THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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The Georgetown Herald

J. M. HOOKE
Publisher and Proprietor

Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table

Effective April 28th, 1935
(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger	7.15 a.m.
Passenger an Mail	10.30 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	4.25 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.46 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	7.45 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.46 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	9.40 a.m.
Passenger	2.08 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.58 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.13 p.m.
Passenger	12.18 a.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	6.57 p.m.

TRAVELER BUS
New Schedule
LEAVE GEORGETOWN

West	East
8.35 a.m.	*7.15 a.m.
x11.35 a.m.	9.35 a.m.
1.55 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
x2.55 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
4.55 p.m.	7.00 p.m.
6.55 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
10.55 p.m.	
†12.50 a.m.	

(*) Daily except Sunday.
(x) Daily except Saturday.
(x) Saturday ONLY.
(†) Saturday, Sundays and Holidays ONLY.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME
Bus Dept
LONG'S CONFECTIONERY
Phone 29

ARP

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We can give you satisfaction
The Georgetown Herald

'SALADA' TEA is delicious

The Cost of Glasses

Depends largely on the quality of lens and frame you choose. We specialize in a thorough Eye Examination — 15 years experience. Our 1936 new low price on first quality glasses is just as reasonable as any of the large city houses. Consult

O. T. WALKER, R.O.
OPTOMETRIST, EYESIGHT SPECIALIST, Brampton
who is at ROBB'S DRUG STORE, Georgetown, the second Wednesday of every month.
Or you may consult O. T. Walker at his office in Brampton

STOP THAT COLD IN A HURRY WITH Grove's BROMO QUININE

You can't be careless with colds. They can quickly develop into something much more serious. At the first sign of a cold take Grove's Bromo Quinine. Grove's has what it takes to stop that cold quickly and relieve quickly. At all Druggists. Ask for Complete. They're 1/4 tablet first.

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ONE STRAIN, ONE FLOCK and of ONE QUALITY
From Barred Plymouth Rocks that Live - Lay and Pay
All birds under Ontario Breeding Station program for over six years.
All eggs set are 24 ounces to the dozen and over.
Order 30 days ahead and make sure of your chicks—and receive a discount.
WRITE OR CALL
W. F. THOMPSON
PHONE 48 r 3 GEORGETOWN R. R. NO. 3

AYLMER Canned Foods SALE

WHITE CORN	Aylmer Choice	2 No. 2 tins	19c
TOMATOES	Aylmer Choice	2 No. 2½ tins	19c
WAX BEANS	Aylmer Fancy	No. 2 tin	10c
PUMPKIN	Aylmer for Pies	No. 2½ tin	10c
CATSUP	Aylmer Tomato	2 12-oz. bots.	23c
PEACHES	Aylmer Sliced or Halves	No. 2 tin	16c

SPECIAL: Wagstaffe's Strawberry, Raspberry or Black Currant JAM 32-oz. jar 28c

Aylmer TOMATO JUICE No. 2½ tin 10c
AYLMER CHERRIES Sweetened — Red Pitted — For Table Use 2 No. 2 tins 25c
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Carroll's Sliced SIDE BACON 1-lb. pkg. 27c
Clover Leaf PINK SALMON 1-lb. tin 12c
SPECIAL: Aylmer Tomato Vegetable SOUP 2 10-oz. tins 15c

BISCUITS	Chocolate Puffs	2 lbs.	25c
ALL-BRAN	Kellogg's	lg. pkg.	18c
GOOD HUMOR	Frumenty Cereal	32-oz. pkg.	23c
CORNED BEEF	Libby's Cooked	2 12-oz. tins	27c
PICKLES	Victory Sweet Mixed	27-oz. jar	23c
CARROLL'S TEA	Green Label	½-lb. pkg.	23c

CARROLL'S LIMITED

GRAPEFRUIT 6 for 25c
POTATOES GOOD COOKERS 28c peck
ONIONS SOUND AND DRY 5 lbs. 9c
ORANGES - Navels Sweet Small Size 18c doz.
Other Specials med. large 27c 39c 49c doz.
LETTUCE 5c ea.
Tomatoes 2 lb. 21c
Main Street Free Delivery Phone 357 Georgetown

BEGIN THY WEB

Begin thy web, no matter how it be,
Or fine, or coarse; thy life was made for thee.
Thou canst not change the accident of birth;
But thou canst make thy life a thing of earth,
A daily drudgery at Mammon's shrine,
Or thou canst make it as a psalm divine—
A psalm of peace and love, and daily toil.
Then shall the light shine clear, e'en through the moil
Of this life struggle. What though no soaring song,
Like the melodious larks, to thee belong;
The robin's note is sweet at close of day,
As cheerfully he pipes from neighboring spray
Of holly or of thorn. So it is given thee
To sing, to work, in safe obscurity.
Within a tuft of hedge-embowered grass
The violets hides her head; yet all who pass
Inhale the incense of the lovely flower
That grows on earth, but, with the dewy hour
Of dawn, exhales to heaven her perfume sweet
Fit type of human life for heaven mete.
Then calls in humble paths, unknown to me,
Truly and bravely on beyond the ken
Of worlding's praise or blame.
However it be,
Work on, thy life was made for work, and it for thee.
Within thyself the motive power lies,
Begin thy web, and God the thread supplies.

—Old poem by Mrs. Tom Jerrold.

"WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE, AS LONG AS I'M KING?"

The King of Italy was asked his sincere opinion of the Italo-Ethiopian war, and is quoted as saying:
"It suits me fine; if we win, I'll be King of Ethiopia, and if we lose I'll be King of Italy."

The reputation of Canadian cows in the 28 licensed dairies of Shanghai, China, where the supervision is very strict, has been enhanced by the work of the Dominion Department of Agriculture's work in eradicating bovine tuberculosis. The belief is general among the Chinese that fresh milk is a more wholesome drink in winter than in summer, with the result that consumption of milk falls away when the hot weather arrives.

Friend—Sorry, old chap, but I'm looking for a little financial succor again.
Man—You'll have to hunt further. I'm not the little financial sucker I used to be.

Gip's Alibi

By WILBUR CRIPE

"THEY got me!" Slick Sarrett weighed into the fifty walk-up apartment on Eighth avenue where he was hiding out with the pal, Gip Gerard. His face was ghastly.

Gip had rushed to the window at the sound of shots. He whirled now, a runt of a man, but broad of shoulder and powerful for his size. As Slick slumped to the floor he tried to catch him but too late.

"The Ramelli—" Slick whispered the name of his assassin and Gip knelt to listen. Grim lines formed in his face. Then, with frantic concern:

"Let me get a doctor."

"No use." Slick's slender hands reached up to hold him. "I'm done for." A grayish pallor crept into his cheeks. "Gip! . . . you can find Johnny—"

"Sure I'll find Johnny. Now don't you worry about Johnny. And"—his voice grew husky with threat—"I'll take care of Joe Ramelli, too."

Slick closed his eyes.

Gip had a sentimental streak about funerals. He gave Slick Sarrett a showy send-off. A riot of color wedding in a riot of gunfire. With the police taking part and so many shots being fired, there was no way to determine who did kill Joe Ramelli.

Gip went to the hospital with a bullet in his hip. Before he recovered, a clever dick trapped a stick-up job in his door. Enough to send him to the big house for a year.

But Gip did not mind that. He was free again, and not the kind of baby to stay broke long. He still had his coupe with bullet-proof glass, too. In this coupe, and with ideas in his head, he started for Indiana. The thought that Johnny was practically his own boy, to support and care for, brought an odd paternal feeling to his heart. Again, there was deep satisfaction in fulfilling his pledge to Slick.

Johnny Sarrett was a likable and pleasant faced lad. Three of his fifteen years had been spent in foster homes. Gip stared at the silky, light brown hair, the shrewd blue eyes, lips full and tender as a girl's. The resemblance of father and son fascinated him. Careful questioning netted the information that Johnny's spine might be made good as ever, with an expensive operation.

Gip placed a hand on his shoulder. "Leave it to me, kid. One of these days I'll have lots of jack."

"You've already done too much." Johnny waived the operation with a smile and a hopeless gesture of his thin hands. Then, observing that thanks were distasteful to his benefactor, he changed the subject with canny tact:

"Tell me about father."

Gip's association with Slick Sarrett had been almost brotherly. He had a great many things to tell which made Johnny's eyes glow.

Gip departed with hearty promises to return in about a week. But he was no more than five miles away when a speed posse in a fast car headed him off.

The officers laughed at his ignorance of a local bank stick-up, a half hour earlier. Certain their captive knew all about it, they made a dryly humorous explanation. A short, broad man had driven up to the bank in a coupe. He had invited the cashier to open the vault, and the latter had done so with a nasty looking pistol jabbing his ribs. After cramming sixteen thousand dollars in a brown leather bag, the bandit got away. Bullet-proof glass had protected him from a hail of lead, fired by vigilantes.

Gip sneered, "I haven't the money. You've got the wrong man."

A search of his car proved the truth of his first statement. But unfortunately for Gip, it led to the discovery of the bullet-proof glass and a wicked, looking rod in the dash compartment. They were sure now they had the right man; positive in their belief that Gip had passed the brown bag to confederates.

Gip was in a hot spot. Any variations in appearance between himself and the real robber could not be determined. Another thing was against him. The house where Johnny lived was on a side street, isolated from other dwellings. It was quite unlikely anybody had noticed his parked coupe. And there had been no traffic at all.

But there was one tiny ray of hope. If he could convince the authorities that he really had visited Johnny, he might be able to prove his presence in the boy's room at the time of the stick-up. So he told the sheriff all he prudently could, and this officer, unconvinced but fair-minded, sent a deputy to investigate.

Johnny had already learned of the robbery. But he did not know Gip was in custody. He was in a fever of excitement, thinking that Gip had pulled the stick-up right after leaving him. To pay for Johnny's operation, no doubt. His heart nearly burst at the thought of this loyalty to his father's old friend.

Besides, Johnny had been trained to the belief that a lie is generally better than the truth. When the deputy asked bluntly if he had a visitor that afternoon—a little man, with a gray mustache—he answered with easy promptness:

"Nah-h! Ain't never seen such a guy."

Gip Gerard went back to prison. Johnny Sarrett has learned that telling the truth is easier than disproving it.

During 1935 the total number of hogs graded in Canada was 3,854,305 a decrease of 73,983 compared with 1934. Of the 1935 hogs, 2,830,383 were graded alive at stockyards and packing plants, while 113,922 were graded by carcass, that is after they were killed.

The actor was boring his listener badly:

Actor—Ah, my boy, when I played Hamlet the audience took twenty minutes to leave the theater.

Listener—Really! Was he hard of something?

It is announced that cars are growing larger. But that doesn't mean that anybody is going to listen any more attentively to all you say.

Do You Shave Yourself?

(By A. T. Clark in Toronto Star)

The first time I tried to shave myself, the effort developed into an event. It occurred in this way. I was leaving Durham, in Grey county, on the following day to accept a position in the city. It was in the autumn of 1882 and the custom of the weekly press at that time, when any person got a job in the city, at any work, trom pack and shovel up was to speak of him (or her) as having accepted a position in the city." This I had done. I was to stick type in C. Blackett Robinson's printery on John street at six dollars a week. My board bill at the corner of Richmond and Sheppard streets, where Saturday night often saw stands, was $2.50 per week. The balance was sheer velvet for me.)

Being past sixteen at the time, and a man at sixteen is more important than he ever will be again—it seemed that before Toronto and I met, I ought to get shaved. Being grown up, leaving boyhood behind me, setting out on a career, facing the dangers of a great city, it was fitting that I should look the man-an unshaven face into a new world.

My elder brother roomed with me and he had a shaving kit, so I slipped upstairs unobserved and settled down for my first shave. An excellent lather was put on and then the tricky razor came forth, a murderous weapon with a bend in the middle of it, half-a-handle and half blade. It was easier to put on the lather than work the blade, so I put on more and more lather. But a man striking out into city life could not flunk a razor, so at it I went, with the curious result that when I tried to place the razor to my face, it lifted instead and when I sought to lift it, the blade cut into my chin. Then I was seeing myself a red and white sight, and decided to forget all about shaving and just use the razor to mow shaved the soapsuds off. This was a mistake, for again and again I cut my face. A towel should have been used. At the worst moment in came my brother, who thought for a horrible moment that I did not want to leave for the city and was trying to commit suicide. He wrested the razor from me, overpowered me, and with a towel cleared away the lather to examine the damage. He told me some truths, said I had no more need for a shave than when I was ten years old. So I came to Toronto next day with strips of sticking-plaster on my face, but Toronto is a kind place and has forgotten the looks of me when we first met.

For a number of years a lot of newspapermen got shaved at a shop on Adelaide street, and on a row of shelves had mugs with their names on them in letters of gold. It was an impressive exhibit of shining shaving mugs with golden names on them. On going back, years later, to see if I could secure my mug and add it to my collection, I found they were all gone. None knew whither. The nearest I could come to it was the buying of a moustache cup in a second-hand store. The moustache cup, like the private shaving mug, is gone. There was a time in the gay eighties when your chums, having married, and having been blessed with a son, your smart caper was to send the child on its first birthday a moustache cup. All such humor is now of the past.

A venerable barber now tells me that more and more every day men are coming in with ancient razors to get them honed. Men, it seems, are going back to hand-labor in shaving. They are hankering for the old reliable razors, their grandfathers used, with blades of the finest steel. Some of these say that the safety razor people seem to be crowding them into using a new blade every morning, and they resent it. When I was going away for a month in 1908, a new blade was put in the kind of "safety" used at the time, and it served well for a month. One would scarcely attempt that now.

Blade-selling is now a great industry in itself. Nearly every tobacconist seems to think you need a package of razor blades as often as you need a cigar or a serving of cigarettes.

The safety razor is throwing away its cinch and the unsafe razor is renewing many of its old friendships. Partly owing to the depression and partly owing to the desire men have to be free and independent, many are bringing grandfathers' razors out of old trunks and they are again rolling their own cigarettes. They are in a revolt against too mechanical an age. They begin, too, to ask in the drug stores or Ayer's almanacs to restore to them the jokes they loved in their youth.

A return is being made on all sides to the simpler life. As for me, I can't use the old-fashioned razor. Maybe I could if it did not bend so dangerously at the middle. But in any event, if I cease doing my own safety shaving, George is still on Adelaide street shaving its leading citizens. Maybe he could even revive the mugs with our names on them. But this autumn I found a new thing. Shave at night before retiring and do not have it await you like a doom in the glad morning of the new day.

LORD TWEEDSMUIR STUDIES SKIING

New Governor-General Fast Winning Hearts of Canadians

Lord Tweedsmuir, Canada's Governor-General, has not waited long to initiate himself into the spirit of this country's invigorating winter. His Excellency is learning to ski and is rapidly becoming an adept.

In his public addresses Lord Tweedsmuir has more than fulfilled demands. He has attended numerous functions and has spoken at all of them. His deliveries reveal the craftsman in the English language, the master of the polished diction and the rounded phrase.

Even when he has prepared no set address His Excellency speaks faultlessly and fluently.

Not unnaturally, his literary works are enjoying a great vogue in Canada. As a historian His Excellency wrote a monumental history of the Great War, and also one of his own regiment, The Royal Scottish Fusiliers. His philosophical studies, as exemplified in "Men and Books" are scarcely so well known as his novels wherein his heroes, young men of upright character, get into all manner of scrapes and His Excellency being a good story-teller, emerges from them triumphantly.

It has been indicated that "John Buchan" will write a story of Canada, accumulating material during his five years in the Dominion.

—The number of pedigree certificates registered by the Canadian National Live Stock Records, approved by the Dominion Minister of Agriculture, during 1935, was 98,768. Of that number, 3,466 were horses; 36,133 cattle; 12,183 sheep; 7,966 swine; 9,987 bones; 7, 886 dogs; 1,215 poultry and 130 goats.

"Your Bank and How You May Use It"

There is much about bank methods and practices that is a mystery to the ordinary man and woman. They know about savings accounts and cheques, but they know little about numerous other services that the banks are prepared to give them.

To enlighten the public on the subject, the Bank of Montreal has just issued a new edition of its booklet entitled, "Your Bank and How You May Use It." Prepared for the purpose of setting forth the many ways in which the bank can serve the individual, this booklet is really a most valuable manual on Canadian banking.

One of the surprises in provided for the reader is the extraordinary range of services which the bank offers to the public. Something like a score of these services is listed, and not only is each service explained in language that is easily understood, but the correct methods of procedure are also described.

In the latter connection, the booklet is illustrated by reproductions of various bank forms correctly filled out, and such points as the difference between "Order" and "Bearer" cheques are explained and illustrated.

Among the subjects dealth with is that of borrowing money from the bank—a subject that is of timely interest and of particular importance. The booklet may be had for the asking at any branch of the Bank of Montreal.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOARD

The first meeting of the Public School Board for 1936 was held on Wednesday evening, January 15th. Members present were—John D. Kelly, S. Harrison, H. Dickie and Mrs. P. W. Cleave.

The following accounts were passed:

Hydro Electric	$3.32
Thos. Carey	21.00
G. R. Muckart	25.65

The following officers were appointed for 1936:—
Chairman—D. P. Crichton.
Secretary-Treasurer—P. B. Harrison.
Representative on Public Library Board—H. Davidson.
Member of Halton Entrance Board—Miss A. Ryan.
School Nurse—Mrs. Ina Parr.
Attendance Officer—Mrc C. Freure.
The Board will meet on the second Tuesday of each month.

TOURISTS TO SHIP CARS AT LOW COST BY RAIL

With a view to affording visitors to United States winter resorts a greater convience in shipping their private automobiles by rail, the Canadian railways are preparing a plan whereby cars may be shipped to points across the border direct from any point in the Dominion at a cost infinitely more economical than making the trip by motor car. In brief, the only charges to the car owner in making the shipment will be the obtaining of a bond, at a cost of $10.00, and the purchase of a single-fare ticket for the car to the point of destination. Under the purchase of the bond system the car may be kept in the United States for six months and not the usual 90-day period, which has been in effect.

In outlining the details of the new system of shipping motor cars under bond by the railways, H. C. Bourlier, general passenger agent of the Canadian National Railways, stated that this additional convenience to the motorist will eliminate all red-tape which previously annoyed travellers at the border. "It makes no difference whether the car is valued at $10,000.00, or $250.00," he said, "the $10.00 bond will effectively cover the transaction."

Mr. Bourlier pointed out that under the present arrangements the motorist who desired to travel by rail was forced to motor to the nearest United States point of entry, file the necessary papers permitting the car to enter, and then return home to meet his family and take the train. "Fortunately," Mr. Bourlier continued, "under the new arrangement this procedure has been obviated. The railways will now simply make arrangements with the car owner to obtain a $10.00 bond from a surety company to cover the Customs requirements which we will deposit with the nearest United States Customs officer, and the only other additional expense will be the owner purchasing a single-fare ticket for his car to destination."

While the idea of transporting motor cars across the international border at the rate of a single-fare ticket is a new one, the system has been in effect locally in both Canada and the United States for some time and has been largely used by motor car owners, who prefer rail travel to the arduous driving for long-distance. The extension of the time limit for use of the car from 90 days to six months will be of great convenience to winter resort visitors.

SURVEY MADE OF MIXED FEED TRADE

Ready mixed feeds for live stock and poultry to the extent of 190,655 tons with a value at the manufacturing point of $7,725,177 were purchased by Canadian feeders in 1934, according to a survey conducted by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in cooperation with the Feed Division of the Seed Branch, Dominion Department of Agriculture. The only other similar survey covered 1930, when 175,387 tons valued at $7,714,739 were purchased.

Poultry feeds led all others in volume by a large margin and accounted for about 90 per cent of the total. Cattle feeds, principally for dairy cattle, came next, with 37,136 tons, followed by swine feds with 16,353 tons and horse feeds with 4,236 tons. Sales of only 14 tons of sheep feeds were reported.

These figures include but a part of the farmers' outlay for feeds. They cover only mixed feeds and do not indicate the extent to which single materials such as bran, shorts, linseed oil meal, gluten feed, tankage, fish meal, etc., are purchased to supplement and balance farm grown feeds. A complete survey would not only show a much greater total volume of purchases, but undoubtedly also a proportionately greater amount of feeds for live stock as compared with poultry feeds, since in general live stock feeders depend more extensively on supplemental materials and less on complete mixed feeds than do poultrymen.

Ham (mournfully, as he leaned out of the window of the Ark)—This is tough luck.
Shem—What's the kick now?
Ham—Why, we've got all this water around us to fish in, and only two fish worms on board.

MAY'E BEEN IN SCOTLAND?

Oh, ha'e ye been in Scotland
When the heather is in bloom
An' the gorse a golden glory
'Mid the bracken an' the broom?
When the hills an' moors are purple
Wi' the bonnie scented flow'rs;
An' the throstles sing sae sweetly
Through the sunny autumn hoors;
When the whirr of grouse is mingl'n
Wi' the drowsy hum o' bees;
An' the plaintive cry o' plover
Tremples softly on the breeze?
Oh, it's then my heart is langin'
For my hame across the sea—
For the leal friend's left behind me
An' far some nae mair I'll see.
When my een are closed in slumber
An' my speerit free to stray,
I'll be back again in Scotland,
Though it seems sae far away;
An' I'll see the lofty mountains
An' the bonnie glens an' streams
—An' the dear, familiar places
I can see but in my dreams;
But wi' morning comes the wakin'
An' I'm far frae hame since mair—
Yet the haurlin' scent o' heather
'Sweens sae linger i' the air.

BAD NEWS FROM THE MOON FOR 1936

Twelve months of dire weather were charted for 1936 recently by Belby Maxwell, astronomer-meteorologist, United States Navy, who reads storm warnings at long range in the shadow of the moon.

Working with a formula he guards as a U.S. naval secret, Maxwell predicted the New Year will bring, in the order named:

Severe drought, heavy dust storms, a probable crop failure and floods.

He could forecast 1937's weather just as completely, he said, but the 1936 bad news is enough at one shot.

He invited skeptics to check up on his weather map for the next twelve months.

For January and February, precipitation above normal; March, April, May, drought; June and July, severe drought.

Dust storms will fly in the spring and summer due to the dry weather, and a crop failure is likely. In August, September, October, November and December, heavy rains will be followed by floods.

It is all ordained by the course of the moon, he asserted, and the only thing that prevents forecasts 10 or 30 years in advance is the absence of tabulated data on lunar movements.

Each time the moon staggers, its gravitational pull causes the earth to shift in its atmospheric envelope, he said, and these movements decide the weather.

Lieut. F. Steinhauer of the U. S. Navy, who has been checking Maxwell's forecasts for the last year and a half, said the "most conservative" estimate of the system's accuracy is "better than 65 per cent."

Open Letter No. 6

To the Women of Georgetown

An Appeal to the Keen Mind of Every Woman

THIS SERIES of letters to the women of Georgetown is prompted by no selfish motive. The situation is so serious that we ask you to bring your intelligent minds to bear on this menace that threatens the future of our homes.

YOUR MONEY spent with your Home-Owned Bakery will stay at home and contribute to the welfare of your community.

ARE YOU SATISFIED to let Outside Capital control your industries and ship out the larger part of every dollar you spend with them, never to return in the form of better business and economic prosperity?

HOW MANY PENNIES do you actually save by buying your bread from bakers who have cut the price way below cost of production for no other reason than to drive the legitimate Home-Owned Bakeries out of business?

WHAT WILL YOU BE FORCED TO PAY for bread after we are gone?

PROTECT YOUR HOME
Support your Independent Home-Owned Bakery who contributes to the welfare of Georgetown.

Respectfully submitted for your consideration by your Independent Home-Owned Bakery of Georgetown.

N. H. BROWN

BACKACHES
BACKACHES GONE after using RUMACAPS — they give quick and sure relief.
AT ALL DRUG STORES
RUMACAPS

RELIEVES MENTAL FATIGUE
STEADIES THE NERVES
DR. HAMMOND'S
Brain and Nerve Pills
A brain, bone and tissue Pricebuilder that makes for healthy nerves, a clear mind and the restoration 50c of youthful vigor.
Recommended and sold by
MacCormack's Drug Store
Phone 227 Georgetown

RADIO REPAIRS
You are invited to call in and talk over your Radio problems. The advice of a trained Radio Service Engineer is yours for the asking.
PHONE 11
Hugh Lindsay
In the Lane Block