

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD
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Ballinad and Terra Cotta
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WALTER C. BEHN GARFIELD L. McGOILVRAY
Reginald Broomhead
PHONE NO. 8
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The Editor's Corner

FALL FAIR TIME

For the next few weeks, interest will be centred in the Georgetown Fall Fair, the 95th consecutive fair sponsored by the Esquimes Agricultural Society.

One of the chief criticisms last year was the fact that with the fair coming on Thursday, the majority of people in town were unable to attend.

At this time, it is impossible to have a very good idea of just what their will be in the way of exhibits. The Prize List is in process of being printed, and there are no outstanding changes in types or classifications of exhibits.

More in the way of entertainment is being provided this year. The amusement concession has been let to Haack's Shows which will have full charge of this angle.

It must be remembered that "the crowd makes the fair" and the bigger the attendance, the bigger success the fair will be.

THE BEST OF THINGS

"The best of things must come to an end," goes an old saying, and it is with real regret that we publish this week the last of a series of ten articles on the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

That we are not alone in this belief is evidenced by the fact that he has been invited by the British Government to fly to England, in company with a number of other newspapermen, to get a first-hand glimpse of the British war effort.

No doubt his practiced eye and facile pen will be busy when he is away, storing up a host of interesting information for his subscribers in Fergus, and we sincerely hope that other weekly papers will be able to share his account of what he sees overseas.

Bon voyage, Hugh, and we'll be awaiting those articles with interest.

AN IDEA

A novel idea was recently sponsored by the Canadian Echo, Warton's weekly paper. The local Women's Institute took full charge one week and put out a twelve-page edition of the Echo, having a great time among themselves and incidentally making a good bit of money for their club funds.

Perhaps some local club or society would like to give it a trial—some percentage agreement could be arrived at for advertising revenue to make it worth their while, and we are sure that our readers would like to read someone else's ideas for a change.

How about it ladies!

ALUMINUM SALVAGE

The local Red Cross Society, in cooperation with the National organization and the Department of National War Services, is sponsoring a two-day campaign for aluminum on Friday and Saturday, September 5th and 6th.

Further details of this will appear in next's Herald. In the meantime, readers are requested to look up any discarded aluminum utensils to add to the collection.

"Watch the pile grow" was the slogan adopted by the I.O.E. last year in their successful aluminum drive. It's still a good slogan, and we hope to see the pile in the Herald window grow to record proportions.

A KNOWING WAY
Judge to Irishman charged with petty offence: "Have you anybody here who can vouch for your character?"
Irishman: "Yes, your honor; the Sheriff there can."

Sheriff: "Why, I do not even know the man!"
Irishman: "Observe, your honor, that I've lived twelve years in this county and the Sheriff doesn't even know me."

BRITISH KEEP SMILING
WOMEN GO WITHOUT STOCKINGS
MEN WEAR LEATHER PATCHES

Here is another of those wonderfully bright and cheery letters from Margaret Butcher, English novelist, who gives us an intimate glimpse into the way in which the ordinary, every day folks of the Old Land are standing up to the War.

By Margaret Butcher
Reading, England—Here is the rain at last; and on Sunday we were all tremendously excited about it, after weeks of hot, dry weather.

ing through ceilings and shoes; a tiresome manifestation altogether. But not now. Since this started the edibles have actually beaten the weeds to it—a thing I should hardly have thought possible a fortnight ago!

Only one thing is disappointing about it: there is no present need to use our Musical Tank, which is a pity. The Tank added much to the gaiety of nations—and we can do with a bit of that nowadays.

The first time I saw it I gave way to hysteria, and the symptoms reappeared whenever it reappeared. I heard on that opening occasion—a loud rattling noise which was exceeding amusing; and one feels a trifle jumpy, in these times, about loud rattling noises.

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Passenger Saturday only 1:16 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday 6:09 p.m.
Passenger and Mail 6:45 p.m.
Passenger, Sundays only 11:30 p.m.
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Monuments
MARKERS AND LETTERING
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Designs on Request—Phone 2048
Inspect our work in Greenwood Cemetery.

MISTAKE
Customer: "Come, John, we are ready to go."
Milliner: "Pardon, madam, here's the hat you bought—that's the box you're wearing."

petrol tin salvaged from the local dump, (b) a pair of moribund perambulator-wheels, (c) several yards of assorted rope, string and wire, (d) a pair of handles which—owing to the timber-shortage—resembles nothing so much as a couple of Harry Lauder walking-sticks, (e) a pendant watering-can and attached garden-fork and (f) a vast selection of nuts, bolts, screws and unspecified gadgets.

Nevertheless, the Tank did its job. With every dusk it came along to the waterless allotment and justified its remarkable existence, and who can ask more? This shortage of materials has certainly pepped up our ingenuity.

There are other things happening too. The other morning as I pattered along to the bus I observed two of a swanky locality's most uppity residents, in their shirt-sleeves, busy cutting the hedge at the side of the road—and making a very fair job of it. Indeed, I am inclined to suspect them of private hedge-trimming in less conspicuous situations.

Leather Patches
Nobody minds wearing clothes that are a bit shabby. Men who used to be dandies are to be seen in coats with leather binding round the cuffs, and even leather patches at the elbow.

People, in this uncertain lull, are popping back to bombed areas for week-ends. You can't stop them, as Churchill says. They go off to London or Portsmouth or Plymouth as usual, as if they were bound for the most peaceful spot on earth.

Not A Sweet Song
After all, an evacuee's life isn't one long, sweet song. It's no joke, often enough, to live in somebody's else's house; especially when the household is run up by a personal dose of blighting. We're still human.

One woman said to me: "It's quite different, you know, where the folks have had a really hard time. Their badness is simply amazing." Speaking for myself, I have found kindness everywhere, so I've no personal complaint. And it's not very difficult to realize how trying it must be, at moments, to have a stranger in the kitchen.

Fire Watching Troubles
We have our trials, and another friend has just been confiding to me her particular fire-watching trouble. She was bombed out of her home, but we don't hear a lot about that. The worry of the moment is the elderly gentleman with whom she frequently shares fire-watching duty.

Monuments
MARKERS AND LETTERING
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Designs on Request—Phone 2048
Inspect our work in Greenwood Cemetery.

Still I'd love to back to that old stone curbed well. And hook that old pall—oh what joy on the pole, and pull up just one real good cold drink. Like I used to when I was a boy. —RALPH GORDON
628 Crawford St., Toronto.

pouring with rain and my hair was like nothing on earth. We were going off by train to some friends—and I said to find a home somewhere—and I said to the family, 'Bombs or no bombs, you'll have to wait till I'm ready.' And I went to the nearest hairdresser's and had nine pennyworth of curia. After that I felt better."

It Has Its Points

On our office wall hangs a little notice which may be of interest, if you haven't already seen it. I have no idea who perpetrated it, but it has its points. It has helped to brighten many a fire-watcher's life, I only wish the Censor (a kindly creature, admittedly, but with limitations) would allow me to illustrate it for you; but he won't, so you must supply your own mental picture. Here it is:

Equipment For Fire-Watchers

- 1. Belt to go round waist with ten hooks to support six full sandbags and four buckets of water.
2. One axe stuck in belt.
3. One stirrup-pump to be carried over left shoulder.
4. One whistle carried in mouth.
5. One extending ladder to be carried over left shoulder.
6. One long-handled shovel to be tucked under right arm.
7. Two wet blankets to be carried on head.
8. One tin hat with turned-up brim to carry spare water.
9. Spare sand to be carried in all pockets.
10. One box of matches to light any incendiary that fails to ignite.

More Than Courage

What brave, cheery people they are! We have thought, just lately; that perhaps we may be over-accounting the bravery. It's there; no need to worry about that. However, all this takes something more than courage, so why not face it? There was a time when bravery won wars, but it isn't so any more. Bravery oils the machinery—but you've got to have the machinery. Bravery alone isn't much use against a machine-gun; you've got to have a gun as good as the other fellow's, and better if you can get it. In other words, this is a business of hard work and hard cash. Scientific investigation, shipping, armaments; it's all a question of dollars. So what does it matter if we're taxed up to the eyebrows, if we're shabby, a little bored by the sameness of rations, if we can't rush about in cars and so here and there for our holidays.

Good for One Purpose

Money isn't much use now except for the one purpose. We can't even make a guess at what it will be worth when all this is over. The one thing we do know is how useful it can be at the moment. I think every sane logical, decent citizen sees it that way. It's as near a 'cert' as anything can be; the folk who are trying to profiteer, the few who are sitting on their cash—well, they're just taking a crazy chance, in my opinion. I'm no financial genius; I have not much money in the world, but I've put what I have into War Savings because it means the best prospect of still having a bit to go on with when the war is over; and what's the good of it, anyhow, until that happens? So roll on the day.

The Old Stone Well

What joy to remember the old stone well, curbed well. Outside by our back kitchen door, With its clear, cold, spring water, that came from the hills, A mile away, maybe 'twas more. My grandmother galed me when I was a lad, With well that old well came to be, My grandfather dug, it with labor so hard, 'Way back in the last century. He gathered the stones from the fields of the farm, And curbed the inside all around, Then topped the old well with a circled stone wall, That sat on the curb at the ground. The water we drew with a long ten-foot pole, With a twenty-inch hook on its end, That prevented the 'pall from e'er tumbling at all, When into the well 'twould descend. With the pole we would sink that old pall to the brim, And fill it with water so full, Then spill about half of it bumping the sides, As the load to the top we would pull. The old well still serves with 'is spring water clear, But gone are the pole and the pall, An electrified system, with high pressure tank, Now serves the whole-place without fail.

Still I'd love to back to that old stone curbed well, And hook that old pall—oh what joy on the pole, and pull up just one real good cold drink. Like I used to when I was a boy. —RALPH GORDON
628 Crawford St., Toronto.