

**THE GEORGETOWN HERALD**

News of Georgetown, Naval Base, Williams, Liscomb, Stewarttown, Halifax and Terra Nova

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

Canada and the United States \$2.00 a year — Single Copies 5c

Advertising Rates will be quoted on application

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Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the Ontario-Quebec Division of the C.W.N.A.

**The Editor's Corner**

**THE GIFT OF THE GAB**

Along with our readers, we are still mystified as to the identity of our mysterious correspondent who provides his fourth mirth-provoking column this week. This time it's some reminiscences of high-school days, and though we never attended G.H.S., one doesn't have to be an ex-student to appreciate the humour in some of the incidents he refers to.

We can remember countless things that happened back at Patterson C.I. in Windsor, where we were put through our paces in the "three r's." One we'll never forget is the time a fellow student, who was a follower of the ponies won six dollars on "Burgoo King," that year's Derby winner. In his exuberance, he scratched the nag's name in big letters on a desk in the study room and was commanded by the principal to erase it. Not one for half-way measures, the student procured a chisel and hammer from the janitor. The name was erased all right, along with generous portions of the desk. A few weeks later, he left the halls of learning for other fields of endeavour, and for all we know succeeding generations of students are still recounting the story of how a horse way down in Kentucky was the cause of a major crisis in the life of a Windsor high school student.

Another thing we recall from school-days was the school magazine—in our case known as the P. C. "Eye." Too bad that this worthwhile institution has been dropped in Georgetown. Just the other day, we looked over an old copy of the "Challenge," and the literary talent shown by the contributors was surprising. We have half a notion to reprint some of the poems and stories some week, just to show the present-day students what could be accomplished with a little time and effort.

**TOUGH ON HITCH-HIKERS**

A local trucker has drawn our attention to a new order of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, restricting commercial truckers from carrying passengers, under penalty of a severe fine for the offence. In the past, aside from the comparatively few vehicles which carry a "no riders" sign, truckers have been in the habit of giving a lift to roadside thumbers often, we suspect, because of the company in their long drives. Now hitch-hikers will have to depend on passenger cars for a lift, and with everyone tire-conscious these days, we may see an end to this mode of travel.

**LITTLE TOWNS**

A reader handed us a poem the other day, written by Olive Anderson Snyder, of Elora, which tells why the author likes to live in a small town. The poem had been clipped from a Toronto newspaper by a relative who lives in the city, and feels that this expresses her own ideas.

Life's thrilling in a city, there's  
So much to hear and see:  
Fine churches, plays and operas,  
Bright lights, and gaiety.  
But passing faces all are strange,  
You feel an alien guest,  
Ah, if you're sad or lonely, then  
A little town is best.

For in the little country towns  
Your friends are everywhere,  
And high and low, and young and old,  
The common interests share.  
And if you are in trouble, they  
Come flocking to your door,  
Kind hands outstretched to bring you aid—  
Their kind hearts, too, are sore.

In little towns the people say  
"Good morning," when you meet,  
And smiling children stop their play  
To greet you in the street.  
It may be little towns are slow,  
But they are quick to see  
That what is needed most in life  
Are friends and sympathy.

**Trailed By German Spies  
Not Pleasant Experience**

This is the 16th in the series of articles describing a trip to Britain last September and October. The writer, Hugh Tompkins, editor of the *Georgetown News-Recorder*, represented the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the stories are written exclusively for the weekly newspaper of Canada.

I'll never forget the night we left Ireland behind and flew away toward Portugal in the largest seaplane I ever saw, the good ship "Berwick," which later became famous when it carried Winston Churchill back over the Atlantic from Bermuda to Britain.

We left the peaceful little village of Adare, in Southern Ireland, about ten o'clock on Friday night, driving by bus along the winding, walled roads, through a couple more tiny hamlets, and down one last hill to the seacoast. Once again, there was a hurried search in the little customs house, though no baggage was opened for inspection. One more entry was made in our passports, and we filed out on the pier and down a shaky gangplank to the launch.

It all seemed strange to me that night. There I was in Ireland, where I had never expected to be. Behind us on the hills, lights showed that the few houses, which was not what we had become accustomed to during a month in England, where everything would have been black. On the pier, a powerful searchlight swung around, picking out at times the shape of the big winged boat out on the estuary, throwing its black shadow on the cliff behind until it looked like two ships, one grey and one black.

One launch had gone out with the mail and I climbed into another with a dozen fellow-passengers. One of two loads had already gone aboard. The bay was rough and our launch went out past the seaplane, drifting back past it. The crew missed the rope thrown from the plane and tried again. The second time they had better luck which is part of the body of the plane and down through the narrow door.

The interior looked familiar. This was another Boeing plane, similar to the Clippers by which I had crossed the Atlantic some weeks before. Even the pattern on the tapestry that covered the walls was the same. But this was a later model and larger.

There were no berths for the passengers that night. There wasn't room for them. We were packed in too closely, and we sat up all night in the comfortable seats. After we rose from the water, there were no lights either. The plane was to fly down opposite the unfriendly coast of France, always in danger from enemy raiders, and the only safe way to go was in the dark. And even that wasn't too safe, as all realized. So we sat spraddled around in all sorts of queer shapes, trying to sleep—and having some success, at that.

Aboard The Berwick  
I don't think Pan American Airways would have tried to fly a Clipper on a night like that. The way was high and the air was choppy. That is, it was necessary to go away out into the estuary and taxi toward the land, with the ship gaining height fast enough, to clear the range of low hills. Besides, the plane had a heavy load. Three times, the Captain tried before he finally lifted off the waves and into the air. Each time, he went farther out into the open ocean.

are probably more exciting than anything the fiction writers have produced. But alas! Some of the true stories must be kept secret until after the war.

I didn't see much of Lisbon the first time I was there, but on the return trip, I saw far too much, and I do not care if I never see Portugal again. Even when peace comes again, I think I would decline an invitation.

On the eastward trip, the short stay in Lisbon and suburbs held some excitement, but it was pleasant. The Clipper arrived after dark. My first impression of the Tagus River was that it consisted of acres of mud flats. The tide must have been low that night and the bright searchlights on the plane and on the shore shone on the mud as the Clipper circled around in search of its anchorage. The trip to shore was over a long pier that ended in the Customs office. There the British Embassy people picked us up, supplied us with plenty of escudos (the Portuguese money) and gave the last driver directions where to take us.

There followed a wild taxi ride through the narrow streets of Lisbon and out to Estoril. It was far more exciting and undoubtedly more dangerous than the Clipper trip across the sea at the Estoril Palace, the finest hotel in Portugal. It is this hotel you see in some of the movies! There was a midnight dinner in the magnificent dining room, along with the crew of the Clipper, then a few hours' sleep and away again in the early morning darkness to Oporto, the airport that is used by British, Dutch, German and Italian planes. And so to England.

On the return trip, I spent seven days in Lisbon, which was about five too many. It was mid-October when autumn storms were interfering with the Clipper schedule. At first, it seemed, I might have to wait ten days for a place on a Clipper; then it was more indefinite. It might be three weeks. As it has since turned out, it might be a year, or a prominent Canadian who returned a few weeks after had to go by way of Africa, Brazil and Trinidad to get out of Lisbon. The city is full of people trying to get out. For some of them, it is a matter of life and death. They must leave before the Germans get them. A place on the Clipper was not to be measured in mere dollars (though it cost over \$500, westbound). So I stayed in Lisbon with seven other Canadians, and as the days passed slowly, our plight became so desperate that we returned at last on a refugee ship, "part of a cargo of cork."

As I have said, Lisbon is beautiful from the air. So is the rest of Portugal that I had seen from the plane. From the ground, parts of the capital city are beautiful and everything is interesting. But under its picturesque exterior there lurk dangers, even in peacetime. Now the whole city is full of danger and intrigue.

For the first time, the question of money began to bother us, when we learned we might be in Lisbon indefinitely. We could bring only \$40 each in American money out of England under the strict wartime rules. Out of that, we had to pay our fares home from New York. Other expenses began to come up. We had a conference and pooled our resources at last, finding that we had just enough to stay one week at our hotel in Lisbon. We knew nothing of the language. For two days we lived like paupers, hoarding every escudo, till the British Embassy came to our aid and guaranteed our hotel bill.

We stayed at the Hotel Victoria in Lisbon, not at the expensive Palacia. It had been recommended to me by an American foreign correspondent in London. "It's new and clean," he said, "so long as you don't mind staying in the same hotel as the head of the German Gestapo in Portugal."

I laughed that off. In London, that sounded like an added adventure. So on my recommendation, we stayed at the Victoria. It was new, and clean, and cheap, and the meals were good. And we saw the head of the Gestapo, not just once, but too often. His men kept a close watch on the eight Canadians. It gets on your nerves in a few days.

The Avenida da Liberdade is the main street in Lisbon. The name, as you may guess, means "Avenue of Liberty." It stretches north and south up a broad valley between Lisbon's ten hills. The avenue is reputed to be one of the most beautiful in all the world. I don't doubt it. It is wide. Down each side is a broad roadway. In the centre is a four-lane highway. In between the outer strips and the centre are gardens with palm trees and edible chestnuts and benches to sit on under the palms and on the grass. Occasionally, there are sidewalk cafes, where everything can be had to drink from cream sodas had with strong coffee, to much stronger things. The roadway circles around many monuments or fountains with goldfish swimming in the waters. And all the sidewalks are of mosaic—little pieces of colored marble laboriously laid by hand into patterns. Not only are there scrolls and flowers, but the history of Portugal is written there for those who can read the language.

backets with a lid and handle. I was curious about them. One day I followed an old lady. She stopped occasionally to pick things off the street. At last she sat on a bench and I sat down beside her. She opened her hamper. Inside were little bits of metal. On the lid of the basket, she had a horseshoe magnet. With the magnet, she tested all the metal scraps. The iron ones she put in one pile, the non-ferrous in another. There's no need for salvage campaigns in Lisbon. Nothing goes to waste.

Boy—Pop, what is a free-thinker?  
Father: A free-thinker, my boy, is a man who isn't married.

Send in your personal items to the Herald for publication. They make interesting reading.

The trout fishing season is at hand, and the followers of Isaac Walton will soon be making their appearances along the nearby creeks.



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Daylight Saving Time  
LEAVE GEORGETOWN

Eastbound to Toronto		Westbound to London	
7:00 a.m.	4:30 p.m.	9:50 a.m.	7:00 p.m.
9:18 a.m.	6:38 p.m.	12:06 p.m.	8:50 p.m.
11:33 a.m.	9:08 p.m.	2:29 p.m.	10:58 p.m.
		4:45 p.m.	12:15 a.m.
		7:00 p.m.	2:25 a.m.

1—except Sun. and Hol.  
2—except Sat. Sun. and Hol.  
3—Sat., Sun. and Hol.  
4—Daily except Sun.  
5—To Kitchener  
6—To Stratford  
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**C. N. R.**  
TIME TABLE  
Daylight Saving Time

Going East		Going West	
Passenger	6:53 a.m.	Passenger and Mail	8:35 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10:05 a.m.	Passenger, Sat. only	2:15 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:46 p.m.	Passenger daily except	
Passenger, Sunday only	8:21 p.m.	Saturday and Sunday	6:14 p.m.
Passenger, daily	9:43 p.m.	Passenger and Mail	6:45 p.m.
(Stops for Toronto and east of Toronto passengers only)		Passenger, Sundays	
		only	11:30 p.m.

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

Going South  
Passenger and Mail 8:55 p.m.

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