

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD
 News of Georgetown, Norval, Glen Williams, Limehouse, Stewarttown, Ballinacra and Terra Cotta.

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WALTER C. BUEHN, Publisher. Staff—Garfield L. McGilvray, Leslie Clark, Reginald Broomhead.

The Editor's Corner

A subscriber's letter, requesting us to "please except cancellation of my subscription to the Herald" reminds us of a story . . . The Board of Education in a certain town were dissatisfied with the teaching ability of a member of the staff, and at the end of the year asked for her resignation. The teacher complied with their request and in due course received a letter from the Board, stating: "We except the resignation of Miss . . ." To their great surprise, in the next mail was a letter from the teacher thanking them for the change of heart. Through a slight grammatical error, they had inadvertently conveyed a meaning exactly opposite to that which they intended.

YOUR HELP WILL BE APPRECIATED!

We don't intend to be like this schoolteacher and force ourselves in places where we're not wanted. We do hope that our subscribers will stick by us and keep up their subscriptions to the Herald. We will try to give you a newspaper you will enjoy reading . . . In this respect, each and everyone of you can help. The new editor is a stranger in the community, and as such finds it difficult to gather the news you want to read. If you have any interesting bits of local gossip drop into the Herald office, or phone 8. Your help will be appreciated.

AN IMPORTANT DAY

On Tuesday, March 26th, the people of Canada go to the polls to elect a government. In all probability, this government will be in power until the end of the present war. In other words, we are choosing from among our citizens a group of men who will spend our money, direct our internal affairs, and determine our international policies during this period of world crises . . . That Canada should at this time, freely decide whether she wishes to keep her old governing body or elect a new one, is a triumph for the democracy for which we fight. As individuals, we have little influence upon the conduct of this war, or for that matter, on the determination of any other questions of importance. As individuals, however, we have the right to vote for whatever candidate and whatever party we consider best suited to represent us . . . It is imperative that each of us uses this right to vote. We can then be assured that the MAJORITY of Canadians are standing behind their elected representatives . . . We hope that every voter in Halton County will go to the polls and vote for the candidate of his choice. In so doing, he will be doing his bit for the democracy we love.

A STORY WORTH READING

There's a story we think you would enjoy reading—"I Was Hitler's Prisoner," by Stefan Lorant. Mr. Lorant was publisher of a German weekly newspaper which would correspond to our Toronto Star Weekly. Held in jail for six and one-half months, he was finally released and went to England where he now publishes the "Daily Mail" magazine. Mr. Lorant's opinion of the Nazi regime is graphically summed up in his concluding paragraphs:

"When I met my wife and son at the station in Budapest today, the little fellow did not recognize me. Six and a half months is a long time."

The following dialogue ensued:
 "Who are you?" Andi asked me.
 "I'm your father."
 "Anybody might say that."
 "But I am really your father. Aren't you going to greet me?"
 "All right," said the little chap. He raised his hand in the Hitler salute and yelled at the top of his voice:
 "Hell Hitler!"
 That was Andi's greeting to his father, who had been Hitler's prisoner for six and a half months.
 I was quite taken aback. But Andi meant it, quite seriously. All this time he had been in Berlin, and he had seen no one exchange greetings in any other way during the last few months. It seemed the natural thing for him to do.
 "Well, said I. "Haven't you anything else to say to me?"
 "Hell Hitler!" he shouted again.
 "Well, what else? What's next?" I asked. I was thinking of a kiss of greeting.
 "What's next?" Andi repeated reflectively. "Next . . . ? Then the band plays and they bang the big drum."
 Andi, my three-year-old son, had hit the nail on the head. He had given the best, and most succinct description of Hitler's Germany."

EASTER!

For an Easter message we can think of nothing more fitting than the thought expressed by a local minister—"Let us keep Good Friday a Holy Day, rather than a holiday!" At this time it is important that we think back to the great sacrifice made by One who loved us, and in so thinking, do our best to follow His example . . . Let us all determine to lead a better life in this new year of 1940, and show our appreciation of this love He bore us.

Easter Day

How would my soul keep Easter Day?
 O risen Christ, for this I pray,
 Quicken my soul on Easter Day.
 From bitter things of life that press,
 From the vain things called happiness,
 From things that cloy and clog and cling,
 From days of faithless questioning,
 From selfish aim, from low desire,
 O soul of mine, rise and aspire
 To things above. For this I pray,
 O risen Christ, on Easter Day.

How would my life keep Easter Day?
 Not as they walked Emmaus way
 With head bowed low and hopeless mien,
 Placing the seen for things unseen,
 No ray of light to pierce the gloom
 Of cross, of death, of sealed tomb.
 But as they knew in breaking bread
 Their Christ, their Lord, their Risen Head,
 And shining-faced the message bore
 O'er the sad way they walked before,
 Telling to all upon the way
 That Christ the Lord is risen today;
 So let my life keep Easter Day.
 —Ella Hays McRae.

THE MAYOR SEES IT THROUGH

FROM HER TOWN HALL, SHE MOTTERS A BOROUGH

By Frank Davey

Into the lives of ordinary British people war has brought a crowd of new problems, new difficulties, new experiences. The war is not unreal just because its casualty lists are, as yet, mercifully short. In this article Fleet Street reporter tells the plain tale of one citizen at war.

A woman of middle age walks into the Mayor's Parlour of the Town Hall with two bundles under her arm. There is an air of dignity about her. Why not? For she is the mayor.

But high ceremony has been shelved, together with the mayoral chain of office, the councillors' cocked hats and robes, and the town mace. It is wartime and there is work to be done.

This town, of some 60,000 inhabitants, has changed its character in the past half-century. From a placid market-town, it has grown into a dormitory for London professionals and business men, and a shopping centre for their wives. It lies just outside the fringe of barrage balloons which encircle London. Today, it is seeing the war through.

Something of the spirit of the famous burgomaster of Brussels, who met the enemy at the gate of his town, inspires this woman mayor. She has ruled the destinies of the place in peace. Now she is throwing herself into the task of organizing its defence.

When she was re-elected on November 9—the traditional day of mayor-making—there was no elaborate mayoral luncheon. Instead, there was a small tea-party in the mayor's parlour.

Those bundles she has brought in are part of her war work.

One contains copies of a poster to be billed in the streets. It has the words: "Lend to Defend the Right to be Free" on a bright blue ground. The mayor is President and Secretary of the local Savings Campaign. She has just come from a schoolroom where the teacher was talking to the children about Sir John Symon's broadcast appeal for the savings of the people to help win the war.

Already the school has started its own saving scheme. The teacher told her pupils how the stamps on their

cards would be turned into money to "defend our people" and how the Chancellor of the Exchequer needed their pennies and sixpences every week to buy aeroplanes and anti-aircraft guns to keep their homes safe from the enemy.

"Please teacher," she asked, "if I bring a penny will it buy a screw to put in an aeroplane?"

The mayor chuckles as she tells the story. She adds that this teacher has taught boys now grown up to become soldiers and sailors, and has determined to send from the school a parcel to each "Old Boy" called up for service.

There is a lot of knitting going on. The wool is bought with funds—obtained by selling leather gas-mask cases made by the handicraft class.

The other bundle of the mayor's holds multi-coloured tailors' patterns which have been given her. She shows me a gay cot cover, one of many made out of such squares of evacuated babies by branches of the Women's Institute.

This borough has already had first-hand experience of war. At a Council meeting the other day, says the mayor, there was handed round a jagged and twisted fragment of metal that had been picked up in the street, still hot. It had fallen during anti-aircraft gunfire at a German plane, which flew from the mouth of the Thames over this district on its way to the English Channel. It was photographed in the local paper as a warning to citizens not to stand in the road to watch when enemy planes come over.

She is anxious about the increase in the rates of pay for air raid precautions, in spite of the Government 35 per cent grant for this work. She thinks it is hardly enough, and that A.R.P. should be a national charge.

"No fewer than 2,000 people are taking part in Civil Defence here," she explains. "They are ambulance drivers, stretcher-bearers, first-aid workers, auxiliary firemen, special police, canteen workers—many of them are women."

The Town Hall itself is the "report centre" for the area. Night after night A.R.P. officials sleep on the premises

ready for action if there should be an air raid in the darkness.

For here are received the first warnings of the approach of enemy aircraft. From here are radiated the "yellow lights" signals to the scattered posts in the district where ambulance, fire and rescue squads must spring to preparedness.

The town's Medical Officer has moved his home nearer to be on the spot. The Town Clerk has shut up his house and taken a flat near by; his wife is on duty at a first-aid post from 2 o'clock every afternoon till 10 at night.

The Borough Treasurer is head of the control centre. The Mayor herself is at work at the Town Hall from 10.30 in the morning every day until night-fall.

When national registration day came along, the town's free library became the centre from which enumerators went to call at every house. Officials there have been busy making out ration cards. The Mayor says her secretary is managing the local Food Control scheme, and she has to write all her own letters.

Yes, the mayor is busy.

LOCOMOTIVE LAUNDRY WASHES 60 EVERY DAY

Typical of the locomotive "laundries" across the Canadian National Railways system is the one at the Toronto roundhouse, where no fewer than 60 locomotives are washed and polished every day. It takes just 20 minutes to launder the biggest locomotive. Four hundred gallons of hot water are required for each job. Instead of soap, two quarts of oil are syphoned into the water to cut the grit. To wash the 60 locomotives, 24,000 gallons of water and 120 quarts of oil are consumed. The washing is done entirely by hose, with 150 pounds pressure.

FROM LIFE'S SCRAP-BOOK

No wind makes for him that hath no intended port to sail into.—Montaigne.

A purpose underlies character, culture, position, attainment of every sort.—Munger.

"The devotion of thought to an honest achievement makes the achievement possible.—Mary Baker Eddy.

Nothing is achieved before it can be thoroughly attempted.—Sir Philip Sidney.

C.N.R. TIME TABLE

Going East

Passenger	6.57 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10.08 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.48 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.41 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday only	9.21 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	8.34 a.m.
Passenger, Daily except Saturdays and Sunday	6.00 p.m.
Saturday Only	2.15 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.48 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.19 p.m.
Passenger, Saturday night only from Nov. 4 to Apr. 27	12.26 a.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
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Going South

Mail and Passenger	6.50 p.m.
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TIME TABLE

LEAVE GEORGETOWN

To Toronto

a 7.08 a.m., 9.28 a.m., 12.18 p.m.
c 2.23 p.m., 4.38 p.m., 6.48 p.m., 9.03 p.m.

To London

10.05 a.m., 11.20 a.m., 2.06 p.m., 4.55 p.m., 6.45 p.m., 7.00 p.m., 8.00 p.m., 11.05 p.m., 11.50 p.m.

—except Sun. and Hol.; b—Sun. and Hol.; c—Saturday only; d—except Sat., Sun. and Hol.; e—Sat., Sun. and Hol.; x—to Kitchener; y—to Stratford.

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Shall I Vote for KING or MANION?

There is only one decision to be made by the Canadian people on March 26th . . . It is this: Shall our country's war effort be handed over to unknown, unnamed politicians . . . to a makeshift cabinet with Dr. Manion as the self-appointed leader? Or . . . Shall our country's war effort be continued vigorously and faithfully by the known and proven administration of Mackenzie King? That is the question YOU must answer.

Up a Blind Alley?—or—Out in the Open!

It is time for plain speaking. Dr. Manion's pretence of offering "national" government is sheer political deceit. Because: even if he were elected to office, Dr. Manion could not organize or lead a truly national government. The parliamentary group which might follow him would fail to represent all Canada. It would not represent the people of the national Liberal party. It would not represent the people of the C.C.F. party. It would not represent the people of the historic Conservative party which Dr. Manion has now scuttled.

Do not be deceived! Dr. Manion cannot give you National Government.

The best he might give you would be government by unknown followers. He invites you to follow him up a blind alley—to vote for a government of his own imagination—answerable to some undisclosed political group.

Mackenzie King offers you something entirely in the open . . . the most truly National government Canada has ever known. His parliamentary followers represent the people of every province in Canada—every section of our country—every economic, social and racial group. There is not an area of this country . . . not a single classification of our people . . . without proper representation in the Mackenzie King following.

Mackenzie King's cabinet ministers are well known to you. They are broadly experienced men, eager and able to continue the sort of administration which brought progress to Canada in times of peace and national pride to Canadians since the outbreak of war.

The Mackenzie King administration is answerable to the people of Canada—to no one else.

The Responsibility is Now Yours

Canada is facing the greatest crisis in her history. It is YOUR responsibility to say how she is to deal with this crisis. Therefore: when you go to the polls on March 26th you should consider only what is best for Canada—what is best for the Empire and our allies—what is the sure, direct road to Victory and Peace.

FORWARD WITH MACKENZIE KING

The National Liberal Federation of Canada, Ottawa, Ontario.