

SMITH & STONE NEWS

Our mail bag last week contained cards from G.S. Gilmer, ROCAF overseas, Dick Forster in Italy, a letter from Jim Edmondson of the Navy in Sydney, N.S., and a letter from Joe Hall in Italy, telling us that he was fine, had received cigarettes regularly, and was in good condition. He had leave in Rome a few days before writing, and had met Donald McPhail and Ed. Hill, two other old S & S employees. A very interesting card arrived from Bill Drinkwater in Holland. It was printed in red and green on the front, inside was a verse printed in gold, and Bill had written inside as follows: "Here's wishing you all a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year. This card was made entirely by a couple of boys in my platoon hardly a thousand yards from Jerry. Cheerio, and the best of luck to all at S & S." The trade mark appearing on the back in small green letters is "Bill Trench Publishers, Inc."

We are pleased to welcome back to the Bachelorette Dept. this week, Gordon James who has been discharged from the Army. It's nice to see the boys come back again. In the Assembly, we welcome Doris Presswood, who has returned after being out for about a year.

We are sorry to report that Jack Harlow is unable to work again, and since his arm is not coming along very well, it is necessary for him to go to Toronto to see Dr. Galle, a bone specialist. Tough luck, Jack, we hope you'll soon be better.

From our office window the other day, we saw a most interesting and amusing sight. Some six or eight girls were trying very hard to push a big car, which was stuck in the snow at the edge of the road. The funny part of it is, that they succeeded, and got the car started merrily on its way. The manpower shortage hits in the funniest places.

The office girls intended having a tobogganing and skiing party last Friday night, but it was mild during the day, so the party turned out to be a theatre party with lunch afterwards at Isobel Richardson's. It was necessary for them to hike around several blocks after the show in order to work up an appetite for all the soup and hamburgers prepared for a skiing party, but we are pleased to report that the plan succeeded and all the food was consumed.

One fellow in Smith & Stone had to fill out a questionnaire recently as to why he wasn't at work. One question said "What was the nature of your illness?" He said "Flu." Then the questionnaire said "What doctor?" He put in Dr. McNish, and the slip was passed through. It was true, though, the doctor was in a 26 oz. bottle.

POTTERY PIECES: Just we three again with some news from the Pottery. Wonder if wedding bells will soon be ringing for a certain pressman and a fettle in the casting department. It looks very serious. This week we welcome back an old friend, Mel Spence. Helena looks happy about it all. Ray Pinkney is back with us on the press line. Ray is one of those two job men who spends his summers on the farm, the winters at S & S. Glad to see you back, Ray. Our merchant naval man, Bruce Collins, has returned to an eastern base after spending a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Collins and sister Elaine. Bruce was busily engaged throughout his leave at S & S, working on a clay press. Hoping to see you again soon, Bruce. Herb Preston of the Glen, discharged from the Airforce a few weeks ago, reported to the Army this week. During his leave he resumed his work on the presses. Glad to have had you with us, Herbie. Gordon Stringer, Terra Ootie, was completely snowbound last week. His only way of getting here was detouring approximately fifty miles. Last week he made it, only to be snowbound again, this time away from home. Gord is a very energetic fellow, working the land in spring and summer, running a clay press fall and winter, and year round taking orders for Watkin's Products. Anyone need anything? What's the matter, Reg and Dave, no singing? Breaking eye glasses is the order of the day on the car line. Douglas Herrington was given his rejection paper last week. Glad to hear Mr. Emmerson has regained his voice. Anyone wishing to try his throat remedy write or call Dr. McNish, Guelph, across from the CNR station. James says it's very special. We hear one of our pressmen, Harvey "Bip" King is busily engaged curling. We wonder if he curls as well as he plays crib. Spider has joined the same sport. Let's see what you can do, boys! Dorothy Hill has shown us a fine collection of photographs of Belgium and Holland sent to her by her brother, Jim, serving with the Cdn. Army Signal Corps on the border of Germany. We hear our junior glazer has not only taken chicken raising in his stride but also shooting rats. Kept quite busy, do doubt, eh Bill? A young bachelor from here celebrated his birthday on Saturday. A special request, the song



DOUBLE BILL

John Sturgess, baritone star of "Jolly Miller Time," will appear on the feature production, "A Man for A That," over OBC's Trans-Canada network, Thursday, January 25, at 10:30 p.m. The program is presented in honor of Robert Burns' 166th birth date. The Canadian-born radio singer comes from Buffalo to Toronto each week to join the "Jolly Miller" company, heard Wednesday, at 8:00 p.m.

APPRECIATIVE LETTER TO NAVY LEAGUE FROM DITTY BAG RECIPIENT

An appreciative letter from the recipient of a ditty bag packed in Georgetown was received last week by the local branch of the Navy League, and as it will be of interest to all those energetic ladies whose time and money makes these possible, the secretary of the branch has allowed us to reproduce it. Here is the letter: January 1st, 1945.

Dear Good People: I regret that I do not know how or to whom I should address this note which of necessity must be brief, but who ever reads it must take it for granted that I mean what I say when I address you as "Good People."

When I arrived in Halifax on Christmas Eve, I don't mind telling you that I was feeling pretty blue: it was not just the thought of being away from home at Christmas time, I am getting quite used to that now, as I have only spent one such time in England since the beginning of the war. That one was in 1939, and even then I was not at home, but at school and as a member of the Home Guard (or as it was then called - Local Defence Volunteers) I was on watch!

Since then I have spent the season in all sorts of strange places around the world, sometimes hardly realising what the date was.

No, it was not just that which made me feel a trifle blue, although of course that didn't exactly help!

I was expecting to go to New York instead of to Halifax when our orders were changed half-way across the Atlantic. In New York I have many friends and relatives, several of whom had planned out my stay in part for me. I think I know New York as well as I know most places in my own country, as I have been there some seventeen or eighteen times. So now I think you can understand why I felt rather disappointed when we came here. I have been to Halifax once before, but on that occasion I did not have much time to get to know it. However, I like the people very much: to me the people are so much more like the English than those in New York are, and that after all makes quite a difference to an Englishman! This may sound to you rather a dubious compliment as I don't know your views concerning us, but please believe me when I say that is my way of making a compliment. The English never were good at expressing themselves, were they?

On Christmas Eve, a few hours after we had docked a naval launch came alongside and brought a whole load of ditty bags; the exact number of the crew had been kept from the last time we came here (November 1943) so precisely that number of ditty bags were brought on board. I was made responsible for the issuing of the bags, and I need hardly tell

hit "Don't Fence Me In" was dedicated to him at the dance Saturday night. "What's the matter, don't you like it, Bill?" We are told one of the maintenance workers has had the honour of meeting Crown Beauty Miss Ajax at Isobel's house. Pretty nice. We hear she would make a perfect model. Wanted, a few singing lessons. There seems to be no difference between a glazer and singing. While on the subject, one of our girls was almost in tears this a.m. during an argument about the popularity of Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby. "She was a Sinatra swooner, but they're both very good, we think." We feel a great deal of credit should be granted to a very good friend of ours, the man who brings our morning nourishment, Ernie Thompson. For fourteen or fifteen years Ernie has brought milk to the plant through all kinds of weather including the snow storm, etc. maybe missing a day or two when he couldn't find a chocolate cow. Take a bow Ernie.

you how grateful every single man was when I passed him one. Many of them thanked me as though I were giving them, so I tried to write them to write a note of appreciation to the address on their own ditty bag. I feel sure that nearly all hands will write something, as it is but the thought that counts. However, there will probably be a few who do not for believe it or not, there are two men on board this trip who cannot read or write. There are others who do not know what to say, and others who are afraid that their grammar wouldn't stand the strain.

For myself, I know I can't write decently, and if my grammar doesn't stand the strain, well, that's too bad! I opened my own ditty bag on Christmas morning, to find the most super assortment of presents imaginable. Every single thing is very useful, or as in the case of the piece of Christmas cake I received, jolly enjoyable. The people responsible for choosing what to put in those bags, and I mean of course YOU, really are doing a grand job and are doing it perfectly. You certainly know what we like and what we use, and I only wish that I knew of a way in which I could thank you all for your kind thoughtfulness.

When I unpacked my bag I began to think that I really don't deserve all this, it should be going to someone who really needs it more than I. Let me tell you that your ditty bags dispelled an awful lot of that gloominess about the ship this Christmas, and for that alone I am very grateful to you. So thank you again, you're swell. Yours sincerely, DAVID CLARK, Cadet.

CEDARVALE

Mr. Smith Griffin, Jr. attended the short course which was held at the O.A.C. in Guelph.

Friends in this community extend their sincere sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. D. Root and family in the death of their infant daughter, Alice Marston.

Owing to the condition of weather and roads it has made it hard for our local mail-man to make his route.

Mr. Arthur Griffin has received word of his nephew, Opl. Lloyd Griffin, who is back in a hospital in U.S.A. after being seriously ill overseas. His friends hope for him a speedy recovery.

A number from here attended the miscellaneous shower in Erin Hall on Friday evening for Mr. and Mrs. Horton and family, who recently lost their home by fire.

Annual Meeting of the Esqueuing Agricultural Society (Operating Georgetown Fair) will be held in the Municipal Building Saturday, Jan. 27 at 3:00 o'clock sharp. General Business and 1944 Fair Report Election of Officers for 1945 EVERYBODY WELCOME Ladies are especially invited to attend and form a Lady Directorate CRAIG REID, President P. W. OLEAVE, Treasurer G. L. MCGILLVRA, Secretary

This Got Results

LOST Reward to anyone returning Lady's yellow gold wrist watch and bracelet, believed lost on Saturday evening between Guelph St. and Post Office. Finder please notify HERALD OFFICE.

Shortly after the Herald was published last week, the finder of this lost article contacted the Herald Office and was put in touch with the owner.

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JOHN DOE Dec. 45

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