

**THE GEORGETOWN HERALD**  
 — NEWS OF —  
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 STEWARTTOWN, ASHGROVE, RALLINAVAD, HORNBY,  
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**The Editor's Corner**

**NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS**

An oddity in the plant world, the cactus popularly known as night-blooming cereus creates interest among botanists and flower-fanciers wherever it appears. There is at least one specimen in this district and many people have visited the home of Mrs. Webster and Miss Maguire in Norval to see the plant in bloom. A writer in the Ottawa Journal gives the following excellent description of the phenomenon as observed in a similar plant in that city.

Two buds formed on the edges of one of the broad, flat leaves, and one dropped off. The other matured. A stem eight inches long in the shape of a U was crowned by a bud which measured six inches from base to tip before it opened, oval and pointed, in a brownish tone. The flower began to open late in the afternoon and by eleven had reached its full glory. It was pure white and shaped like a great champagne glass, even to the hollow stem. The flower was 25 inches around, and a magnificent thing. By midnight all this glory was drooping and in the morning the flower had closed up, the U-stem had wilted and hung straight down. The plant had had its moment.

**THE ROBOT BOMBERS**

Sometimes people are prone to brand reports of German atrocities as "propaganda". The most adamant of skeptics has no reply, however, to Mr. Churchill's recent statement on the result of robot bombings. Launched from the enemy shore, this latest manifestation of the criminal German mind is putting London thru the terrors of another blitz. Thousands have been killed and maimed and Mr. Churchill could give no assurance that thousands of other innocents may not perish before the anti-robot strategy is perfected.

This indiscriminate bombing of civilians is but one more black mark in a book already overflowing with the crimes of the German war-lords. It should once and for all silence those who would lighten Germany's punishment when the day of reckoning comes.

**CANADA HAS TALENT TOO**

It was a loss to the Canadian entertainment world when Allan Young, Toronto's bright comic, concluded his radio series for a cigarette firm and departed for a new job in the States. Young's Wednesday night show on the CBC was an outstanding refutation of the theory that there is no talent in Canada. A sort of Ned Skelton with talent, he is in our opinion much superior to the Bennys, Allens and Cantors of the U. S. A., a fact which is recognized by American advertisers who were quick to lure him to more lucrative fields across the border.

However, there is still no dearth of first-rate radio entertainment in Canada, and while we have lost Allan Young we still have Mart Kenney, the Happy Gang, Andy Clarke, Stan Francis and such top-notch features as Canadian Round-Up and Ontario Panorama. As the years go by, Canada is building a radio industry whose talent matches in quality if not quantity, that of the United States.

**LUGGER LUGGIN' LUDWIG**

In the grim Normandy battle, Canadians have not lost their sense of humour. Originating in the camp of a Canadian Scottish regiment, and sung to the tune of "Pistol Packin' Mama," the latest song that Canadian troops are singing is titled "Luger Luggin' Ludwig." Here are the words:

**Chorus:**

Lay that Luger down, kid,  
 Lay that Luger down,  
 Luger Luggin' Ludwig,  
 Lay that Luger down.

**Verses:**

Slugging Jerry left and right,  
 Having lots of fun,  
 'Til one night we caught him right,  
 Now he's on the run.

We kicked you on the beaches,  
 Chased you through the town,  
 You're not safe if we reach you,  
 So lay that Luger down.

'Til I push you 'cross the river,  
 And thru the fields of grain.

**Day With the Radio  
 A Cure for What Ails You**

If you find me saying things twice, I mean saying things twice, it is because I have just been exposed for a whole day to the radio.

The radio, spelled r-a-d-i-o, is a boon to the health of this nation. I was driven to bed by elephants romping in my stomach and spent the day listening to the outpouring of the airwaves. The elephants were routed, far preferring oblivion to another day of such exposure.

I am still a little seedy, it is true, but probably it is not so much the elephants as all the things I've got to do today. The soap I've got to buy, for instance, the fast-washing, quick-drying, stain removing, sex-encouraging soap I've got to buy right this very moment without waiting another moment but right this very moment is itself enough to make a strong man blanch.

Another thing I simply must do today, for it is a thing which no right-thinking person will not do, is go to a movie called Infant's Blight. Infant's Blight will reassure me of the lasting goodness of the real American woman. Infant's Blight I must see today, so that I can understand why our (their) doughboys are going through hell. It is Infant's Blight, don't forget, and today, is when I must see it, for tomorrow—well, tomorrow just probably won't dawn if I don't see Infant's Blight today, and that's all there is to it. The name of the picture is Infant's Blight.

Then some time or other today I've got to see my grocer and my druggist, and if possible my psychiatrist.

The shape I must be in through not having eaten Cuddy Wudgies all these mornings makes me stagger to think about it. Cuddy Wudgies, obviously, were meant for little men like me, spelled Cuddy Wudgies for Cuddy Wudgies, spelled, in case you've forgotten in these last split seconds, Cuddy Wudgies, give you that confident feeling that make you not just ready but eager to face the coming day.

And as for the dentist, well I really doubt if I'll get up courage to see him or any dentist ever again. At least not until I've used Sparker. The things that must be lurking behind my teeth after all these years without Sparker make me want to replace them all with a nice sanitary set of false ones. As for those ants and things nestling down in the gums that only Sparker can get at—why they must be something terrible. Sparker is every dentist's companion, but I'm going to get one of those double size family tubes and use every bit of it before I even set foot in a dentist's office. Sparker is what I'm to get, in a family tube.

I mentioned a psychiatrist back there—but the more I think of it the more I worry. You see, I think there must be something different, maybe, about my brain. Perhaps I'm thinking too quickly, or something. At least—well, maybe I'm not normal. Those news flashes and bulletins that kept coming in every 15 minutes or so I'm SURE I heard most of them several times, yet each time I hear them the man said they were not right into his studios off the wires from Normandy or Spain. And he must have been right because when he'd open his door you could just hear the telegraph machine gangling away like anything. Now obviously they wouldn't send things to his studio all the way from Normandy like that if they had sent them to him two hours earlier. So—well you can see what I'm worrying about. Either I'm just plain crazy and imagine I hear those items before they come hot off the wires, in which case I should be locked up. Or maybe I'm psychic or something—and if that's the case I'm a danger to the state and the censors should get after me. Maybe I'm full of war secrets. This is horrible.

Only—well, there's one big reason why I don't want to see that psychiatrist and be locked up today and that's because I've promised to listen in tomorrow to three terrific tragedies. I mean the man told me I absolutely MUST. In one I left two ordinary white folk about to sneak up on and beat the tar out of fifteen wild Indians. In another there was a scandal breaking open between the village schoolmaster and the parson's daughter. In the third—but no, I can't write here about the intimate secrets that I know about the girl whose husband is overseas. They are far too much to bear, and I don't wonder that the announcer's voice cracks and goes all lumpy in the throat. What with the sad organ music and all that.

It wouldn't be so bad if they'd just give you those tragedies nice and quick like and get it over with. But instead of that you are kept all waiting and tense for stupid ages.

First there's the organ music and then there's station xyz identification and then there's the organ music and then there's the abc system identification and then there's the organ music and then there's station xyz welcoming you to another visit with the wonderful tragedy then there's the organ music and then there's the soap man and

then there's the little playlet that shows you how good the soap man's soap is and then there's the soap man who comes right out and admits his soap is good and then there's the organ music and then there's the announcer who says here comes the tragedy and then there's the organ music and then there's the man who tells you how tragic the tragedy has been for the last four days and then there's the organ music and then there's the tragic and then there's the organ music and then there's the soap man, spelled "soapman" and then there's the soap man's playlet about his soap and then there's the soap man and then there's the abc system and then there's the organ music and then there's the xyz station.

How is a man to repay all these wonderful people? There's the soap that is good because it has suds and there's the sudsless soap that is good because it doesn't waste its chemical effort in making suds; there's the soap that makes a shirt white and there's the soap that makes a shirt new; and I mean it makes a shirt new; and there's the soap that leaves such a lovely perfume and there's the soap that leaves no trace of washing smell or any smell whatever. How am I to please all these thoughtful people who have been so concerned about my merely white shirt I mean they're so thoughtful; and they're all, the whole damn crowd of them from Cuddy Wudgies to the watch-man who spells the same word 40 times a day, they're all so much a tribute to their age and our intelligence.

I wonder if I could give them my elephants?

**HOW FAST IS FAST?**

Next time you go shopping for dry goods be sure to specify, "I want a fabric that is fast to light", or "a fabric that is fast to washing", or whatever the particular article should be fast to, advises Douglas Walkington in the current issue of C-I-L Oval.

It is not necessary that a piece of cloth be fast to everything—to hot pressing, light, perspiration, rubbing, dirt, washing, seawater and wearing. An evening dress is not handled in the same way as a bath towel, and the fastness requirement for drapes are different from those for work and sport clothes. An evening dress is seldom asked to stand much sunlight and is never washed with soap and water, but the color used should not change shade to any extent in artificial light, should be fast to perspiration, and capable of withstanding the solvents used in dry cleaning. Bathing suits must be fast to sunlight and salt water. Cotton dresses must not change shade under a hot iron. A spring suit or summer dress must be fast to light, while sport clothing should resist light, perspiration, and either washing or dry cleaning.

An elaborate system of tests has been set up to determine the various fastnesses. Lamps, known as "Fadedometers," give similar results to sunlight exposure, but in a much shorter time. Perspiration is simulated by treatment in salt and acetic acid. All the regular washing, bleaching and dry-cleaning operations are repeated many times in succession.

It should be remembered that fastness is a relative term. Nothing is absolute and if drapes, for example are hanging in the bright sunshine day after day, some lightening of shade may be expected, but only after an extended period. It usually pays to buy more expensive goods if a guarantee is given to fastness.

**"IN OUR MAIL BAG"**

870688 Pte. R. M. Hoare  
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 Regt. C. A. O.

Dear Editor:

I have just been looking over a few letters and checking up on some I haven't written in a long time. It's surprising how time flies without one realizing it. I have been receiving the Herald quite frequently the past couple of months although there was quite a lull in service of papers before that. It's always pleasing to read what the local opinion is on different matters. I would like to suggest and mind you this is only a suggestion, that you start a public opinion column for something to that effect and have some one give their opinion on some matter of either national importance or even local importance. It might prove very interesting not only for reading material but it would give some of the local inhabitants a chance to express themselves outside of council meetings and social evenings at Wrights or MacRibbons. It might even increase your circulation. However as I said before it is merely a suggestion and I would hate to have anyone take offence at that. Things are moving pretty fast over here and it's hard to know just what

You'll wish you'd never heard of  
 The Normandy campaign.  
 Lay that Luger down, kid,  
 You haven't got a chance,  
 Luger Luggin' Ludwig,  
 You're all washed up in France.

one is going to do next. However I am standing up well and still alive and kicking. The weather has been very poor for the last couple of weeks with a lot of rain, but once again it is starting to clear up and I hope it continues.

I haven't seen any of the town boys for about three months. I got the odd letter from Perc. Chaplin and I understand Clay Bradley is in France. The last letter I had from Perc. was in March so I don't know where he is right now. I had a letter from Bert Tuck a short while ago and he said both he and Bill are fine and enjoying everything. Bert is a Sgt. now.

I receive quite a bit of mail, which comes quite regularly and only today I was the recipient of a box of Laura Secord's which were sure tasty only don't last long enough. I was also able to buy 24-Canadian Chocolate bars the other day for five bob, (app. \$1.20), which was a bargain. In fact one doesn't see them in those quantities over here very often.

I hope you will print this letter as I wish to say hello to all my many friends in town through the medium of your paper. I wish them all the best of luck.

Cherrie and many thanks for sending me the paper.  
 Your sincere friend and fellow citizen,

HEBE HOARE

**Picobac**  
 THE PICK OF TOBACCO  
 It DOES taste good in a pipe

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**C. N. R.**  
**TIME TABLE**  
 Daylight Saving Time  
**GOING EAST**

Passenger	7:01 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10:10 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	7:23 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday only	1:31 p.m.
Passenger, daily	8:25 p.m.

This train was formerly the Flyer but now stops.

**GOING WEST**

Passenger and Mail	8:48 a.m.
Passenger, Sat. only	2:35 p.m.
Passenger, daily except Saturday and Sunday	8:28 p.m.
Daily except Sunday	7:50 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday only	11:25 p.m.
Daily except Sunday	12:50 a.m.

**GOING NORTH**

Passenger and Mail	6:59 a.m.
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**GOING SOUTH**

Passenger and Mail	7:20 p.m.
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Signal Tables Given—Phone 89

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**Gray Coach Lines**  
**TIME TABLE**  
 NOW IN EFFECT  
 Daylight Saving Time  
**LEAVE GEORGETOWN**

**FOR TORONTO**

7:04 a.m.	6:44 p.m.
8:34 a.m.	8:34 p.m.
1:24 p.m.	8:10 p.m.

**FOR LONDON**

7:10 a.m.	6:52 p.m.
7:25 p.m.	8:57 p.m.
8:59 p.m.	10:15 p.m.

8-10-44 Not Binding until 3-7-45  
 3-7-45 Change to 10-15-45  
 10-15-45 Change to 10-15-45  
 10-15-45 Change to 10-15-45  
 10-15-45 Change to 10-15-45