The Importance of Air Raid Precautions

(Continued from Page 1)

On the street in front of the building was a canteen truck which bore on its side a sign showing that it had been presented to the Lord Mayor's Fund by Ford Victoria, Southern Rhodesia.

In the courtyard were a number of men sweeping the grass. One of our party called attention to them remarking that there was an example of typical British efficiency, to which our guide replied, "That is something that is absolutely necessary. Those men have already recovered two valuable rings and a cigarette case." We were told that the action of a bomb is about as unpredictable as that of a stroke of lightning, and frequently the explosion will suck all small articles right out of a building.

Another important detail which must be carried out at once is to test the walls and buildings to make sure they will not fall on workers.

Trained Workers Required

It will be seen that many of these details require trained men, and it was not surprising to find that our guide in private life was a building contractor.

Even by the time we got there, workers were already preparing to make repairs, and were chipping out the remains of broken windows and window glass was arriving to replace necessary windows.

One essential thing is that wardens know all the people in their territory and that they account for them to make sure that nobody is missing.

Compensation Described

In regard to compensation, the Hon. Herbert Morrison, Minister of War Services told us that victims are given clothes, and if necessary, some money to carry on. If their home is so damaged that they cannot use it, they are billetted. However, real compensation is not given until the end of the war. New houses could not be supplied now anyway, on account of shortage of materials.

If a house can be repaired, easily, or if temporary repairs will enable it to be used, the cost is sometimes allowed, but this will be deducted from any future settlement.

The organization known in Canada as Civilian Protection Committee, or Air Raid Precaution or A.R.P. is now called "Civil Defence" in England and is considered most imoprtant work. As Mr. Morrison told us, it is now a major act of war, so local authority is not enough.

The studies made of this work and its results are of great benefit to others.

Quick communication is necessary, and as the telephones are state owned there is full co-operation, but more than that is necessary as the telephones might very possibly be put out of action. Therefore a system of messengers must be provided for.

Sabotage has been surprisingly little, so we were informed and theft or taking advantage of another's misfortune is practically unknown.

Early Efforts Important

One thing should be impressed upon the people of Canada and that is that much of the early damage by raiders could have been prevented if proper precautions had been taken before the raids began, and if the organization had been perfected in advance. That is to say, much dmage was caused by fires which got out of hand because there were not enough properly trained fire fighters to deal with the emergency when it arose.

The time for Canadians to prepare for such emergencies is now, no after some city has suffered a bad raid.

In the same way that the telephones might be interrupted, the water mains may be destroyed with disastrous effect. Therefore provision has been made in every community in England to have plenty of water in storave.

Thousands of basements of buildings that have been destroyed are being used for this purpose. These basements of buildings that have been destroyed are being used for this purpose. These basements have been cleaned out, cemented on the walls and bottom so that they will hold and have been filled with water. We saw many of these, and also other great storage tanks ready for an emergency.

Large signs are posted indicating where static water is to be found. This is necessary so that in the excitement and confusion of an emergency the nearest storage of water is located without delay.

Raids Not Over

While all other direction signs in England are entirely lacking even the smallest community has no end of signs indicating where the warden lives, or can be found, where static water is stored, where air raid shelters are located, and the location of stirrup pumps. Probably there are more signs in England reading "Stirrup Pump Here" than any other.

In addition to working hard at regular war work, nearly every man in England has to take his share in Civil Defence work.

While ew were in England, Mr. Herbert Morrison issued an appeal for a very large number of women to volunteer for work work as fire watchers. This means night work patrolling buildings, climbing on roofs and other hard work. There was a great deal of criticism of this appeal because it was felt that it ws not fit work for women, that it was too hard and too dangerous. The answer to this criticism was that twice as many women volunteered for this work than was asked for.

When you look over the roofs of English cities, the first thing that strikes you are chimney pots. Every building has a battery of anywhere up to a dozen or more of these pots. The roofs are generally more cut up with all kinds of turrets than is the case in Canada, and with these chimney pots it makes the roofs hard to get at and hard to patrol. Ladders are usually kept on them so that any part of the roof can be quickly reached. This work is most important during raids, and the proper control of incendiaries on these roofs just means the difference between damage and staggering losses.

In the parish magazine of St. Mary Redcliffe Church, Bristol, the church which Queen Elizabeth in 1574 described as being the "fairest goodliest and most famous Parish church in England." I read this appeal: "Without question the greatest material treasure in Bristol is St. Mary Redcliffe Church. I now ask the women of Bristol if they will help to guard it against fire. We want two, at least, and three better still to be on duty every night. Women between 17 and 50 will be welcomed, and if you arrange with a friend or friends to take on one night a week, you will be doing great service. Now is the time to strengthen our band of watchers before the winter begins."

Some say that the reason there have been so many churches destroyed in England is due to the difficulty in protecting these roofs from incendiaries. It seems to be very difficult work to ask women to do, yet they are cheerfully responding to the appeals. And remember, that in all probability, the women who take on this work, will do it in addition to working at their regular occupation every day.

The first great fire of London was in 1666, the second one was in 1940.

Every able bodied man available and every piece of fire fighting equipment which could be brought to London was engaged in trying to overcome the flames. I am told by people who were there that men worked until they dropped from exhaustion, and that engineers ran until their bearings were burnt out. I have even heard it said that if the German Raiders had come back one more succeeding night, the whole city would have gone as the men and equipment could not have carried on any longer.

The people of England now seem to think that the worst is over, that such raids cannot happen again. They are encouraged in this belief by the fact that the defences are so much better than they were, that there are more and better planes for defence, that there are many more balloons, that the ack-ack is stronger and better, that the A.R.P. is much better organized and more effective. The Hon. Mr. Morrison told us that there are now 1450 fire companies merged into the National Fire Service.

Authorities however, hold a different view. They are warning the people that increased heavier raids are not only possible but very probable. Some authorities say that the recent months have only been a lull in which Germany has been tooling up in order to unlease heavier bombs on England more after the block busting type.

At the same time it is believed that before long Canada will have German bombs dropping on her, that at the same time that Germany is tooling up for heavier raids on England that she is making preparations to send planes capable of longer cruising range that will enable her to bomb America.

Therefore, we should take steps to prepare for such eventualities, we should take a lesson from England's experiences and organize a most efficient C.P.C.

THE POISONED DOG

Somebody poisoned my dog today,
Though he never did anyone ill,
And so he is through with his canine play
And his waggley tail is still,
No more shall I walk in the fields with him
Along at my side to jog,
And—I don't care if my eyes are dim—
Somebody poisoned my dog.
He was homely, I know, as a dog could be,
And only a mongrel, too;
But I loved the old fellow and he loved me,
As people and dogs may do,
Nothing on earth could disturb his trust
Or his love and his faith befog,
And now he lies at my feet, in the dust—
Somebody poisoned my dog.
He crawled to my side and licked my hand
And then with a gasp he died;
And—though some people can't understand—
I patted his head and cried!
For it isn't funny to lose a friend
From off this earthy cog,
And he was loyal unto the end—
Somebody poisoned my dog.
I wonder how anyone could have done
This poor little fellow harm;
But here he lies—his ace is run—
Though his body's still soft and warm
My life is lived on a peaceful plan,
My pace is a quiet jog,
But I wish I could find the snake of a man
Who poisoned my poor little dog!

Honeymoon Mountain

By FRANCES SHELLEY WEES

Copyright by Frances Shelley Wees
WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII

It had been a happy afternoon, the happiest afternoon Deborah decided that she had ever known. The four of them, Sally and Simon and she and Bryn had gone for a walk to the pine woods up on the hill. At first she had walked beside Sally, but Sally had obviously wanted to be with Simon and Deborah had dropped back and walked with Bryn. He could see how it was, that she wasn't thrusting herself upon him that it was a matter of necessity, and he didn't seem to mind. As a matter of fact, Deborah said to herself, sitting on the veranda in the twilight, he had seemed to enjoy himself. He had climbed a steep over hanging little cliff once when she had seen a brilliant tiger lily up in the shadow, and had brought it down to her triumphantly. When he gave it to her their hands had touched, and he had stood for a moment looking down at her with a queer expression that made her heart turn over when she remembered. She had wanted to smile at him then, Deborah recalled, but something had made her draw away hastily, and as she turned, his expression had changed again, and he had begun to talk quickly.

Deborah could not take her eyes from Bryn. It seemed to her that in his there was a question that she had to answer. She gazed at him so strong and fine, sitting there against the pillar. A kind of tense look that was constantly in his face during these last few days began to relax. Then he put his hand out slowly and covered hers lying beside her on the chair.

"No, no," she said in a whisper, but she couldn't draw her hand away, and she didn't know what it was she meant.

He lifted her hand gently until it was against his lips, his eyes were still on hers, gentle, compelling. But she was afraid, she drew her hand away swiftly and sprang from her chair. "Isn't that . . . isn't that the car?" she said breathlessly.

It was. Madeline and Tubby had been to town, and when Madeline came up to the veranda Bryn inquired about mail.

"There was a letter for Tubby from Pilar," Madeline replied.

Sally stopped dead. She looked up at Madeline in horror. "From Pilar?" she repeated.

"Who is Pilar?" Deborah inquired.

Sally and Madeline looked at each other. Then they both coughed together. "Just a girl," Madeline said nonchalantly, but Sally at the same moment said, "She's a horrible nasty scheming vampire, that's what she is, and I hate her."

"I wouldn't like her," Deborah said positively, and put her chin up.

Simon raised himself on his arms and called down to them through the twilight. "Hi," he said, "what about the other mail?"

"There's more. Tubby's got it," Madeline explained. "In his jacket. He's coming across the bridge now. I can hear his delicate footsteps."

Tubby came around the end of the house. His face was very red. He was not smiling. He was almost frowning. Madeline glanced significantly at Sally who compressed her lips and stared at her brother. Tubby stopped beside the steps, only a few feet in front of Deborah, so that as he took the letters from his inner coat pocket she could easily see them. Idly, as he called out a name, she glanced at each envelope.

"Simon," he announced. "Nothing for you, Bryn. Sally, two for you. Nothing at all for you, Deborah, and Madeline had hers in town. Another for you, Simon. And here," he said gallantly, "is a letter for you, Mrs. Larned. It looks very interesting. Written in a bold, dashing, masculine hand, with a very thick enclosure, it arrives with it a hint of mystery."

He had been holding out Simon's last letter, waiting for him to take it, as he spoke; so that Deborah had had a moment to take in the meaning of the handwriting on Grandmother's envelope. It was familiar . . . it was dreadfully familiar. A cold icy hand clutched at her heart, and she felt herself turning faint again, as she had on that dreadful afternoon on the wharf . . . she put out her hand involuntarily for the letter and made a queer little strangled sound. Grandmother was smiling at Tubby's nonsense, waiting for her letter. She did not notice Deborah's face. But Bryn did. He stood up sharply. He saw Deborah's whiteness. He put out his hand and took the letter from Tubby's. He glanced at it. He looked over at Grandmother.

"He could be arrested for this," he told Grandmother grimly. "Interfering with government mails. Bribery and corruption. The crooked game of politics."

Tubby stared at him, his mouth open. "Shut up," Bryn told him, although he had not spoken. "Not a word out of you you iniquitous scoundrel. Trying to defraud me of my rightful property, indeed. This is my letter. I've been looking for it for weeks, hoping for it, not being able to sleep nights. It's a detailed and careful account of the construction of the arch of the bridge over the . . . over the Volga river in Russia. New departure in engineering. I'm sure Grandmother would enjoy reading it, wouldn't she? I suppose this is your idea of a joke. Grand mother, I apologize. I apologize for having such a stupid and crude friend for a friend."

"I was . . . I was just kidding the Grandmother," Tubby muttered. "It isn't your letter after all. It's his."

"Oh, dear," Grandmother murmured laughing. "You two keep me in a perfect state of bewilderment. I don't suppose I shall ever be able to tell whether you are telling sense or nonsense."

"Tubby's fault," Bryn answered thrusting the letter into his pocket. "Tubby's an awful ass. Grandmother you have no idea."

"He's all right," Simon explained. "He shoots the chutes. We're going to have duck and watercress."

• • • • •

Deborah stood beside the window, hands locked together, waiting for Bryn to come downstairs after taking Grandmother up to bed. To-night of all nights, Grandmother had stayed up half an hour later, and all the time Stuart Graham's letter, filled with all sorts of unimaginable possibilities, lay concealed in Bryn's pocket.

Bryn came in quickly and shut the door behind him. Deborah broke away from Madeline's arm. She took a step toward him. She put her hand out mutely.

His eyes were upon her face. He compressed his lips. His hand went to an inner pocket and then he said quietly, "Just a minute, Deborah. Are you perfectly sure that you're not mistaken?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she cried, and the air in the room was suddenly electric, as if someone had turned a switch.

Bryn drew the letter out. He looked at it. "I don't like opening other people's letters," he said slowly. "It might be only an extraordinary resemblance, Deborah. You've had it on your mind too long."

She took it from his hand and looked at it. The very touch of the envelope made her shiver. "I'm sure," she said.

Bryn ripped the end off the envelope and drew out the folded pages. He glanced at Deborah's face. "Shall I read it, Deborah?"

She nodded mutely. Bryn straightened the pages and began.

My Dear Mrs Larned

Naturally I cannot imagine just what Deborah has told you regarding the future of our plans in San Francisco, but I am afraid she may not have shown me in a kindly light. For the past month I have been most anxious to write and explain the situation to you but circumstances beyond my control have made it impossible for me to do so.

I suppose it is useless for me to expect that after hearing Deborah's story, whatever it was, and after this long silence on my part, you can have any sympathy for me and the position in which I now find myself. But I must ask you, to accept the explanation which I have made in regard to my silence in view of the fact that I am an enlisted man in the navy, completely under the arbitrary control of any whim of my superior officers and subject to the restrictions of anyone on board a ship out of touch with land and such conveniences as mails.

And now for Deborah's story. What she has told you, I do not know, as I mentioned before, but looking at the matter from her point of view, and trying to be just and generous, I am forced to the conclusion that whatever she told you must have been both exaggerated and biased. I was very much disturbed over the whole business, and spent all my shore leave when in San Francisco trying to find her and explain, but of course it was an impossibility to do so.

I don't know whether it has occurred to you, Mrs. Larned, to think how completely ignorant of the world and its ways Deborah is. I was prepared, of course, for a certain amount of unsophistication, knowing to some extent how she had been brought up, but I did not realize that any girl could possibly, in this day and age, have remained so entirely unaware of all trends of modern times. I have, of course, every respect for the manners and customs of the time of my parents and grandparents, as I am sure you will know, but having lived a normal life, I have naturally progressed with others of my generation to an acceptance of the manners and customs of the present day. Deborah has not. This was obvious to me on our first meeting, from her appearance and from her absolute inability to meet an ordinary situation with calmness. I grant you that it must have been difficult for her to come down alone to meet me, and perhaps if I had realized Deborah's state of mind and lack of understanding of modern life as it is lived, I should have been able to overcome her objections and explain away her difficulties. As it was, I could do nothing. Deborah was in a state of frantic terror before I had a chance to see her at all, and by the time I reached her, she was beyond ordinary reasoning. I am bitterly sorry for it all, and reproach myself that I didn't guess what to expect, and so prepare the situation accordingly. It seems to me that I might have been warned, Mrs. Larned, of what I should have been expected to encounter.

Even as it was, I might have been able to overcome Deborah's childish terrors had it not been for the absolutely unwarranted interference of some unknown person in the lawyer's office. Deborah will probably have mentioned him to you, and made some satisfactory explanation as to her conduct. I was certainly pained and astonished to discover that she had so little good taste as to be willing to take up at once with a stranger. The fact of Mr. Holworthy's presence was all that reconciled me to leaving her, angry as I was. I may add that the time will come when I will make it my business to discover this stranger's identity and settle with him for the insult he offered me.

However, this is all beside the point. The really serious question between us is that of your husband's will and Deborah's estate. With my copy of the will I have consulted a lawyer, and it is his opinion that under certain circumstances we might make a fight for the estate that would ultimately prove successful. The circumstances are of course a marriage between Deborah and myself which would take place with your approval. This, unless there are aspects of the case with which I am not familiar, seems to me to be from your point of view, an absolute necessity. I have examined the list of securities named in the will as the source of your present income, and as you doubtless know only too well some of them are completely worthless. How you have managed for the past two years is a mystery, and may possibly explain Deborah's appearance and her obvious lack of advantages. In any case the obligation of your circumstances cannot arise except through me, and although I was deeply hurt . . . (I think I broke his jaw," Bryn said happily) . . . deeply hurt and mortified not to mention my disappointment and the general disruption of my plans, I am willing, for the sake of the friendship which has existed between our families for so long, I am willing to do what I can to make things easier for you.

I have obtained from my commander an extended leave of absence, and I am leaving San Diego tomorrow, intending to drive up the coast to your home. You may expect me at the latest by Wednesday noon, unless I meet with unexpected difficulties along the road.

Yours sincerely,
STUART GIDEN GRAHAM

(Continued Next Week)

Heaviest Snow Storm Since 1934 in Georgetown and District

Howling snow-laden winds blanketed Georgetown, and the greater part of Ontario yesterday and last night with the heaviest fall of snow since March, 1934. The streets of Georgetown were deserted this morning with hardly a car to be seen and very few pedestrians braving the blizzard.

The wind blew the snow into high, impassable drifts, covering motor cars and blocking nearly every side street. The Glen road wasn't fit for travel even as early as yesterday afternoon. King treet is completely plugged up today and the local garages have been busy with calls to pull cars out of drifts. In the words of one garage man—"material damage is slight owing to the depth and softness of the snow, but the inconvenience is considerable." Roads are so bad in town today that guests are not delivering at all and Gazettes did not begin on their routes till late in the morning. On Georgetown streets the drifts were measured by two residents in friendly argument over who had the most snow to shovel, and were over the six-foot mark.

Chief W. G. Marshall reported at noon that the road to Smith & Stone Lid was passable and that you could go as far as Stewartown, but the Glen road was still completely blocked. He stated that this latter road would probably be opened late this afternoon.

At time of writing the snow-plow has made only a single track down the highway, just so that traffic won't be at a complete standstill and has reached Brampton.

Last night a dozen cars were marooned at Mount Pleasant in the huge drifts there and farther west Milton workers were unable to reach their homes here. At Silvercreek two more cars went into the ditch. Yesterday the Township snow-plow nosed into the ditch at the corner of No. 5 side road and the 3rd Line near Milton. At 8 o'clock last night the highway to Acton was impassable beyond the "White Bridge."

Reeve N. H. Brown, of Georgetown, Reeve C. Howard May, Esquesing, and Ex-Reeve Harold Closse were driving to attend the County Council meeting in Milton yesterday, but got only as far as Ashgrove when the condition of the roads forced them to turn back. However, sufficient members were able to attend the session so that a council meeting was held.

The Buses were all late last night and up till noon today none had come through here at all. Trains experienced the same difficulties as track snowplows were of no avail in the heavy blizzard. Last night the train from the west due at 9.34 did not arrive till 4.30 this morning and the midnight train also was hours overdue.

LIMEHOUSE

The Limehouse Young People's Society held their annual meeting and election of officers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Appleyard on Monday evening, January 11th. Officers for 1943 were elected as follows:

President, Donald Lindsay; vice-president, Ruth Smith; secretary-treasurer, Kay McVey.

Those who attended the meeting enjoyed a tobogganning party on the hills, following which they were served lunch.

• • •

The January meeting of the W.M.S. was held at the home of Mrs. A. J. Smethurst on Thursday evening. Mrs. J. N. Newton and Mrs. E. L. Miller were in charge of the program, Mrs. Miller reading a story from the life of an Indian boy at Birtle Mission, and Mrs. A. Benton a topic entitled, "Time Marches on in India." Text word was "own." Mrs. R. McVey was appointed convenor of the program committee for the February meeting which will be held at the home of Mrs. A. Norton.

Rev. C. C. Cochrane conducted communion services at Limehouse Presbyterian Church on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. John R. Scott visited her daughters Mrs. W. O. Norrie and Mrs. S. Mills in Toronto recently.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Norrie opened their home on Friday evening for a euchre and dance, sponsored by the W. I., with proceeds for war work. Six tables of cards were played, Miss Swackhamer and Mr. McCallum holding high scores, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Jos. Scott receiving consolations. Mr. J. W. Nickell provided the music for dancing. The W.I. provided sandwiches and coffee.

VITAL STATISTICS RELEASED

Vital Statistics for the year 1942, for Georgetown have just been released, and show that there were 10 births, 28 marriages and 15 deaths, as compared with 7 births, 37 marriages, and 17 deaths in 1941.

However, this is not a true picture of the vital statistics, as the majority of births and deaths occurred in various hospitals, and consequently we have no record of them here.

DANCE
Oddfellows' Hall, Brampton
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 20th
— Music by —
ART SNYDER AND HIS RHYTHMAIRES
Dancing 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. — Admission: 50c per person

GREGORY
THEATRE
Friday, January 22nd
"TOMBSTONE, TOO TOUGH TO DIE"
starring Richard Dix and Frances Gifford
"GIRL TROUBLE"
starring Don Ameche and Joan Bennett
FOX NEWS.
Saturday, January 23 — Matinee at 3
"TORTILLA FLAT"
with Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr
Disney "The Art of Self Defence"
Pete Smith "Calling All Pa's"
Chapter 10 "Spy Smasher."
Tuesday and Wednesday, January 26 and 27
"THE GAY SISTERS"
Adapted from the story by Stephen Longstreet, with Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent
Superman Cartoon "Mechanical Monster."
Travel-talk "Glacier Park."