

A Feature Page

NEWS PARADE

By G. McO.

LESS POWER — SHORTER HOURS

Now that wartime restrictions have reduced the lighting facilities of stores—by allowing no electric signs or window display lighting, another move is on foot to reduce the hours of shopping. The golden age of the Canadian shopper—infinite variety of goods on the shelves and plenty of time in which to buy them—appears to be entering its twilight. However this latter restriction may not go into effect for some time yet, as retailers are asking the Wartime Prices and Trade Board to postpone any restrictions of hours of sale until after the effect of reduced lighting on business in general is ascertained. There is little doubt that in most towns the Wednesday and Saturday night shoppers could get their shopping done long before midnight, and thus give the retailers a chance to close their stores much earlier than is the case now.

Many merchants have wanted early closing now for a number of years, but only a government order will get the desired action. It will no doubt come sooner or later, so it would be a good stunt to start shopping early in the day, just to get in practice.

THE OLD SPRINKLING TANK

That sounds like a peculiar subject to bring up just now, but we were reading Editor Dill's column in the Free Press the other day where he was doing some reminiscing about Acton's old town sprinkler. This gave us an idea that Georgetown citizens might be interested to know where the old town sprinkler that served the town so well in keeping down the dust nuisance before we had our paved streets, went to. To this query we might say the sprinkler is still doing duty. It is now owned by Mr. Thomas Bird, at Ashgrove, and is at present used to hold water for construction work on a new house in the Ashgrove district. When not in use it is kept in shape as an auxiliary supply tank.

Like Editor Dill's, we too can recall in our early school days, how we would chase after the sprinkler on a hot summer day to cool off our sun-scorched bare feet. The town sprinkler was a welcome sight on the street in the old days of the horse and buggy, but we imagine it would look quite out of place now as the modern car raises a dust on the unpaved roads. But we were not sorry to see the old sprinkler go, for with it went a lot of shabby, dusty, dirty streets, which gave way to our many paved thoroughfares. But it is nice to think the old sprinkler is still able to serve in some capacity, and that a town service that holds so many memories of by-gone days, was not allowed to just pass into the discard.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Ever since war was declared this newspaper has endeavoured to keep an accurate account of all those on Active Service from this district. Up until a few short months ago this list has been fairly accurate. But now local men and women are answering the call to the services in such numbers that it is difficult to keep the list up-to-date.

We would like to publish a new list shortly, and only by the help and cooperation of relatives and friends of men and women who have recently joined the services can we hope to have this list complete. A Public Relations Officer of the R.C.A.F. recently complimented the Herald on its efforts in keeping such a list, and said he doubted if any town of like size could boast an active service list so complete and in detail. We believe local organizations forwarding comforts to the soldiers, sailors and airmen use this list as a guide when making out their lists. It would be too bad if your boy or girl was missed because you put off sending in his name for the service list.

Your help is solicited now, send in the name of your son or daughter, brother or sister for the Active Service List.

TOWARD A BETTER WORLD

We noticed this heading on some literature coming into our office the other day from Salvation Army Headquarters. The heading drew our attention, it read: "Toward a Better World." We wondered if that wasn't just what we were all aiming at, the boys 'over there' and those on the homefront. But it seemed that the Army had something more to offer in wartime than maybe we find elsewhere. In the last war the Army was known as "Sally" and brought a ray of hope even in the darkest hour on the battlefield. Today, it is the same "Sally", stretching out its hand of mercy to brave Canadians facing shipwreck or violent death in the cause of democracy, while on the home front they are at the service of men and women struggling in the grim clutches of circumstances. The Army is working at home and abroad, but it is appealing to the people of Canada for funds to carry on on the Home Front. Those who can help will not permit it to falter.

Don Am
is On "V
Smith "E



While the flames they had helped to ignite were still consuming vast areas of the German city of Saarbrücken, Royal Canadian Air Force bomber crew landed at Ottawa recently, little less than 22 hours after they had dropped their bomb load on that nerve centre of Nazi industry.

"It was flaming like a ruddy 'circle' was one of the last reports of his last glimpse of Saarbrücken. These youngsters have completed more than a score of operations over enemy territory, dropping thousands of pounds of bombs. They have participated in the 1000-bomber attack at Cologne and

every important raid before Saarbrücken. Orange scarves overseas were a welcome sight to the lads. Pictured above is Prime Minister King presenting a bowl of oranges to Sergeant Don Morrison of, Scarborough, twenty year old wireless-air-gunner.

A FINE RECORD

Oranville has set a record that cannot be beat, and will be hard to even equal. It is brought to light that every member of the 1937-38 hockey team is now on active service. We list the players below, because their names are familiar to local readers for it was this team that knocked out Georgetown Juniors for the group championship that season in a hard tussle, the Oranville team going on to win the championship for Junior C.

Ray Walker, with the R.C.A.F. at Uplands, Ottawa.
Fred Lackey, with the Signal Corps, Overseas.
Albert (Bud) Gooney, with the R.C.A.F. at St. Thomas.
Grant Gillespie, with the R.C.A.F. at Manning Pool, Toronto.
Albert (Abbie) Horlock, with the R.C.A.F. at Hazelton.
Arnold Patterson, overseas with the Lorne Scots.
Raymond Curry, with the Royal Irish Regiment at Halifax.
Howard Hammer, with the Royal Canadian Navy.
Dave Silk, somewhere in England.
Serving in the Signal Corps.
Jack Hopkins, Flying Instructor at Uplands, Ottawa.

Uplands, Ottawa.
Doug Gillespie, with the Artillery at Esquimaux, N.C.
Wilfred Leach, with the Lorne Scots in England.
Grant Jeffers, training with the R.C.A.F. at Manning Pool.
Grant Walker, with the R.C.A.F. in England.
Fraser Brown, with the Dental Corps at Dunnville.
Hope on the Georgetown team of that year now on Active Service include: George Burrows, R.C.A.F. Bill Schenk; R.C.A.F. overseas; Bobby Goldham, R.C.N.V.R.; Jack Kernhead, R.C.N.V.R. and Elmer Stockford, A.T.C. Camp Borden.

Poetry

So long as there are homes to which
the stars at close of day,
So long as there are houses where
children are, where women sing,
If love and loyalty and faith be
found across those miles
A stricken nation can recover
from its greatest trial.

So long as there are homes where
fires burn, and there is bread;
So long as there are houses where
lamps are lit and prayers are said,
Although a people falter through
the dark and nations grope,
With God Himself back of these
little homes, we have sure hope.

THE OLD MILL

Time slowed the miller's pace—back
him away,
And thirty years have spread his
grave with grass:
Change has wrought havoc here, so
that to day
Little that once I knew was to be
seen.
The true same stream trickled
through the alder,
Last night the same moon rode the
sky; but spring
Thought freshets from the hills to
serve no use—
For field and forest here no tribute
bring
Where once were bags of grain and
wheels of lumber,
Where horses came, and men—all to
be laid low—
No kiln smoke; no wheels turn; all
now is slumber,
The miller's lantern burned out long
ago:
His powdered clothes, his pipe, his
Highland ways
Have gone the dim road of our yester-
days.
—Alexander Louis Fraser.

MEN WILL REMEMBER

If we must die in bombing and in dust,
Seeing our cities broken in their
pride,
Then say of us that heaven was our
goal,
Say that we lived in freedom till we
died,
Say that our land was generous and
wide,
Where children grew in happy play
apart,
Where peace lay drowsy on the country-
side,
And kindness was, and gentleness of
heart,
This was the past and future of our
life,
We know no other, not the horn of
hate,
The greed of nations or the fist of
strife,
Men will remember at a later date;
Nor all the darkness that is yet to be
Will dim the marvel of that memory.
—Robert Nathan.

IN THIS BRAVE HOUR

There are such depths of meaning
Hidden where
The awakened heart alone can under-
stand:
There are such countless throbbings
through the land,
Of overcoming, and the standing
there,
Beneath the sorrows of the
race—
Standing—with courage and a help-
ing hand,
Standing—amid the battle—nobly,
grand,
Nor falling any righteous task to
face,
Nor bending "neath th' unkindest
mortal blow,
Throughout our earth, in even the dar-
kest land,
A light is breaking, spreads its widen-
ing hand,
Of inspiration, waking hearts to
know,
Oh! there is meaning deep in this
"thin morn."
In this brave hour a world is being
born!
—J. M. CoO

ARTISTS ALL

A sculptor molded with pardonable
pride
The face and the form of a man who
died,
Then he placed it where the friends
could see
Who had loved the man so tenderly.
A painter painted a marvelous scene
Then hung it in all its glossy sheen,
And the people gazed at the picture fair
Then looked for the place that was
mirrored there.
A poet wrote with a magical pen
A measure that stirred the hearts
of men,
He told of a life that will never die
And the peace that comes as the years
go by.
A singer was singing an old sweet song
That caught the ear of the listening
throng
She made them forget the toil and
grievance
As she carried them up to the heights
sublime.
A mother molded with faith and prayer
The life of a child God placed in
her care,
Until one day she looked on the face,
Of a man grown tall in stature and
grace.
Now all were artists in their own way
That faithfully followed the gleam
each day,
And all will receive when the race is
run
The reward that comes from a work
well done.
—Elizabeth Harris Cooper.

Don't Waste

HYDRO

THERE IS A POWER SHORTAGE

Hydro power hundreds of plants that produce the weapons to bring peace. The tempo of the war effort is increasing. More weapons must be produced. As a result, the demand for electricity is intensified.

Before the War... there was power to spare... Now, with greatly increased supplies, either completed or under construction... a critical power shortage threatens our War effort.

To meet this shortage, lights in streets, shops, show windows and signs are being strictly curtailed or turned out, by Order of the Dominion Power Controller. This however, will provide only part of the saving necessary.

Why these restrictions now? The effect of the shorter hours of daylight and the seasonal changes in the use of electricity during the Fall and Winter months together with added war load, impose greatly increased demands on present plants now loaded to capacity.

ELECTRICITY MUST BE CONSERVED — UNTIL THE WAR IS WON

Each one of us must do our "bit" in the home, office or shop, the "turning-on" of one unnecessary switch is a waste of Hydro. Our War plants must have the power they need. Do your part—see that they get it! Save electricity today and every day in every way possible.

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO