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The Editor's Corner

UNDER CANVAS

We were shown through an Army Camp last Sunday afternoon... one in which the soldiers are still "under canvas." And the impression we gained therefrom of army life was a good one.

We know that life in the army is no joke and we also know that being a vital cog in our country's defense mechanism is the finest and most serious task a man can be engaged in to-day.

We happened to remark how neat and snug the tents looked from the outside, whereupon we were promptly shown the interior of one. It was a model of neatness and cleanliness—each man's blankets folded just so, his equipment on top, and eating utensils placed alongside in a uniform way.

All departments—stores, hospital, mess, canteen, kitchen and pay office—necessary for the maintenance of the camp are under canvas. And the scene is far from drab. Some of the men had been very ambitious and as a result have a beautifully planned garden of flowers blooming in profusion outside their tent.

We got a kick out of seeing the boys doing their washing at the laundry, which consists of long rows of wash basins set on big tables. There they were, scrubbing away for dear life, and glancing over to the tents again, we were able to discern short lines of wet clothing strung up from tent to tent, drying in the sun.

Then we were shown the guard-house, where they confine men who have disobeyed rules or committed some serious offence. Right next to it was a tent full of high-spirited lads who were amusing themselves by providing their own Sunday afternoon music.

We were dying to have a look at the kitchen, but somehow missed out on it. We hear good reports on the food issuing from it, however, so I guess it must be alright, too.

We are well aware of the serious side of army life, and of the many administrative problems which must confront those in authority. We came away with a sincere admiration of the way in which life in an Army Camp is organized, and underneath our levity, admiration, too, for the splendid way in which our men have adapted themselves to a drastically new mode of living.

RENEWED EFFORT

There's an urgent call going out to the people of this country for renewed effort in the rubber salvage campaign. The appeal is nation-wide. Let's get right behind it, and make it a real success!

SNEEZING TIME

Hay-fever season is upon us and we feel sorry for the victims of this annual complaint. While not of a serious nature, the hundreds of people subject to sneezing and sniffles certainly endure misery while it lasts.

General De Gualle Romantic Figure Editor Dined With Free French Leader

Article No. 29

By HUGH TEMPLIN

Last week's story dealt with some of the titled persons and others in high positions met by the dozen Canadian editors who flew to Britain last Fall. This week, I will mention a few more, just picking them at random.

I have already described Rt. Hon. Brendan Bracken, Sir Malcolm Robertson, Sir Harry Brittain, Viscount Cranborne, Lord Snell and a few others. The story of a meeting with Prime Minister Winston Churchill has already been given.

One would think that being Prime Minister would be a strain at any time, but particularly so when the Empire was at war. Dozens of readers must have remarked: "I don't see how Churchill ever stands it!"

Yet when I met Churchill, I found him almost boyishly enthusiastic and he certainly showed no sign of strain that day.

On the same day I saw the Prime Minister during the last war. David Lloyd George is still a member of the House of Commons and looks very well, for he must be getting to be a very old man. I wasn't talking to him but I met him in a lobby of the House of Commons after Churchill had spoken.

There was no difficulty recognizing him. He is small and his hair is white as snow, but there is still a spring to his step and he was walking quickly.

Two Famous Women Around the Savoy Hotel in London, we often saw the widow of another famous former Prime Minister. She was Lady Asquith, widely known not to say "notorious" as the writer of books of gossip under her name of Margot Asquith.

Another woman I met and talked with was vastly different. She was Mrs. Pearl Hyde, the heroine of Coventry, a city where the heroic must have been common enough several times.

Mrs. Hyde was in a khaki uniform as the officer in charge of the Women's Volunteer Services of her city. That is an organization which seems to have grown up from a small start in Britain during the war, taking over more and more jobs as the need arose.

They started, I believe, by doing sewing and mending for soldiers, and such humble jobs as that. Now they are the ones who drive the canteens, serve the meals in blitzed cities, help the Air Raid Protection services, and do a host of dangerous civilian duties.

Mrs. Hyde has been decorated by the King for her bravery during raids on Coventry. She was outspoken in her praise of help sent from Canada, food, canteens, clothing and the like. And the people of Coventry were outspoken in praise of Mrs. Hyde.

In the very nature of the trip the Canadian editors did not meet many ladies. The trip was for business, not a social event. The few with whom I talked were mostly in newspaper work or wives of the officials who entertained us, or relatives of some of our party—and they were few. The social events were nearly all "For Men Only."

General Charles De Gualle I started to write about persons with titles, but have been talking about those with other distinctions, than rank or title. And before going back to Lords and Sirs, I might mention one famous General.

Undoubtedly one of the best-known names in the world today is that of General Charles DeGaulle, leader of the Free French Forces. He is the most romantic figure of this war, so far.

Often in speaking to friends of the things I saw, I have mentioned the name of the General, and the response is rather surprising: "Oh, did you really see General De Gualle?" They don't say that about anyone else, unless it might be Winston Churchill.

I saw the General several times. I met him first at a party given by the "Foreign Correspondents" in London, which turned out to be the most cosmopolitan affair I ever attended. The General evidently had a most kindly feeling towards Canadians, probably because he counts on the support of the people of Quebec. He invited our group to his rooms for the next evening, but I was unable to go.

That night I was scheduled to deliver a message to Canada, a distinction I didn't want to miss. The choice on that occasion was made easier for me because the General speaks little English and I understood even less. French it was one more time when I deplored my deficiency along that line.

However, the next day, General De Gualle invited us all to luncheon at the Savoy. Afterwards, he spoke slowly in French and provided an English translation for us to follow, and that combination enabled me to know what he said.

The grand spread began with a choice of melon or smoked salmon, went on through the poultry which I think was partridge, and ended up with the poultry, which was coffee.

That was surely something in wartime Britain, with its rationing of food and evidently the coffers of the Free French headquarters is by no means empty.

The General is tall and handsome, I should say he was several inches taller than I am, and that is more than six feet. He looks the part of a romantic hero, and I judge that he is a

fluent speaker, without the use of notes. He gave rather copious notes on the speech General De Gualle gave that night. He claimed that this war was no new thing springing up suddenly, but was still the same war that was begun in 1914, with what he called an entente. The stakes might be greater but they were similar. The implements of destruction had become faster but they were refinements of old weapons.

It was only too true that France had been thunderstruck by an superior military system, but that did not wipe out the desire for liberty. He predicted that France would again take her place in the light Crusades, pillaged and betrayed, she would again arise and prove the confidence which Britain had in her temporarily overthrown ally. Little by little, he declared, a vast French resistance is forming, and it was to organize that resistance that the French National Committee was working, to restore to France her integrity and her greatness and advance the cause of all the other peoples who are fighting for liberty.

I gathered the impression that the people of England view the General with slightly mixed feelings. They believe he is a great general, who is an authority on mechanical warfare particularly, and they appreciate his military work, but wonder about his ambitions after the war. That may do the man an injustice. I give it only as my impression and would not have anyone believe that any man in the Government or close to it ever said so. I thought, too, that General De Gualle perhaps has more imagination than the average British general or other high officer, which may be something that we need. He is rather bitter and outspoken in his references to the crowd who rule in Vichy, and who have, if I recall, put a price upon his head.

Dear Mrs. Bishop: Just a few lines to let you know I am well. Hope you get this letter OK. Things are still pretty quiet over here so I won't be able to tell you very much about what we are doing in England. We haven't been very busy lately, but hope to be hard at work in a couple of months. I am getting your Georgetown Herald regularly and I am always glad to get it to read. I am getting smokes from the women's organization I appreciate the way they are looking after the Canadian soldiers overseas. I was looking at the Herald the other day and I saw Dick Licata's and also Bernard Brill's picture. I send my best regards to Dick and hope I will be home before long to see all my friends in Georgetown. I am still on the gas and I am getting along real well with my training. I haven't heard from any of the boys from Georgetown over here yet, but on my next leave I hope to get to see them. You won't see me back in Canada until we Canadians over here have wiped Hitler from the earth. Well, so long for now. May God bless you all in Georgetown and may he keep me from harm till we meet again. I send my best regards to all my friends in Georgetown. It gets lonely over here at times, but that doesn't last long if we get papers from Canada and letters.

Yours sincerely, ONR M B VAREY. Onr. M. B. Vary, B11687 11 Bly. R. C. A. 2nd Hy. A. A. Reut (Mob) (AF) Canadian Army Overseas

Dear Mrs. Bishop: Just a line to let you know we have left Niagara area and are now out in B. C. We left Niagara-on-the-Lake on July 8th and arrived at our destination on the 12th at 4 a.m. We had a very nice trip about 110 hour ride. Took some snaps along the way and climbed one of the mountains at Jasper, near the Jasper Lodge. In bell tents, there are three in my tent.

The weather here the first week was rain about every three hours, without notice, often with the sun shining brightly.

The past week we have had rain only for about 5 minutes. It is very hot during the day and at night you can see your breath. We have the blankets already how many we will need for winter I don't know yet.

I have not received the Herald since July 2nd. The K. of G. have opened a Recreation Room here, they are the only Auxiliary here. They have quite a nice house. They started moving pictures last night for the first and I went down. It was an old picture, "Three Legionnaires" but I had not seen it before. They have a pretty fair piano and I amused myself trying to play for a while till the picture started. The town is about 3 1/2 miles from Camp. It is a new camp, hewn right out of the forest. We use sawdust for our carpet. It is a good idea, too. It is dusty though. It keeps your boots from getting all mud when it rains and the sawdust dries out fast with the sun. We are just fine and I think I put on two or three pounds coming out here—eating all those delectables on the train—had turkey twice. Well, I have been very busy since coming here and this is only the second letter I have had a chance to write. I am in charge of the Orderly Room at Brigade Headquarters and it keeps me going.

However, we are having lots of daylight and work and that is something. It is now 9:45 p.m. and still bright. It doesn't get right dark till 11 p.m. and three weeks ago it was near midnight before getting dark.

Well, all for now, with best wishes, and thanking you for the Herald.

Sincerely, NORMAN E. DEZKE 251660, Cpl. N. E. Deike, HQ 15th Cdn Inf Bde, Prince George, B.C.

The Georgetown Herald, Georgetown, Ontario.

Dear Madam: I have been in the army now since the 15th of May, 1942, and during that time I have travelled over 4500 miles, that is travelling from one training centre to another, but counting the route marches we get every so often. I'd say we have travelled close to 4500 miles.

I am now about 2600 miles from dear old Georgetown and does it take a long time to get used to this part of Canada, the air is a lot different from that of Ontario, and most of the boys here felt the effect of it on their lungs, but they soon got used to it.

I am with the Brockville Rifles (AR) whose colors are black and red. This regiment gained fame in the 1914-18 conflict and they are trying to live up to the tradition of the former regiment.

It is very lonely up here and what the mail comes in you can imagine the excitement and rush there is! My wife sends me the Georgetown Herald every week and I sure enjoy reading about the news at home, it makes a fellow feel a lot closer to the people he knows back there.

Prince George is a small town similar to Georgetown, but it can't come up to "our town" a lot of ways. The fellow running restaurants so often that they have to lock their doors at eight o'clock every night, and then they only open them every so often and allow one or two soldiers in.

The citizens say they have never had such a boom since the gold rush, and the hotels are really kept busy.

After 8 o'clock, hot lunches are impossible to obtain, and chocolate bars and coca-cola are just as hard to buy. In all the towns I have been in since joining the army, none can compare with Georgetown, and it will be a happy day for me when I can walk once more down dear old Main Street. (Continued on Page 3)

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