

# THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Seventy-Fourth Year of Publication

Wednesday Evening, November 26th, 1941

5c a Copy; \$2.00 a year

## Flying Over the Atlantic

### On A Magic Carpet

This is the second of a series of articles about conditions in Great Britain and other countries visited during six weeks spent in Europe. It is written specially for the Canadian Weekly News-Record by the editor of the Fergus News-Record.

Flying across the Atlantic is pure magic.

There is no other way to describe it. No modern novelist has ever told the story. It is necessary to go away back to the Arabian Nights with its magic carpets, to Icarus with his wax wings and his unsuccessful attempt to fly over a much narrower body of water, or to Pegasus with his broad pinions. Clipper trips are more modern than our literature.

A writer in one popular American magazine recently tried to tell about the flight from New York to Lisbon, but he depended heavily on photographs. He did say, though, that those who had crossed the Atlantic by Clipper belonged to the most exclusive club in the world. The membership fee was \$1,000 for less than a week and one requires "pull" besides to become initiated into this society. (Officially, the term is not "pull" but "privileges.")

Perhaps there is some truth to that, but it does seem a prosaic way to speak of magic. In many ways, modern science improves on ancient fairy stories. I always had some doubts about the desirability of travelling by carpet high above the earth. The carpet was sure to be draughty. If one moved too near the edge, there was always a danger of falling off. And after all, the lady of the Arabian Nights and the other ancient story tellers knew nothing of the actual loveliness of the world far above the clouds and particularly at sunset, or the approach of a thunder storm, or when a rainbow spread itself into a full circle in front of the plane. Nothing they ever imagined could equal the beauty of that world and it is almost impossible to describe it to earthbound readers.

#### Meeting the Other Editors

At New York, I met five of the other editors who were to make the trip to England. Three were from Ontario and two from Montreal. K. Sandwell and Bishop R. J. Renison, of Toronto; Gratton O'Leary, of Ottawa; Oswald Maynard and Lionel Shapiro, of Montreal. The last named lives much of the time in Washington and knows New York, which was fortunate for we learned that a Portuguese visa was necessary before we boarded the Clipper, and this required much running around and the payment of eight precious American dollars each to the Portuguese Embassy before we embarked. Later we learned just how much travellers through Portugal have to pay toward the upkeep of Dictator Salazar's government.

The new Airways Terminal, opposite the Grand Central Station in New York, is surely one of the most beautiful and appropriate buildings in the world. The entrance is a semi-circle of inch-thick doors of plate glass or one of the new plastics. Inside the doors, the passenger ascends by a moving stairway into a great blue dome studded with stars. Circling across the dome are the signs of the zodiac and a bronze man with wings reaches the top of the stairs does he see the offices of the various always companies almost hidden around the horizon.

When the time comes to go, large motor buses rise through the floor at the rear of the building, coming up from deep cellars, and the trans-Atlantic passengers are hurried away by tunnels and roads to the airport.

The Dixie Clipper rides at anchor in the bay. It looks exactly like a whale with wings. The wings seem inadequate, not at all the kind of size of wings that one would expect a whale to grow if it had to fly 4,000 miles or more in the next two days. But the four big Wright motors look efficient enough to drive their three-bladed propellers indefinitely.

#### A Six-Roomed House with Wings

Fifty-five passengers left New York on the Dixie Clipper that day but more than half of them stayed in Bermuda. They sat around in six rooms, most of them large enough for ten persons, for the Clipper is as large as a house inside, and upstairs the eleven men of the crew sat around in another room which the passengers never saw. It took 20 minutes to get the Dixie Clipper up off the water. It taxied back and forth over the bay while the pilot tried the feel of the wind against the wings and manoeuvred for the longest run over the water. Once we passed three of Uncle Sam's motor torpedo boats, each one with two machine gun turrets and four torpedo tubes. We were almost touching one of New York's marvellous bridges before we finally started down the bay at full speed. Spray flew up over the little square windows, and soon the blue sea and the waves washed the bottom of the hull grew more violent and then disappeared — and the Clipper was in the air. It circled over the edge of New York twice, gaining height, and then turned east over the marshes and swamps and then the head Atlantic. Two days were nearing the coast. After that, nothing but waves and clouds in every direction.

Wonderful Above the Clouds — Flying the Atlantic, as I said before, is pure magic. One does not

realize it at first. Flying was not a new sensation for me. I had been doing it for 20 years in planes large and small, but never for more than a few hours at a time. This was different. I sat on a sofa with two others. One was a young American girl who had saved her money for a luxury holiday in Bermuda; the other a Detroit newspaper man returning to Europe. The plane was heated and air-conditioned. Even the wall covering added to the feeling of luxury for it was a tapestry with maps of the continents and oceans. Dinner consisted of consommé, chicken salad, ice cream and coffee.

All these things were mere man-made attempts at comfort. The real magic was outside the windows. Every time I looked out, the long, slender, pointed wing was still there with its two whirling propellers. Far down below us were the clouds, for we flew at 8,000 to 8,500 feet where the air is still and there are few bumps. It was fortunate that we had clouds all the way across. The Atlantic, seen from that height, grows desperately monotonous when the air is clear but clouds are always changing shape and color.

The sun set behind a distant row of thick clouds which looked like a far-off mountain range. A long path of yellow light stretched over the whiteness of the nearby clouds. They looked like masses of spun sugar candy. As the sun dropped away, the sky flamed with color. In three-quarters of the dome of heaven, it was already night but out in the west the full range of the spectrum stretched across the sky, brilliant red at the horizon, zinking up through the yellows and the blues to the deep indigo of night overhead with a few stars already brightly shining.

#### Lightning Around the Wings

Nearing Portugal, we met a high thunderstorm. This time, the Clipper seemed unable to rise above it. The clouds were close around and often we were in them, like a thick fog. The lightning was around us, too, sometimes just beyond the wings, but there was no sound of thunder above the roar of the motors. It was pumpy, too, and for the first time, two ladies felt sick and strapped themselves to their seats. For some others, men and women alike, it was just a new and enjoyable sensation.

At night, the steward made up the berths. That was after we had left Bermuda. There were 23 passengers then and room for them all to sleep. I had one of the worst positions — up close to the wing and number three and four engines — but the bed was comfortable and there was a rhythm to the noise that was soothing, so I slept well. Outside the window there was a tiny sliver of new moon and the very bright stars.

#### Magic Doesn't Always Work

Yes, flying the Atlantic is magic, but sometimes in the hands of hard-headed Americans the magic goes wrong. We should have left New York on Tuesday morning and have been in Lisbon on Wednesday night. But number four engine wasn't behaving too well even before we left New York. Out of Bermuda six hours, the Clipper turned back because of bad weather ahead. On the second try, we reached the Azores, but after landing there for more gasoline, the alling engine died as we were opposite the last islands of the group and we turned back to Horta, where the Atlantic Clipper came along and picked us up, taking us the rest of the way. Even food ran short at last before we dropped down out of the darkness on to the Tagus River at Lisbon on Friday night. We had been 47 hours in the air instead of the usual 23, and had done some 2,500 extra miles of flying.

#### Fined For Non-payment Of Radio Licenses

Twelve Georgetown residents paid fines of \$3.00 and costs for failing to have radio licenses, when they appeared before Magistrate W. F. Woodliffe last Wednesday in the Public Library. Two other cases were dismissed and three were adjourned to a later date.

#### BIBLE SOCIETY MEETS IN BAPTIST CHURCH

The annual meeting of the Georgetown Branch of the Upper Canada Bible Society was held on Thursday evening, November 20th, in Georgetown Baptist Church. The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. J. E. Ostrom, assisted by Rev. W. C. O. Thomson, Rev. C. Oochrane, and Rev. R. C. Todd.

After the business was concluded, Mr. J. D. Godfrey introduced the guest speaker, Rev. Walter McCleary, of Toronto, who gave a very instructive address, accompanied with moving pictures, of the work of the Society in Algeria. He also showed a fine series of pictures of the German attack on Paris and the evacuation of Dunkirk. A motion was passed, thanking Mr. McCleary for his helpful talk, and the resident ministers expressed their appreciation of his speech. There was a fair attendance at the meeting. An objective of \$60.00 was adopted for Bible Society work in the coming year. Special announcements concerning this will be made in the churches.

## Local Girl in C.W.A.A.F.



Miss Margaret Long, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Long, is shown above with two other girls who have been accepted by the Canadian Women's Auxiliary Air Force. The group, snapped at the R.C.A.F. Recruiting Depot in Hamilton, shows left to right, Miss Long, Miss Wynifred Kenyon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Kenyon, Brantford, and Miss Lorraine Henars, of Milton.

## Are Ratepayers Interested In Municipal Affairs?

It would seem not according to attendance at Public Meeting to Review Interim Statement

By G. McG.

It must have been disappointing to some town officials last Friday evening, when only two or three ratepayers were on hand to review the Interim Statement as presented by the Treasurer, Mr. P. B. Harrison. To be more specific the gathering included only three members of the Council—Mayor Joseph Gibbons, and Councillors S. J. Mackenzie and Clifford Bradley. Others present were two Hydro Commissioners, two press reporters and three ratepayers. There for there were no speeches. However, in a very informal way town affairs were discussed in general.

Mayor Gibbons stated that municipal affairs were the best they had been in a number of years, with a credit balance on current account of \$1,516.06. This is due to large extent to the collection of taxes and tax arrears: the tax arrears amounting to over \$15,000.00 collected up to November 15th, and another \$5,000.00 anticipated before the end of the year. Waterworks account also showed an operating surplus of \$1392.50.

Another encouraging statement was the fact that the labour debt of the town had been reduced to \$115,000. By the gradual reduction of the debt, the interest charges have been reduced likewise, thus providing extra monies for other purposes.

Mayor Gibbons was very definite in his assertion that the tax rate for another year could be reduced at least 4 mills. This will no doubt be good news for the taxpayer.

Hydro Commission affairs were also touched, at which point Councillor S. J. Mackenzie injected not a little humor, when he said that the Property Committee of the Council, of which he is chairman and included Councillor Clifford Bradley, were unanimous that the Hydro Commission leave the office in the town hall, which they are vacating for new quarters down town, in the same condition as they found it back some twenty-five years ago. By this he meant that any partitions erected by them be taken down and the room made into one large room—which is to be occupied by the Band as a practice room. However, the argument arose as to who could rightly say the Hydro Commission had added these said partitions, and with the Mayor as a member of the Commission also, it looks as though the Property Committee of the town would have to make any changes necessary themselves.

Hydro Commissioner Hugh Lindsay, stated that the power shut-off on Sunday was necessary so that the Hydro power lines could be enlarged to increase the voltage of the primary line through Georgetown. This, when completed, will decrease the vol-

## Well-Known Citizen Died Last Week

### James Wood Buried in Greenwood Cemetery

After an illness of several months, James Wood, well-known Georgetown resident, passed away on Saturday, November 22nd, at his home on Edith Street. Born in Birling, Scotland, he was a son of Alexander Wood and Mary Sharpe. He came to Georgetown in 1901, and had resided in Georgetown for the past 38 years. He was 59 years of age, and is survived by his wife, the former Lillian M. Bullivant, and five children, Mrs. A. Robinson (Louisa), of Hamilton, Mrs. J. Saunders (Evelyn), of Georgetown, and Ethel, Jean and James, at home. A brother, John, lives in Edmonton, Alberta, and the rest of his family still live in the Old Country. The funeral service from his residence on Edith Street on Monday afternoon, was conducted by Rev. W. G. O. Thompson. Pallbearers were Frank Sykes, Herb. Distance, James Mulholland, Wesley Murray, Arthur Evans and Thomas Bullivant. Interment was in Greenwood Cemetery, Georgetown.

## Former Resident Dies in Toronto

Mrs. Ankus McKinlay, a former resident of Georgetown, passed away on Thursday, November 20th, at her home in Toronto. She was 90 years of age.

Mrs. McKinlay was predeceased by her husband, who died in Georgetown in 1894. A son, Captain Frank McKinlay was killed in the Great War. Surviving are two sons, Murray and Alec, of Toronto, and three daughters, Lyla and Edna, at home, and Mrs. (Dr.) Devick (Jessie), of Beaverton. The funeral service was held in Toronto on Saturday, with burial in Greenwood Cemetery, Georgetown.

## TO THE PUBLIC OF GEORGETOWN AND VICINITY:

We understand that there is some misunderstanding regarding the Poppy Fund, and we make this statement to clarify the situation. The fund is not a distribution of money, but is a fund to be used by all and for all purposes and will be made by disabled veterans. Branch 120 Canadian Legion, J. F. McCartney, President.

## Naval Gun Objective in Esqueusing War Weapons Drive

Under the chairmanship of Mr. Arthur Beaumont, the War Weapons drive in Esqueusing Township got underway last week. The campaign takes in all Esqueusing Township, with the exception of Georgetown, Glen Williams and Acton. The objective is a naval gun—\$2,000 monthly. The school boards in the twenty township school sections have been asked to be responsible for the campaign in their district. Returns are already in from one of these, with \$910 worth of War Savings Certificates purchased. Assisting Mr. Beaumont on the executive are L. DeVries, publicity; E. Smutty, secretary; Dan Charles, organizations, and members of the Township Council. A farm-to-farm canvass is being made. Chief difficulty in putting across a sustained campaign is the fact that a farmer's income is not a steady one, and many feel that they cannot pledge to buy any certain amount of certificates per month.

## Large Crowd Enjoys Legion Stag

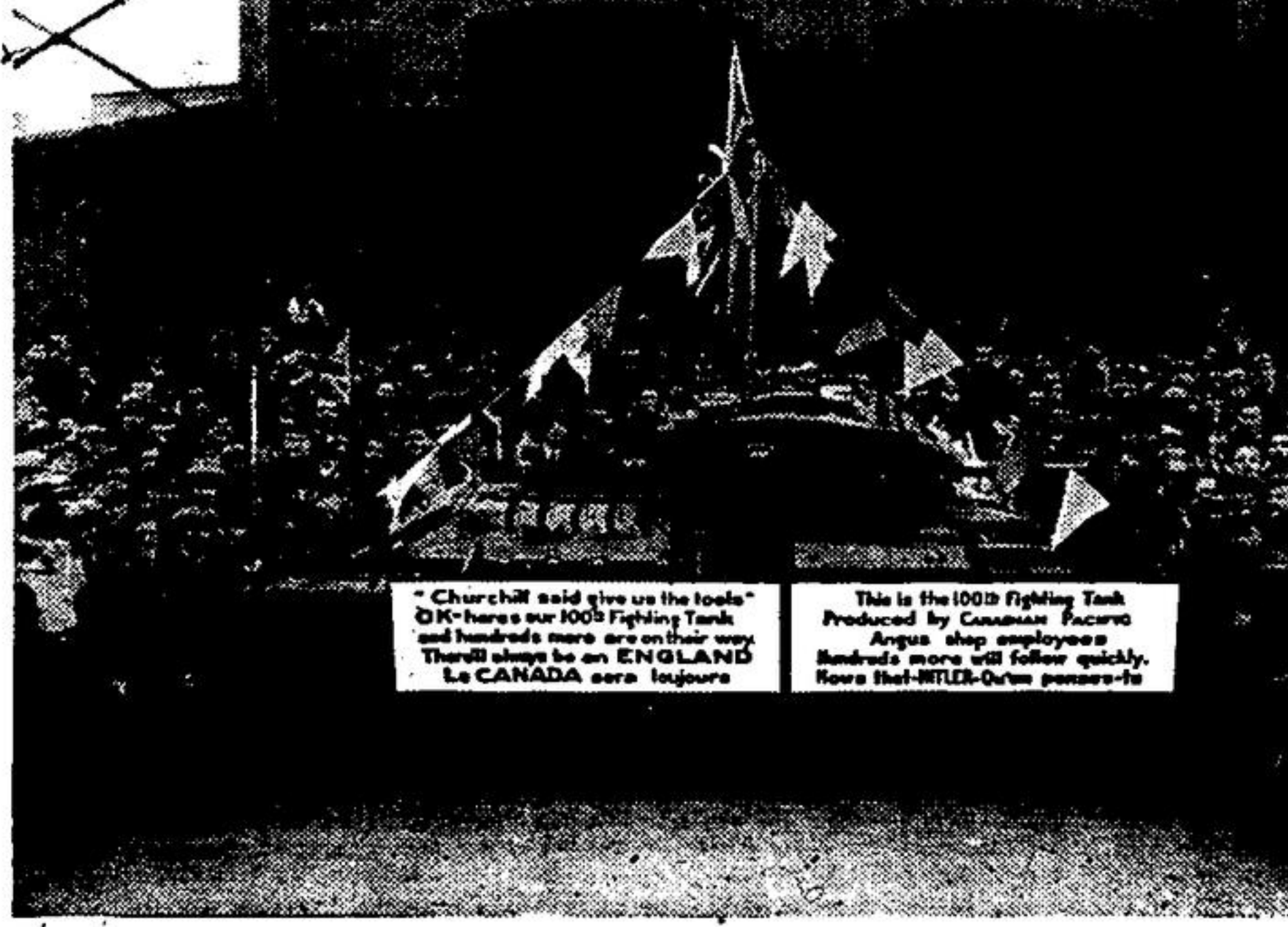
There was a good crowd of local members of Branch 120, Canadian Legion, and their friends, for a stag party last Friday night in the Legion Rooms on Mill Street. The evening was staged for the Legion Cigarette Fund, and though admission was free, a number of raffles were conducted and \$36.05 was raised for the fund. Among the prize-winners were Lt.-Col. Gordon Cousins and William Stewart of Erin, both of whom won chickens. Jack Ayr and Jimmy Goode, well-known Toronto entertainers, featured the variety program, and brought along a company of singers and dancers to entertain the gathering. A Hawaiian duet from Guelph also contributed to the entertainment. During the evening, Mr. Jack Hurst, President of the Guelph Branch of the Legion, was presented with a banner bearing the words "God Bless America."

Fred McCartney, President of the local branch, was in charge of arrangements for the evening, assisted by Bob Mull, who was chairman of the Entertainment Committee, and Tom Grieve, who had charge of the raffles.

## Active Service Notes

Congratulations to Cpl. Harold Marshall, who is with the Canadian Postal Corps at Ottawa, and was recently promoted to corporal. Our apologies to Sgt. Bruce Zimmerman whom we recently congratulated on his promotion to sergeant. We got a letter from Bruce a few months ago, and as former letters had been signed "Pete," we noted the word beginning with "S" and somehow got it twisted into sergeant. A note from Bruce this week, with a Christmas card, draws our attention to the error. "I'll forgive you this time," he says, "even though I took a lot of razzing." Sorry, Bruce, but we hope our mistake will be in the nature of a prediction, and we'll soon be able to run another news item—this is a correction. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson have received word that their son, Sgt. J. P. Wilson, R.C.A.F., has arrived in Halifax. AC2 Horace Hurley has been transferred with the R.C.A.F. from Jarvis, Ontario, to Guelph.

## Angus Shops Craftsmen Celebrate 100th Tank



It was a proud moment for employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway's Angus shops at Montreal when the 100th army tank rolled off the shops assembly line to take its place with others in the British armed forces. The important production milestone was marked by a gala ceremony during which Tank No. 100, gaily bedecked with flags and placards, was paraded down the shops' midway to the strains of the employees' brass band. Cheers throngs of shopmen lined the broad runway as the tank-of-honor rumbled by, symbolizing the stepped-up tempo of production since the first Canadian-built tank was released from the big plant early in the summer. Large placards affixed to the tank's khaki sides indicated the determination of the employees, who staged the ceremony on their own initiative, to do all in their power to contribute to victory. As the procession drew up before the tank shops where other finished tanks stood in a grim line, the band played "O Canada" and the National Anthem and this was followed by lusty cheers as the Angus workers surveyed their handiwork. Many of the tank's 99 Angus-built predecessors are already in service with the armed forces, and as the above placard says: "Hundreds more will follow quickly."

The ceremony recalled the message of D. C. Coleman, vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, when the first tank was produced at Angus shops. On that occasion Mr. Coleman remarked: "This machine is the child of sweat and tears. It will be followed by hundreds and thousands of others to help the Empire to its victory."