

# A Feature Page

## NEWS PARADE

By O. Mac.

### INDIAN SUMMER

Saturday's weather was wonderful for this time of the year, in fact we thought Indian summer was with us. But it couldn't have been Indian summer for Sunday turned out to be cool and it rained most of the day. We got a lot of the Fall jobs done on Saturday—gave the lawn a final going over before the snow flies, looked after a few of our perennials, and did a little cleaning up of the frost-nipped vines in the garden. Not being used to such a large piece of ground to look after it really keeps us busy; but we trust other good citizens took advantage of the nice day to get some of their work done too.

Sunday was rather depressing as we awoke early, for it was pouring rain outside, so we turned over in bed and slept in for another hour or so. Yes, Sunday was world-wide communion day, so we attended church and felt much better after hearing a fine sermon "on the church in the world of tomorrow." Maybe that wasn't the minister's text for it, but that was what we got out of it. We would like to have told you the whole story, as we heard it, but that would take too long. The theme centred around the christian people in the various nations today, and the story of the German and British missionaries in Africa is well-worth repeating. It shows how even at war christianity can work between enemies.

It was in a native parish, somewhere in Africa. A German missionary had had charge of a mission post in a native village. But we are at war and he must be interned whether he is in accord with Hitler or not. The christianizing of these natives must go on, so a British missionary takes over the field. But the one did not just go to prison and the other to his place. The change took place at a baptismal service . . . where the life of an African native was consecrated to God and his church as both missionaries laid their hands on his head and blessed him. Can you picture such a scene. It is a fine thought, even in war time, that the church is working in all lands, that some day the sun will shine again, and that a lasting peace will come to the whole world.

But we have digressed, for we really started out to tell you about all the corn still in the fields and the work the farmer has yet to do. Sunday afternoon we took out the gas-buggy (and we don't run it very often these days) and drove out Caledon way to get in a little visiting before winter. However, as we drove along, and noticed so much corn in the fields we couldn't help but think of the lessons we learned at school of the Indians who always left their corn in the fields until Indian summer. So now that when we see the corn standing, we seem to naturally say to ourselves, "well they still have Indian summer to look forward to as the Indians did." But the farmer of today hasn't left his crop out under the same circumstances as our early Canadians, for he is faced with a labour shortage that probably the Indians were not. Right now, his sons are being called up to do training in the army, and with fall ploughing to be done the corn must wait. So this year, the farmer will look forward to two or three weeks more of frost-free weather in which to garner his crop—may the harvest moon bring Indian summer.

### FIRST AID IN WAR TIME

To be able to render first-aid to the injured is something each one of us should be skilled to do. In war-time it is even a greater necessity than in peace time, and government bodies are continually advising citizens to prepare themselves for A.R.P. work, first-aid and other means of assisting doctors and nurses in case air-raids and war should come to Canada. We can't afford to sit back and say it can't happen here and do nothing about it.

Already three classes in first aid, and two classes in home-nursing for ladies have been held in Georgetown, embracing a membership in the St. John Ambulance Association of about one hundred and fifty. In about two weeks time another class is being started, and at least thirty more ladies will be required to see it through. Georgetown is also proud of its St. John Ambulance Brigade of some twenty members, headed by the Lady Divisional Superintendent, Mrs. T. Grieve, and Dr. C. V. Williams as Divisional Surgeon. When the new class in first aid gets underway it is hoped that the women of Georgetown will support it wholeheartedly and prepare themselves for any emergency that may arise.

Not only will a course in first aid better fit you for the war effort, but you will find it, as we have, a course of study so interesting that you will want to stop with getting a merit certificate, but will want to go on training in the art of first aid until you receive more meritorious medallions.



THEY TELL ME . . .

Here is Claire Wallace, star of the War Finance feature "They Tell Me," whispering the latest scoop into the sympathetic ear of her announcer partner Todd Russell. These two have formed one of the best-known radio

### With the R.C.A.F. Overseas

This is the third of a series written by Walter R. Lester, in collaboration with C. V. Charters, representative of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association on trip to Great Britain.

After a week with various activities of the Canadian Army in England, we started to see what the Royal Canadian Air Force is doing.

On Saturday, September 5, we were received by Air Marshal H. E. Edwards, Air Officer Commanding in Chief, R.C.A.F. (Overseas) at an informal press conference at which he freely answered all the questions put to him by the Canadian editors.

The Air Marshal made it clear that he fully favours Canadianization of the R.C.A.F. and that those who are in opposition to do this are not fully understanding what it means. Canadianization of the R.C.A.F. does not mean that it will cease to operate with the rest of the R.C.A.F., and it is not some famous technical word of the army. The very real of high morale finds itself in identity declared the Air Marshal.

He expressed himself as well satisfied with the standard and training of the men coming over from Canada, and summed it up in the words "Our Air Force is superb." At another time, he said "This war will be won in the air. It is the only way it can be won. Not with the Army and the Navy, but definitely in the air."

After such an interview, we were more anxious than ever to study the work of the R.C.A.F. at first hand. The first squadron which we visited was the one commanded by Squadron Leader Keith Hobson, D.F.C., of London, Ont.

One of the interesting things to be seen at this station is a remarkably fine scrap book containing photos and clippings of all matters that have taken place at this station. It is an excellent idea and very well carried out.

At this station we chatted with Flight Sgt. C. H. G. Fisher, of Wadsworth Base, who spoke of the pleasure of getting from his home town weekly which he has been receiving all through the two years he has been overseas. Another member of this station with whom we conversed was Flight Sgt. J. W. Cantelon, of Blackdown, Ontario. A fine show of formation flying and manoeuvres was witnessed by the editors during the afternoon.

On Monday, going to a more distant station, the visiting editors were lucky enough to be able to see the departure and return of a bomber squadron which formed part of a raid on Duisburg. The same evening we witnessed a German raid on a neighbouring town.

The whole evening was such an unique experience that it will be the subject of a separate article. Among those whom we met at the station were Flight Lt. Cliff Guest of Barrie and Ottawa, who immediately asked after Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McLorn of the Barrie Examiner, and Pilot Officer Arthur Mordley, whose father is a member of the staff of the London Star. There are a number of Montserratians attached to this station. While there, a number of Halifax and Wellington bombers were inspected by the editors.

The next day we moved on to another station where Lancaster bombers are located and were given an opportunity to climb on board one of them. Some of the largest bombs being used against Germany were seen, and the editors also saw a bomber being loaded with bombs and being serviced for a raid that night.

At this station we talked with Flight Sgt. Reynolds Quinn of Bramptonville, who has two brothers in the R.C.A.F. Flight Sgt. Harold Quinn, who has

just returned to Canada as an instructor, and P. C. Walker Quinn attached to another station in England. Having eaten several meals in the messes of these stations, the editors agreed that the food is excellent and plentiful. It is served to the boys by girls of the W.A.A.P. These messes have large bright rooms, equipped with libraries, radio, gramophones and games, and there is a very pleasant and cheerful atmosphere in all of them. One remark that we heard was that the messes on the stations are very much better than the meals served on most of the boats bringing the boys over. In fact, it was suggested that something should be done to improve the meals on the boats. Afternoon tea and his dinner, according to the English custom, seems to be the rule at all these stations. The following afternoon, the editors visited a night fighter station of another aerodrome.

### Poetry

TODAY

Why grieve over errors of the past? Need such our future away? The past doesn't make us righter wroth. The what we are—today!

Old "Yesterday" has lived its life. Why linger mid its sorrow. It bears no part in future joy. Forget it for—Tomorrow.

"I've grand 'Today' must rule supreme; Away with care and sorrow; The joy of living right—Today. Will make us glad—Tomorrow.

### "WE NEVER LOSE A GUN"

(Our Bill Bryden, stationed with the R.O.A. at Potawawa, sends in the following verse, written and dedicated to the 31st. R.C.A. by one of his gunners.)

If Empire ships are lost at sea And we haven't got a plane, The R.C.A. will man their guns And do the job again. Famous names will once more rise Heroic deeds be done And our proud boast we make again: We've never lost a gun.

We'll show them Empire's sons stand firm Mid hail of shot and shell, And if they try to break our lines We'll give the Henke's hell And if they come within our reach Inland, or by the sea, We'll rip their guts with clean, cold steel And keep this country free.

We'll sweat and toil in sun and heat We'll pound them day and night They'll clash with men that can't be beat.

We'll teach them how to fight, For every pound they throw at us We'll throw them back a ton, And show them what it's like to meet Men, who never lost a gun.

We have a heritage in war, Unsharpened, honor bright, The R.C.A. from first to last Has always led the fight. And if our guns are silenced They'll soon speak up again, For shot and shell can keep them mute For they are manned by men.

We'll drive them back from what they've gained With a strength of just men's ire, And we'll not back a single inch While we've a gun to fire. And when the battles finally won And we go home again, We'll know deep in our inner hearts We've fought, and won, like men. —TAD.

### AS SHADOWS FALL

There's a hush as evening shadows fall Like a great mist enshrouding all, But through the quiet, you hear quite clear Day's dying noises about you here.

Out from my window, below the hill, There's a steamy noise from the Paper Mill. While I mixed with that like a steady wash The Credit's waters o'er the dam do splash.

They're pleasant sounds, in a pen-sive mood, 'Tis a place, here, O'er our thoughts to brood. Thoughts which are serious or perhaps light 'Tis fine to ponder them at coming night.

There are shouts from children, as they play away, As night comes on to chase the heat of day, As I listen again, more intently now, I hear the far off bellow of a loving cow.

The birds too, have an air of content, As they to their even songs give vent, And all in all as the shadows grow Something in the hush has disturbed a crow.

The eastbound train sears over the high bridge, Loud enough to set one's nerves on edge, Then quite as suddenly as it began, As the train goes on, the noise stops again.

And the darkness has almost fallen now, And again there's a moan of a lonely cow. And also the clatter of a harvest wagon, As it creaks down the road, rattling on and on.

And now the darkness has come at last, And brings along with it night-time and fast— For men, after labours and toils of the day— Best tonic, to renew his onward way. —JAC MAC.

Buy more and more Victory Bonds. You will be helping your country, and incidentally—yourself!

### Mortgage Sale

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF the powers of sale contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by

Frank Fitch, Auctioneer at public auction on

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24th, 1942 at the hour of one o'clock (L.D.B.T.) in the afternoon at the farm of NORMAN C. WRIGHT, WORTH Georgetown, Ontario, the following property, namely:

ALL AND SINGULAR that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the Township of Esquimaux, in the County of Halton, and being composed of the west half of Lot Number Eight, in the 8th Concession of the said Township, containing 100 acres more or less, HAVE AND EXCEPT thereout and therefrom those parts sold to the Trustees of School Section Number Three under registered Instruments No. 3910 and No. 3400P.

On the said farm there is said to be erected a dwelling house with suitable farm buildings.

At the same time, and under the authority of a Distress Warrant, there will be offered for sale the following chattels, namely:

1 bay horse, aged; 1 grey mare, aged; 1 bay mare, aged; 1 work bay horse; 4 Holstein cows, 1 Ayrshire cow, 1 Brindle cow, 1 Holstein calf, one month; 1 calf, 3 months; 1 Holstein bull, 2 years; 65 Lehigh hens, 100 red roosters, 150 pullets, 100 small roosters, 1 binder, 1 mower, 1 rake, 1 roller, 1 set harrow, 1 scuffer, 1 drill, 15 plates; 1 cultivator, 1 wagon and rack, 1 light wagon, 1 plough, 1 separator, 1 buggy, 1 cutter.

The Lands will be sold subject to a reserve bid. TERMS ON SALE OF FARM—Twenty-five per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale, the balance to be secured by a mortgage with interest at four per cent. per annum.

TERMS OF SALE OF CHATTELS—Cash. For further particulars and conditions of sale, apply to:

Commissioner of Agricultural Lands, East Block Parliament Buildings, TORONTO, Ontario.

Dated at Toronto this 24th day of September, A.D. 1942.

### DANCING I

Huttonville Park EVERY

Wednesday & Saturday

Gibson - Boyd Orchestra

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### BUSES LEAVE GEORGETOWN

EASTBOUND TO TORONTO  
7:04 a.m., 9:34 a.m., 12:09 p.m.  
2:24 p.m., 4:54 p.m., 6:34 p.m.  
9:19 p.m., 11:50 a.m.

WESTBOUND TO LONDON  
10:00 a.m., 11:25 a.m., 2:20 p.m.  
4:45 p.m., 6:40 p.m., 7:15 p.m.  
8:20 p.m., 9:20 p.m., 11:05 p.m., 11:35 p.m.

a-Daily except Sun.  
b-Sun. and Hol.  
c-Daily except Sun. and Hol.  
d-Sat., Sun. and Hol.  
x-To Kitchener only.  
y-To Stratford only.  
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