

MEMORIES

A member of the staff of No. 24 CA(B)TC, Brampton, which was disbanded last month, OSM Ken Logan has composed this poem in honour of the old camp. OSM Logan was the popular columnist who recorded the doings around "24" for the Brampton papers and "The Bulletin". M. M. 2 army paper. Mrs. Logan and the baby are still living in town on Emory Street while he has been transferred to No. 34 S.O.T.O. at Sussex, N.B.

The Pipes that once through Twenty-Four
The soul of music shed
Now hangs as mute on Andy's wall
As if its soul had fled.

The square that once with voice did ring
"Stand steady that man back there"
Is silent now, the men have gone
Grieving: The OS's hair.

The news did reach the camp one day
Disband, That Famous Crew
To some heartbreaks and leaving home

Others, Army life, Through
No more singing the night leave book
Too far away from home
But none will forget, Twenty-Four
The voice that chilled the bone.

Some day we'll meet when war is o'er
Good men, faithful and true
From North, South, East and West
They'll come
And that day we'll never rue.

We trained the men to Soldiers fine
No patting on the back
N. D. H. Q. sent us away
D.2 would like us back.

Thanksgiving Day

The ninth of October, 1944, has been appointed Thanksgiving Day by Proclamation in the Canada Gazette. In quaint words the Proclamation reads: "We therefore considering that these blessings vouchsafed to be people of our Dominion of Canada do call for a solemn and public acknowledgment have thought fit, by and with the advice of Our Privy Council for Canada, to appoint, and We do appoint Monday the ninth day of October next as a day of general thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings with which the people of Our Dominion of Canada have been favoured during this year; and We do hereby invite all Our people of Canada to observe the said day as a day of general thanksgiving."

We know there's still a job to do
We're in it to the end
Tho' far from home and loved ones dear
Money: We freely lend.

We know that when our job is done
The Pipes once more will play
And Andy, fair will lead the Boys
While we harvest the wheat and hay

We'll gather round the festive board
Our children on our knee
We'll make an oath, we never will
Go on another spree.

Good Luck to all, who once I met
While at old Twenty-Four
You lads who played a noble game
Find Welcome on the door.

New Rental Regulations

Are you worried about that roof over your head? Do you shudder at the thought of a "notice to vacate" turning up in your letter box?

Because if you're a well-behaved roomer or tenant and if you pay your rent on the dot, you can tuck your head around a pillow, curl up for a good night's sleep and say "boo" to bad dreams about being put on the street with no place to lay your head until Spring at least.

How come? Because a new rental regulation applying to "shared" housing accommodation flats, rooms, or parts of houses and now requiring six months' notice is announced by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

The new regulation means that all well-behaved tenants of houses, apartments, flats, rooms or parts of houses can be sure they will not have to move before May 1, 1945. This security is brought about by a WPTB order now in effect, which extends to tenants of shared accommodation the same protection of six months' notice as is enjoyed by occupants of houses, duplexes and apartments.

Though six months' notice is now necessary, no tenant or roomer may be ordered to vacate between Sept. 30 and the following April 30. Reason for this according to rental officers is to prevent needless shifting of thousands of families during the winter months, when weather conditions are far from conducive to moving. All of which means you have a roof over your head until May 1, 1945, at least.

The new order requiring six months' notice with May 1st as the soonest possible "move out" date, does not apply if you are a boarder. Now a "boarder" is interpreted by rental officers as "one who has his food and lodging at the house of another, or lives with a family as one of its members."

Nor does the six months' notice apply if you fall down on paying your rent, break agreements or misbehave, so that your conduct is obnoxious to other occupants of the same building. It also does not apply if you received your notice to vacate before the new regulation, that is, before July 29. Nor does it apply to shared accommodation in certain congested areas in Eastern Canada such as Halifax, Montreal, Kingston.

After examining the present housing situation, Wartime Prices and Trade Board officials are convinced that to a serious extent, landlords of shared housing accommodation have increased rents or are trying to, often evicting their present tenants in an attempt to secure a higher rent from the new occupants.

Tenants are tending to accept rental increases without any protest for fear of being left homeless. Housing congestion where it occurs, is due to an influx of war workers and military personnel and families who usually find shelter in rooms and parts of houses. Board spokesmen point out. They expect this new order which brings all types of housing accommodation (except boarding) under a required six months' notice will provide a real remedy for the situation.

Through its courts of Rental Appeal, the Board has provided special safeguards to permit ousting of tenants whose personal conduct is obnoxious to other occupants of the same building. Landlords who have such complaints should get in touch with their nearest rental office for advice and action.

Landlords wishing to give the required six months' notice to their tenants of flats, rooms, parts of houses or any shared accommodation should send a copy of the notice to the Board's rental office before giving any notice to the tenant. Rentals appraisers will record on the copy which is to be given to the tenant and a copy to be retained by the landlord that the notice is in accord with wartime rental regulations. Such notice to vacate forms will be available shortly at the various local Board offices and must be used for the purpose.

Landlords of any "shared" accommodation may give a six months' notice to vacate under the regulations if the landlord (a) desires the accommodation as an enlargement of his personal residence, (b) has had an agreement with his father, mother, son, daughter or daughter-in-law that the accommodation will be occupied as a personal residence by them, (c) as personal representative of the deceased landlord has made an agreement with the father, mother, son, daughter, daughter-in-law, widow or widow of the deceased landlord that the accommodation will be occupied as a personal residence by them.

NEED NO PERMIT TO KILL HOGS

Farmers may now slaughter hogs for sale without securing a slaughtering permit and sell pork without having it stamped according to an announcement by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

These regulations have been suspended because of the great increase in the number of hog producers in Canada the announcement points out.

More and more people are going to show at the Fair this year. Get your display ready now.

Horning In

By JEAN CAMERON
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

WHEN the car came abreast of the running girl in the trench coat the horn sounded raucously once, twice. She hesitated a moment, tugged her hat over her loose curls and jumped in. "So chemicals help drafting—thank you," she said.

The sandy-haired man behind the driver's seat looked at her gloomily. While her face was unfamiliar, he knew draftswomen had been employed for some weeks now. "How far, Miss—"

"To the highway intersection, please. Kay Farnham. I'll be quiet," she added after another glance at the strong chin. "I know you're planning explanations for the Government inspection committee tomorrow."

The chin stiffened perceptibly. So the Government committee was coming, eh? The drive was a silent one. At the highway Donald crawled out and opened the door for his passenger. She smiled. "You're the first man to do that in two months, Mr. McAllister. And—and I am highly flattered that you took me home." He did not realize that the girl remained standing in the street until his car vanished from sight. She had noticed him in the halls and offices for some time.

McAllister was angry, with a cold, calculated, frightening rage that had been developing for many weeks. Let Wilson run the chemical department as he believed in every one else—all right, just so long as he kept out of McAllister's way; let him have the soundproof laboratory, priorities, assistants—all right. He himself would work overtime, be underpaid, refuse better offers—all right. If this experiment succeeded—if he could work it out and it was accepted, it would be worth all of Wilson's sneers. He'd have done his part.

But the Government inspectors were coming tomorrow and not to test his model or his method! Well, his temper at a fine edge, he swung and headed back to the factory.

In spite of his pugnacious look, his height and his square shoulders, there was a mildness about Donald—something in the color of his hair, the blue of his eyes, his general absent-mindedness—which led people to think him timid. He had never strictly to his own business. And yet perhaps it was Cornelia's treatment which had helped to produce his present fury.

Cornelia believed in Cornelia first, peace or war. She was soft, blonde, helpless, appealing to big men. She demanded things and got them. And now that so many men were gone she had been concentrating on Donald with excellent results.

There was a quick hush as he entered the office, a bending of heads back to work. He glanced toward his desk; his lips tightened. "I thought I told you to stay out of my things, Wilson," he said slowly, striding over to his private corner.

A beefy, self-confident man swung about. "I was looking for a pencil," he grinned, nonchalantly ignoring the fact that two projected from his breast pocket. Donald controlled himself with a conscious effort and closed the desk top. He felt rather than saw Wilson's foot moving the wastebasket into a tripping position behind him, and kicked backward so violently that the basket shot between his annoyer's legs and he fell headlong.

He was up in an instant, furious, his fists lifted, but Donald's look lowered them. "Can't you take a joke, McAllister?" he asked feebly, realizing that his long domination of the office was crashing and that the story would soon sweep the whole plant.

"No," snapped Donald. He tramped across the room and slammed the sales manager's door behind him. "No, Mr. Bentley, you're not too busy to listen to me," he said, and poured out every demand he had formulated during his drive—better instruments, additional quarters, storage space, and full hearing before the committee.

"I came here to work," he concluded. "If I can't do that here I'll go where I can. Pay Wilson what you want for making a general nuisance of himself. Give him any title you like—but let me do a good job!" "Of course," gasped the sales manager. "Naturally. We thought you were quite satisfied, Mr. McAllister. We'll have a new contract for you in the morning. We . . . Donald turned and left.

In the outer office a stenographer came up to him. "A lady has been calling," she reported. "Miss Cornelia Adkins, she said."

Donald did not pause. "Tell her I haven't come in."

In the lab he pulled on his rubber gloves. He was quite calm now. He would get right at that new solvent. But first—he pulled off the gloves, made a notation on his calendar.

"Take girl in drafting room to lunch after committee report tomorrow."

Nice girl, he thought, arranging bottles carefully on the sink. He'd tell her—no, women were funny. Better not tell her he hadn't meant to pick her up, that when he bent over to rescue his fountain pen from the floor of the car he had accidentally pressed the horn.

THE MIXING BOWL

By ANNE ALLAN
Hydro Home Economist



Hello Homemakers! Plump, juicy and blushing red apples, home grown tomatoes and now's the time when they are at their best. Sliced, stuffed, or in a cocktail—serve them in every way you can. You won't have a chance like this for another whole year.

How to can tomatoes: Scald, peel and core. Leave whole or cut in quarters. Cold Pack: Pack raw. Pack solidly in sterilized jars. Add one teaspoon salt per quart. Adjust lids and process in boiling water bath for 45 minutes. Or, for a salad tomato which stays whole, pack peeled ones into hot sterilized jars, fill with hot tomato juice (made by stewing some tomatoes and straining), add salt and process only 35 minutes.

OPEN KETTLE: Heat tomatoes to boiling point. Add one teaspoon salt per quart. Boil 20 minutes. Pack hot in sterilized jars. Seal at once. (There is more loss of Vitamin C with this method.)

TOMATO ASPIC

4 cups fresh cooked tomatoes, 1-3 cup chopped onions, 1/4 cup chopped celery leaves, 1 bay leaf, 2 whole cloves, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons (2 envelopes unflavored gelatine), 1/4 cup cold water, 3 tablespoons lemon juice.

Combine tomatoes, onions, celery leaves, bay leaf, cloves, salt, and sugar. Simmer 20 minutes; strain. There should be 3 1-3 cups. Soften gelatine in cold water; dissolve in hot tomato mixture. Add lemon juice. Pour into greased mold; chill in electric refrigerator. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Serve with old-fashioned potato salad.

STUFFED TOMATO SALAD

6 medium sized tomatoes, 1/2 cup of peas (green cooked), 1/4 cup of chopped celery, 1/4 cup of diced cucumber, salad dressing.

Scald and peel the tomatoes. Cut a slice from the top and hollow out with a spoon. Mix the tomato pulp and salad dressing with the peas, chopped celery and cucumber and fill the tomatoes with this mixture. Lay the slice of tomato on top and garnish with hard-cooked egg yolks force through a coarse sieve.

TOMATO SAUCE

1 1/2 cups tomatoes, 1 slice onion, 1 sprig parsley, 1 stalk celery, 1-8 tsp. salt, 2 tsp. bacon fat, 2 tsp. flour. Cook the first six ingredients together ten minutes. Strain. Melt fat, add flour and when smooth add tomato juice. Cook five minutes.

FRIED GREEN TOMATOES

Slice unripe tomatoes in 1/2 inch slices crosswise. Do not peel. Dip in egg, then in bread crumbs, and saute.

in bacon fat until nicely browned. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Serve at once.

TAKE A TIP

1. Wringers for washing machines are valuable. May we remind you of the simple precautions that prevent service work and loss of this labour saver.

Wringers should be set at the proper pressure for the thickness of the clothes. Too heavy a load may lock the rolls and even strip the gears. As soon as the "wringing out" is finished release the rollers. Oil ruins rubber. Do not spill any on the rubber parts of the machine—if this happens clean off immediately with soap and water. Do not use any abrasive on stained rubber. Try to take as much as possible off with baking soda and water.

THE QUESTION BOX

Mrs. J. H. suggests: a delicious Tomato Juice Cocktail.

18 ripe tomatoes, 1 cup chopped celery, 1/2 cup chopped onions, 3 sweet green peppers, 1 sweet red pepper, 2 tablespoons salt, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1/4 cup sugar.

Wash and cut tomatoes. Chop the peppers finely. Mix tomatoes, celery, onions, peppers, and salt together. Boil for one-half hour in a covered kettle. Strain through a coarse sieve. Add vinegar and sugar. Boil 3 minutes, covered. Seal in sterilized jars.

Mrs. A. A. suggests: Uncooked Mustard Pickle.

1 gallon elder vinegar, 1 cup salt, 2 ounces white mustard seed, 1 ounce tumeric, 1/4 pound dry mustard, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper, 2 cups brown sugar, saffron to taste, cucumber, onions, cauliflower, etc.

Combine vinegar and flavourings. Cut prepared vegetables in suitable sizes and place in the liquid. Cover with heavy plate to keep vegetables under liquid. The longer the vegetables are left in the liquid, the better the flavour.

Stone or glass jars are desirable. Mrs. J. C. suggests: Chili Sauce.

30 large ripe tomatoes, 4 green peppers, 10 medium-sized onions, 6 large apples, 3 cups vinegar, 4 tablespoons salt, 1 cup white or brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Wash and peel tomatoes and onions; peel and core apples; remove seeds from peppers. Cut tomatoes and chop onions, apples and peppers. Add vinegar, salt, sugar, and spices and boil for 2 hours. Stir frequently. Seal in sterilized jars.

Anne Allan invites you to write to her c/o The Herald. Send in your suggestions on homemaking problems and watch this column for replies.

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FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 5th

WELLER SECRETARIAL COLLEGE
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Midnight Frolic

SUNDAY AFTER MIDNIGHT

September 4th, 12.05 a.m.

HUTTONVILLE PARK

MODERNAIRES ORCHESTRA

Fergus Fall Fair

September 8th and 9th

Live Midway—and other Grand Stand Attractions

HARNESS RACES: 2.26 Class, purse \$100. and Free For All, purse \$200.

COME TO WELLINGTON COUNTY'S OLDEST FAIR

Special Black and White Day Sponsored by the Holstein Friesian Association on Saturday, September 9th.

GEORGETOWN High School

Will open for Enrolment and Obtaining Books Only

Tuesday, September 5th

at nine o'clock

REGULAR SESSION BEGINS SEPTEMBER 18TH at nine o'clock sharp.

GEORGETOWN HIGH SCHOOL BOARD



OVERSEAS

Ray Mackness is a name that should be on the corner-stone of Canadian radio. He stepped over the broadcasting threshold at 17 and has doubled his age in the service of the listening public. He joined the CBC in 1938, but, like over a hundred of its other members, has been on active service since early in the war. He is attached to the R.C.A.F. overseas.



FRANK HERBERT

Professional public speaking was Frank Herbert's role in life before he joined CBC's announcer staff in his native city Toronto, a year ago. Now he's reaching a wider audience as reader of the daily news over CHL at 6.15 p.m. E.D.1; and as announcer for the Thursday night Prom Concert broadcast, at 10.15 p.m. and the N. Y. Philharmonic, heard on Sundays at 3.00 p.m.

MEN AT SEA

"Red Sails in the Sunset" is a popular song we hum at home in Canada, but to men at sea it means just one thing. . . . a lifeboat carrying survivors from a torpedoed ship. These red sails—huge canvas affairs with numbers on them—are made in at least one ship's store in Canada. These stores' provision, Canadian, Dutch, Greek, Norwegian and Russian merchant ships docking at Canadian ports.

When you realize how much rope an ordinary sailboat canvas requires, and the fact that 7,000 merchant, cargo and troop ships left Canadian ports last year, you have a fair idea of how many sails and how much rope was required.

The ships' store also makes rope ladders—the kind that can be slid over the side in any emergency. They

require gobs of thick, strong rope. Hundreds of life jackets are also made in Canada. They have rope all around the edges, and rope for tying backs and fronts together. Every man aboard must have a life jacket. There are also sturdy rope hammocks for hoisting supplies over the side of the ship, and rope for fastening coverings on cork floats. Then as standard equipment every merchant ship carries six tons of rope aboard. When you add to all this the far greater quantities of rope required for Canadian Navy ships you have a good idea where that decent clothesline you want is, or the skipping rope for your little girl, or the strong twine you once could use for wrapping parcels.

They have gone to sea, . . . sailing the Navy ships that guard the coast, and the merchant ships that supply to our fighting forces overseas.