

**THE GEORGETOWN HERALD**  
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**The Editor's Corner**

WE KNOW WHERE WE STAND

The news of the vicious Japanese attack last week end on Hawaii and the Philippines came as a shock to the American world. At the same time, Japan declared war on the United States and Britain, which formally lined that country up with the totalitarian Axis powers, whose dreams are ever of world conquest.

That America will meet the challenge was seen in the rapidity with which the United States put its resources on a war footing. Gone was all isolationist talk. Such sterling anti-war advocates as Lindbergh and Senators Wheeler and Nye issued statements in which they pledged utmost support to the battle, which lies ahead.

There are no illusions in the United States of a quick and bloodless victory over the Oriental satellite of Europe's terrorists. The treachery of a nation which talked peace, while its warships and aircraft carriers were speeding on their grim mission of war, has resulted in the loss of many American lives and large quantities of supplies. But in war as in everything else it is not the first blow that wins the battle. The day is coming when Japan with Germany and Italy will bow before the righteous might of a democratic world which has right on their side.

**MORE APOLOGIES**

We seem to be in a perpetua, apologetic mood lately—and once more this week we shall have to shoulder the blame for the paper being late. There was nothing we could do about it. At present we are in process of printing some very important job work which must be out as soon as possible. We have been working night and day on this, and consequently have not been able to devote as much time to the Herald as usual.

Some of our subscribers seem to have the very mistaken idea that all we do in the Herald Office is print a newspaper. This is far from the case. Equally important to our livelihood is our commercial printing—letterheads, sale bills, factory forms, circulars, tickets—in fact everything and anything in the printing line. At times when we have certain printing jobs to do in a given time, it takes a lot of work and a lot of worrying to satisfy everyone. Sometimes the Herald is late, as it has been for the past few issues. We don't like to have this happen any more than you do. We do assure you that it is ready every week just as soon as it possibly can be.

**CANADIAN**

**Red Cross Society**

**GEORGETOWN BRANCH**

**FINANCIAL STATEMENT**

**JANUARY 1st to NOVEMBER 25th, 1941**

RECEIPTS		DISBURSEMENTS	
January 1st, 1941 balance	\$1138.40	Fire Insurance	\$ 2.80
Donations:		Campaign Expenses	2.20
Cash	\$ 290.75	Equipment	98.16
Pledges	538.75	H. Q. for wool	\$148.44
Refugees	220.50	H. Q. for other	452.90
Blankets	82.00		1866.01
	\$1130.00	Work Room:	
Special Fund Raising:		Materials bought	\$ 329.12
Limehouse Bingo	\$ 25.00	Remittance for	
Ice Carnival (net)	157.22	Blankets	94.00
Garden Party (net)	484.55		
Euchre and Bridge (net)	113.00		
Balance Rummage Sale	11.00		
Gladioli Sale	25.80		
S. & S. Booth	15.03		
Up-to-You Sale	175.01		
Open House	1.00		
	1007.88		
Sundries	1.71	Surplus	915.71
	\$ 3277.80		\$ 3277.80
ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Cash on Hand	\$ 915.71	Due Headquarters:	
Unpaid pledges (1939)	\$254.20	For materials (Est.)	\$ 300.00
(1940)	356.85	Due on Blankets	18.00
	608.85		
Finished goods on hand	141.00		
Raw material on hand	289.00		
	430.00		
Equipment	213.41	Surplus	1850.97
	\$ 2168.97		\$ 2168.97

LARRY DAVIS, Chairman. O. W. McLENTOCK, Treasurer.

**London in the Blackout**  
**Amazingly Black and Quiet**

This is the fourth in a series of articles about conditions in Great Britain and other countries visited by a group of Canadian newspaper editors. It was written for the weekly newspapers of Canada by their own representative on the tour, Hugh Tempin, of the Fergus News-Record.

First impressions may not be accurate, but they are always interesting.

The first thing that any visitor to England wants to see is the damage done by the bombs. I was no exception. The airport where our plane had dropped us down on British soil was interesting in its way, but much less so than the one I had visited in Canada. There were only two apparent differences: the planes were of different types, though there were a few familiar Avro Ansons, and the buildings were protected against the blast of bombs dropping nearby.

The customs examination was brief, though the examiner did show some interest in the things I had thought necessary to take to England with me. I had a short brush with the body censor. She took away all the letters I had carried from Canada and appeared to be horrified that I had taken any of the British Isles. Apparently, I had unwittingly committed a grave crime and she said she must confiscate it.

Evidently, a few girls get that way when given some brief authority. I met censors several times during the next six weeks, but none like that young lady. She even went so far as to take away two picture postcards I had bought in the Azores on the flight across the Atlantic. After a brisk argument, in which the customs man took my part, I got the map back.

The letters and post cards arrived by mail at my hotel in London a week later, after being censored.

**First Impressions of Bombing**  
 It was only a few miles to the nearest airport on the west coast of England. I had never been across the Atlantic before, so I watched with interest for the things I had been told about so often—the small fields, the tiny houses, the small villages, the tiny locomotives pulling the trains of tiny wagons. Nothing seemed strange, for photography made them all familiar. Only the large balloons, floating over the nearby hills, showed that England had changed.

As our car entered the city, we all looked around curiously for signs of damage. Rumors in Canada said that the great port was practically destroyed. German versions said that the dock area was rendered useless. As we entered a bridge over the river, I looked at the shipping and saw no sign of war to the docks.

The first blitzed house stood on a corner. Or it had stood on the corner, for not a thing was left except a pile of bricks in the basement. The house on either side seemed undamaged except for a few boarded-up windows, but the corner one was gone as cleanly as though it had been carved out with a big knife.

I thought to myself: "This is exactly what I expected to see: it looks just like the pictures."  
 In the next block another house had been hit. It wasn't thoroughly destroyed. One side wall remained and up it at irregular intervals were the fireplaces which had once supplied a bit of heat to its rooms. Part of the floor of one upstairs room hung in the air, with a bed on it.

Again there was that feeling that this was just what I had expected. It remained while we drove down a long street, with half a dozen houses missing at more or less regular intervals. After that, my feelings began to change. Perhaps it was the ruined churches. Several of them had nothing left but blackened walls. On the main business street, many stores were without windows; others were hollow shells.

It made me angry before long. This wanton damage seemed so senseless. Obviously, military targets had not been hit or they had been repaired so quickly that the effect was slight. It was the houses that had suffered most, and the churches.

The train to London was crowded, but the six of us got a compartment to ourselves. On the wall was a detailed map of the railway line. I thought of the girl in the censor's office and my map. But I never saw another one on a British train. Most of the railway stations have had the names obliterated or the signs torn down in the hope that invaders might get lost.

**London in the Blackout**  
 The train was about half-way to London when blackout time arrived at about half-past six. The guard came in and pulled down heavy blinds over all the windows and doors. Even the door out into the corridor had a blind on it. It was the first hint that there is nothing half-hearted about the British blackout. It's black.

Inside the railway carriage, two dim lights kept the compartment in a state of semi-darkness. One was a white light, set high up in a deep funnel in the roof. The other light, more exposed, was blue and did not give enough light to make it possible to read a newspaper.

Of all the first impressions, none is more vivid than that of my arrival in London in the blackout. There was some doubt about whether the train had reached Fiddlington. It was not, but everybody seemed to be getting out. One of the editors opened the door. There wasn't a thing to be seen except three scattered blue bulbs in a ceiling high overhead. Moving shapes came past the door and one of them answered the question: "Is this Fiddlington?" with a short, "Yes, sir."

Nobody who hasn't been there will ever believe how dark London can be in the blackout at the time of the new moon. Three blue bulbs really give no light at all; they just intensify the darkness. And London was not only dark, but quiet as well. This didn't

seem like a railway station. Outside, not a light allowed in the city.

Somewhat, our hosts from the British Council found us, and they knew what to do. In a few minutes, they had a porter hunting for a taxicab. Where he went, I'll never know, but he came back with two, and in the light of later experience, that was something of an achievement.

Our taxi driver was old and his cab was ancient. Four persons and their luggage seemed like too much of a load, but we entrusted ourselves to him, hoping he knew what to do. The only outdoor lights in London are the traffic signals and the shelter signs. Even the traffic lights are covered, except a tiny cross in the centre. The shelter signs have only a dim "S" showing on them.

**An Uncanny Quietness**  
 The feeling persisted that this could not possibly be the world's largest city. Sometimes a taxi would go across the intersection. Each had one dim headlight, fitted with shutters so that it threw a circle of semi-darkness on the pavement. The windows of the buses were covered. They were just dim outlines as they passed, and a bus or some more taxis would go across the intersection. Each had one dim headlight, fitted with shutters so that it threw a circle of semi-darkness on the pavement. The windows of the buses were covered. They were just dim outlines as they passed, and a bus or some more taxis would go across the intersection.

I am told that London in normal times is noisy at night, though not so bad as New York. In the blackout it is quiet. There seem to be no private cars. Taxi and bus drivers must find their way largely by instinct. The way is straight, and the kind of roof. A man with a tiny pocket flashlight helped us out and called for someone to take the bags. We passed one by one through a revolving door and emerged suddenly into the bright light of a hotel lobby.

The feeling familiar about the place. The feeling persisted even after I had been taken to my room and had looked into the bathroom with its Roman bath and Royal Doulton fixtures, reminders of past splendor. Then I remembered, I had seen this famous hotel in moving pictures long ago.

**Bomb Damage in London**  
 The next morning, I saw London for the first time. Our hosts from the British Council came around in an old car and drove us around the central part of the city, particularly that part of Old London which had been destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666 and rebuilt better than it had been. Now it has been destroyed again.

East of St. Paul's Cathedral and north of Fleet Street, there is a sort of almost square mile with hardly a building standing. Perhaps you have seen that remarkable photograph which shows the great dome of St. Paul's standing up above a mass of smoke and flames, while in the foreground the walls of ruined houses are shovelled against the fire. I had wondered sometimes if that photograph was not faked. In a room of the Press Club in London, I saw the original. Walking through the ruins of the old city of London, it is still easy to picture that terrible sight.

Many of the walls which stood up in that blackened area since the big blitz last December have been torn down by demolition squads. Where there are basements, they have been cemented and turned into water reservoirs for fighting future fires.

This was an area of office buildings and publishing houses, with a number of fine old churches and some of the most famous administrative buildings. It was burned in a concentrated blitz one week-end before the Londoners had learned how to fight the incendiary bomb.

Think it could ever happen again. An incendiary bomb is small and light. A large bombing plane might carry a thousand of them. They are showered down by hundreds and are just heavy enough to go through a slate roof. It is two minutes or so before they burst and the fire brigades were massed in that blackened area since the big blitz last December have been torn down by demolition squads. Where there are basements, they have been cemented and turned into water reservoirs for fighting future fires.

Yet even in the midst of this desolation, I had the feeling that the German bombers had failed. They had not even tried to hit military targets. It is thought that they tried to wipe out the whole of London's fire fighting apparatus. They didn't succeed. The fire brigades were massed in that small area and more bombers came over, dropping high explosive bombs. Suddenly they stopped coming. It is said that a mist arose back over the Channel and it was feared they could not return safely. Whether the fire fighters escaped to fight another day.

Seeing other parts of London later, I felt again and again that the German bombers had failed. They destroyed thousands of houses and stores and offices and dozens of churches. They did get many factories along the Thames. But they not only failed to frighten the British people; they also missed many of the most tempting targets.

For instance, every bridge over the Thames is in operation. It is said not one has been hit though thousands of bombs have gone into the water in an attempt to cut traffic. There are temporary bridges which can be quickly finished if any bridge is destroyed. They have never been needed.

I wandered through the dock area near Tower Bridge one day. The little houses in the East End have taken a

bad punishment. In two places, I saw what looked like a high wall of bricks that must have come from hundreds of houses. But the docks were still in operation as usual with convoys going out the Thames. It was obvious that Tower Bridge itself had never been hit. The Tower of London has lost only a corner of one small bastion.

There hasn't been any bombing in London lately. It is now five months since the last bombs have fallen on the capital. Only once while I was in London did an enemy plane ever come near the city. From the roof of a newspaper office, I watched the flashes of the anti-aircraft guns away to the east. The German never got through.

There was bombing going on all that time, but it was around the coasts of Britain. I came through a bombing one night in Bournemouth, and fell off in a later story. But conditions have obviously changed. The Germans no longer have superiority in the air. Defences are stronger. It doesn't seem likely that the British will be "blitzed" again as they were last winter: actual invasion seems impossible.

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 11:45 a.m. 8:15 p.m.  
 2:35 p.m.  
 Westbound to London  
 9:35 a.m. 8:00 p.m.  
 12:05 p.m. 7:50 p.m.  
 2:05 p.m. 6:05 p.m.  
 4:40 p.m. 6:15 p.m.  
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 d—Except Sat., Sun. and Hol.  
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 Passenger and Mail 10:08 a.m.  
 Passenger and Mail 6:46 p.m.  
 Passenger, Sunday only 8:31 p.m.  
 Passenger, daily 9:41 p.m.  
 Toronto and beyond  
 Going West  
 Passenger and Mail 8:34 a.m.  
 Passenger Saturday only 1:16 p.m.  
 Passenger daily except Saturday and Sunday 8:00 p.m.  
 Passenger and Mail 6:48 p.m.  
 Passenger, Sundays only 11:30 p.m.  
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