THE
FLESHERTON ADVANCE

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F. J. THURSTON, Editor.

Cow Has Six Sides Writes Boy Seeing One For First Time

An essay on a cow, written by a 10-year-old boy from the slums of London, has been released by Ernest Brown, minister of health.

The boy was sent to the country where he saw a cow for the first time.

"The cow is a mammal," he wrote "it has six sides, right and left and upper and below. At the back ithas a tail on which hanges a brush. With this he sends flies away so they dont fall into the milk. The head is forthe purpose of growing horns and so his mouth can be somewhere. The horns ahe to butt and the mouth to moo with. Under the cow hanges milk It is arranged for milking.

"When people milk, milk comesand there never is an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realized but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smelland one can smell it far away. This isthe reason for the fresh air in the country.

A man cow is called anox. The cow does not eat twice so that it gets cow doe not eat much but what it enough. When it is hungry it moos and when it says nothing at all itis because its insides are fullup with grass."

OUR PART

What have you done to help in the war?
What have you done today?
Have you knitted a bit on a warrior's sock,
Or sewed at a seam on a British frock?
Have you worked a row on an afghan block?
What have you done today?
What have you done to help in the war?
What have you done today?
Did you lend all you can to beat the Hun?
Will you lend and give 'till victory is won?
Is that what you'll do today?
For over in Britain they fight and give—
That's what they do today!
They knit and work as the days go by,
While death comes down from an open sky;
Why should we live while heroes die?
Let us do what we can today.

ELECTION
Card of Thanks

To Electors of Osprey:

I take this means of thanking you for your splendid support at the polls on Monday. I will endeavor to serve you faithfully and well.

Compliments of the season to one and all.

—CLAYTON SPROTT

ELECTION
Card of Thanks

To the Electors of Osprey:

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your hearty support at the Polls on Monday. Wishing you all the compliments of the season, I am, yours truly,

—W. C. McCUTCHEON.

ELECTION
Card of Thanks

To the Electors of Osprey:

I wish to express my appreciation of your splendid support at the Polls on Monday, by electing me as your Reeve for 1942. I will continue to carry on the work of the Township to the best of my ability.

I wish you all health, happines and prosperity in the year which has just commenced.

—MORT. SAYERS.

ELECTION
Card of Thanks

To the Electors of Osprey:

It is my wish to take this way in thanking my many supporters for electing me at the head of the Poll in the election on Monday. I will attempt in every way possible to warrant the confidence you have placed in me. Thank you.

—FRED HALE.

Canadian Editors Were Bombed And Understand British Sentiment

This is the sixth of a series of articles about conditions in Great Britain and other countries visited recently by a group of twelve Canadian editors. It was written for the weekly newspapers by their own representative on the tour, Hugh Templin, of the Fergus News-Record.

As the days passed in London and no German bomber came near the city, the Canadian editors grew restive and impatient. They did not want to go home again and have to admit that they had never heard a bomb burst in anger.

Our hosts were most obliging in every way. If there was anything we wanted, we had only to ask the British Council, and it was arranged. We wanted to see the Canadian Corps in action and we saw it travelling over the countryside on large-scale manoeuvers. We desired to meet Prime Minister Churchill face to face: in two days word came that we would not only meet him but we would also hear him speak in the House of Commons. We wanted to see a blitz —but it seemed that the British Council wasn't able to manage that for us.

One night, I sat in the office of Mr. Robertson, editor of the Daily Express. A messenger came in. "The yellow light is on." That means that an enemy plane has crossed the coast somewhere. It happens nearly every night. A few minutes later, there was more excitement. The purple light had gone on. That indicated that the plane was headed definitely toward London. All over the city, in A.R.P. posts and newspaper offices, men watched for the red light to come. That would be the one that would send the sirens screeching through the streets. There had been no red light for months.

With the Watchers on the Roof

The editor, who had graduated from the University of Toronto in 1914, thought we might see a raid after all, so we hurried up to the roof. George Drew was there and John Collingwood Reade, as well as several of our own party. With the light of electric torches, we went up metal stairs, past great tanks of water in the top storey and out on the roof, where two men in steel hats kept a constant vigil.

I stayed with them for an hour, but the Jerry never reached London. Out to the eastward we saw flashes from the anti-aircraft guns, but that was all. The others went below but I remained, listening to stories of the days when London was the hot spot. These men, veterans of the last war, were in the thick of it then, but they had the same philosophy that carries all London through its dark hours: "If a bomb hasn't got your number on it, it won't get you: if it has, it does not matter where you are."

On my last night in London, I came out of the brightness of the Royal Automobile Club into the blackness of Pall Mall. For the first time, I saw the long fingers of the searchlights waving across the London sky. In daylight, I had seen the guns and the searchlights in Hyde Park, but this was the first night there had been any sign of life. The purple light must have been on again.

They faded out after awhile but I walked hopefully along Pall Mall and through Trafalgar Square and down the Strand, and nothing happened.

It was nearly one o'clock when I wakened suddenly in my bed in the Savoy. I thought I heard the guns going outside. Carefully, I went into the bathroom, shut the door, turned off the lights, opened the window and looked out. There was nothing to see and no guns to be heard.

Half an hour later, I wakened again and dressed. After all, it was my last night in London and one more walk in the blackout would be pleasant. But outside, all was still and I walked to Waterloo Bridge with two Canadian soldiers hurrying to catch a train, then went back to the hotel.

Survivors of The Blitz

It wasn't hard to get stories of the blitz second hand. Nearly everybody had been bombed. Nobody bragged about it. It was weeks before I knew that Toby O'Brien, our host from the British Council, had been carried into a hospital after being blown out of his car one night. He didn't tell me 'till I asked him. The Savoy itself had six or seven bombs, one of which blew the end out of the restaurant. Canadian Military Headquarters in Cockspur had suffered more than the Active Army in the field.

So it went everywhere. At the Press Club one night, I listened to amazing stories of Fleet Street in the blitz. It had been hammered almost to destruction, when great land mine came floating down on a parachute. If it had gone off, every building for blocks around would have gone over like a row of dominoes. The parachute caught on a wire across the street and the great land mine swung in the breeze until the demolition squad took it carefully down.

Then there was the woman who sold purses to Major Christie and me in Liberty's. Somehow the talk drifted around to bombing.

"I went home one night and the roof was off my house. The constable says to me that I can't go in there. I says, I am going in: I live here and by sister lives here and we're going to keep on living here. And we're there yet, though its inconvenient in winter not having a roof on your house."

The amazing understatement of all these people was what impressed me. I found it, high and low. One night, a Canadian editor suggested to Col. Astor that we would like to see a bit of bombing. Said the Colonel: "I would not advise it. We have found it a slightly uncongenial experience."

On a Train in an Air Raid

We left London on a Southern railway train without hearing a bomb burst. With their usual thoroughness, the British Council had reserved two compartments. Five editors took one of them: Major Christie, Grattan O'Leary and I had room to spare in the other. Outside in the corridor, a man from the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and his girl stood in the corridor. We invited them in. The girl was able to knit by the dim radiance of a tiny light in the compartment and the man talked to us rather guardedly.

We must have been near the South Coast when the train slowed to a crawl and the white light went out, leaving only one dim blue bulb burning.

"You're in an air raid," the young soldier said.

We didn't believe it. There had been too many false alarms.

"All right," he said, "but if you hear machine guns, lie on the lfoor.'

It must have been nearly half an hour before the lights came on and the train speeded up. In no time we were out on the station platform at Bournemouth. An Imperial Airways officer was there to greet us.

"There has been an air raid, but the All Clear has just sounded."

Perhaps he thought we looked disappointed.

"No bombs were dropped," he added.

Two Planes Across the Sky

Just then, two planes went over, quite low down. The long finger of a searchlight swept across, picking up one of them directly overhead. That was strange, I thought. They don't put searchlights on our planes. Could it be another German? Had they returned?

Bishop Renison and Dave Rogers went away in the officer's car. The other six of us piled into a station wagon and followed. A few blocks away, we came over the top of the hill and saw the Channel in the moonlight.

Suddenly there was a terrific explosion and a great fan of yellow light covered must of the sky ahead.

It had come. I knew it as surely as I knew we were in Bournemouth.

I wasn't frightened in the least. That seems strange, looking back, but perhaps it was because we were all newspaper men now, on the path of a big story. Not one of the others seemed nervous either.

I thought: "This is better than any fireworks at the Toronto Exhibition."

In less than a second, there was another blast. That made it certain. I thought of the words of the King: "We're all in the front line now. We are really into it at last."

I wondered what the driver of a car did in a blitz. The driver seemed to wonder, too. An A.R.P. warden on the corner shouted: "Put out that light." He might have been shouting at our driver (who didn't pay any attention) or at a boy with a white lamp on his bicycle.

A Warm Welcome to Bournemouth

Water seemed to pour down out of the sky ahead. It was incomprehensible, but the gutters were full on the sides of the road. For the first time somebody spoke: "He must have smashed a water main."

It wasn't until next morning I heard about that. One bomb had burst in the sea and sent water into the sky for a quarter of a mile inland. They were not bombs, either, it seemed, but two of the dreaded land mines that had floated down on great white parachutes and exploded on the beach, one in the water and the other on the side of the cliff. Next morning, I picked up a pocketful of splinters and part of the parachute cord. The cord was over an inch in diameter. The mines must have weighed 1500 lbs. each.

The station wagon drew up at the Royal Bath Hotel and we stepped out on broken glass and entered. Inside, there was chaos. The Bishop and Mr. Rogers had been knocked over by the blast but were on their feet again. Two women were trying to calm little dogs. The door leading to the lounge had been blown loose from the stone archway, frame and all.

There was no light except little penlights which we always carried. I walked to the arch where the door had been and stood beside a stranger. We looked back into he huge lounge, and as we stood there, half the fancy plaster ceiling dropped past our faces. A few feet farther in and we would have had very sore heads, if not worse. My unknown friend said: "It's not too secure in here." I laughed. There it was again: that British understatement.

Four people in the hotel needed hospital care. One man was nearly scalped by flying glass. A young girl was carried out on a stretcher. She was not unconscious. Through it all, the old grandfather clock in the lobby kept going.

The Airways people weighed us in the only room on the ground floor where a candle could be burned The lady who managed the hotel brought excellent sandwiches and coffee within an hour. She apologized because she had no beds for us. They were full of glass and most of the windows were out. Those on the side next the sea were soaked with water.

B. K. Sandwell and I decided to sleep on mattresses on the floor. The lady manager led us upstairs with the occasional light of a torch. She apologized that we had to sleep on the floor. "You see," she said, "We've been a bit pushed about here tonight!"

There it was again! Half of her hotel had been wrecked. Plaster continued to fall here and there at intervals, yet they had been "pushed about!"

After an hour or so, we slept well. The only disturbance was the sound of men shovelling up plate glass off the streets at night. Every window within a mile was gone, if it faced the sea. Five miles away, windows were cracked.

When we came to think it over, we agreed that if the German had pulled his bomb lever half a second sooner, not one of us would have survived. Evidently those bombs did not have our number on them.

Stories from Germany say that Hitler is threatened with a breakdown. That seems to be the trouble with his armies in Russia too.

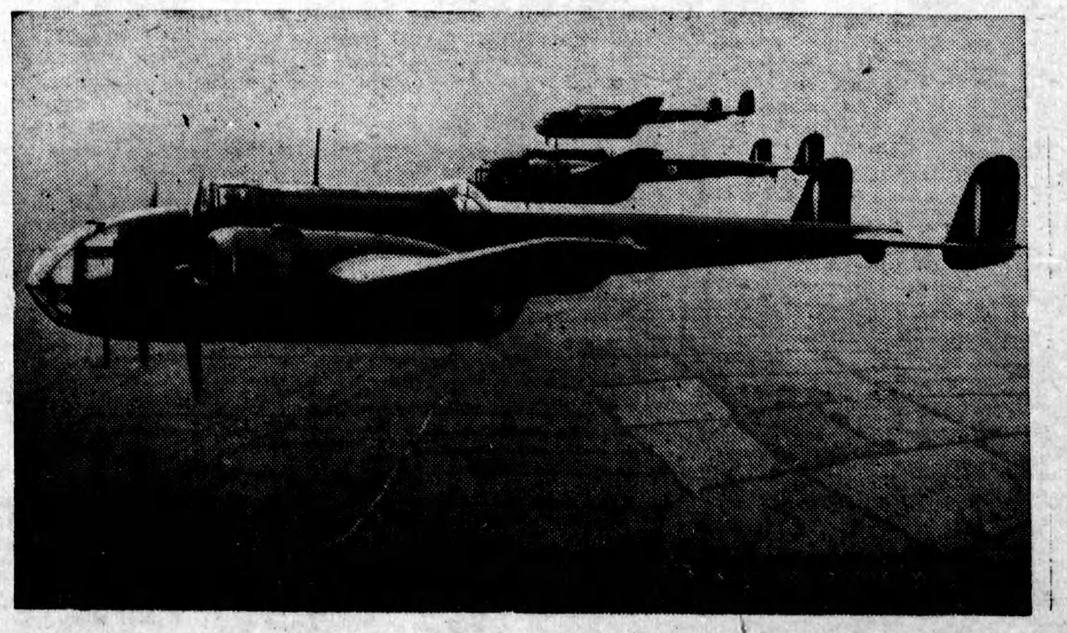
Keep the New Year going right by having us send The Advance to the one away from home

Where British Bombers Lose Scars of Battle

A section of the fuselage of a British "Wellington" Bomber undergoing treatment at the hands of an electric riveter. Usually it takes only five days for British bombers, damaged during raids on enemy targets or by forced landings on their return from raids, to be repaired and sent out on the job again with the Royal Air Force. The battle-scarred aircraft are taken to repair depots, where they are examined, stripped and overhauled. If the machine is too badly damaged, they are never written off as lost, for all usable instruments are removed, and the rest resmelted.

British Bren Carriers Ford Rivers

During tactical exercises in Northern Ireland, many new forms of land attacks were practised. One of them involved the crossing of rivers, and here is a Bren gun carrier taking part in the attack.



British Super-Speed Bombers in Flight

The British Handley Page Hampden high performance twin-engined aircraft is one of the fastest medium bombers in the world, and has been used extensively by the R.A.F. in operations over German territory. This type of bomber took part in the big British attack on the German warships Scharnhorst and Gneisenau while they were lying in the harbor at Brest, France.