



Citizen
Lauder



*Dorothy Muriel
Matson*

Bequest



The EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA



Queen's University at Kingston

CITIZEN LAUDER

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE
DAY WHEN HARRY LAUDER,
GUEST AND SPEAKER BEFORE
THE ROTARY CLUB OF
TORONTO, SOLD NEARLY
THREE - QUARTERS OF A
MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF
BONDS FOR CANADA'S
: : VICTORY LOAN : :



Written by
ROTARIAN FRANK H. ROWE
(E. L. Ruddy Co., Limited)



Presented with the compliments of
ROTARIAN GEORGE BRIGDEN
President, Rotary Club of Toronto



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“A WURRD”



Never forget it, men.

Never forget Friday noon, the 30th of Nov., in the year of our Lord, Nineteen hundred and seventeen, and in the year of the Great War, the fourth.

Mark it down in your memories with a red ring about it, and a Victory Bond pinned to it, and a Scotch thistle beside it.

Tell your sons, and your son's sons, how on that day Harry Lauder sold nearly \$700,000 in Victory Bonds at the Toronto Rotary Club luncheon.

That was, indeed, an epoch-making day which will go down in history, and that so notable an event may not gradually fade away into the mists of forgetfulness it has been crystalized in this permanent record.

No attempt has been made to do more than catch the spirit of the occasion by painting a word picture on very broad lines. Another's pen than mine and another's conception of

the best purpose of this booklet would be necessary if an exact record was to be written down.

I have painted on broad lines, but you who were there will fill in for yourselves the whimsical smile, the first, almost startled, look of appreciation as the high level of pledges was struck and the pace set, the characteristic burr of his Scotch, his deep good nature always tempering his insistence, his flashes of wit, and, finally, his intimate little speech in which he hoped to come back again.

Yes, my story is but a picture. I respect the Scotch dialect too much to desecrate it with impossible imitation. If you're no Scotchman it will not hurt you to miss the dialect and if you are a Scotchman it will hurt you less to miss it than to get my rendering. So there you are.

F. H. R.



*God of battles! see the man!
Watch him—Rotarians!*

Little man, did they say? He's a giant, I tell you. A giant of power with his soul aflame! Yes, a giant of spirit transfigured by passion!

Forgotten is his stature; how he towers above us! Forgotten is the comedian—seen only is the MAN, the patriot, the father who has laid his one son upon the altar in Flanders. We salute you—Harry Lauder.

Don't you hear him, men? Don't you hear him?

What a voice! That voice we have known for its merry quips, its mellow melodies and its crooning home songs. To-day that voice is a clarion call! A giant's voice—Lauder's voice with its never-to-be-forgotten echoes of Scotland, but Lauder's voice as we've never known it before—arresting, stirring, transfixing, commanding.

Close your eyes—Rotarians—and listen:

“Some say that I should not be speaking in Canada. I say, I should be speaking in Canada. I say, that if there is a man in Canada who has a right to speak, it is I. My boy fought side by side with the Canadians; he died side by side with the Canadians; he's buried side by side with the Canadians. Haven't I a right to speak in Canada?”

Aye, Harry, a right, and more than right. And not in Canada only but anywhere in Christendom.

It's men's tears we are holding back as you speak to us, Harry, men's tears we are ashamed to have each other see—and it's tight throats that we have in us, and it's swallowing hard that we are. It's a citizen of all Civilization you are, Harry Lauder—the Civilization that would perish from the earth but for the sacrifice that fathers and mothers are making as well as sons. It's a citizen of Civilization you are, Rotarian Lauder, and who shall question a man's speech in his own country?

But listen again. Can't you hear him say:

“And when I visited the little brown mound in Flanders, and looked upon it, did I wish him back? Did I wish him back in the old home, cuddled down in his mother's arms?”

“No, no, I did not wish him back. But, oh, I wished I could reach these two hands down into that brown grave and take hold of my lad, and kiss him on his cheeks and thank him for what he'd done for England and his mother.

“Men, until this war, we were asleep on the pillow of self satisfaction. Ah, you know it, men, you know it!”

“How we sat down at our well filled table and gorged ourselves till we could eat no more. Then how we would walk to the mirror, pull down our waistcoat, look at ourselves in the glass and say, ‘Ah, I'm looking well!’”

“But the scene is changed, men—the scene is changed.”

“We need to be inoculated with the serum of service and sacrifice. It is not glory and riches we are fighting for, but the finest word in the English language—Liberty! The world is on fire, liberty-loving people have been called to put it out, and we must not leave it until it is out and blackened, never to break forth again.

“If Prussia can cement herself together for everything that is hellish surely the English-speaking peoples can cement themselves together for everything that is good and noble!

“Let us not be war-weary—let us not be war-weary. We are what our forefathers made us. We can't quit; it's the blood that's in us and the resolution—Victory or nothing.

“Come away, men—come away!”

“Turn your silver dollars into silver bullets and shoot straight. We believe what God says, ‘Love your enemies,’ but God does not expect us to love His enemies.

“Come away, men—come away!”

“Come away, men—come away!”

“Be a shareholder in the Bank of Humanity.”

Gad, how this man gets under our skin! Three hundred men sitting tense and expectant.

The air is electric—big with something we only begin to sense—akin in some remote way to that miraculous spiritual hush that precedes great revivals.

"Come away!"

Will the tension never break?

"Come away, men—come away! Who will subscribe the first thousand dollars?"

"TEN THOUSAND!"

Men! How they cheered! A spark to powder—that first ten thousand! A torch to prairie grass! How like a curtain there rolled back the puny picture of what we had hoped for, to disclose the mighty vision of what, like a flash, we saw was about to be!

Sleep on, Harry Lauder's son, sleep on beneath the poppies of Flanders, and smile as you sleep.

Your work goes on. Away over here, in the land that the comrades you loved called "home," your father is speaking where he has a right to be heard.

"If Victory Bonds will bring back a lad to his mother, for God's sake buy a Victory Bond! Come away, men—come away! Every Victory Bond is a light on the road to Liberty. In the days to come let your children point to their Victory Bond and say: 'My Dad lit that!'"

Men, can't you see them! How they broke loose, those fathers and sons! Ten thousand—twenty-five thousand—twenty-five again—one hundred thousand—more tens, tens upon tens—fives—fifteens—how they stormed in! Can you ever forget it?

*“Come away, men!
We’re making history all the world will read.
. . . . Come away, men—come away!”*

How they came—two, three, yes, four at once. Oh! the deafening cheers and tumult—the laughter that was almost tears—the boom and roll of the big drum—then the sudden lull, and the song—sung as reward for \$20,000 pledged in twenty seconds to the Victory Loan.

Can’t you see, as Harry saw, the boy at the bow gun? Can’t you see him, men, scanning the deep for the hell-hounds of the sea? Can’t you see him, eternally vigilant, but with thoughts of the little cabin by the sea?

How Lauder pictured it!

How he sang it!

How we joined in the chorus!

Ah, Harry Lauder, come back to us again. It’s a warm welcome we’ll be giving you. Come back with your giant spirit, and your friendly smile, and your warm hand, and your big heart and your old black pipe.

We love you, Harry Lauder.

We honor you, Harry Lauder.

We salute you

—Rotarian

—Citizen of Civilization!

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE



The following is a list of the pledges to Canada's Victory Loan made at the luncheon of the Rotary Club of Toronto by members and invited guests, held at the Carls Rite Hotel, Toronto, Friday, November 30th, 1917.

Guest of Honor and speaker of the day,
ROTARIAN HARRY LAUDER
of Scotland and everywhere :

E. L. Ruddy.....	\$ 10,000.00
H. H. Williams.....	50,000.00
Ralph Connable.....	15,000.00
J. T. Hepburn.....	15,000.00
G. H. Wood.....	25,000.00
W. R. Parker.....	15,000.00
L. J. West.....	10,000.00
Hamilton B. Wills.....	65,000.00
O. H. Moore.....	30,000.00
J. A. Ross (Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co.)	100,000.00
Dr. Herbert Bruce.....	5,000.00
C. E. Edmonds.....	5,000.00
Hedley Shaw.....	7,500.00
Joseph Kilgour.....	5,000.00
W. E. Rundle.....	5,000.00
J. H. Gundy.....	5,000.00
A. E. Ames.....	5,000.00
Col. J. F. Michie.....	5,000.00
Frank Maulson.....	5,000.00
W. K. McNaught.....	5,000.00
G. A. Morrow.....	10,000.00
R. Southam.....	5,000.00
H. Morgan.....	5,000.00
F. G. Osler.....	5,000.00
W. D. Lumis.....	5,000.00
H. J. Marriott.....	5,000.00
Lol Solmon.....	5,000.00
C. B. Canon.....	1,400.00
Cowan & Co.....	9,350.00
F. G. Osler.....	6,000.00

C. D. Massey	\$ 5,000.00
Victor Ross	5,000.00
J. N. Shenstone	5,000.00
T. A. Russell	5,000.00
J. F. M. Stewart	5,000.00
J. C. Collins	10,000.00
E. R. Wood	10,000.00
C. S. Coryell	5,000.00
J. P. Richards	1,000.00
F. H. McCausland	3,400.00
C. S. Morrow	1,000.00
H. B. Hart	1,000.00
Thomas McQuillian	3,000.00
Dr. A. S. Vogt	1,000.00
Tracy E. Lloyd	1,000.00
H. C. Schofield	3,000.00
Major O. Heron	2,000.00
Norman Tovell	1,000.00
Fred. Diver	2,000.00
George Brigden	3,500.00
W. S. Rugh	1,000.00
C. E. Allison	1,000.00
R. J. W. Barker	1,000.00
W. H. Alderson	1,000.00
Charles Collins	1,000.00
W. J. Ingram	1,000.00
J. H. Hall	2,000.00
Fred. W. Evans	1,000.00
E. P. Mathewson	1,000.00
J. W. Mitchell	1,000.00
Dr. H. J. Cody	1,000.00
F. J. Sleght	5,000.00
P. S. Patterson	1,000.00
L. J. Harrington	1,000.00
H. R. Tudhope	2,000.00
H. G. Stanton	1,000.00
J. B. Erskine	1,000.00
E. C. Walker	1,000.00
R. J. Copeland	1,000.00
J. J. Hoidge	1,000.00
W. H. Shaw	1,000.00
J. P. Paterson	1,000.00
E. H. Zick	5,000.00
T. A. Henderson	1,000.00
S. G. Brock	1,000.00
J. C. Baker	1,000.00
F. H. Littlefield	1,000.00
H. O'Neil	1,000.00
L. J. West	1,000.00
J. P. Milnes	1,000.00
Harry Wilson	1,000.00
Roy Williams (J. B. Ford Co.)	15,000.00

Fred. H. Brigden	\$ 1,000.00
R. S. Stockwell	100.00
R. E. Patterson	200.00
Miss M. Mitchell	5,000.00
A. B. Ormsby	5,000.00
J. H. Woolnough	200.00
N. E. Sinclair	100.00
Morden Neilson	2,500.00
B. A. Trestrail	1,000.00
S. B. McMichael	2,000.00
J. A. Scythes	1,000.00
Canadian Ornamental Iron Co.	1,500.00
Dominion Messenger & Signal Co.	4,000.00
Dominion Messenger & Signal Co. Employees	850.00
Harry Mason	1,000.00
Addressograph Co.	1,000.00
J. C. Williams	1,000.00
R. R. Corson	5,000.00
Roden Bros.	5,000.00
C. Helyar	1,000.00
Jenkins & Hardy	5,000.00
Griffith B. Clarke	15,000.00
Norman Somerville	1,000.00
J. B. Hutchins	1,000.00
Harvey Barrett	1,000.00
Dr. Britton	500.00
Jaff Ford	100.00
S. W. Joselin	500.00
David Morton	500.00
F. B. Brown	500.00
E. G. Ernst	500.00
Mrs. A. J. Langley	1,000.00
Geo. Wright (Walker House)	10,000.00
W. D. Robertson	500.00
Walter Peace	500.00
S. F. Pocock	300.00
G. McAllister	150.00
McGregor	100.00
E. W. Golding	100.00
J. C. O'Connor	200.00
J. C. Green	100.00
C. B. Owens	200.00
John Cummings	100.00
L. P. Sutton	500.00
W. J. Robertson	500.00
Miss Norma Ryan	650.00
Rev. Frank Day	100.00
E. J. Howson	500.00
Frank Raw	250.00
John Ferguson	100.00

G. F. Taylor.....	\$	100.00
Mrs. Trestrail.....		100.00
Mr. John Slater.....		300.00
Angus Fraser.....		100.00
C. W. Hookway.....		100.00
L. E. Charles.....		50.00
W. M. Gifford.....		100.00
Alice Kellam.....		50.00
Muriel Kellam.....		50.00
Ben. Breeze.....		50.00
Mrs. H. D. Warren.....	10,000.00	
W. G. Patrick.....	1,000.00	
William Whalen.....	100.00	
T. H. Stevens.....	100.00	
Other subscriptions.....	5,200.00	
TOTAL.....	\$670,450.00	

NOTE: Pledges to the Victory Loan by members of The Rotary Club of Toronto and the firms represented by them, not including the above, were in excess of Nine Million Dollars.



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