

Dust One

By ANEL C. JOHNS
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WNU Features.

THE strawberries were shipped in early. They were flat, heart-shaped, pinkish red. The centers came out with the stem if Pattie wasn't careful.

Pattie shouldn't have bought them. But she couldn't resist. She had always brought home the first on the market since that time just after her marriage when Philip came home, smelling of gasoline. There was always hard grease on his hands and sometimes on his pug-nosed face. He stopped at the table, as always, for a preview of what was cooking and said, "Shortcake! Spring must be here. Spring, when a young man's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of love if he's married to a gorgeous dame like one Patricia."

But that had been four years ago. And strawberries always reminded her of the days Philip went away in the mornings and came back to her in the evenings. Never too tired to dance.

Pattie loved the way they moved in unison. Philip holding her a little tight, saying, "You're like the music, Baby. You make me know that, if I never have anything more, I've got everything right now. For you I clean carburetors, patch flats, pump gas. Pour oil. There's a ritzy dame comes into the station about twice a week. She's a looker! But, Baby, you outlook her even in curlers and cold cream."

Did Philip still feel like that? That she overlooked the lookers who danced with him at the USO clubs on his week-end leaves? The lookers who worked in canteens, doing their bit for the boys? The lookers who flirted?

He was sent with his crew to England and no doubt met new people with strange ways.

Pattie was glad she had been a camp wife. That she had followed her Philip around, put up in a jail for two weeks in Georgia because there were no rooms available. Even slept in the back seat of the car at a filling station when she arrived in a town too late to find quarters.

She was glad that she had been with him the night he was shipped. The sergeant had let her stay. She and four other wives who had little to say that they couldn't tell with the pressure of their cold fingers.

Philip had looked into her face, upturned in the moonlight, until the tears stood at her lashes and her throat hurt.

"You're beautiful, Baby. Even now. I hate going before he gets here but I can't be the chooser in this game. Be sure to send me a cable. It'll be tough over there, waiting. I know it'll be tougher here."

It was horrible back in their house alone. She tried having the wife of one of Philip's pals live with her. But the girl was morbid. She doted on horrors, especially those of the war.

Philip had said, "Don't sit around fretting about me. Worry is bad. I'll take care of myself. If I see a blockbuster coming at me I'll run like the deuce. I want to come home and find you just the same."

Well, she wasn't the same. She'd been in the maternity ward without him to stand by. She'd come through the measles and a hand that little Philip burned when he pulled the percolator off the stove. The neighbors helped her when she had a bad appendix that the doctor finally removed.

Philip said, "Don't ever forget me, Baby. I won't forget you. The going will never be so rough that that can happen. I'll think of you every day. All day. And dream of you at night. Everything I do will be for you and the little one."

But all of that had been so long ago. She couldn't bring Philip back as she used to. At first she could make him sit in his favorite chair. Could hear his voice above the radio talking without words. Just the rumble of his deep voice. But she couldn't hear his voice any more. She had forgotten how he looked sitting behind the evening paper.

Suddenly her hands trembled. She crushed a luscious berry between her fingers. She was frightened. If she couldn't recall here, where Philip had been, how could he remember her, where she had never been?

How could he keep in mind their simple pleasures when everyone worked to entertain him and thousands like him? Time blots out everything.

She had tried to keep her hold on Philip. She had sent him pictures of the baby every month. Anniversary pictures, she called them. And snapshots of herself too. Being careful to look her best; careful to smile with the wrinkles in her nose about which Philip had teased her.

Little Philip came in from outdoors. His pug nose was red with the cold of early spring. His hands were smeared with a red sucker and there was a ring around his rosy mouth where he had licked the stickiness. His cap was gone and his reddish hair was every which way.

"Can I have one, Muzzer? Dust one?" the little boy pleaded, standing on tiptoe to see better.

Pattie looked down. She had seen that face before. But it was older. She gave him the biggest berry she could find. "And one for Daddy," she whispered.



Ethelwyn Hobbes, CBC commentator

Ethelwyn Hobbes is a friendly woman with an infectious laugh, and an amazing fund of homemaking information which she shares with thousands of radio listeners in her broadcasts. Off the air, she charms every armchair listener with her winning manner which has won her wide popularity as a commentator. (She also makes funny faces to amuse babies in street cars, and can give you an interesting new recipe at the drop of a teaspoon.)

In radio work since 1940, Mrs. Hobbes fills the important post of consultant on consumer information for the CBC, and is well known as a free-lance writer for Canadian and American publications. She is married, has a grown-up son, and knows from practical experience how to combine housekeeping and a professional career.

Ethelwyn Hobbes was born in Winnipeg, graduated in economics from the university there, and worked as a reporter on the Winnipeg Free Press. She also spent some years as an advertising copy writer and during the 30's ran a restaurant in Montreal.

This CBC commentator is an ardent reader, which helps explain the diversity of topics she is able to deal with in her broadcasts. Fan mail comes to her from all over the continent, and her replies are enough to keep a small postoffice busy. Most of her letters go to listeners who write for information, on a variety of subjects ranging from sword-dancing to cheese-making.

Ethelwyn Hobbes broadcasts news of special interest to women, Monday to Friday, at 10.30 a.m. over mid-east and mid-west stations of the CBC Trans-Canada network. She may also be heard on Tuesdays at 4.18 p.m. over eastern stations of the same network.

BRIDE-TO-BE HONOURED AT ALLOA PARTY

A unique and enjoyable afternoon party was held at the home of Mrs. Alex McKinney, second line, Chinguacousy, on Wednesday afternoon, May 28th to honour Miss Ruth Heney of Toronto, whose marriage took place in Eglington United Church, Toronto last Saturday, 7th of June. Ruth is a descendant of the Ivens family, pioneer settlers in the Alloa district, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Heney of Toronto, formerly Mrs. Edith Ivens of Alloa. For several miles around, about fifty ladies, friends and acquaintances of the to-be bride's mother, met on invitation, the occasion being planned by Mrs. T. O. Dolson, Mrs. W. J. Taylor, and Mrs. Alex McKinney. Many of the guests not having met for a long time, spent a happy time together. Each lady was given a sheet of paper on which to write her biography and these were then collected and put in book form and presented to Ruth along with a prepared bride's book.

For entertainment contests were put on which mixed up the crowd. A humorous skit caused much laughter with the following ladies participating: Mrs. T. O. Dolson, Mrs. W. J. Taylor, Miss Estelle Ford, Mrs. W. L. McClure, Mrs. Frank Williamson, and Mrs. Norman Cameron with Mrs. Wm. Graydon of Brampton, supplying piano music for the same and who also accompanied Miss Ruth McKinney who sang "The Old Refrain."

On behalf of those present and some who were unavoidably absent the bride-to-be was presented with a beautiful triple electric floor lamp. She replied most graciously saying this occasion would remain a cherished memory.

A dainty lunch was then served by the committee in charge with Mrs. H. H. Clark and Mrs. A. G. Clark pouring tea. Regrets were expressed that the afternoon had gone too quickly and many were heard to say it was the happiest party they had attended for a long time.

FIGHT ROAD DEATHS

By means of many mechanical devices, Britain is teaching hundreds each day how to keep death off her roads. The devices are part of an exciting show for children and adults organized by London county council in collaboration with the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents.

Argentina's tire manufacturers are speeding up production and are breaking pre-war output records, but still cannot keep up to the increasing demand.



Radio vocalist Dorothy All recently stepped into a new singing role. She is pictured before the National Film Board camera during production of a 'Canada Carries On' movie short.



Have you tried it?
(Bowling, that is)

THE CLUB IS OPEN

WEEK-DAYS: 1 p.m. — 5.30 p.m.
6 p.m. — 11 p.m.
SATURDAYS: 10 a.m. — 5.30 p.m.
6 p.m. — 11 p.m.

Standing offer of a \$50 bill to anyone bowling a perfect 450 score.

LUCKY STRIKE

BOWLING CLUB SNACK BAR
Mill Street in the Mackenzie Building
HAL GIBSON, mn'gr.



HEAD - C.P.R. BROTHERHOOD: Executive of the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the next three years is shown above following their election at a meeting at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec. The next general meeting of the organization will be held at Vancouver in August, 1948. Left to right, sitting: A. C. Mykle, Winnipeg, assistant general chairman for western lines; W. Donnelly, Ottawa, secretary-treasurer; J. J. O'Grady, Ottawa, vice-president; S. Burns, Toronto, general chairman; and W. K. McKee, Winnipeg, vice general chairman. Standing: J. Inglis, Medicine Hat, assistant general chairman for western lines; G. Cochran, London, assistant general chairman for eastern lines; R. Gauthier, St. Therese, Que., assistant general chairman for eastern lines.

Branch History Reviewed at W.I. Meeting

The Georgetown Women's Institute held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Walter Peck, Wednesday afternoon, June 4th, with an attendance of twenty-four. The meeting was opened by the President, Mrs. H. C. Bailey. The opening ode was sung followed by the Institute Prayer. The Roll Call was answered by "How to improve our town". Minutes and correspondence were read. A splendid report of the District Annual at Milton was given by Mrs. Frank Peck, including the following report of the Georgetown Women's Institute given at the Annual, prepared by Mrs. George Campbell.

Georgetown branch of the Women's Institute was organized on March 25, 1903, in the Georgetown Town Hall, in conjunction with the Farmer's Institute. Mrs. L. L. Bennett being the first president, and Miss L. Reid, secretary-treasurer. The first Government speaker, Miss Laura Rose, afterwards Mrs. L. R. Stephens, was a Georgetown young woman. She helped to design the W. I. pin. One of our largest undertakings was the paying for the Cemetery Gates, at a cost of \$800. We have always done a lot of Community work, the branch being responsible for the issuing of Relief for three years, during the depression. A complete lavette is always on hand, which may be called for by the town doctors when need arises. We contribute to Halton County Music Festival, and make our Past Presidents. Life members and present each with a Life Membership pin.

It was decided to withdraw the July meeting in favour of a lawn tea to be held at the home of Mrs. W. G. Bell in August.

Convenors named were: Social Welfare, Mrs. D. Livingstone; Citizenship, Mrs. R. Robinson; Historical Research, Mrs. W. T. Sinclair; Home Economics, Mrs. Herb Cleave; Publicity, Mrs. V. T. Cavanagh.

The lunch and the program committee was composed of Mrs. D. Livingstone, Mrs. M. L. Near, Mrs. Gowland and Mrs. Fred McNally. Mrs. Livingstone conducted the programme which opened with a sing song followed by a splendid talk on the Motto by Mrs. Gowland "Helping others along our way." Two very fine solos were sung by Miss Joan Layole — "A Song of a Heart that's Free" and "If My Song were only Winged." Mrs. Near conducted a memory contest by passing through the room wearing 40 different articles. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Bell received prizes for remembering the highest number of articles.

A vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Peck and the committee in charge by Mrs. W. T. Sinclair.

The meeting closed by singing God Save the King. A delicious lunch was served by the committee and greatly enjoyed by all.

Take a Tip -
DON'T MISS THE
Lions Garden Party
NEXT MONDAY NIGHT
McCLURE'S HOME FURNISHINGS
(Lion Harold McClure)

Highland Concrete Block Co. Ltd.
R. R. 2, GEORGETOWN—1 mile north of HORNBY
CONCRETE SAND PLASTER SAND
TOP SOIL or FILL
DELIVERED OR LOADED ON YOUR TRUCK
Also —
ALL SIZES OF CONCRETE BLOCKS
Rock Face or Plain
C. Austin Phone 189 r 2 — Milton — C. Picket 88 r 13

Premier
GEORGE DREW
will speak in the
"PROVINCIAL AFFAIRS" SERIES
over the C.B.C. Ontario Trans-Canada Network
Monday, June 16th
10.30 to 10.45 p.m. E.D.T.
LISTEN TO STATION (CBL

THRILLS SPILLS
Woodbridge Motorcycle Races
WALL OF FIRE
SPEED TESTS
EXCITING RACES
FAIR GROUNDS
2 p.m.
Saturday, June 21st
Sponsored by Woodbridge Board of Trade for
Woodbridge & District War Memorial Fund
LACROSSE GAME—DANCE, ELM PARK, Evening