys of Arcadec—blowing half notes and quarter and eighth notes, concertos and discords in ensemble and so forth—orchestra of the verbal sort is not encouraged. Looking closely at these lads rehearsing I would guess offhand that there isn't an orator amongst them. Neither is there a "go-getter" of political tuft hunting pattern. Music-lovers all means very roughly that logicians, mathematicians, potential financiers, bankers and embryonic millionaires are not in their class. Neither are safe-crackers (proverb has it: "The lad that blows a saxophone will never blow a safe!") nor hard-luck

artists, nor high-pressure salesmen. The catalogue might be continued, but will not.

One of these days we will add classes in band music to our public school curriculum. That is not to suggest that all children should learn music, though music is every bit as precious to the young heart and mind as knowledge of geography or even history. Books are so full of facts, figures and fancies nowadays, and are so available and cheap, that "book learning" is a bit of a joke.

Music

Music is as much a habit as good manners, good living and good sense. They don't know it yet, but these band boys of Arcadec have chosen one of music's roughest roads. The work they will have to do in their band will be its own reward—and that is the only reward it will win. The crowd listens to band music with much the same enthusiasm that it has when you haul it out of bed at half past four in the morning to see the most gorgeous

sunrise earth has ever known.

But the boy who plays in a band gets a secret of life's proportions that nothing scholastic or academic can ever give him. If he only tootles ten different notes in a whole program his playing has been a graduation in the university of life. This is not exaggeration nor the vaporing of a musical enthusiast. There was a kinship amongst those music-making boys of Arcadec of most loyal and beautiful sort. Sensitiveness, too, of very precious quality. In all reverence it can be said that their music-making was sincere and heart-moving as any old-time "experience meeting" amongst Methodists of bygone days. In clarinet—cornet—trombone and baritone passages there were self-revelations of character very beautiful and very real. Music is a great truth teller.

—There will be plenty of entertainment at Georgetown Fair this year. In fact it promises to be the best in a number of years.

LEARNED BOTH SONS KILLED OVERSEAS

Twice inside of a week, Mr. and Mrs. R. Ellwood, Bolton, learned of the death of their two sons in action. P. O. William Ellwood, who has a wife and child in Bolton, was killed July 5; Pte. James Bannerman Ellwood, 27, whose wife resides on Floor street west Toronto, was reported missing January 17, but news of his death has just been released.

"He is buried in Italy, near where he fell, until it is possible to have his body removed to the Canadian cemetery at Ortona," the chaplain of the Perth Regiment to which he belonged, wrote to Mrs. Ellwood.

In September, 1942, James Ellwood married Miss Edith McGauley, three months before he went overseas. He had enlisted the previous February.

Surviving are three sisters, Betty Ellwood, Bolton, and Mrs. William E. Parker, and Miss Phyllis Ellwood, both of Toronto.



"I guess it's up to me!"

Now that I can go I'm not going to stick around and let the other fellows do it.

Bill and Jack went over last week, and Fred's been over there a year. Now it's my chance.

It's going to take months of training before I can get fighting-fit, so I'd better get moving today.

Yes sir! I'm going now, to tell Dad and Mom that I'm on my way to sign up.



VOLUNTEER TODAY

THE CANADIAN ARMY