

Nursing Sister Helen Lane Tells -

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The front of the plane is closed off by a door—rather small—the pilot's stop down to get in their compartment. Our luggage is packed away into the under part of this compartment. The door is on the outside of the plane for this. The back or tail part is used by the Stewardess—all small compartments for storing of food, paper cups, etc. for serving of the meals. The coffee and tea, milk and orange juice are kept in large thermos bottles. There is also a small lavatory in the centre part of the back of the plane. The color combination inside the plane was in sand and brown, a brown carpet on the floor, small brown and yellow curtains, pulled back on the windows. There are individual lights, a bell to ring for the Stewardess and an adjustable air conditioning pipe over each window. The ceiling is in sand, the seat covers in brown with some red, with white covers over the back of them. There are two fire extinguishers, one at the front of the plane, the other at the back, these are not in sight; also oxygen in cylinders if needed for passengers. Parachutes are also stored in compartments in the back part, also first aid materials. There is an emergency door opposite the one we entered through.

Now the engine is starting; we are locked in the plane; my heart is beating faster—soon we are running along on the ground for about three or four minutes, turning a couple of corners. By then, in my excitement, I had lost my direction. Then, suddenly, we stopped still, but the engine was making more noise than ever and we stayed like this for a couple of minutes. Then a short run and off the ground. Now, I was really shaking—my heart still beating faster. I started looking out the window watching the ground but this made me dizzy so I said "Now, Helen, sit back and relax," so I sat back in my seat for a few minutes with my eyes closed, thinking all the time I would miss Cooksville and Port Credit. Imagine my surprise when I looked out again to find we were not very far, nor high. At first the plane doesn't seem to go fast at all. Now I was more like myself; chewing gum as the Stewardess gave us some shortly after we got in the air. I wasn't dizzy—could see the lights blinking away, but for the life of me, I couldn't decide which was Cooksville, Port Credit, Dixie, and so on. Didn't drop my handkerchief down, as I hated it not to land on the right spot.

Toronto as a whole looked grand; with lights in straight rows, also a few other lights, here and there; many small lights, sign boards, etc. don't seem to show up. The lake—that is Lake Ontario—didn't look clear, just black looking in that direction. One long line of street lights I could see—would that be Yonge Street? Then out from the city one could see more lines of lights, a few squares and the odd single one. When we started up, the streets looked like light sand ribbons here and there, but after we were up, one couldn't see anything but lights. We did seem much higher and to be going faster, so I said goodbye to Toronto and settled back in my seat and looked at the sky for a while. Yes, the stars were there and the moon, but we didn't seem to be any closer to them—just looked the same. Doris and I kept talking back and forth. Now, I was very fortunate being on the side of the plane that I was, but I had the great responsibility of looking for Oshawa, which we found all right in the other places such as Pickering, Whitby, etc. had only a few lights, while Oshawa had more. Also the lights of the airport could be seen, so Doris had a final look and then said goodbye to Oshawa (her home city).

The Stewardess was busy making us comfortable. First would like a cup of coffee. I knew very well my stomach was better just as it was, with Gwen's last cup of tea and sandwich sitting rather heavily. I said: "No thanks." I wasn't really sick, just a little funny feeling. Yes, I would have a pillow and my seat back, so when I was settled, the Stewardess went on to the next one. The roar of the plane seemed terrific; could hardly hear anyone speak but it was riding along very smoothly. Now it was about 3.40, so settled down to try and have forty winks—thought at first I was too excited but, no, both Doris and I had a nap. I wakened frequently and each time would look out and see lights but no idea, of course, where they were, some of them in rows, circles, etc. Could never see anything else by looking down. On looking up I could still see the SAME stars and moon.

The distance from Toronto to Ottawa is about three hundred miles, and for that distance the height would be about 7,000 feet. The speed is about 200 miles an hour but it is difficult to realize. Was awakened by a bump or something as now we were coming down at Ottawa. The descent is like a roller coaster feeling, only not as severe as the big dip at Eaton's—just as if one was falling, only for a fifty, and then goes along again and then another falling—feeling. The plane starts to descend about 40 to 50 miles from port; the speed is somewhat increased, to about three hundred miles. By now my ears were ringing, in fact I decided I was deaf. Touched Doris and touched my ears; she nodded consent so said to myself: "Guess this is to be expected." The noise of the plane seemed much worse but by then I really couldn't decide whether it was my ears or the plane. The following is an exact item a paragraph called "Your Flight" under Bar Pressure—During descent and descent changing atmospheric pressure is transmitted to the inside of the ear drum and is relieved by swallowing two or three times every minute. It is normal for all small children as well as for adults to swallow frequently without thought to it. However, as the plane increases the rate

of swallowing. In the case of a headache the inner passage to the ear drum should be kept open. An inhaler may be requested from the Stewardess to help overcome this difficulty." Now we had another bump—nothing else than the ground. That calls for an extra deep breath. The plane ran along for some distance, circling around. The engine was not making any noise—the engine was idling.

Would we get off for air—oh yes, as we had plenty of time, ten minutes. We looked at our silver plane—what heavy metal, and the wings were covered with rubber-like material—really not covered but held together by this material to allow for expansion. These are called de-icers, so that when ice forms on the wings they will expand and break the ice. Doris and I were getting cold so went inside shortly, all by ourselves now. We went up to the pilot's compartment and we never saw so many gadgets, etc. just hundreds. We looked at one another and said: "This is no place for us—too bad Harold, Earl or someone else who could really enjoy seeing these things, weren't there." There are, we found out later, gear shifts, called joy sticks and we did see these. Also saw where the air and landing speed is registered and about the gas and oil amount. The pilot's seat looked very comfortable—there are always two; both capable of carrying out each other's work but the one is officially a radio operator, the other the driver. The pilots were both young looking—one fair—the other one dark. Oh yes, the Stewardess, I would imagine, would be a good friend of the pilots as they are the only employed people on the plane.

We lost three passengers and got two; now we were all in readiness. Yes, we were on our way again. I enjoyed going up more as I wasn't so excited—very composed in fact. Had a fresh piece of gum. Luckily I had some of my own along so saved the T.C.A.'s to send back to you people—hope you enjoy it.

Ottawa did look different to Toronto, smaller, not as many lights and could see water, a dark ribbon running in and out the Ottawa River I suppose, and could see more lights as if an island. Said hello and goodbye to Ev. and the time was about 4.25 a.m. Settling back to another nap, which was not very hard to do, we had an uneventful trip to Montreal, about two hundred miles, and were nearly down at Montreal before I wakened. Very short stop so didn't get out. Nearly all the passengers left us. Most of them, I imagine, were business men, but we had four more passengers come on: two army officers, one air force, one civilian and, with Doris and myself and another civilian, we were ready and soon on our way at 5 a.m. Montreal didn't seem to look very attractive but I imagine it was because we were so tired. Doris and I couldn't decide whether to have coffee or not but decided to wait. Just then the Stewardess asked us about breakfast—if we would like some early or late, so we said rather early. We were rather chilly by this time, so a blanket was given to us which along with the pillows are kept in a rack above the windows near the ceiling.

Could still see stars on looking out and the only light was the green one on the end of the wing, and on turning my head, a red light was seen on the other wing. These lights are the guiding or running lights for the other planes to see and know which direction the plane is going by the situation of the colored lights. There are a few more points about the plane that you might like to know. The large wheels that are down on the ground when the plane is not flying are retracted and these, when in the position, help to give more speed. There are air lines from the wings; these can be seen from my window; they are let down to go up and then pulled up to come down; these help in some way with ascent and descent.

Back to the point—we are just leaving Montreal—very comfortable, in a very sleepy state. It is in the distance a little lighter as if daylight were near-at hand. I wakened in about three quarters of an hour and noticed the sun was just coming up. Not wanting to miss the sunrise I struggled for a while trying to watch and keep awake. But sleep won out until 6.30, and when I wakened when the sun was all there, large, in full view; it was real daylight so moved quickly over to the window to have a better look.

The most thrilling part or most impressive part of the whole trip was in view. Hope I can make it sound just as I saw it. The sun was very distant and very golden, shining on the wings of the plane, making them look very silvery. Couldn't see any stars—well, no, it was daytime now. Well, where were the clouds—the sky was a perfectly clear blue color except for the sun. Where are the clouds—funny no clouds. So on looking down to see what country I could see my breath was taken away, as I've never seen anything so beautiful. All a blanket of snowy white, very loose and light looking, with a slight bluish tinge, like high hills of snow one behind the other for as far as I could see. Doris describes them as Necey like, as if sheered off a sheep, but they are more soft looking than that. The sun shining on them made them even more beautiful. I'm sure I kept looking at them for five minutes, just spell bound. Occasionally, I thought the ground was in view. Naturally, the ground was back in my mind as I did expect to catch it again. But no, we went along for miles and only the sun in view. Thought maybe I would ask the Stewardess a few questions as she was busy going back and forth getting breakfast served—coffee smelled good by this time. How high are we—9,000 feet, and how high above the clouds—about 2,000 or 3,000 feet. How this view typical—oh yes, but not always so beautiful. Would we see ground before we started to come down—oh yes, as the clouds would not likely be that heavy all the way to Moncton. Would I like breakfast—well yes, by now I was sure I could enjoy something to eat.

The time was 7 a.m. and breakfast was served on a small brown tray cov-

ered with a white paper lace cover. In a small paper box there was a paper cup, half filled with orange juice and two of cream about half full—no danger of spilling. A small circle cup of marmalade, two lumps of sugar, wrapped in paper marked T. C. A. The coffee was in a paper cup, inside another paper one—suppose to make it more secure. Paper bowl of cornflakes and a bun with raisins sitting prettily on a round paper doilie, completed the breakfast. With my serviette in place I started—first the orange juice, delicious I must say, very cold and fresh. The cornflakes with cream on seemed too much and heavy, and also eating them with a small wooden spoon wasn't so good. Next the bun—yes, Harold, with raisins, all buttered ready to eat with marmalade; then coffee—very hot and strong—sulted me. Oh, I forgot to mention the two small packages of life savers, I think so I could send them back too. Maybe this breakfast doesn't sound like a great deal but it was sufficient as I was still a little light headed. The only worry was keeping the tray on my knees—had a pillow there but the vibration of the plane kept the tray with the articles on it, on the move, had to keep one's eyes on them. On looking out the sun was shining and, much to my surprise, the clouds had scattered and there is the land—now that was a little relief, thank goodness. Now what could I see—well everything was on a very small scale. The farms looked like toy houses and barns, painted in different colors, but could hardly make out all the detail such as windows, etc. The washing hanging on the lines blowing in the breezes was, I'm sure, all for the dolls—looked ever so cute. On the cleared land which looked very smooth, I expected to see some dolls out playing golf, but no I didn't instead on some there were black and white specks like small baby kittens. Now what were they—cattle, I guess. There were white ribbons, some straight, some winding all over, and on these ribbons, toy cars, trucks and buses were speeding along—now who was speeding? Someone down there would be pinching for speeding, don't you think? The river, by daylight looked like rivers, only very small. All could see water here and there as if some had been split—lakes or ponds, I imagine. Fences looked like a line of something dark running between some of the clear places. The trees looked miniature and all the same height but one beautiful thing was typical in color, as some have already turned, so among the green ones, the red and yellow ones showed up very clearly. This would have been a grand view for Mammie to see and paint. At times, as far as one could see, only woods could be seen—no houses or cleared land—this I don't think is typical in the centre of New Brunswick. By now, there were very few clouds in sight, a few blue ones now and then. The land from the plane looks level, that is hills, mountains, etc. don't seem to show up. In the distance in some places one could almost imagine they saw a few hills but not very distinct.

All this time, I was feeling fine, no difficulty in breathing at all. They say at that height it would be difficult to breathe outside of the plane but you see the air in the plane is regulated and air conditioned. After this, I read some of the literature out in the packets below the windows. Read about the T.C.A. trip across Canada, time, stopping places, etc. I only wished I had some cards to send when I got off the plane but the Stewardess didn't have any on hand.

Soon we were about 50 miles from Moncton—the time 10.10. On coming down we came through the clouds, just seems as if we were going through a fog, and didn't seem to take any time to go through them. Now the rivers looked very clear, and blue, the sandy shore seemed to show up, muddy like as if recently overflowed, really expected to see a fish jump, but I saw hello. The houses along the banks soon seemed larger and looked as if for adults. Our landing was very rough, many air pockets—the Stewardess checked at this time to make sure our belts were fastened. Was I ever dizzy and ears were ringing again—started chewing that gum harder and harder. Soon after struggling with the air as if it were trying to keep us up, we had another bump—land—Moncton—imagine in that short time. The short run along on the ground gave us time to get composed and rid of the gum.

Yes, Audrey, I remembered to remove my gum so it didn't come off in my mouth, chewing nor did Doris. If that is how one feels when it is rough, I'm surely glad we had such a clear night for flying.

Maybe we are not so disappointed now that the plane was late, because it gave us a chance to fly by night and day. I wouldn't have had nearly so much to write about. What do you people say about it?

A word about our Stewardess, a Miss Broad from Royal Victoria Hospital, London, Ontario. She had been doing V.O.N. work in North York, Toronto, until she joined the T.C.A. four months ago. I imagine she is twenty-three years of age dark, about five foot six inches, very attractive and charming and made our trip much more enjoyable. They have a special training in the T.C.A. work before starting their new work and are trained to take the plane over in any emergency. We thanked her and said goodbye as we stopped off the plane on the ground again, she still ringing.

Doris and I looked at one another—just what we expected; dull, wet, under foot, and cold—yes, we were in New Brunswick alright.

We were very fortunate in finding a bus there—a small bus for T.C.A. going to St. John's. The station there is not so grand but very nice and clean looking. The bus was ours, and in a short time, we were on our way to Moncton which is only about fifty miles away. Here, we bought our tickets. In a little over an hour and a half, Sussex and Miss Camp Sussex were in view—what a feeling. Our ears were fine now but a cup of tea sounded good which we had at the bus terminal.

RED-CROSS SHIPMENT

A large shipment of knitted goods and quilts is being shipped to the warehouse in Toronto this week. A new knitting quota has been received asking for even more knitted goods to cover the needs of the sailors during the winter months.

- Seaman's Comforts**
- 15 turtle neck sweaters
 - 10 seaman's scarves
 - 22 ribbed helmets
 - 29 pr. plain mitts
 - 1 pr. two-way mitts
 - 16 pr. seaman's long boots
 - 1 pr. seaman's long stockings
 - 41 pr. seaman's socks
- Army and Air Force Comforts**
- 4 pullover sweaters

- 4 ribbed helmets
- 1 pr. two-way mitts
- 5 pr. plain mitts
- 9 scarves
- 100 pr. socks

AIR FORCE

- 1 pr. plain mitts
- 2 pr. two-way mitts
- 4 scarves
- 3 pullovers
- 4 aero helmets
- 2 pr. socks

22 quilts
1 wool quilt
1 afghan

STREETSVILLE MAN HEADS SEED TRADE ASSOCIATION
William Couse, Sr., of Streetsville, was elected president of the Canadian

Seed Trade Association at the annual meeting of that organization which was held recently in the King Edward Hotel, Toronto. The successful E. F. Crossland, of the Steele, Briggs Seed Co., who has been president in the last two years. Operating under the name William Couse & Sons, Mr. Couse is a member of the well-known Streetsville firm which bears his name.



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<p>First we phoned the Hospital Orderly Room for a station wagon which we were very pleased to get—thought we had spent enough money so didn't want to take a taxi. Our cup of tea tasted good—and when the driver arrived he had a cup of coffee. By 10.40 we were back in our cold, damp hut—another funny feeling. We kept moving but took time for a bath—on duty by 11.15. As we came in the door we were called to the Colonel's office to receive our pay—a month in advance—very welcome at this time.</p>	<p>TYERS Milk Products LIMITED High Grade Dairy Products PHONE 162 GEORGETOWN</p>	<p>PRINTING OF ALL KINDS</p>