THE
Flesherton Advance
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F. J. THURSTON, Editor

Los Angeles Trip

The last of a series of articles by Miss Irene Martin of Flesherton, who enjoyed a trip to Los Angeles, Calif., the past summer, giving some of her impressions in a most interesting resume for Advance readers:

Visits are so pleasant — but not the partings, as I bade my brother, his wife and little girl good-bye early that Sunday morning. My main thought, of course, was "When would we meet again in this chaotic world?"

My route home was up the west coast, through the San Joaquim Valley and the Mohave Desert. It is very mountainous and there are many varieties of cacti, as well as the peculiar Joshua tree. There were two engines on and we climbed steadily to 4,025 feet. At Tehachapi there is a spiril railway loop — one of the world's great engineering feats. You look down into a great, broad valley to the town of Caliente, which took twenty-five minutes to reach, showing how much elevation is lost as we descended to 414 feet. Around Bakersfield much cotton is grown and there are many oil wells. Northward from there it is fairly level and very fine farming country. At Fresno is the largest raisin packing plant in the world. I changed trains at Martinez, near San Francisco, and my travelling companion from there was the young wife of a Navy officer, who was in Pearl Harbor when it was attacked.

Through Oregon it is beautifully wooded mountainous country, really quite rugged, with deep canyons. Lumbering is the main industry. Beyond Cascade Locks and near Hood River is Mitchell's Point, the old Storm Crest of the Indians, approached by a most daring piece of masonry. Here, as at Crown Point, engineers had to be hung over cliffs with ropes 150 to 200 feet long to blast footing enough to make a survey. A beautiful sight in the early morning sunlight was the lofty Mt. Shasta with its snow-capped peak. Crater Lake is a beautiful lake, nestled in the mountains and fringed with woods.

It was a thrill to travel for miles along the great Columbia River. There were thousands of logs afloat upon it and many pulp, paper and lumber mills. The Bonneville Dam, built on the Columbia, cost $42,000,000. The capacity of its spillway is 1,600,000 cubic feet of water per second, and the power plants develop 600,000 horsepower. Built near the dam are fish ladders, costing $2,500,000, which convey during salmon runs as many as 23,000 Chinook per day.

We had a five-hour stop-over at Portland and liked that city very much. Near the station was the "Oregon Pony" — the first locomotive in the Pacific North-West, operated first in 1862 in freight and passenger service.

In south-west Washington is Mt. St. Helens, 9,697 feet, towering in a symmetrical cone and considered one of the most beautiful peaks of the Cascade Range, resembling the famous Mt. Fuji-Yama of Japan. It is plainly visible, with its snow-capped peak, for 100 miles. I arrived in Seattle Tuesday morning and had to dash to catch the boat "Princess Alice." There were over one thousand on board and it was a lovely trip through the islands, with the mountains in the distance. We reached Victoria at noon and it was really good to step off onto Canadian soil again.

Victoria overlooks the Straits of San Juan de Fuca and in the background is the Olympic Range and snow-capped Mount Baker. It is a beautiful city with its wide well-kept streets and gay flower gardens. There was an old English tally-ho to meet the boat. The Dominion Observatory there contains the greatest telescope in the world, with a 72-inch reflector. Butchart's gardens are a fairyland of flowers, lawns and lake. They feature sunken gardens, Italian and Japanese gardens, miniature trees, shrubs, waterfalls, rustic bridges, etc. The Crystal Garden contains one of the largest salt water swimming pools on the continent, the water being pumped from the Pacific, nearly a mile away.

It is about 85 miles across from Vancouver Island to the main land, and was an equally enjoyable trip. Vancouver is an interesting city, also, and I do think we in the East do not sufficiently realize and appreciate the beauty and ruggedness of our Pacific province. The Indian-goods shops, beautiful Stanley Park, the totem poles, a tour of the city on an open-air sight-seeing street car for two hours, are some of the high lights.

Eastward across the majestic Rockies — and they are marvellous in their rugged splendor. Among the fascinating peaks are Mt. Stephen Mt. Temple, Mt. Sir Donald, Mt. McDonald, Castle Mt. 9,030 feet high, and Cathedral Mt. Under Mt. McDonald is the famous Connaught tunnel, five miles long. At Banff and Lake Louise the scenery is truly beautiful. From there on the mountains gradually become smaller and recede to rolling hills as you arrive at Calgary and the winding Bow River.

The prairies are such a change, with their "never-ending sameness, of the never-ending plains," dotted with hundreds of elevators, however. I had a pleasant visit at the home of my uncle, south of Swift Current, and with relatives at Regina, and wished I could remain longer, but duty was calling and I was soon on my way East again. I arrived home on a Saturday, two weeks after leaving Los Angeles — thrilled with all I had seen, and which I hope all of you will have the opportunity of seeing — never-to-be-forgotten sights which I have tried to describe, but which will forever remain in my mind's eye.

Blood Donors Reap Reward

For Canadians including Mt. Foresters who have been blood donors and who have contributed through the Canadian Red Cross to the blood bank it is thrilling to hear in broadcasts from the front lines giving a report of the excellent results which are being obtained by means of blood transfusions given to the wounded. They have a personal interest in hearin that advanced blood banks are with the forward units, and that life-saving transfusions are actually given under fire on the field of battle. Thousands of men who fought through the desert campaign and the Tunisian blitz owe their lives to the new strength given them in this way.

Frequently, wounded men were found who, to all appearances, were dead. Their bodies were cold, and there was no perceptible pulse. Yet a transfusion restored them on their way to recovery. Hitherto, in transporting severely wounded men from the field to the centre where their injuries could be treated, the journey in the field ambulance, often over miles of rough roads, was more than their strength could stand, and many died in transit. Now, with blood transfusion administered from time to time in the ambulance, they not only came through this trying trip, but they were actually in better shape when they reached the operating table than they were at first.

TABLE SYRUP FROM APPLES IS HOUSEWIFE'S TIP

Scarcity of molasses stirred a New Brunswick housewife into kitchen experiments and one of these developed into a table syrup, made from sweet apples. Mrs. L. Anderson of Kempt, Queen's County, explains that she prepares sweet apples as for jelly and continues the boiling process until the juice attains the consistency of molasses or honey. The cooking can continue to produce a density suitable for a spread. Nothing is added to the apples, Mrs. Anderson states, "I just boil down the juice."

To a whiskey lover the unkindest cut of all is a cut in alcoholic content without a cut in price.

Italians do not seem to be giving much help to the winter campaign. Can it be that they are merely fair weather friends?

BUCKINGHAM

Mr. Gordon Cameron of Toronto spent the week end at his home.

Recent visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Alf Hawton and family were: Mrs. Henry Hawton of Collingwood and Mrs. Hawton's sister, Miss Dorothy Hawkins of Toronto.

Congratulations are in order for two young men of this community and their brides: Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Conn Jr. (Frances Roberts) and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hawton (Muriel Cole). We welcome the young ladies and extend them all the best wishes of their friends and neighbors for health and happiness in their new relationships.

Pte. Gilford Mullin of Camp Ipperwash spent a leave at his home here last week.

The Club meets Thursday, Dec. 2, at the home of Mrs. Alex. Mullin.

First Time Donor Wonders Why He Worried About It

What is a visit to a Red Cross blood Donor's Clinic really like? Some people think of it as a horrible ordeal, with nausea, pain and dizziness the consequences. That such is far from the case may be seen from a letter received from a clinic doctor, writes V. R. Tiffin in the London Free Press.

"I am going to take the time," the letter says, "to express my appreciation of the way in which your skill and attitude turned my first visit to the blood donors' clinic into something very different from the ordeal I had braced myself for in spite of all assurances. I had a horror of the needle, but your skill made it seem nothing."

The experience was illuminating. The waiting-room was filled with old-timers and newcomers. Old-timers joke about the affair as if it was an everyday occurrence. Doctors, nurses and attendants do everything possible to make one feel at ease. Vigilant eyes and careful hands attend to every detail to make the visit a pleasant one. Indeed, there is no unusual sensation until one reaches the lobby where there is a few minutes' wait outside the extracting rooms, until the call comes.

It is the zero hour. What one is about to do looms up as something large and formidable. Then one remembers the boys for whom the donation is intended. No pinprick jab theirs; no controlled flow that not a gram too much be taken. On the field of battle they may lie alone. Perhaps a leg is gone and the life-blood spurts from the fragment left. When thoughts return and the donation is seen in perspective it recedes into a very small thing that one is only too glad to do because it gives a noble fellow a greater chance of life.

"You're next," the nurse says quietly and in a few minutes it is over. There is little sensation, no ill after-effects, and one marvels that there was any hesitation at all in doing this small piece of service for the boys who face hell for us.

Are Soldier Paper Neglected?

(Dundalk Herald)

The Herald sometimes wonders if postal authorities are giving due consideration to newspapers being sent from Canada to members of the armed services overseas. Some of the local boys write home to the effect that delivery of papers is very irregular, whereas letters sent to exactly the same address are delivered quite promptly. For example, in a letter received this week by the Herald from Tpr. Aubrey Aitken he states that he has received only one copy of the paper since about the middle of May. These papers are sent regularly, without fail, to all the boys and girls on our mailing list, which now numbers over a hundred—and don't think it isn't quite a chore keeping that list up to date. We have it from members of the forces overseas that the home newspaper is every bit as welcome and looked forward to, as letters from home. They are moral builders and deserve every bit as much consideration as first class mail matter. It is our opinion that overseas rather than on this side of water the fault lies with the postal authorities. We have a little idea of the tremendous job of handling the tons and tons of mail must be, but there is little excuse for the non-delivery of newspapers which arrive safely overseas, properly addressed.

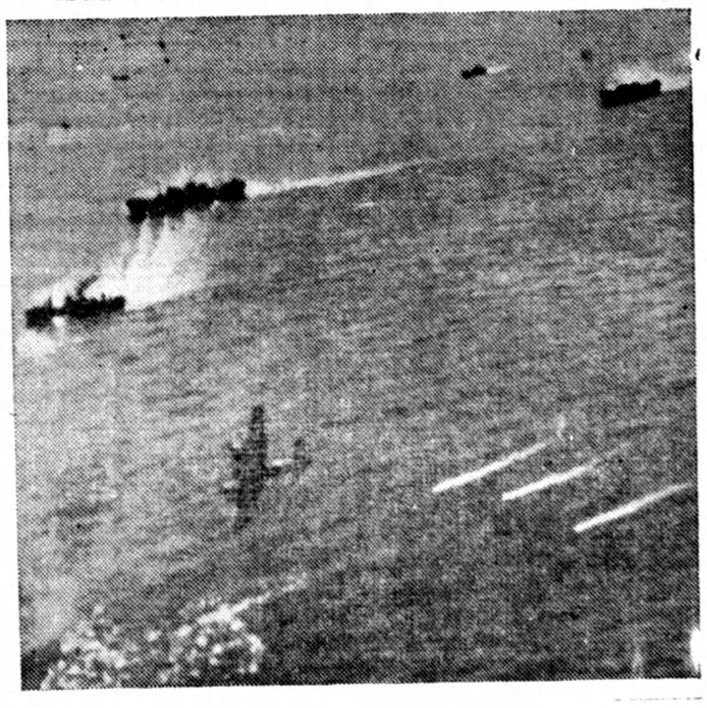
It would be nice if old Santa would bring us another month for our Christmas shopping.

So, they had an annual horse show in Cleveland this year? What between tanks, jeeps, trucks and the butcher, the poor old horse is becoming scarce.

Weather Forecast By British Airwomen

The R.A.F. Meteorological Service includes civilians, airmen and members of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. Upon their reports depend the success and even the possibility of operations, both operational and instructional; the importance of their task needs no emphasis. Their reports have been the means of saving the lives of air crews, as in the instance of the Whitley bomber which, as warned, ran into bad icing conditions at 9,000 feet. The pilot instructed the crew to bale out, the bomber being out of control, when one of the crew remembered that the Met. Officer had suggested that there would be better weather at 3,000 feet. They therefore remained in the aircraft, breaking cloud at this level and being able to straighten out at 2,000 feet to finish their job. This picture is one of a series taken at an R.A.F. Coastal Command Station from which a "Met. Flight' operates.

Picture Shows: W.A.A.F. meteorologists "at the ready" with balloon, theodolite and stop watch, used to estimate wind speeds.



British Beaufighters Attack Enemy Shipping

Artist's impression of the action when Beaufighters of R.A.F. Coastal Command, escorted by Spitfires of Fighter Command, carried out a successful attack against a large and heavily armed German convoy off the Dutch coast. One medium sized merchant vessel and one smaller vessel were set on fire by cannon re. The Beaufighters had to fly through heavy flack before reaching their target. Two of them are missing.

Picure Shows: A heavily armed merchant vessel, known as a Sperrbrecher used for escort purposes, which was damaged and set on fire. The three feathers of foam (centre) are paravanes towed by an auxiliary minesweeper. One of the attacking Beaufighters chases a traweler (out of sight, left hand bottom corner). The sea at the trawler's stern is pitted with cannon shell bursts. Ship behind Sperrbrecher and ship far background right, are medium sized merchant vessels. Note the protecting balloons in left background.

King And Queen Visit U. S. Army Air Corps

In a two-day tour covering 500 miles, the King and Queen visited two stations of the U. S. Army Air Corps and seven R. A. F. stations. They saw clear evidence of how the two great air arms are being welded into one vast striking force. Major-General Ira C. Eaker, commanding the American Air Force in Britain and Brig.-General Frank O'D. Hunter commanding U. S. 9th Fighter Command, received the Royal visitors and the King plied the American Generals and other officers with questions about their co-operation with the R. A.F., and how the two forces are dovetailing their efforts.

Associated Press Photo shows: Her Majesty, The Queen, chatting with two officers at a U. S. Army Air Corps Station — Captain Jacob Epting of Tupero Miss., (left) and Captain K. G. Herbert, Bell City, Louisiana.

YOUR BANKS are more extensively regulated than any other Canadian business.

Canada's ten Chartered Banks are subject, under the Bank Act, to the most thorough-going regulation. For instance:

The annual audit—conducted by Chartered Accountants appointed by the banks' shareholders—is submitted to the Department of Finance. The Department may call for further special audits, and in addition maintains regular inspections of the banks' affairs through the Inspector-General of Banks, who is obliged by law to examine the banks' books at least once each year.

Then there are monthly returns to both the Department of Finance and to the Bank of Canada. The Minister may also call for special returns at any time.

All this in addition to the Bank Act's extensive regulations covering such phases of banking operation as reserve requirements, types of transactions permitted, interest rates and note issue.

These regulations are for the purpose of safeguarding your savings and guiding the operations of the banks as an essential element of our national life.

THE CHARTERED BANKS OF CANADA