

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD
 News of Georgetown, Nerval, Glen Williams, Limahome, Stewarttown, Ballinacree and Terra Cotta

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The Editor's Corner

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

With the Christmas shopping season now in full swing, we wish to call the attention of our readers to the "Buy at Home" policy which your local paper has always advocated. Your local merchants have been laying in good stocks of Christmas merchandise and are deserving of your patronage in Christmas shopping as well as ordinary every-day purchasing.

Of course there will be a few presents that you can't find in town. That is to be expected. However, before you go out of town to purchase these, take a shopping trip through your local stores and see what is available. You will find that quality and price compare favourably with any of the city stores—and you will enjoy that intimate, friendly atmosphere which only your local merchants can convey.

Herald readers know that this year, as in the past, they will find the next three issues of the Herald brimming with colorful ads placed by local merchants to draw your attention to their merchandise. We urge you to follow our ads closely. It will help you select the proper gifts, and give you ideas for gifts you have not yet decided upon.

PEP UP YOUR ADS

Perhaps all our advertisers are not familiar with the free cut service which is yours for the asking. At considerable expense to ourselves, this office subscribes to the Stanton Junior Service, from which we receive four cut books each year.

These books are brim-full of attractive pictures and headings which give advertisements that "eye-appeal" that gets results. When planning your Christmas advertising, look over our Christmas cut books. You will be sure to find something that will fit into your advertisement that will give it sparkle and reader-interest.

HOCKEY PROSPECTS

In another column, our intrepid sports columnist "Mac" discusses the prospects of an Intermediate hockey entry this year. Added to this we might say that the Lions Club has posted the necessary \$5.00 for a juvenile entry. Now all that remains is to get the teams going—players, coaches, managers, etc.

On our part, we hope that there will be a good season of hockey for Georgetown fans this year. Last year was the first time that we had ever taken a real interest in hockey—and attending three or four games a week during the winter, made us a real fan. Georgetown has always had a reputation as a hockey town, and we know that everyone is hoping that this winter as in the past, we shall have some exciting hockey. How about it, Georgetown?

AUXILIARY FUND OPEN TILL CHRISTMAS

"Christmas cheer for British children" is the name of an auxiliary fund of the Herald War Victims' Fund which will remain open until Christmas. The new Herald fund, like its parent is in turn an auxiliary of the fund sponsored by the Toronto Evening Telegram.

The money will be sent overseas through the facilities of the British War Victims' Fund, but will be earmarked for children only. There will be no administration costs in connection with the Christmas fund, any local expenses being absorbed by the Herald, and the rest by the Telegram.

Are you Buying War Savings Stamps and Certificates?

Listen to "THE SHADOW"—Radio's Master Detective.

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Don't find yourself on a spot this winter! Change now to blue coal. Enjoy ALL WINTER LONG the steady, economical heating comfort of this trade-marked coal. The fuel that's coloured blue to guarantee the quality.

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Flying Through Hostile Skies Canadian Editors Reach England

This is the third of a series of articles about conditions in Great Britain and other countries visited during six weeks in Europe and over the Atlantic. Written specially for the weekly newspapers of Canada by their own representatives on the tour, Hugh Templin, of the Fergus News-Record.

The first close contacts with war came at Bermuda. Because of bad weather at the Azores, the Dixie Clipper turned back during the night and the first six Canadian editors spent over a day on that island. Not only are there two naval bases on the islands, one British and the other American, but the big American PBV flying boats (Catalinas, the British call them), took off regularly every two hours or so to patrol the nearby ocean. It was obvious that the U.S. Navy was definitely in the war even then. During my stay in Bermuda, I had a chance to see several ships of that navy.

The first hint of personal danger came when we returned to the customs office on a day on that island. The word went out that our luggage was to be searched, because there was a danger that someone in Bermuda might have secreted a bomb among our clothing and if one of them exploded while the Clipper was in the air, it would be just too bad. One of my bags had been broken open during the time I was in Bermuda, so I insisted on a thorough search of its contents. There was no bomb, and nothing seemed to be missing.

A First Grim Example of War
 The first grim example of a world at war came the morning after the Clipper had left Bermuda. I awakened and stretched in my comfortable berth, and then looked out the little window. Eight thousand feet below, there was a great patch of oil upon the water, with long streaks out towards the west, nearby, two little life-seats floated on the great expanse of ocean. From that height, they appeared to be empty, but perhaps I was mistaken.

I wondered what to do. No doubt the crew, watching all the time, had seen the same thing I had discovered. Why would they do about it? Anxiously, I watched the shadow of the motor on the wing to see if we would circle and offer aid, though just what the Clipper crew could do seemed uncertain. Later, I learned that the radio operator had sent word to an American destroyer, which was already on its way to give help, after receiving an SOS call. I never knew the name or nationality of the steamer, or the fate of the crew.

In Touch with the Enemy
 At Lisbon, we came in closer touch with the enemy. Portugal is neutral. It may be that the warring nations find it to their advantage to keep the country that way. Lisbon is full of spies of all nationalities, refugees, people who once had money and now have none, gangsters who would make money out of the war. To that port only, in all Europe, American ships and planes have been allowed to go. The feeling of tension and intrigue soon becomes apparent to every visitor.

There is a saying that "Germany doesn't even need to invade Portugal; Hitler can take the country by telephone any time he likes." That is partly German propaganda, but it doesn't make a stay in Portugal any more pleasant. Those who go to Lisbon now are not on holiday. Most have none, gangsters who would make money out of the war. To that port only, in all Europe, American ships and planes have been allowed to go. The feeling of tension and intrigue soon becomes apparent to every visitor.

Our stay in Lisbon while on the way to England was brief. It was midnight when our group cleared the Portuguese Customs. Out in a tiny courtyard, taxi drivers pushed and jostled and shouted in strange language. The British Embassy people got us placed in a big car, supplied us with Portuguese escudos and sent us away to the Estoril Palace.

That 15-mile drive to the seaside resort of Estoril was the most exciting of my life. It was, perhaps, a taste of things to come. Most Lisbon streets are narrow but two cars can pass with care. But there is an added complication when there is also a street car running down the centre. In places, an automobile could not pass a street car. That did not seem to worry the driver. He would go at 90 or 70 miles an hour until he saw a street car coming; then he would jam on his brakes and turn into the nearest side street. Once he barely made the turn, running up on to the sidewalk. After the street car had passed, he backed out again and continued on his way to the hotel. It is said that Lisbon taxi drivers have just one accident—their last.

The porter at the hotel collected our precious passports and assigned room numbers, while sleepy waiters served our first European meal which was excellent. B. K. Sandwell and I went up to our rooms in the elevator with a German and an Italian.

An International Airport
 I was away again, long before daylight, to Cintra airport. The Portu-

guese farmers must have spent hundreds of years building stone walls along the roads, and it was a foggy morning but this time the taxi driver was cautious and crawled along over greasy pavements.

In a Europe at war, Cintra airport is surely a unique place. Out on the field stood three planes, one Dutch, one Portuguese and one Spanish. The Spanish one looked as if it would not lift off the ground; the Dutch plane was heavily camouflaged.

Inside, the ticket offices of the British Overseas Airways and the KLM (which is the Royal Dutch Airlines) are on one side of the hallway, and the Lufthansa (German) and the Italian lines on the other. The passengers all go out to the field through the same doorway and are weighed on the same scales, in kilograms. A young Portuguese served us tea and cakes. He spoke English. He lived three years in New York and went to the school but he had a grudge against his teacher. She did not know that Portugal was a separate nation. She insisted he was a Spaniard. No wonder it rankled.

A deep ditch separated the air field from a sheep pasture. On one side were the planes, backed by a group of ultra-modern buildings. On the other side was an old shepherd with a staff and long flowing robes. As he walked, he called to his sheep and they followed him. He might have stepped right out of the Old Testament. Behind him, the mountains of Portugal were tipped with sunrise pink.

Flying Over Portugal
 I was glad when the plane rose from the bumpy runway of the Cintra airport and left the soil of Portugal behind. Somehow the air seemed more free and more safe, though really it was a dangerous trip that lay ahead. The Dutch crew looked like mere boys, but they said they would reach England at three o'clock that afternoon and they brought us down at one minute to three. There is no waiting for perfect weather on that trip; the planes run on a time schedule.

Gratton O'Leary and I sat in the front seat of the Douglas. The Ottawa editor slept much of the time, but I was interested in the almost perfect performance of that young crew, taking a land plane on a long sea voyage. I could see the altimeter and I knew with what skill they flew their Douglas through the dangerous air over the unfriendly coast of occupied France.

As long as we travelled beside the coast of Portugal, the plane stayed low and I could see the little white houses with their red tiled roofs, the white stone fences along the roads, the arches on the bridges, and the occasional city. Near Oporto, we came in over the swampy coast and landed on an airport which was little more than a pasture field. While the Douglas was being refueled, a train of tiny cars drew up beside a sugar refinery. Along the borders of the airport was a stream. At a broad pool, Portuguese women were busy doing the family washing, beating the clothes on the stones and hanging them to dry on the bushes growing along the bank.

Over the Ocean in a Land Plane
 The route after leaving the northwest corner of Spain is probably a secret, but it varies somewhat with each trip. We no longer flew low, but so far above the clouds that they looked like the Prairies in winter—an even, glaring white. The pilot chose a height of more than two miles above the water, and after that the altimeter needle never varied for hours at a time. It was a little too high for comfort. Looking down at my finger nails, I saw that they had turned a bright blue, and there was a numbness in my hands and feet. That wasn't important then. Far more important was the fact that an enemy plane could have been seen 25 miles or more away against that snowy background. It is said that planes have been molested on that route, but none has ever been lost.

At noon, one of the Dutch boys gave me a box lunch and a light tray. The lunch was huge, but so was my appetite. There was a large cut of some kind of fowl, which intrigued most of the Canadians. One editor ventured the opinion that it was ostrich. Possibly it was a Portuguese turkey.

"All in the Front Line Now"
 Before the British Isles were in sight, the windows of the plane were covered with locked shutters and the passengers saw nothing of the land until the plane came down with scarcely a bump on British soil.

I stepped out into the sunlight and looked around curiously. The low buildings were camouflaged. Walls of sandbags were built in front of the doors and windows. A big Wellington bomber, the first one I had ever seen, was taking to the air and passed over my head. The buildings of a city showed over a low hill and above the hill floated several barrage balloons. They looked exactly like the photographs I had seen so often—from that distance like silvery hot-dogs in the sky, with a piece of the sausage hanging out one end of the bun.

This was our first sight of England in wartime! We were "all in the front line now!"

Local Firms Hear War Savings Speaker

Last Friday morning, Mr. Wilbert E. West, Brampton barrister and solicitor, visited several local firms, speaking to the employees on the importance of the War Savings Plan. The firms visited included the Brill Hosiery Mills, Meadowcroft Growers, Richmond Knitting Mill, and Joseph Beaumont Hosiery, Glen Williams.

Mr. West expressed himself as well pleased with the reception accorded him, and the local War Savings Committee are confident that his talks will bring results.

Rev. C. C. Cochrane Speaks to Lions Club

Rev. Charles C. Cochrane, pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church, was guest speaker at the regular dinner meeting of the Georgetown Lions Club in the McElbion House on Monday evening. Introduced by Lion A. O. Welk, Mr. Cochrane gave a most informative talk on the north country. He came to Georgetown from Geraldton, where he had served for two years.

Geraldton, in the heart of the mining country, north of Port Arthur and half way between Winnipeg and Sudbury, is built on a muskog swamp. It is not a beauty spot—the marshy ground does not support any vegetation, other than a few hardy trees—jackpines, spruce, etc. It is not a healthy climate either, with flies and mosquitoes abundant.

The town, he explained, was "founded by accident." When the country began to open up as a mining country, there was a little village called Hard Rock, situated a few miles from the present town of Geraldton. Most of the property in the village was

owned by a pioneering Frenchwoman named Maude Gascon, and when she was approached by mine officials with a view to buying her property, she asked too high a price. When negotiations fell through, the Company built the town on the present location.

Geraldton grew rapidly, and in consequence the town was not planned out. A few years ago, a forest fire threatened to wipe out the settlement, and after this the bush was cut down in a 500-yard swath around the town as protection against future fires.

Mr. Cochrane described the surrounding mining country—Little Long Lac, Jellico, Bankfield, Hard Rock, McLeod—names known to every investor. He earnestly challenged his listeners to think over the responsibility of Southern Ontario to this great, sprawling New Canada in the north. It is his contention that we have been too interested in exploiting the north for all we can get out of it, paying little heed to what happens there. Seventy-five percent of the population are "new Canadian"—citizens of foreign birth and extraction, and we owe it to them to teach them our democratic values and their duties as Canadian citizens. This is a task which must be shared by church and state.

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C. N. R.
TIME TABLE

Standard Time
 Going East

Passenger	6:16 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10:05 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday only	12 p.m.
Passenger, daily	9:41 p.m.

Toronto and beyond

Going West

Passenger and Mail	8:34 a.m.
Passenger Saturday only	1:15 p.m.
Passenger daily except Saturday and Sunday	6:00 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:45 p.m.
Passenger, Sundays only	11:30 p.m.

Going North

Passenger and Mail	8:45 a.m.
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Going South

Passenger and Mail	6:50 p.m.
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Depot Ticket Office—Phone 30w

Gray Coach Lines
TIME TABLE
 NOW IN EFFECT
 (Eastern Standard Time)
LEAVE GEORGETOWN

Eastbound to Toronto	
† 6:08 a.m.	4:08 p.m.
9:18 a.m.	6:08 p.m.
11:46 p.m.	9:13 p.m.
Westbound to London	
9:35 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
12:05 p.m.	7:50 p.m.
x 12:05 p.m.	9:05 p.m.
2:05 p.m.	dx10:35 p.m.
ay4:05 p.m.	ex11:35 p.m.

†—Except Sun. and Hol.
 x—Except Sat., Sun. and Hol.
 a—Sat., Sun. and Hol.
 f—Daily except Sun.
 y—To Kitchener
 z—To Stratford

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