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# The Editor's Corner

## REMINISCING AGAIN ..

None were more sorry than ourselves when, like all good things. our Reminiscences of Georgetown came to an end last week. Written twenty years ago by the late W. C. Young, editor of the Cornwall Freeholder, his sparkling wit and accurate eye for interesting historical data gave us an insight into the background of Georgetown's past.

From time to time we hope to reprint other stories from past issues which will prove of general interest. This week we have chosen a history of the Kennedy family, written by Mrs. J. B. Wilson, a greatgranddaughter of George Kennedy, whose christian name lent itself to the municipality. While this article appeared in the issue of May 12th, 1937. there have been many newcomers since then who, like ourselves, are not versed in the town's past history. To these, these glimpses of the past wili be of value in getting to know what kind of a town they are living in. To old-timers, who have read these articles before, perhaps you will enjoy renewing these scenes of other years.

### IS FAMILY LIFE FORGOTTEN?

Gwendoline P. Clarke, writing in the Acton Free Press this week, reviews an address given by Miss Sybil Bennett to the Women's Institute, and makes some pertinent observations of her own concerning modern family life.

"Miss Bennett referred to the freedom given the young people of today and cited an instance—an instance which we all knew was very true and alas, all too common. Miss Bennett mentioned having visited a home where there were six in the family. Only two of them were homethe others did not appear for supper and no one knew where they were, what they were doing, or when they would be home. Miss Bennett said this was the sort of thing that must-be stopped.

"I have thought a lot about that address. I know Miss Bennett was right. As a mother of two young people I have every reason to know she was right. Partner and I have always been opposed to this modern pace and the freedom of the younger generation. We made our own two keep within limits up to a certain age, but now . . . well, every mother knows the answer! How can we put on the brakes? How can we say "No" when everybody else is saying "Yes"? If we do say no and stick to it, then we invite a case of open rebellion. Sometimes we even have to take that chance rather than forsake a principle that we know to be right. After a certain age, dealing with young people is like trying to stop a prairie fire. Maybe that is an apt simile, for a prairie fire, as we know, eventually burns itself out. Maybe the answer to a new social order lies with the young people themselves. Perhaps this war will teach them, as nothing else can, that the Bluebird of happiness can be found within their own homes."

It is a lamentable fact that modern family life, in Ontario at least, is not what it once was. And the fault doesn't all lie at the young folks' door. Too often young people don't spend their evenings at home because there is no one to spend them at home with.

Not that we believe in a family circle which is never broken by the absence of one of the members. That would be a drab existence. But there is a certain balance which can be maintained. That is the ideal state-a comprise between the old-fashioned iron-bound control over children, and the modern too-free-and-easy lack of control.

# **NEW READERS FOR BARBARA BAINES**

Publishing a newspaper is an interesting job. Last April, we received a letter from a friend in Toronto who wanted to write. She is a University graduate, had been a schoolteacher before her marriage, and has wide connections with various women's social and service groups. She enclosed a couple of samples of the type of writing she would like to do, and we were impressel with the style and character of her articles.

And so, we introduced Barbara Baines to Herald readers, and awaited developments. In the ensuing four months, we have seen the quality of Barbara Baines' column steadily improving as the weeks go by. Women readers in Georgetown have commented from time to time on articles which interested them. Weekly newspapers in other towns began to reprint articles which appeared in her column.

Last week, for the first time, readers in two other towns were reading "Of Interest to Women." The Orangeville Banner and the Tweed News have incorporated her column into their pages. We hope that this is only a fore-runner of bigger and better success for a new writer in Canada's weeklies.

## **OUR WEEKLY POEM**

### TOLMAN SWEETS

Where a hundred trees lifted their Bearing russets and pippins and bald-

Labour College, Oxford, and later bewins and spies, came Professor at the Belgian Labour

But the one tree for me stood 'way down near the end. Whose leaning old trunk up we'd run, And we'd perch on the branches and swing on the limbs. It afforded us oceans of fun.

And a robin would build every spring in that tree, Her mud home and there rear he

While from a top branch in the bright summer days, An oriole's nest always swung.

Old Carlo, our collie, would sit on the And looking up at us each time We would sit in the branches, his face

seemed to smile. And say: "How I wish I could climb."

ial old tree. Whose branches formed Ariel seats, was its fruit, oh what joy, in the life try, most of them for France, while of a boy. Twas that dear luscious brand "Tol-

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### THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

Bestrewing the skys with glory And piercing the clouds with flame In the hour of England's danger The Sons of Empire came! Came at the call of the Homeland, Sons who were nurtured afar. Some porn and bred in the island, Winged and accoutred for war.

Like gods reborn from Valhalla Rising on wings to repel-Repel and hurl to Gehenna The spawn of the Prince of Hell. Are Myriads of Satan stronger Than the legions of the Lord? Who taketh the sword for plunder, He perishes by the sword.

And we who are of the many Saved from the many by few. Will know those few as our saviors, Will know where honour is due; Will know-as they move among us, Young and so gallantly rare-The gods the machine has flung us

Are truly gods of the air. -Grace Pollard, in the Montreal Star.

### SHALL FREEDOM DIE?

Shall freedom perish from the earth, organized with a view, no doubt, to Shall liberty be tombed, Shall Christendom beneath the crush Nazi co-operation. Belgium is com-Of pagan zeal be doomed?

Hang low along the channel shore, To-night from Belgium's ravaged coast Are heard the foeman's threat and heard are completely subservient to

And isleward through the night fog tions suspected and loathed by the

The thunder of combatting guns. Upon the tossing channel main The Kingdom's sea-dogs growl again; From Scotland's brow to Hastings'

Her falcons perched to take the air; Her legions poised to meet the blow Of flame and death by ruthless foe, And o'er her bristling battlements, Waving defiantly,

The Union Jack proclaims anew For God and liberty.

The torch of freedom's steady beam the Nazis against their own country. Her Empire lights with flercer

And from those far-flung, furied shores The four winds sweep up to her

And on their wings is borne the cry, "Hold fast, we come, it shall not

-Daniel B. Sraley.

He who whispers down a well About the goods he has to sell, Will never reap the golden dollars Like he who climbs a tree and hol-

### Max Buset, 45 years of age, is member of the Belgian Parliament

How will I remember our old orchard

And greenings and McIntosh reds.

Since the Nazi occupation of Belgium, darkness has descended upon that country. Little is known of what is going on behind the Chinese wall erected by the conqueror. But some information reaches the outer world through the stories told by Belgians who have succeeded in escaping from the Nazi interno, while those who know the country well may occasion-

Labour Party.

from the statements or omissions of the Nazi controlled wireless broadcasts from Brussels. One fact emerges quite clearly from all we have heard, and that is the complete destruction of The Trade

ally gather some hints of the truth

NAZIS CRUSH BELGIAN

TRADE UNIONISM

By Max Buset

and of the Executive of the Belgian

Ex-Secretary of the Educational Or-

ganization of the Belgian Labour Par-

ty, he is also an ex-student of Ruskin

Union movement, such as we have known it, up to May 10, when the Nazi fury descended upon my unhappy As the invasion and bombardment But the reason I liked that one spec- of Belgium proceeded apace, those who

had any leading part in the Labour and Socialist movement left the counsome of them went to Britain. They knew, of course, that had they remained at home, the Gestapo would have taken charge of them. Their deliberate intention was to carry on the struggle against the enemy behind the front which they expected would be stabilized somewhere near the Franco-Belgian frontier. Unfortunately, events took a different course. After the collapse of France, the Germans issued an order prohibiting all Labour and other political leaders from returning to Belgium unless they made a formal act of submission. In fact, the Belgian Labour movement was completely deprived of its leadership by the invasion, especially of those leaders who were most definitely opposed to Nazi ideology.

These suffered, of course, the loss of an incomparably greater treasuretheir liberty. Not a single public meeting was permitted. The only newspapers still allowed to be published, as well as the radio are in the hands of the pre-Nazis, whether of the Flemish separatist or the Rexist variety, who are themselves subject to German control. The kid glove ostentatiously displayed is only a thin cover for the mailed fist, which imposes a ruthless "order" in the best Nazi spirit. Strikes are not tolerated. The only one that occurred, in a coal mine of the Liege basin, only lasted one afternoon. The threat to send the strikers to a concentration camp in Germany sufficed

to put an end to it. What is worse, the demoralization of the rank and file, is being deliberately an attempt to introduce some form of pletely cut off from the outside world. The incessant and one-sided German To-night to-night, the clouds of war propaganda has, naturally, a depressing effect on the public. The Belgian voices that are still allowed to be Germany. They are of those tiny facpeople before the war; Flemish Nationalists and Rexists, whose Fascist idealogy was always rejected by the masses of workers, and Communists who never obtained more than 6 per cent of the votes in elections and whose parliamentary representatives now go, with the permission of the German authorities, to occupied France to address meetings of the Bei-

gian refugees. Belgian workers have now the choice between the most wretched and unassisted unemployment or working for If they choose the latter course, they have 25 per cent of their miserable wages deducted for the building up of a system of social insurance after the Nazi model. Their own organizations are broken up, their best leaders exiled or condemned to silence. All rights and liberties have gone to be replaced by an authoritarian discipline under the foreign occupation. A whole nation lives in constant fear of spies and informers while traitors triumph un-

der the protection of the invader. Such is the boon Nazi fascism has brought the working classes of Belglum. May the workers of the countries that are still free heed this warning — after so many others!

It is not yet too late. The dictators must be struck down. The magnificent forces of the British Empire will see to that, together with Allies whose numbers will increase as time goes on.

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far over the sea; She awaits not knowing which message will tell ---Of the Battle at Dawn and how her

All she can do is hope and pray with the passing of time That her son will return safely from

the firing line; So write often, to let her know you are getting along And that the love of freedom in your

heart is still strong. Your life is a gay one and your cares Compared to your mother's who is

waiting for you; You will fight a great battle, to keep our country free, But let us think of our mothers who pray for you and me.

ALL HIS MILLIONS COULDN'T SWEETEN THAT SWASTIKA

An article in The American Weekly, with the October 27 issue of The Detroit Sunday Times, reports the complaint of the fourth bride of a martying millionaire who claims she had to dine under the Next flag amid hisses, boos, boose, black eyes, a broken nose and a tank attack. . . , and she wants to be divorced back to Democracy. Be sure to get The Detroit Sunday Times.

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f 6.14 avm.

9.18 a.m.

11.48 pm.

c2:23 p.m.

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BRUSH WOLF SHOT SOUTH OF

ERIN VILLAGE

BURLINGTON

While out hunting on Wednesday afternoon, Harry Young shot a brush wolf, in the woods, in what is known locally as hard-scrabble, south of the village. The animal weighed 40 lbs and Mr. Young will apply for the gov

ernment bounty offered for the killing He was accompanied in the chas George Sanders and Lloyd Lyons. On Thursday night of last week turbers - one old bird and 16 of th year's hatch were destroyed; on term of Jes. A. Fleberty, Caledon,

For time quality job printing, drop quite possible that this wolf billed



IN OUR MAIL BAG

I wish to take this chance to thank you for sending your paper to me over here. I receive them in good condition and am very pleased with them. I am not with any of the boys from town, as I am with a new bunch of the Lorne Scots-Pte. Jones, CB. from Milton, Pte. Leeson and Pte. Hamilton from Orangeville, who "also enjoy your paper, and will thank you for them also as they tite to read

the news. Very much obliged,

1st Odn. Recoe Squadron. No. 4 Troop, 1st Bde, Base Post Office, Canada.

The following poem, written by Pte. H. L. Allen, B74016, 48th Highlanders, CARP. No. 1 Holding Unit. Base Post Office, Canada, has been received from oversease, and we publish

TO HIS MOTHER

Let us think of our mothers will pray for you and me,

in at The Herald Office, or phone No. turbuys.