

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Moves of Georgetown, Naval, Glen Williams, Litchhouse, Stourtown, Halifax and Terra Cotta

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The Editor's Corner

THE VANDALISTIC PUBLIC

Rena Chandler, writing in the Home Forum on the Globe and Mail's Homemaker Page, makes some pertinent comments about "The Vandalistic Public," in which she draws attention to the lack of regard for cleanliness and order among we Canadians.

BOY SCOUTS FOR GEORGETOWN

We must apologize to two little boys, who left a letter to the Editor at the office several weeks ago. The letter was subsequently mislaid, and only this week turned up again.

"Do you not think that Georgetown should have a Boy Scout pack?" the letter reads. "We do. We would appreciate it very much if the town would help us organize a pack. We finish this letter in hopes that Georgetown will soon have a Boy Scout pack.—Yours sincerely, Two Friends."

Recently, Boy Scout week was celebrated, and it was interesting to hear the tribute paid to this organization on most of the American network programs reaching listeners over here. It was pointed out that in the present crisis, Boy Scouts are using their training in practical things such as fire-fighting, to release men and women for other defence work.

Perhaps this is a matter which should occupy the attention of the town fathers. There is no better way to keep our youngsters occupied at useful tasks and learning how to be good citizens, than in Boy Scout work, and it should pay dividends in citizenship and juvenile health if a lively Scout organization were thriving here.

FINIS

This week winds up another hockey season. It's been a thrilling one, with lots of good, clean sport and a dearth of "nasty incidents" to mar our pleasant recollections of the games. Like every other town Georgetown was not able to ice a team of "home-brews," but we think it was worth importing some replacements to keep the game alive in town.

The three special trains to Galt will be talked about for a long time. One fan, who is possessed of a sparkling sense of humour has contributed a classic account of his experiences on the last one, which readers will find on this week's sport page.

The World's News Seen Through THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

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Many People Still Sleep In Shelters In London's Underground Stations

This is the twelfth in the series of articles written exclusively for the weekly newspapers of Canada by Hugh Tompkin, editor of the Fergus News-Record. He flew to Great Britain as a guest of the British Council and was given an opportunity to see what is being done in Great Britain and Portugal in wartime.

This series has stretched out and this story will complete the twelve that I originally planned to write. It seems that there has been so much to tell—much more than I thought when I arrived back in Canada.

Perhaps I should not try, when so many experts have failed. But I ought to be easy enough. I'll take one evening to look at the matter as I really see it down after reaching the light and warmth of my room at the Bayou.

It was the night of October 1st, and, as it happened, the anniversary of my wedding—the first time I had been away from home on that date in 20 years of married life.

The British Broadcasting House is in the West End of London. Perhaps you have seen pictures of it in days of peace. It has been an enemy target and it looks rather different now, but we thought it had been designed with bombing in mind for much of it is underground.

It isn't an easy building to enter for it is guarded by both police and soldiers. One has to have a pass and a definite appointment to get past the soldier who stands with fixed bayonet beside a portable bomb shelter in the main hallway.

At a corner in present-day London I stepped to check with a policeman. He was standing outside his little brick bomb-shelter. Every main corner has one of them. They would not hold more than two or three persons, huddled close together, but they do give protection from blast, and flying splinters.

The constable seemed surprised when I asked if I was headed in the right direction for the Bayou. "Yes, sir," he said. "You are but it's a long way, sir. You wouldn't be thinking of walking that far?"

I assured him I was and wondered if any constable in any other large city in the world would have been so polite about it.

I had my little pocket torch the kind we call "pen-light" in Canada. Even that was too bright for the London blackout, unless covered with a layer of blue tissue paper. That night, I had no need of it. The moon gave light enough.

The main streets in the West End have suffered from bombing. As I walked alone, it seemed that the vacant spaces were at more or less regular distances. It seemed as though a German pilot might have gone up one side of the street and down the other, letting his high explosives drop as quickly as he could turn the bomb lever.

I was passing a block of stately apartment houses. Most of them appeared to be intact. Then there was a gap where several had been blown out to the street. The rubbish had been cleared away, but the moon shone down on blank white walls, studded here and there with little fireplaces and against the sky a row of about 20 chimneys stood silhouetted against the midnight blue.

In the next block, it was stores that had suffered. Sometimes the window was just a great, gaping hole and the inside of the store wasn't there. On either side, the windows had been boarded up, but the stores were evidently carrying on, though I couldn't read what was on the little signs nailed to the boards.

In the centre of each window so that a passenger can look out with a single eye. The statue of Eros is no longer seen in the centre of the Circus. It is covered with a cone-shaped protection against bombs and the boards on the outside are plastered with signs advising the onlooker to buy bonds.

I had passed a tour of the air raid shelters a few nights before, but I recalled that the most famous of them all was in the Underground station below Piccadilly Circus. I went down the stairs and into the bright light of the station.

My travelling before that time had been above ground. This was my first visit to the Underground. The streets may have seemed deserted, but there were lights and action and crowds below the surface.

In some parts of the "tubes," there were rows of double-deck cots along the walls. The cots bore numbers and the same people occupied them night after night. Some of them had been fixed up a bit, with blankets hanging down in front, like the curtains of a berth on a train. But most of them were open to the gaze of hundreds who passed by.

They were more women than men and they were in various stages of undress. Some never took off their clothes at all; other women were coming out of the lavatories with pyjamas or nightgowns showing below their dressing gowns. I saw no children over

a year old, but there were three babies, one of them very tiny. An old couple, well dressed, sat together on the stone floor, taking their things out of an expensive-looking suitcase.

A stone stairway ran up 30 steps or so. Lying on it were six or seven men. They weren't crossings on the steps, because that would have impeded traffic, but they were lying up the stairs. The sharp, metal-bound edges dug into their sides in three or four places, but they slept on, while hundreds walked past them and the trains thundered by 30 feet away. I would not have believed it if I had not seen it.

My guide took me down to a lower level. There were more bunks. At the end of the row was a temporary first aid post, with two nurses in uniform. At a counter nearby, three girls were selling tea, coffee, cakes and sandwiches.

I was more moved by these things than I had been since I arrived in London, but to the constable it was an old story. He was scornful: "A lot of foreigners what hasn't got any guts, or lodging house folks what won't pay their rent. You can see for yourself."

I could see a strangely assorted folk. They looked different to me than they did to him. He may have been

right, but I thought I saw behind the homes that had been destroyed and people with no place to go where they felt safe. Surely it took more than an ordinary terror to make people live like that. Yet he may have been right: after all, it was five months since the last bombing of that part of London.

As we went back upstairs, my new-found friend and guide complained about the Government in a way that sounded thoroughly Canadian. The income tax was unfair, he said. Here he was working for two days out of every week for the Government. He had been retired on a pension and they cut him back to work—and then taxed his pay and pension as well. Yet he had a young nephew on the south coast—a publican, he was—that didn't have anything to do because his pub was in a prohibited area. He got a job as a carpenter, though he had not training. Building defence works, he was, and still at it, and he gets £8 or £10 a week. He keeps changing from one job to another and nobody ever checks him up and he never paid any taxes. They say Bevin favors the trade unions anyway.

It sounded familiar. I thought of the carpenter at Camp Borden and a number of other complaints back (continued on Page Seven)

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