

AN UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

By "Paddy"

During the summer of 1914, the C.P.R. had built one hundred miles of an extension on their Branch line, extending as far west as Shaunavon in Southern Saskatchewan. Villages sprang up all along the new road; times were good and business was booming. In the midst of such activity, the 1st World War broke out, with Canada declaring war and standing by the Motherland in her hour of need.

To one of these villages in the making, came Tom G. K. . . a young Scotchman, a son of the Manse; a fine type of young manhood, well educated, a real athlete and lover of sport. As manager of a well-known Lumber Company, Tom soon became a valuable addition to the business and social life of the community and was well-liked and highly esteemed by all.

During the early months of 1916, Kitchener's appeal for an Army of 1,000,000 men stirred Canada from one end to the other, and men were freely offering their services and joining His Majesty's Forces. Tom saw his duty at once and enlisted. He was immediately placed in charge of recruiting for the entire district. He was so popular and well-known that his venture was highly successful, and for his good work was promised a commission.

His battalion, now up to full strength, was sent to Camp Hughes, Manitoba, for further training, while he took his Officers' Course and later was given his commission. But when he presented himself at his Battalion Headquarters, he was informed that no more officers were required in that Battalion, but that he would be placed in another unit.

Tom was naturally disappointed, but he made his decision quickly, deciding to stay with the boys of his home town and district, joining the ranks as a private. He was a tower of strength to all who came in contact with him while in training, urging the boys to play the game at all times, and set a splendid example by living a clean, moral life. In October, the Battalion proceeded to the Eastern Coast, and after a short stay there, joined other troops, and was convoyed to England. Arriving safely, the Battalion proceeded to Thorncliffe, entering into the 13 Reserve, to be sent over to France to other Units as re-inforcements were needed.

After getting settled in their new quarters, those who didn't receive their call to go to France were given more extensive training. Tom, while with the troops in Canada, acted as a P.T. instructor and was soon called upon to serve in the same capacity in England. So well was he liked by his superiors, and being an A-1 instructor, he was soon advanced to the rank of Sergeant. A call came for one hundred Sergeants to volunteer to go to France in a draft, reverting to privates. This was the chance that Tom was looking for, and he applied at once, but his application was turned down. He persisted, then he was offered the rank of Sergeant-Major in charge of the P.T. instructors as an inducement for him to stay. In reply, he simply said that he came Overseas to fight, not to hold down a cushiony job somewhere in England.

So Tom was allowed to go with the draft early one dull, grey morning in November, 1916. I stood and watched those valiant fellows march away to catch the boat that would take them to France.

During the Battle of Vimy, Tom, who was Corporal by then, while leading his section was wounded and was brought back to the British Isles. His wound not being a serious one, he was soon sent to a Convalescent Hospital. While there, he applied to enter the R.A.F. He was accepted.

He took his Course, graduated, and was presented with his Wings, becoming a Pilot Officer.

While on duty with his squadron in the defence of London, something happened to his plane and it took a nose-dive of 1,000 feet to the ground. Out of the burning wreck, they rescued the broken, mangled body of Tom, and at once there began a fight to save his life. While his physical frame was shattered, his spirit and will to live was undaunted. Doctors and nurses performed wonders. Tom survived, and in the course of time, walked again with the aid of a cane.

While in hospital, Tom fell in love with one of his nurses. His love being returned, they were married. They came back to Canada to commence their new life in their own home in a small western city. They were living very happily together, and making plans for the future, when like a bolt from the blue, his wife became ill, and in a short time passed away.

Tom was heart-broken, and in his loneliness and sorrow, he sought refuge with American friends on a prairie farm near where he used to live before enlisting. At this time, he fought one of the greatest battles of his life; no one could help him, but alone with God he conquered, and was able to smile through. Shortly after this, he had to undergo his twenty-first operation which was successful and a great help towards better health. Tom's father in Scotland was getting to be an old man, and wanted his only son to come and live with him. So he went back to his native land and remained until his aged father was laid away.

Being unable to settle down in the old land, he returned to Canada, his adopted country, the land he learned to love.

In 1933, Tom thought he would like to stay put, as he termed it, and bought about six acres of land about eight miles from Montreal, near St. Dorothee, naming his place Dormy House. There, near the banks of a river, he spends his summers improving his cottage and doing landscape gardening. In the winter he usually takes an apartment in the city and lives there.

This article is a true story of a veteran of the last World War, a sincere friend, a real comrade, a loyal citizen, a great man with a big soul, one of the most unforgettable characters I have ever met.

May his life and deeds constantly remind us that in this hour of destiny, we should give nothing but our best to help to give to all mankind a free world.

THE AIRMAN

(Adapted from Shelley's "The Cloud")

I sniff the snow on the mountains below,
Where the great pines groan aghast;
And all the flight 'tis my billow white,
While I sweep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skye bowers
Lightly my aircraft flits,
Dangered by thunder, or rent asunder,
And blasted if lightning hits;
Over earth and ocean, with sturdy motion,
She faithfully carries me.
Powered by the longing of men below
To dominate land and sea.
Over the hills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever men dream by mountain or stream,
Their spirit my flight proclaims;
But I, all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Knowing above all, God reigns.

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STATION HEADQUARTERS

CORNY'S CORN AS FOOD FOR THOUGHT

I was gonna go into town or (Towner) something the other night and celebrate, as I had become a barker (Barker) with two V's for Vancouver, so after giving Mac a leer (McAlear) I headed for the bus. The bus though had no sitting room so I had to remain standing (Standing). After I arrived in Barrie it started to rain, accompanied by splashing from sills (Sills), etc., and I had to dodge to keep from getting a dunking (Duncan). I shouldered my kit-bag which was quite a burden (Burton) and wished then I'd have thought sooner of bringing a basket (Baskett) in town (Town) with me. Upon enquiry at the Active Service canteen, I learned that of late it had rained dally (Daly). The flag over the canteen had blown down so I went into the canteen and said "Raise the banner, man (Banner-man)." I noticed the flag was not as big as (Biggs) ours at Borden. A horse outside the canteen shifted its feet with a noise like "clegg, clegg, clegg (Clegg)" and snorted with a sound like rrrrrr-ooooo-rrrrrrkkkkkk (Rorke). The bell on its neck was tinkling (Timlin) away on a high note. My attention was then attracted by a drunk whom I told to get some coffee and sober (Sobel) up. Sgt. Davidson and I then headed for the depot and caught the CPR train with hardly (Harvey) a moment to spare.

I have begun to wonder why a certain party has been wearing shorts of late. It wouldn't be the result of an outline on the seat of your other trousers caused by while on Active Service did unwillingly sit upon one of His Majesty's stamp pads, would it, Jack?

Phil's "bring him back alive" putter still seems to be able to keep up to four miles per. Look at the regulations again Phil and try'n convince it the speed regulations read 40 m.p.h. However, we all realize it's patriotic and very saving on tires and gas at this time but just the same it might be a good idea to have a magnet dragging to pick up the cylinder or axle should they drop off through vibration.

The three-legged race on Sports Day proved to be quite a thrill for a certain AWI of Accts., eh, Jean? Wait'll a certain guy in khaki gets to hear about a certain P/O beating his time, especially since the latter was all thumbs when it came to undoing the knot in the handkerchief. Who knows but what it may develop a dual betwixt bayonet and Spear?

We in Accounts who know Ray Bartlett of Clothing Stores were sure sorry to hear of his leaving for duties elsewhere. Our best regards to you, Ray, and hope your new field of duty brings you every success.

The Accounts & Pay seem to be still ticking over and giving away money in a never-ending stream. No wonder we get along fine with everyone. It's also no wonder we're stopped plenty of times in Toronto and asked if we have a dime for a cuppa coffee. It may be a good idea to have beggars fill out an N.D. form before any de l'argent is given away. What's it like to be popular, or reasonable cracksmile?

S'long for now keeds!

"CYCLONE."

A LETTER

A letter I'll write to the folks today,
To the loved ones dear 'neath the old roof tree,

For though I am many long miles away,
I know they are eager for news of me.
Of what shall I write? Oh, trivial things,
(For my life is peaceful and commonplace)
Mundane, uneventful happenings,
Made of note to them by love's saving grace.
"The garden is badly in need of rain—
The children have named the new calf May,
The old tabby cat has kittens again,
I am planting my dahlia bulbs today."
So shall I write, but deep down in my heart,
Kept, for lack of words, in a dark recess,
Are the loving thoughts I would fain impart,
Thoughts the pen and paper cannot express.
These are the things I should like to say,
Could my pen be imbued with magic power,
"Your love is a milestone along life's way,
Your faith is a lamp that lights up each hour."

But the pen is dumb, and I turn again
To the simple things of the everyday—
With the hope that, like the sunshine
through the rain,
Love will shine through the letter I write today.

GLADYS E. CARRAGHER, Boscombe, Alta.

—RCAP—

EX-COLLEGE BOY

An American soldier now in Northern Ireland is said to have written home:
"Dear Dad—Gue\$\$ what I need most of all. That's right. \$end it along. Best wishes. Your \$on, Tom."

The father replied: "Dear Tom—Nothing ever happens here. Write us aNOther letter aNOw. Jimmy was asking about you Monday. NOW we have to say goodbye."—Tit-Bits.

—RCAP—

If one must leave a home, a ship or a woman, leave should be taken while one is still in love.



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