

The Editor's Corner

A GOOD JOB OF SNOW REMOVAL

We have never seen a better or quicker job of snow removal than last week when an unseasonable snowstorm threatened to disrupt traffic throughout the town. Foreman Alf Collins and the town men worked like trojans of the snow plow and put in hours of overtime night work to get the roads in passable condition. Meanwhile the Scott-Jackson scoop-shovel was called into action by Road Chairman Goodlet and by Wednesday night Main, Street, Mill Street and John Street right down to the subway turn had been completely cleared and the snow trucked away to a repository at the park.

Emergency snow removal signs were posted along the streets during the operation and the few motorists who did not cooperate by avoiding parking in the area were inconvenienced by having their cars towed out of the way.

The whole job reflected credit on all parties responsible and we are safe in saying that we don't believe any municipality in Ontario could have any better or more prompt public service. It is interesting to note that Georgetown now has an estimated twenty-five miles of streets with the opening last year of Normandy Boulevard, Sarah and Elgin Streets and River-view Crescent.

BREAD TODAY — OR BULLETS TOMORROW

The current Canadian Appeal for Children Fund is a most worthwhile endeavour and we hope that local donations will be generous. It has been our intention to support the appeal editorially and this week we came across the following article prepared by Douglas W. Smith of the Legion Public Relations Department, which has a message for us all. He has chosen "Bread Today — or Bullets Tomorrow" as its title.

I wonder what has happened to Marcel?

Marcel with the pipestem arms and legs; the pinched little face and big black eyes. Eyes that should have been filled with child-like wonder but looked at you with fear and distrust.

I first met Marcel in Caen. He was five, and howling his head off. He had good reason. His mother and father were under the rubble of what once was their home.

We were feverishly trying to clear the debris away from La Presse Caennaise to publish the first issue of the Maple Leaf. We weren't making much progress because the Jerries were less than a few hundred yards away trying to hold the River Orne and making it hot for all and sundry in the district.

I grabbed Marcel from the open and dragged him down before he got picked off by mortar shrapnel.

There was nobody in this city of death to claim the waif so we kept him with us.

Like any kid of that age he quickly adapted himself to new conditions. His little legs were covered with sores, probably from lack of nutrition. He didn't play like our kids do; he just didn't seem to have the energy.

It was surprising what a difference a few weeks of good grub made to that kid. He put on weight and started to romp about. In no time he was the idol of the unit and the amount of chocolates and candies that kid stuffed into him would do your heart good to see.

But even though he fattened up and played, that look of fear and uncertainty never left his eyes.

I suppose the psychologists would say that the kid will always have an amount of this feeling in his lifetime. He may even grow up to be an unstable citizen.

Came the time for our departure from Caen. It was impossible to take Marcel with us. The French by this time had a sort of provisional government set-up. So we reluctantly passed him over to the authorities.

The last time I saw Marcel, he was standing in the street waving forlornly as we drove away in our trucks.

I wonder what has happened to Marcel. I suppose I will never know.

This much though I do know. If he is not taken care of he will grow up to be an embittered young man and an easy prey for those marshalling their forces against our way of life.

Heaven forbid that some day he and my son may meet on a field of battle.

The Legion is one hundred per cent behind the Canadian Appeal for Children Fund.

For those who shrug their shoulders and say, "It's no affair of mine," okay chum. Then chew on this practical approach. Which would you prefer, bread today or bullets tomorrow?

KEEP THEM COMING

We have been pleased lately to see an awakening interest by readers in submitting letters to the editor on timely subjects of the day. It has always been our hope that the Herald would be a public forum where views of municipal and national interest might be expressed and we look forward to the day when we can devote a whole page to the publication of letters from the public. One excellent letter on speeding was received in the mail last week, but was signed: "A citizen who drives a lot" with no intimation as to the identity of the writer. While the letter itself would have caused no controversy if published, it was necessary to adhere to our strict rule that letters are published only if the writer makes his identity known to the publisher. Letters will be published under a nom-de-plume if the writer wishes, though if a letter is too controversial, we reserve the privilege of refusing to publish it unless the writer's name appears in print. The privilege is also ours, of course, of refusing to publish all or parts of letters which are not consistent with good taste or which are slanderous or libelous.

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of TWO who came back

by Lotta Dempsey

Of course, quite a few air force personnel got their faces smashed in crack-ups. But a girl . . . well, girls have a very special feeling about their faces. And when they brought the tall slender WD corporal into hospital—one of the eight of twenty-seven left alive out of a flight that crashed between Vancouver and Prince Rupert—she was about the most unrecognizable Airwoman still breathing in this country.

They flew Helen—and Mary, another WD with a badly burned back—to Toronto's Christie Street Military Hospital, for skin grafts and burn treatment. A Red Cross worker told me she'd never forget it. The Red Cross room is the heart of the world, next door to the room those girls had.

For weeks workers just tiptoed in and out on their rounds—writing letters, supplying stamps, cigarettes and chocolate bars to the patients.

'No Visitors'

One operation followed another through the weary months in which doctors built a new face for Helen and treated Mary's back. "The girls became work friends with the Red Cross workers. But they didn't want to meet people from the 'outside', right then. Even when the 'No Visitors' sign went down and Air Force boys and other vet. patients wheel-chaired and crutch-tapped in, they were still shy about seeing 'just people'.

The Red Cross was different. These women in the deep blue smocks were part of their own submerged world of pain and illness, yet attached to the country outside. They did the little things the girls needed—feminine bits of shopping, letters and messages, planned small celebrations.

New Trades

As the girls progressed, going from one hospital to another for treatment, the Red Cross was always there. Supplying ambulances, at first—later escorts to hockey games, concerts, plays. Offering quiet practical assistance whenever it was needed.

Today Helen and Mary are learning new trades. Helen can no longer teach physical education or model. Mary cannot continue her typing, because of permanently stiffened fingers. But while DVA prepares them for their new lives, the Red Cross still stands by as they do with all our Canadian veterans in hospitals everywhere. In proof that we, the people, have not forgotten.

The work of mercy never ends . . . Give generously to the CANADIAN RED CROSS
Georgetown Headquarters — Phone 19

Red Cross Services include: Blood Transfusion, Outpost Hospitals, Aid to Sick and Disabled Veterans, Treatment for Crippled Children, Disaster Relief, Nutrition Services, Home Nursing Courses, Swimming and Water Safety, etc.