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Remembrance Service

for the men who made the supreme sacrifice in the war of 1914-18, and also in the present war, will be held in Knox Presbyterian Church

Tues. Eve'g, Nov. 10
at 8.30 p.m.

A PARADE

of the Canadian Legion and the Lorne Scots Militia will form at the Public Library and march to the Cenotaph for the "Placing of Wreaths" and reading of "Honour Roll." The parade will then proceed to the Presbyterian Church for the Armistice Service.

Immediately following the Armistice Service, a ceremony will be held for the purpose of presenting the

Commando Dagger

to the Armed Forces, on behalf of the Citizens of Georgetown and District.

Responsibilities GO WITH RIGHTS

In no other country in the world do citizens enjoy more wholly the privileges and rights of free democracy than do we in Canada.

But the very nature of democracy, that creates those rights, creates the responsibility of maintaining them.

Hundreds of thousands of young Canadians have decided that Canada is worth fighting for. We other hundreds of thousands at home MUST decide that Canada is worth working for—saving for—lending for.

Nothing matters now but Victory — Buy the New **VICTORY BONDS**

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(By Flight Lieutenant T. O. McCall, R.C.A.F.)

Sports enthusiasts from one end of Canada to the other were interested to learn that Lionel Conacher—the "Big Train" of other years had joined the Royal Canadian Air Force and is to take full charge of sports organization within the service. For many years Conacher was by far Canada's outstanding athlete, excelling at hockey, baseball and football, and since his retirement from active sport he has been Chairman of the Ontario Athletic Commission. His organizing skills and thorough knowledge of athletics will be put to good use in the service in which physical fitness, business and alertness are number one requisites. He joins an ever-growing band of Canada's athletic heroes in donning Air Force blue.

Canada's Minister of National Defence for Air, Major the Honourable C. O. Power M.C., is now a Pilot of the Polish Air Force. Recently the strictly-designed "Wings" which adorn Poland's stars were pinned on him in recognition of the services he had rendered Poland in the training of her aviators in this country. Also to receive the badge were Air Marshal L. S. Broadner, D.F.C., Chief of the staff, Air Vice Marshal J. A. Bully, D.F.C., and Air Vice Marshal O. O. Johnson, M.C. Speaking in halting English, Group Captain Stefan Brzak of the Polish Air Mission here who single-handedly was responsible for the escape of the Polish Air Force to Romania in September 1939, observed "Only in one instance does a Polish Airman speak English distinctly and with the proper accent. It is when he speaks to the enemy, using the eloquent language of the Frutsky-made machine-guns of his fighter plane."

Only determined to do their share a large contingent of Canadian aviators—members of the R.C.A.F. Women's Division—recently landed at an R.C.A.F. station in Newfoundland. They are the first group of Canadian aviators to move into a theatre of war overseas, and as such are proud of the "Canada" badge which they are now permitted to wear in their shoulder patches at a remote continental outpost. They will replace men in a number of important ground tasks necessary to "keep 'em flying."

Flight Sergeant Harry Hamilton of Beamsville, Ont., is pretty keen about his big Wellington bomber. Three times it has brought him back safely to his base in Great Britain with only one motor functioning. The last time it happened the ship fought along on one motor for more than ten hours after the other had been disabled by enemy action. In the same squadron is Flight Sergeant Nell Erskine of Moncton, Ont., a navigator, who has twenty trips over enemy territory to his credit, his crew mate being Flight Sergeant B. L. Schaubert of Assiniboia, Sask., who is an all-gunner, has more than thirty sorties chalked up. Both fliers have been on all the big raids. Other Can-

adians with the squadron are: Flight Sergeant Jim Wehde, Windsor, Ont.; Sgt. Allan Olson, St. Catharines, Ont.; and Sgt. Wm. Peacock, Sarnia, Ont. France recently made his 15th trip as a pilot with the German U-boat plane at Duisburg as the main objective. With the squadron are also Flight Sergeant George Allan of Imperial, Sask., and Flight Sergeant Bill Gormica of Oshawa.

Pilot Officer Johnny Higham, D.F.C., who is sitting across the narrow aisle from me as this is being written, puts this trip down as one of the most thrilling experiences of his life. At the moment the crew, which only a few nights ago celebrated a birthday, changed aircraft upon returning to their base in Great Britain, and then flew across the Atlantic to become Canada's heroes of the hour, as they flew above the clouds over North Ontario. Our comfortable big Lockheed transport is patting along at a speed which Johnny tells me is about the same as his old Wings' a Wellington bomber's cruising speed. This is an experience that five young Canadian aviators will never forget.

A year ago we were the chaps who were carrying fliers in a parcel. Flight Sergeant Carl Robinson returned after Montreal had given the group a tumultuous welcome. Here we are today sitting in limousines. Boy, if the other chaps in our squadron could see us now!

There is one cloud on the horizon now but it is not causing them a great deal of concern. Aviators have a dread of being accused of "stealing a line" which is precisely what these lads are being asked to do several times a day. They know that when and if they return to their unit, the famous "Mouse Squadron" of the R.C.A.F. they will be lauded unreservedly for the speed with which they have made it in Canada, and the intensity which has been carried in every Canadian paper and over radio stations.

First, we'll take a bit of punishment, admits Flight Sergeant Billy Lee of Mississauga, Man., the navigator of the group, but it's worth it to be able to "touch down" and tell what Canada thinks of its fliers overseas. You can bet that we'll let them know how wonderfully we were treated wherever we went. We'll let them know that there are many, many more air crew teams following them over the horizon. Ahead of them are the "Wings" from our 489th Squadron, an entire squadron's worth of stuff that affords only an occasional glimpse of the cap and blue of the North Atlantic wilderness.

Johnny Higham has just finished telling me some more about his raid over Saarbrücken three nights ago. Whether he says it is great an enemy air fighter. The other night was no exception. The crew had dropped their eyes—smack on the target, they fell 300 pounds—and headed for home. Ahead lay the prospect of a made-carpet journey over the Atlantic, and the ardour of millions of their own people. Good food, comfortable quarters, old friends, and best of all, the loved ones that they had left behind more than a year ago. Over the channel they ran into nasty weather which got worse as they approached their own aerodrome. It was debatable whether "A for Apple"—their own ship—could attempt a landing at the home aerodrome or go on to another where the weather was better. Once before the trip home had been washed out by similar circumstances. Because of the multiplicity of arrangements necessary, it was a good bet that if things went awry this time, the plan would be scrapped. So down came "A for Apple" through the clouds and fog. Half an hour later the crew was on its way to Canada.

Today they are a weary group of lads. Four of them—Flight Sergeants Billy Lee, Carl Swinson, Art Loach and Don Morrison—are fast asleep in their seats. Pilot Officer Higham is studying an article in a picture magazine which describes the virtues of various types of aircraft. They never get very far away from flying. The day after landing back in Canada Johnny was at the controls of the Anson bomber which flew us from Ottawa to Toronto. Then he piloted the same ship most of the way from Toronto to Montreal. Today he is casting envious eyes toward the co-pilot of our Lockheed and the besting listen to one that before the kite touches down its wheels, he will have served a stretch at the controls.

"I never had a chance to fly over this country, while I was training," he says. "My advanced training was at Brantford and we were never permitted to go very far from the base."

For a lad who got his wings just a year ago this month, Johnny has come and gone—quite a way. He'll go a lot further. The skill and modesty which have endeared him to the four lads whose fates he has largely held in his hands these many months are typical qualities of the youngsters who are flying for Canada today on all the world's battlefronts. As representatives of this over-expanding body, Johnny Higham D.F.C. and the four lads who call this 22-year old veteran "the old man" are ready to take up the job where they left off three nights ago so that, as their skipper says, "the next time we come home, it'll be for keeps."

"LOVE WAS MY UNDOING," SAYS POLA NEGRI

A thrilling life story! In The American Weekly with this Sunday's (November 8) issue of The Detroit Sunday Times begins the intimate memories of Hollywood and Europe by the famous film star who was the fatal woman both in the lives of her sweethearts and in her own life. ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR. Be sure to get Sunday's Detroit Times.

Remember the boys overseas. They are fighting our battles. Be sure and send them a parcel.

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Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

WNU SERVICE

The struggle of a fine young American to win the love of a girl reared in the 19th Century seclusion of a mountain retreat. A romance... exciting in its emotional intensity... inspiring in its purity.

READ THIS DELIGHTFUL LOVE STORY AS IT APPEARS SERIALLY IN THIS PAPER



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