## THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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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. It is a sad fact that the natives of one of the most beautiful countries in the world are entirely lacking in thoughtfulness when it comes to keeping our public parks, our streets and highways, neat and attractive. A glimpse of Georgetown's Main Street, especially after Wednesday or Saturday night is ample evidence of this . . . and it can't all be blamed on the children, either. It is something in which every citizen must cooperate, if we are to have beautiful, clean streets, free of refuse. The best formula we know is one that we ourselves have adopted. When we finish a package of cigarettes, or a chocolate bar, we tuck the discarded container in a pocket until we reach a convenient receptacle at home or in the office. Why not try it?

#### **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 womn 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 "homebrews," but we think it was worth importing some replacements to keep the game alive in town. The local brain trust slipped up, in our estimation, in not nabbing Joe Schertzl, who was good enough for Boston Bruins to be interested in. The Norval lad has had a good season with Milton Juniors, and it seems too bad that a boy who had learned his hockey with Georgetown minor teams should be playing for the County Town when the scouts hunted him out. However, Milton Juniors were organized this season before Georgetown was even sure of having a team, so we couldn't do much about it.

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. It gave us a good many chuckles and we know that everyone, particularly those who made the trip will enjoy his repartee. Another feature of the hockey season was "Play-Off Palaver," written by a feminine fan. Our only regret is that this young lady didn't embark on her journalistic endeavours earlier in the season, to give us the girls' angle on the sport front.

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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 Templin, 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 Britain, Ireland and Portogal 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

Pur the twelfth story, I am choosing one of the simplest of them all and yet one of the hardest to do Bo many people want to know what London is really like in wartime, the blackout and the bombing. many ask for a description, yet it is hard to describe London, as one really sees it, particularly at night when the eye sees little. There have been so many descriptions and yet most of them fail to paint a true picture

Perhaps I should not try, when so many experts have failed But it ought to be easy enough I'll take one evening walk and tell about it, as I wrote it down after reaching the light and warmth of my room at the Bavoy.

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. It was my turn to broudcast a message to Canada that night and I had wnt my wife a cable to be listening I hoped the would hear my voice, at least

The British Broadcasting House is in the West End of London Perhaps you have seen pictures of it in days of peace It was been an enemy target and it looks rather different now, but we thought at had been designed with bombing in mind for much of it is underground, We decided that when the Hun knocks a bit off the top, the staff just moves down one storey farther into the cellar, but I cannot souch for that

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 solder who stands with fixed bayonet beside a portable bomb shelter in the main hallway

It was about 1030 when I came out showing another pass at the door before I could get out I had done my broadcast from a basement room, two storeys below the surface of the earth It hadn't been an ordeal in spite of the sign that wild that we would be warned if enemy bombers were directly exertical and would we please continue as long as passible after the first warming sounded. There is much ies, formality about the broadcasting in the BBC than in studios on this ade of the ocean I soon felt quite at home When the director learned about the atmostracy he neisted that I add a per onal message to my wife I appreciated his thoughtfulness.

There was no taxt in sight as I came out into the blackout, but it was a mountly right and I was used to the blackness by this time so I started off It but hard to find one's way in Lontion. The moon was in the south and

the Thames lay in that direction At a corner in Regent street, I stopped to check with a policeman. He was standing out ide his little brick bomb-shelter Every main corner has one of them. They would not hold more than two or three persons, huddled class together, but they do give protection from blast, and thing splin-

The constable seemed surprised when direction for the Savoy. "Yes, sir," he said "You are but

it's a long way, sir You wouldn't be thinking of walking that fart I assured him I was and wondered if any constable in any other large chy in the world would have been se polite almut it.

I had my little packet torch the kind we call "pen-lights" in Canada Even that was too bright for the London blackout, unless covered with a layer of blue tassue paper That night, I had not need of it The moon gave light enough.

The main streets in the West End have suffered from bombing. As I walked along. 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

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 into the street. The rubbish had ben cleared away, but the moon shone down on a blank white wall, studded here and there with little fireplaces and against the sky a row of about 20 chimneys atood althougt-

ted againt 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 durrying on, though I couldn't read what was on the little

signs naticd to the boards. No lights of any kind were to be seen except the traffic lights at the main corners and the single, shaded headlamps of approaching cars. The traf-HITLER AND fic lights were tiny red and green. crosses cut in sheets of metal that had been fitted over the lenses. The red and green looked rather decor-ative, but when the yellow came on it looked unlawfully bright for the five seconds it remained. The car lights made only dim moving circles

on the pavement as they passed. I found myself, bye and bye, in Piccadilly circus. Loyal Londoners claim that this has the busiest traffic of any place on earth in normal times. It certainly hasn't now. Occasional taxis slipped past, and buses with their windows covered with some oneque substance with tiny holes scraped

advising the onlooker to buy bonds. lieved it if I had not seen it.

recalled that the most famous of At a counter nearby, three girls were anything to do because his pub was in them all was in the Underground sta- relling tea, coffee, cakes and sand- a prohibited area. He got a job as a tion below Piccadilly Circus. I wene wiches. down the stairs and into the bright I was more moved by these things Building defence works, he was, and light of the station.

been above ground. This was my first old story. He was scornful: "A lot of another and nobody ever checks him tist to the Underground. The streets foreigners what hasn't got any guts, up and he never paid any taxes. They may have seemer deserted but there sig or lodging house folks what won't say Bevin favors the trade unions anywere lights and action and crowds pay their rent. You can see for your- way ... below the surface. A long line moved | self. sirf" Moving stairways accomed to go down they did to him. He may have been into the boxels of the earth in every direction Evidently this was just the in: wule. Hierping Under the Ground

I appealed to another constable. I explained who I was, where I had come from and what I wanted to see. He called to another man in blue uniform: "Here, mate, will you watch and then herded me past t ticket things for me for a few minutes. and then herded me past a ticken turnatile and down an escalator. It was 75 feet long or more, but that was just the beginning. We walked down some atone steps and took another escalator for another 80 feet or so, past ross of theatre posters and other advertisements.

I really wasn't prepared for what sew London hadn't been bombed in months, yet there were several hundred people alceping beside the subway tracks. The trains came racing out of the darkness, like great caterpillars, stopped a moment, and went on again The platforms were none too wide, but all along the walls were rows of men and women sleeping on the tiled floors, with blankets over and under them

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. Bome of them had been fixed up a bit, with blankets hanging down in front, like the curtains of a terth on a train But most of them were open to the gaze of hundreds

There 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 pyamas or nightgowns showing below their areasing yours. I saw no children over

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a year old, but there were three bables, right, but I thought I saw behind M one of them very tiny. An old couple, homes that had been destroyed and well dressed, ast together on the stone people with no place to go where they floor, taking their things out of an ex- felt safe. Surely it took more than pensive-looking suitcase.

so. Lying on it were six or seven men. after all, it was five months since the They weren't crossways on the steps, last bombing of that part of London. in the centre of each window so that because that would have impeded traf- As we went back upstairs, my newa passenger can look out with a single fic, but they were lying up the stairs. found friend and guide complained eye. The statue of Eros is no longer The sharp, metal-bound edges dug into about the Covernment in a way that seen in the centre of the Circus. It is their sides in three or four places, but sounded thoroughly Canadian. The incovered with a cone-shaped protec- they slept on, while hundreds walked come tax was unfair, he said. Here he tion against bombs and the boards on past them and the trains thundered was working for two days out of every, the outside are plastered with signs by 20 feet away. I would not have be- week for the Government. He had been

I saw them in daylight several My guide took me down to a lower him back to work-and then taxed a I had mused a tour of the air raid end of the row was a temporary first young nephew on the south coastthelters a few nights before, but I aid post, with two nurses in uniform. a publican, he was—that didn't have

and another line past the 2d wicket. folk They looked different to me than number of other complaints back

an ordinary terror to make people live A stone stairway ran up 30 steps or like that. Yet he may have been right;

retired on a pension and they cal

level. There were more bunks. At the pay and pension as well. Yet he had a carpenter, though he had not training. than I had been since I arrived in still at it, and he gets is or file a week. My travelling before that time had London, but to the constable it was an He keeps changing from one job to

It sounded familiar. I thought of the slowly pust a window marked 14d I could see a strangely amorted carpenters at Camp Borden and a ( continued on Page Seven)

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