

The Waterdown Review

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The Review

From now until January 1st
1920 for \$1.00

Mr. Gallagher takes this opportunity to thank all those who so ably assisted in the removal of stock and cars from our place of business on the night of the fire. He also wishes to express his high appreciation of the good work done by the local Fire Department and citizens of Waterdown and vicinity.

THE GALLAGHER HARDWARE CO.

Announcement

Owing to the recent fire in our Drug store we have moved to the premises lately occupied by John Kitching & Son. A new stock of Drugs, etc., has arrived and we are now prepared to serve the public.

W. H. CUMMINS.

Letters from the Front

Letters from Our Boys Who Are Fighting for Us

Sunday, July 21, 1918.

Dear Dad:—

The fates that control the mails here, namely, the tin fish, have been very lenient this past week, as no less than eight letters, a parcel and a paper have all arrived together in the last couple of days.

I gather from them that the old town is getting on some, and I expect I will not know it from a city when this job is finished and I leave this "land flowing with milk and honey." So far I have never seen a sign of either. At present if it was flowing with plain water it would be much more pleasant. No rain has fallen since April, and the bright sun is never obscured by the least cloud. We would call it ideal weather at home. This past week is the first time the shade temperature got up to 20 degrees, and that is about what it stays at daily now. However, it does not seem so hot, as it is dry and clear, not damp and oppressive as it was on the Struma a year ago. In fact, we are in luck as to weather. Down in the Jordan plain it is about 30 degrees hotter, and about 20 degrees hotter on the coast plain. So much for the weather, the eternal subject of letters.

The old world goes on here in the same way as it seems to have gone on for ages. The signalers of the battery pass on the rumors of peace and victory as usual, but nothing has come of all their "latest" as yet, but suppose it must some day. Where their rumors start from is a wonder. One day they have heard that we have taken Lille and are about to capture half or more of the whole German army. The next day they have Bulgaria and Turkey asking for peace. A practical joker could have great fun by merely saying to some signaler: "Did you hear that the Kaiser had been killed by one of our bombing planes?" The next day the whole army would have it.

At present I am sitting in the verandah of our "mess." It is quite comfy and decently cool. The mess is about 12 x 8 feet, with rock walls a yard thick. The roof is merely a wagon cover supported by the pole out of a gun limber. Plenty of brush on top keep out the heat all right. It has a door of fly netting and three windows netted also, so that "does in" that pest. Inside the earth has been dug out in the centre, leaving a ledge all around to sit on. A table—a fine one made by the wheeler—is in the centre. He is a very useful fellow. In one corner a gramophone which the Major brought back from Cairo the last time he was on leave. By the way, it is playing now some new records brought in this morning by 2nd Lieut. Jennings, who has been to "Alex." on the proverbial "seven days." The Major sits at one end with telephone and fighting map close at hand. An electric bell brings in a batman at the press of the button on the table, and a small electric light hangs over the table. So much for the mess proper.

Outside, facing south, is the "veranda." Really it is a roof of wire netting with wheat straw interwoven and supported by spare poles. We have a couple of deck chairs and it is quite cool. It looks down over "umpy" wadis. In the distance a great cloud of dust indicates where our rations, etc., are coming up the main road from Jerusalem, which is far out of sight to the south. Nearer at hand a majestic thump! thump! thump! thump! indicates the presence of a Siege Battery R.G.A. hard at work straining some offending area behind the Turk's lines. The battery have an easy day on Sunday whenever possible. Of course, when any show is on, one hardly knows the day of the week, and the guns must be ready to fire at short notice on targets anywhere on the front.

The life as a junior officer in the Royal Regiment of Artillery is very varied. There are three or four places

he may be found. The first as P. O. O. he is the eyes of the guns and the protector of the infantry in the front line. He is the terror of the unwary Turk, who walks heedlessly over a sky line. "Three degrees right of zero add 500," says the F. O. O. "3rd's gunfire," and the Turk's pace is accelerated greatly. The F. O. O., with his eye glued to a high power telescope, has seen him. The next time he comes over that crest it will be at the double. Or it may be something big which he sees far to the rear beyond the field gun range—a convoy of transport, a company of troops, or a battery's horses going to water. If he sees the target often he gets through to the heavies, and when some unsuspecting "watering order" presents itself it gets some metal pills which cause wild confusion—horses and mules scatter in all directions and leave the victims behind. The above event I had the joy of beholding on my last turn up there. If an attack or raid is on he has to keep touch and silence the offending M. G. S., and that is a windy job. I had one such last week, but it was very tame. The second place one may find him is with a detached gun or section, where he is pretty much of a free lance—his own boss as it were. Here he may gain the M. C. or a blighty if the position is spotted. A third place to look for the "Sub" is at the gun position—G. P. for short. Here he has various things to keep him busy. The work is never finished, the pits always have room for improvement, or the cook house has. He may be orderly officer. If so, he takes parades and stays near the phone to shoot the Bty. if a sudden call comes. The last, but not really the last place you may find the "2nd Loot," is at the wagon line. W. L. for short with the horses. He generally takes it easy—easier than he is supposed to—but don't tell any B. C. that I said so. There he has a whole tent, and can sleep in his camp bed, if he owns one. He takes about two parades, stables and watering sometimes. The watering order is supposed to be always under him, but if you could stand at one of the main water troughs and count the batteries that come to water without officers you would wonder if any officer was at any W. F. But the wagon line is the home of the second in command, a captain generally, so the Sub seldom gets a chance to loaf here. The last, but not least, place you may look for the Sub is down by "Stanley Bay" doing a seven days' leave on the sea sands near Alexandria. And a mighty good place, too, these hot days, according to Jennings, who has just arrived back with much sunburn and blisters from sea bathing and lying on the sandy beach.

Well, dad, I think I see you asleep before you have waded through all this rot, but the arrival of eight letters all at once is a great source of inspiration. If ever you give any more of my letters for publication, do so on the agreement that the publisher will correct the spelling and grammar, for I have forgotten almost how to spell now.

Love to all.

HARRY.

To the Editor,—

Will you allow us a small space in your valuable paper to express our gratitude to the noble citizens of Waterdown, to whom we owe so much, for their unselfish and valuable assistance in our time of need. This is the third time we have had our buildings scorched, and each and every time the men, women, boys and girls have shown themselves to be true and loyal citizens; yes, more than that, heroes and heroines, as many acts of bravery were performed every time.

We also wish to take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks to the large number of citizens who opened their homes to receive our goods, also to those who so kindly offered us the hospitality of their homes in our time of need.

Thanking you for this space in your valuable paper, we are, yours sincerely,

O. B. Griffin and Family.

A Destructive Fire

W. H. Cummins' Drug Store and Red Cross Rooms Damaged

Our people were rudely awakened out of their slumbers early on Monday morning last by the ringing of the fire bell, fire having broken out in the rear of W. Cummins' Drug Store. It did not take long for our brave fire ladders to get on the job, and together with townspeople, male and female, began to battle with the flames, and it was certainly a noble fight, and one which the citizens of Waterdown will long remember.

Willing hands assisted in the removal of Mr. Cummins' stock, which for the greater part was removed to places of safety.

Mr. O. B. Griffin's residence adjoining being in immediate danger, his household effects were also safely removed. It was by the dint of the hardest kind of work that adjoining buildings were saved.

Too much praise cannot be given the noble band of workers who fought so nobly, and by so doing prevented a disastrous conflagration in our village.

We regret that a number of reserved seats, "which were all occupied," were sold. This had the effect of preventing a number of able bodied men from performing a duty; "but such is life."

The origin of the fire appears to be a mystery, no one appearing to be able to account for it. At one stage of the fight it certainly looked as if the whole street was doomed, and ex-Reeve J. F. Vance wisely summoned aid from Hamilton. No. 2 Chemical Engine and crew, in charge of Assistant Chief James, responded to the call, but when they arrived they found that the local fire fighters had got the flames under control, but nevertheless they began work with a will, and with the aid of their engine soon had the last trace of fire removed.

We understand that the building, which is owned by Dr. J. O. McGregor, was insured for \$1,000. Mr. Cummins also, we believe, carried insurance on stock.

This fire clearly demonstrated the fact that Waterdown is still in need of additional fire fighting apparatus, such as ladders, pike poles, etc., also it would be a good idea to purchase another chemical engine to be placed in the northern end of the village, where it would be immediately available in the event of a fire breaking out in that district. We believe this matter will be brought up at the next meeting of our Council.

Waterdown people feel deeply grateful to the Hamilton Fire Department for their promptness in responding to the call for aid and for the valued assistance they rendered when they arrived on the scene. Let us hope that the days of the frame fire traps are numbered, and that our Council will pass a by-law which will prevent the building of this style of structure, which have caused our citizens a great deal of uneasiness in the past.

VOTE OF THANKS.

The Local Fire Department wish to thank the citizens for the generous and helpful assistance they gave the organization at the fire on Monday morning.

(Signed) GEO. COPP,
Fire Chief.

VOTE OF THANKS.

The Knights of Columbus wish to thank the citizens of Aldershot, Freelon, Millgrove and Waterdown for the generous manner in which they subscribed to the Catholic Army Huts drive, held under the auspices of the K. of C. for all Canadian Boys over there.