

Marry No Fisherman

By LEALON MARTIN JR.
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"CLOSER we get, 'fraider I am of how she'll take it," said Hans.

Delphine looked up at his blond tallness. "Me, too," she confessed, and squeezed his hand. For the thought of her mother was still between them. Delphine remembered what she had said and her worry grew. "We'd better be ready for the worst," she told Hans. "You know Mama always said: 'My Delphine, she's never going marry no fisherman.'"

Hans looked uncomfortable. "Yeah, I know," he said. "Look, maybe I'd better not go to the house with you. Maybe you better break it alone."

"No," Delphine was firm. "It's best you come now. I want she should know we're not ashamed of what we've done. And I'm proud of my husband, no matter what he has been!"

"Well, I'm not exactly a fisherman now, even if I still own my shrimp boat and jus' leased her."

"Of course not." Delphine tossed the shiny black curls. "And it's time for Mama to know." The shrimp trawlers at the docks faded behind them as they went down the leafy street toward her home. "Mama'll be by herself," Delphine said. "That's good, though I wish Raoul could be there. He'd side with us."

"Your brother would help," Hans sighed, "but the army's got him too far away."

Delphine's mind was busy. She remembered just how she and Hans had met, that very first time, nearly three years before. She had been in her father's store, helping during school vacation of her senior high school year. The young man had walked in to ask for information. Blond hair, yellow in the slanting sun as he doffed his cap, and tall and fair, with the widest shoulders, Delphine had thought, she'd ever seen.

"My name's Hans Olsen," he said, "and I've come from Florida in my trawler. Heard the shrimping's good over this way. Can you tell me where I can find a boarding place?"

"But yes," she answered him. "Madame Broussard will be glad to have you. And she directed him walking to the corner to point the way. He'd been back several times. In fact, he'd made it a point to come—and always they found something to talk about. Delphine was sure almost from the start that he liked her.

And soon the whole town was talking about the young Swede fisherman. One of those East coast shrimpers from Florida, they said, who sure knew how to get the fish 'way out. A hard worker, too, you bet. More than one Timbalier mama would have been glad to have him come calling.

But Hans Olsen went only to the LeBlew store, where there was Delphine. And Delphine had been glad, oh, so glad! She shuddered, remembering her mother's tirade. Any of her friends' parents would have been happy if this sober, industrious young man appeared to have serious intentions toward their daughters, but not her mama. "Ever since you been big enough to go with boys for the dates," she ranted, "I been afraid this happen. You know why I never let you go out with boys from the shrimp boats. Always I don't wan' you marry no fisherman. Look what you get! Nothin' but to be sorry!"

"Yes, Mama."

"You know a shrimper, he's never make nothin' hardly. When he catch good, he throw away the money gamblin' or smethin'."

That had been so unfair to Hans that she'd spoken up: "But, Mama, Hans is not like that. He's different."

"Different, eh? Non, all shrimpers, they're alike!"

And that had settled that. She couldn't get Hans at home. Their surreptitious meetings had been few and far between, but for her it would always be this tall, fair young man.

The months became years. He went back to the Atlantic and she thought him lost forever. But he returned, explaining that he'd taken his trawler over because of the extra good fishing.

Then war had come and, after a time, she'd gone to Houma to work in a defense plant. And Hans was on the East coast. She hadn't seen him for nearly six months when he'd walked into her cousin's home in Houma one Sunday. They'd been married the next week and this, after their all too short honeymoon in New Orleans, was her homecoming.

Delphine gripped Hans' fingers tighter as they turned into her yard. "This is it!" she murmured and they smiled at each other.

"Mama, this is my husband, Hans Olsen," she said, and waited for the storm. "We were married last Friday. He's on leave from Camp Shelby."

"Husband . . . husband," her mother said, and her brow clouded. Then she gazed hard at Hans. Delphine saw that he braced his khaki-clad shoulders. "Ah, Delphine," she said, "I'm glad you didn't marry a fisherman . . . but a good citizen of the United States like you, with my son and daughter-in-law, you get in touch with your local Children's Aid Society?"

TWO STORIES ABOUT CHILDREN'S AID

This is the story of two young Ontario women, one studying to be a doctor of medicine, the other a member of the CWAC. It will be particularly interesting to readers of this paper who last year followed the series of articles telling of the work being done by the Children's Aid Societies throughout this province.

For this is the story of two little girls whom life knocked down and two Children's Aid Societies picked up. All that Children's Aid stands for, what it is allowed to do to protect children under our ONTARIO laws, what lies behind the policy of carefully selected foster home care, what can be the far-reaching influence of some thoughtful inspiring personality working year after year on a Society's staff is exemplified by these two young women today.

Nine years ago a little girl, whom we shall call Peggy, was made a ward of a Children's Aid Society of Ontario which shall be nameless for obvious reasons. Peggy was one of seven children born of European parents in Canada. The father deserted his family 12 or 14 years ago to return to his native country. The mother utterly failed in her responsibilities and in 1935 the children were made wards of the local Society. Peggy, always under the care, supervision and kindly guidance of the Society, went to live with an aunt where she had a good clean home and did well at school. She passed her entrance at 13 and the following year stood highest in her class, at the same time making her own clothes. By 1943 Peggy had completed her collegiate course with honours and was planning to go through for pharmacy. She won a \$450 scholarship, but did not learn of this in time to register for the university year.

The obstacle only provoked Peggy into a more ambitious step than she had yet contemplated. She decided to wait another year, earn and save every possible cent, avail herself of the scholarship at the end of the year and study medicine. Last summer many people in her community became interested in this clever and plucky girl and gifts of money and clothing came in so generously that Peggy, now at the University, began her first year with a suitable wardrobe, a little extra money and the knowledge that she has many interested friends back of her.

Handed off to the Society—probably to some dynamic personality on its staff—to that scholarship donor, to some nameless teachers, to many good people and not least to that worthy woman—the aunt! All were potters "moulding the wet clay".

The second story concerns another little girl who spent nearly all her life in the care of a Society. That Society, because of circumstances which are repeated in thousands of cases which come to the attention of Children's Aid every year, applied through the courts for "wardship action".

"Wardship action"—a cold, precise legal term. What does it really mean—what can it be made to mean—what can it be made to mean when a Society lives up to every responsibility vested in it? It means the Society has the responsibility of being a parent to the children committed to its charge—of providing through its staff and foster homes the love and affection which the children have missed in their own homes and of striving by every means to create and sustain in the children that sense of security which is so essential to their normal development and which has either been seriously shaken or missing altogether in their lives.

Many years after the Courts had committed a little homeless, friendless girl to her local Children's Aid Society, that little girl, now a young woman holding a responsible position in the CWAC, could write this letter to the superintendent:

"Dear Sir: For many years now you and your co-workers have been father and mother to me and I know it has been no easy task. You have been helping me for so long I would like to show you in a small way that I do appreciate everything you have done. I know of no better way for a Victory Bond to be used than to have it help some other boy or girl have some opportunities you offered me. Will you accept this little token of my gratitude with my best wishes to you and your staff?"

Enclosed was a Victory Bond for \$50. Only that superintendent knows the history that lies behind this wardship, but this is apparent to all: At some time a little girl was left quite alone in the world. She had neither parents, nor relatives, nor friends to care for her and her whole life lay before her—to be made or marred!

There can be statutes, there can be the cautious Court, spelling out the last letter of the law. But those are the mere bones of the responsibility vested in Children's Aid Societies and their officials. The love, the patience, the vision that guided, helped and influenced, this young life were the heart and life blood of a superintendent and his staff and of some fond, conscientious foster mother.

Can you open our home to some little girl or boy needing love and care and a chance to be a good citizen? If so will you get in touch with your local Children's Aid Society?

BUSY BEES NEWS OF JANUARY

Because of blocked roads and disagreeable weather this month's meeting was held one week later than usual at the home of Mrs. Joseph Frank. Meeting was opened by all repeating the Lord's Prayer in unison. Nine members answered roll call by handing a total of 43 crazy quilt blocks 18" x 18". Correspondence contained a thank-you for gift sent and a Christmas greeting from an interested couple and a thank-you from Pie, Frank Allen for cigarettes and Christmas parcel sent overseas.

Financial statement was the lowest of the year, due to weather conditions. Meeting was then opened for quilt discussions. Eight tops were on hand and were taken by different ladies to be quilted while difficult to get about. Plans for making of friendship quilt were made. White broadcloth foundation with rose and green embroidery work.

A request from township council that we help with funds for installing a large hot plate in Brookville Hall was discussed and the motion was carried that we sell the small one owned by the club and add some to make the sum of \$10.00 toward this. Euchre parties were to be held in No. 7 school on and from Jan. 12th every Friday evening. Prizes of first for ladies and 1st for gents were to be provided voluntarily by members. Everything to be clear money.

Two new names were to be added to the overseas list, that of Tpr. Arthur Davenport and Pte. Fred Beavis. Mrs. Wm. Service offered her home for the February meeting. Meeting then closed with God Save the King led by Mrs. Stan Robinson. Mrs. Frank served a lunch that had a touch of New Year's. Mrs. Service motioned

a vote of thanks to Mrs. Frank for the use of her home and hospitality. A pattern quilt was quilted on during the day.

Mrs. Jennie Howard, Mrs. Stan Robinson and Mrs. Wilfrid Kennedy held Busy Bee quiltings during the month.

Four progressive euchre parties were held in the school which cleared \$21.52 Ladies donating prizes were Mrs. Stan Robinson, Mrs. W. Kennedy, Mrs. Alf. Allen, Mrs. Service, Mrs. Alex. Job, Mrs. Joseph Frank and Mrs. Sam Frank. Mrs. J. J. Kennedy made score cards.

Mrs. John Wilson donated 1.00 to the Club to be used for parcels overseas. Two sympathy cards and a letter of cheer to the sick and a gift to a new baby in the club were sent. Ten boxes were packed and posted for overseas by the committed which amounted to \$50.62 and \$30.50 was allowed for cigs for boys overseas to be sent by Mrs. Britton during January.

On Saturday, February 17th, from 7:45 to 8:00 pm, on the CBC Canadian network the weekly CBC talks feature entitled "This Week" originated from Ottawa and featured two officers of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association in the capital for the semi-annual executive meeting. They spoke on the part played by the weekly newspapers in Canadian life. Speakers were C.W.N.A. President, P. P. Galbraith, editor of Red Deer (Alberta) Advocate and 1st Vice President Hugh Tumpkin, editor of Fergus (Ontario) News Record.

REPRESENTATIVES OF WEEKLY PRESS GAVE RADIO ADDRESSES

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How long is 3 weeks, Ivan?

• Hitler boasted he would smash Russia in three weeks . . . Ivan's courage, resourcefulness and fighting skill have already spun those three weeks into a third year.

What is three weeks . . . what is Time itself to Ivan but a succession of minutes, each one marked by the fall of a Nazi soldier.

We have helped Ivan destroy Hitler's time-table by sending planes, tanks, guns, shells, food. It is a proud thing to share even a little in Russia's triumph to this hour.

We who make high-proof alcohol for the smokeless powder in Ivan's high explosives also have a special way of measuring Time. In our plants, wholly converted to war production, we mark the passing of each hour by the thousands of gallons of high-proof alcohol flowing from our giant stills. Three weeks, three months, three years . . . it will go on flowing until the last Axis soldier has laid down either his body or his arms . . . in unconditional surrender!

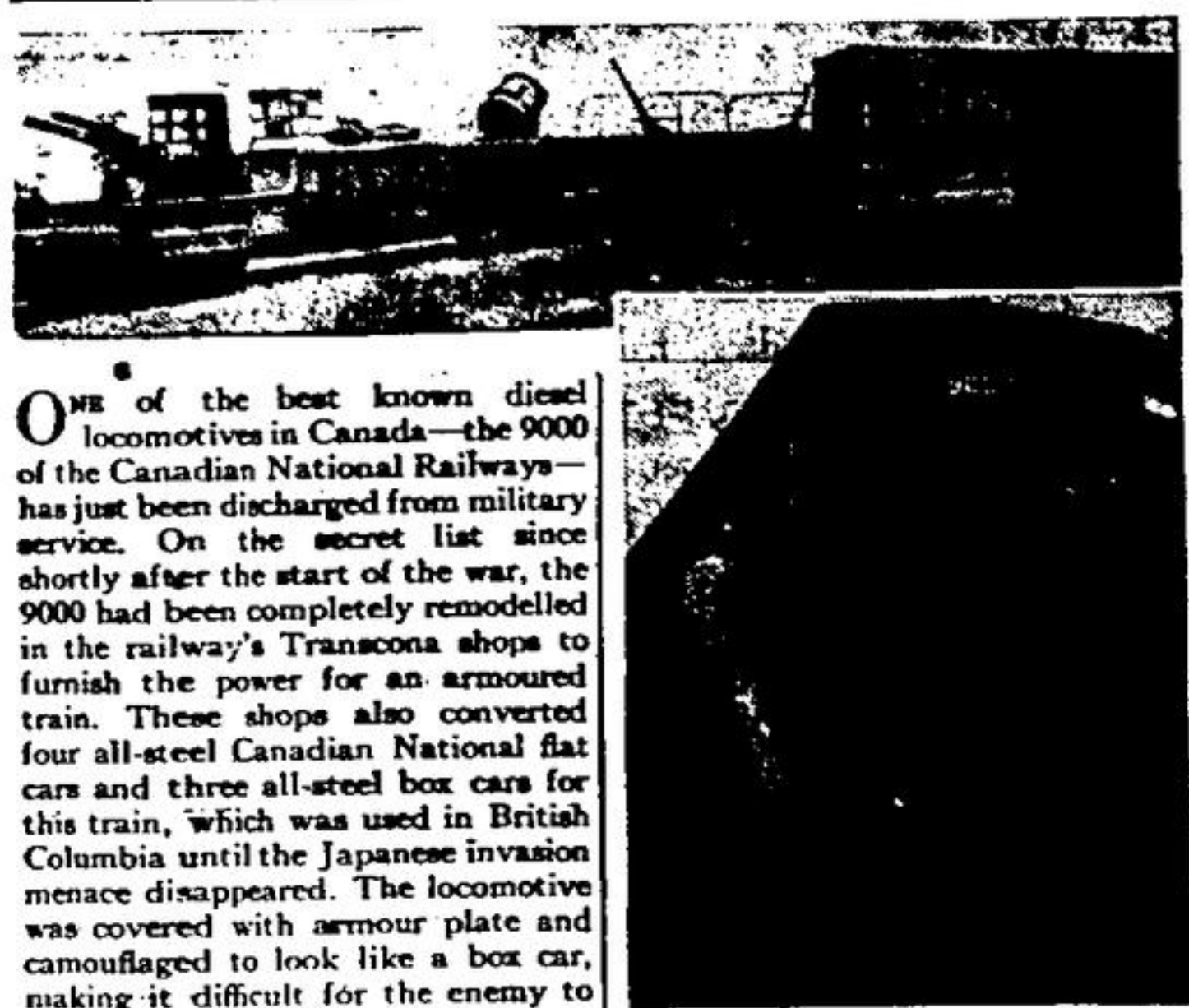
THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

ALCOHOL FOR WAR IS USED IN SYNTHETIC RUBBER, MEDICINES, SHATTERPROOF GLASS AND OTHER PRODUCTS. EVERY SEAGRAM PLANT IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES IS ENGAGED 100% IN THE PRODUCTION OF HIGH-PROOF ALCOHOL FOR WAR.

Two years ago, we of The House of Seagram published this advertisement in tribute to the heroic Russian soldier. Today, we are repeating this message in renewed tribute to the millions of Ivans whose "courage, resourcefulness and fighting skill" have now freed Russian soil and beaten the enemy back to the very threshold of Berlin.

The House of Seagram

ARMoured TRAIN ENGINE DISGUISED AS BOX CAR



ONE of the best known diesel locomotives in Canada—the 9000 of the Canadian National Railways—has just been discharged from military service. On the secret list since shortly after the start of the war, the 9000 had been completely remodelled in the railway's Transcona shops to furnish the power for an armoured train. These shops also converted four all-steel Canadian National flat cars and three all-steel box cars for this train, which was used in British Columbia until the Japanese invasion menace disappeared. The locomotive was covered with armour plate and camouflaged to look like a box car, making it difficult for the enemy to spot it in case of attack.

At present, the 9000 is in the C.N.R. shops at Point St. Charles having its armour plate removed and other changes effected to fit it for passenger service. All of the cars have been stripped of their war dress and are back in regular freight service.

The Canadian National Railways pioneered the development of diesel power for railway service in Canada. This was in June, 1925, when it introduced the first oil electric rail car. This unit, the first in North America to make a transcontinental run was designed and built in the company's shops. On its trial run it was operated between Montreal and

Vancouver in 67 hours running time. By the end of 1928, the 9000, which was Canada's first diesel locomotive, made its appearance. This twin unit was then the largest and most powerful locomotive of its kind in the world. Later, converted to a single unit engine, the 9000 had been on various passenger and freight runs, chiefly in the Central Region of the National System, until the outbreak of the war. When the 9000 went into war service, its 12-cylinder engine was replaced with a new V-type, 16-cylinder engine. Above it, the 9000's original train, built in 1917, was