

Timmins Man in R.C.A.F. in India Writes Pleasingly of People and Places There

Sergt. G. F. Lacy Describes Trip Through Mountains. "Ski-ing All Down Hill." Effects of High Altitudes. No Hot Tea. Fireplaces Not Ideal for Warmth. To See Taj Mahal Later.

Mrs. C. F. Lacy, 34 Tuke St., recently received a very interesting letter from her son Sgt. G. F. Lacy, R.A.F. in India. The letter reads in part as follows:

"When I left here on leave I went as far as Lahore, and spent a day there. It is one of the main railway termini and is quite a nice city although they say it is terribly dusty in the summer time. It is also a big college town but as their colleges are only about equivalent to our high schools, that doesn't mean much. Next morning I took the train for Rawalpindi which is farther north. About a hundred miles this side of it you start to get into the hills. They are of soft, red, sandy rock and water, and time has cut them up so that they look like the pictures of the mesas in the southern states that you see. The vegetation is very sparse and there is almost no farming. The railroad twists all over and if you are going down grades at all you get tossed around something like you do when going through the reserve. You get a fairly good view of the main range behind this about 100 miles away, and I was able to pick up Nun Kun which is over 20,000 feet high. I have a fairly good atlas which I cart around with me by which I can identify these places. The whole of the main range is snow covered with very few passes, so that it looks like a solid wall of ice and snow. On the way back I saw them at sunset so that it looked like mountains of pink ice cream. Nun Kun's peak just cleared the clouds and as it is sort of triangular in shape it looked like the pyramids with the sun turning the clouds red to represent the Sahara. Rawalpindi seemed to have the atmosphere of a Canadian town. Maybe because it was cold and everyone was wearing overcoats. It was raining when I got there so I decided to wait a couple of days until it cleared up. There wasn't much to do except the shows and see the town. It is what they call a hill station where the white people go when it is top warm in the south. In the summertime I imagine there is a lot doing there but at this time of year it is rather quiet. I spent a few days there and then hired a car to take me to Srinagar in Kashmir, which is 169 miles away. You start to climb about 15 miles from town and you do nothing but ascend or descend till you are thirty miles from Srinagar. You climb about 7,000 feet just past Murree and then you descend into the Jehlum river valley. If you have a fair sized map you should find most of these places marked. You zig-zag quite steeply up to Murree and get to the snow line at 4,000 feet. Slopes are well wooded with white pines and I imagine that it must be a lot like the Rockies. At one time I saw the road at three different levels beneath me. I had a good car though (a 1940 Plymouth) and the drivers have to have a special li-

cense before they are allowed on the run. It was snowing on the hill and about 10 miles this side of Murree the snow was about 2 feet deep. They clear the snow with gangs of coolies with shovels and they don't do any more than they have to and just clear the road enough for a car with no room for passing. We were doing all right but the car in front of us was pretty heavily laden and we all had to get out and push him when the road tilted, as he would slide into the bank and get stuck. They were two army lieutenants who were in charge of an army travelling orchestra and were going into the hills to write a book on what their band had done in the last year. They had enough kit with them to keep an army going. Anyway, we finally got to within 5 miles of Murree when we caught up to the mail van which was up to its axles in snow and could go no farther. We then had to get our kit off the car and walk to Murree and wait there till the road was clear. We hired some coolies to carry our bags and by saving the road and climbing more steeply up the mountains we cut the distance down to about a mile. The hotel we got to was not what you would call the most palatial in town but it was the only one in town that was open. They only had one room, empty so I and the two officers had to put up there. A room in India is a living room, bed room and bath room so we were not too crowded. You have to take your own bedding too and I had only two blankets with me. I was then glad that the officers had brought so much kit as they were able to lend me a couple. We had a fireplace in the room and soon had a good coal fire going but if you know fire places you have to be nearly in them to keep warm. The R. A. F. chaps always argue that they look so cosy, but I personally would sooner be warm than look warm. The food they served at the hotel certainly made up for the dinginess of the room. There was only one fault. Water boils at a lower temperature at high altitudes so that we never had warm tea. You mix the oxygen in the air too and you soon tire if you exert yourself too much. The next morning I skied down the hill for three or four miles and then hired a couple of chics to carry the skis up again for me. It was all down hill skiing, something like I've always dreamed of.

"We started off again at about two o'clock in the afternoon and got over the hump and a couple of miles down the road when we met sixteen buses coming the other way which were having the same trouble we had the day before. They were skidding going up hill, and another bus going down had tried to pass on the narrow road and the two cars were wedged. Out of about twenty buses and four cars no one had a shovel. The Indians were in their usual flap and were jabbering wildly and every now and then looked under the buses to see, I imagine, if Spring had come and the snow had melted. Every man was interested only in his own bus and did not attempt to help each other. The officers got them organized to push the ones over the icy spots and by a lot of pushing and pulling, we got the two buses apart and were able to go on. After we left them and on to Kohala, near the bend of the Jehlum between Kashmir and North West Frontier Province, we coasted for nearly an hour and a half when we came out on the river valley we were

at 5,000 feet and the river is at 1,500 feet so we had nearly 3,500 feet of nothing below us. However, "Hairbreadth Harry", my driver didn't consider that any reason to slow up so we had more thrills than on a roller coaster. All the way down there wasn't a straight stretch of road more than a hundred yards long. Looking along the valley at Kohala you could see Mount Nanga Parbat which is 26,692 feet high. An Indian was telling me that it is considered a holy mountain. You can go there with paralysis, cancer, falling arches or what have you and be completely cured. Next morning we crossed Jehlum into Kashmir. It is a separate state and the government of India has no power at all there. The road all along Kashmir has a pretty solid base, but they have a bad habit of building bridges on tight "U" turns or putting a sharp turn just as you come out of a tunnel. There are steep banks on your right and the river gorge on the left. The banks of the mountains are terraced up about 2 or 3 thousand feet and they try to farm it. There are herds of goats all along the way and you have to be very careful as they come charging down the hillside and across the road before you know they are coming. Just before we got to Srinagar we started to come across some old ruined temples, some I was told, built by the Greeks. They were definitely not of Oriental design. Srinagar and Dal Lake are on a very flat plateau 5,200 feet up. It is 30 or 40 miles long and surrounded by mountains. The town is at the far end of the plateau and there is a long avenue of poplars for 30 miles leading up to it.

"In Srinagar there are private homes for troops on leave, and I was in a very nice one, a Mrs. Gattmell's, a lady of 70 whose husband was a colonel killed in the last war. She has lived in India most of her life and her views were definitely along the pre-war army line. The last war was all right as it was fought between two gentlemen, the King and the Kaiser, but as Hitler is just a commoner, this isn't a fit war. She can't figure how he can expect to win. All the natives know her well and never try to put anything over on her. Her home was a lovely big house built along English lines. A Yankee and myself had a nice big room. The food she served was the best I've had in India. Five or six course meals at every sitting. Speaking of food here's a dish we often have out here. Make some doughnut batter and mix sliced apple in it. Then cook it in hot fat like you do doughnuts and serve hot with hot syrup to pour over it. Very nice and called apple fritters. The town itself was much like any other town with little Indian shops selling souvenirs. The state itself is separate from the rest of India and has a separate government. As far as I could see though it didn't have much power and whatever the Maharajah said went. He has 300 wives to get along with too. Europeans are not allowed to own property in Kashmir. I only stayed two days in Srinagar and got back to Rawalpindi in one day. I didn't go to Agra to see the Taj Mahal as I had planned, but some one has organized a party to go there next week so I am just as glad I didn't."

and Miss Betty O'Neill were joint hostesses for the occasion.

A very enjoyable evening was spent, the guests joining in sing-songs, and enjoying the pleasant social evening. Mrs. Mann received many beautiful gifts from her friends. A dainty lunch was served by the hostesses later in the evening.

Among those present were: Mrs. Kay Hitch, Miss Murriss Hitch, Miss Gladys Rigg, Mrs. J. Sloan, Miss Teresa Belec, Mrs. Claire Chenier, Mrs. A. Malouin and Miss Helen Kealey. Those who were unable to attend but sent gifts were: Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. M. Humphrey, Miss Annette Rogers, Miss Jean Sweeney, Miss Blanche Morin and Mrs. D. Belec.

WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME

A sailor stationed on a far-flung U.S. outpost was noted for his loyalty to his fiancée. Then one day he received a callous letter telling him that she was going to marry a 4-F, and would he please return her picture.

He was so upset by this treachery that his buddies rallied to avenge their pal. A collection of photographs, snapshots and pin-up girls was made from every fellow on the base. They were packed into a huge crate and shipped to the fickle wench.

Upon opening the crate, she found a note reading, "Please pick out your picture and return the rest to me. This is a little embarrassing but I don't remember which one is yours." — Contributed by Shirley Loomis.

GOOD BUSINESSES

Two magistrates were summoned for exceeding the speed limit. When they arrived at court there were no other magistrates present, so they decided to try each other. Number one went on the bench and the case proceeded.

"You are charged with exceeding the speed limit. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty!"

"You will be fined \$1.25."

They then changed places and again the plea was "guilty."

"H'm," was the response. "These cases are becoming far too common. This is the second one this morning. You will be fined \$7.50." — Sudbury Star

Donations Received for Comfort Fund by Ladies' Auxiliary

Increase in Funds Keeps Up Good Work of Auxiliary Members.

The members of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion are doing fine work for the boys in the armed services overseas. Each Wednesday afternoon they hold a "Comfort Tea" the proceeds of which are used to buy "comforts" to put in the parcels which they are continually packing. Mrs. T. Gay, Comfort convener, has received numerous replies from service men thanking her and her committee, and those who make the parcels possible, for the useful and necessary articles sent to them. The members pack and send these parcels not only to the friends of the Auxiliary, but to all the men and boys who lived in or enlisted from Timmins. Recently the L.A. have campaigned for more funds for their good work, and to date donations have been received from the following: International Hotel, two dollars monthly for the duration; C. A. Remus, a picture which when raffled brought \$5.30; Mr. M. Sacks, of Beaver Fur

Six Births Registered at Timmins This Week

Born—On February 29th, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Francis, First ave., at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter (Donna May).

Born—On February 21st, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Romain, Balsam St. S., at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter (Sandra Lee Elvira).

Born—On March 4th, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Tremblay, Waterloo Rd., at St. Mary's Hospital—a son (Joseph Eli Orval).

Born—On February, 26th, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. E. St. Onge, Balsam N. at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter (Yvonne Liliane).

Born—On February 26th, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Brown, Cherry Street, at St. Mary's Hospital—a son (Russell William).

Born—On February 20th, 1944 to Mr. and Mrs. P. S. McGee, Cedar street N., at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter (Mary Helen).

Lovely Shower Held Last Week for Mrs. W. Mann

Miscellaneous Shower Held at the Home of Mrs. P. J. O'Neill.

On Wednesday evening last a miscellaneous shower was held at the home of Mrs. P. J. O'Neill, 2 Pearl avenue, in honour of her daughter "Judy," Mrs. W. S. O. Mann, who left this week to join her husband P.O. Mann stationed at Charlottetown, P.E.I. Mrs. O'Neill

Monthly I.O.D.E. Meeting Held on Tuesday Evening

Interesting Meeting With Many Members Present.

The regular monthly meeting of the I.O.D.E. took place Tuesday night in the council chambers, with Regent Mrs. A. F. Carrier, in the chair.

Mrs. T. Warnock read the minutes of the previous meeting, and Mrs. S. Wheeler gave the treasurer's report.

A donation was given to the V. O. N. organization and the I.O.D.E. members also pledged to buy War Savings Stamps during the month, to boost the present drive.

Mrs. A. Booker, War Convener, presented her monthly report and noted that the usual boxes of knitted goods were sent to headquarters and that replies from soldiers had been received thanking them for the boxes which had been sent them by Chapter at Christmas time.

Mrs. Booker also noted that another large box of books had been sent to camp libraries, and asked that the public be told of the urgent need for reading material. Books and magazines which have been read by the owners would be gratefully received for camp libraries, etc., and may be sent to Mrs. S. Wheeler, 9 Hemlock street who is convener of this activity.

The Chapter made a presentation to a former member, Mrs. G. Hale, earlier in the month, previous to her leaving to take up residence in North Bay.

The meeting closed with "The King"

Calling All Workers to Meet Red Cross Knitting Needs

Appeal Made by Mrs. Fraser, Chairman Ontario Women's War Work Committee.

The Eastern Porcupine Red Cross this week calls special attention to the following excerpt from the Canadian Red Cross "News Bulletin":

CALLING ALL WORKERS!

"There is no glamor in sewing, it is hard and tedious work. So is knitting seamen's turtle-neck sweaters and seamen's stockings" says Mrs. John C. Fraser, chairman Ontario Women's War Work Committee. Mrs. Fraser warns of the serious falling off in supplies, adding that many branches are taking half and less than half their quotas of previous years. This is due, in a measure, to the periodic lack of materials and wool.

"These figures tell the story and show decrease in woolen comforts alone: . . . Monthly reports show: Dec. 1941—60,252; Dec. 1942—42,756; Dec. 1943—17,265.

"Totals of yearly reports of woolen comforts: 1941—1,094,683; 1942—747,952; 1943—411,574.

Says Mrs. Fraser: "Surely this is startling. Chairmen of sewing committees are worried; warehouse chairmen are worried. THE FALLING OFF IN SUPPLIES IS REALLY SERIOUS."

\$5.00; Workers' Co-op, \$5.00; Bucovet-sky's, \$2.00, and \$1.00 each from the following: Jerry Laflamme, Halperin Jewelry Store, Neil Shoe Store, Sole Bros., F. M. Burke, Yolles Furniture Store, Pierce Furniture Store, Bond Tailors, Frank Feldman, Ideal Hardware, Wilner Tailors, Varley Tailors, Mark Bowie, Mrs. Giroux; and from Blahy's, \$5.00; and Graham's Shoe Store, \$2.25.

We are convinced that this only needs to be brought to the attention of all Red Cross women in Ontario, to result in all taking up their needles to once again bring in the much needed woolen comforts (even if the wool is not just as soft and easy to work with as heretofore).

Following paragraph is from a letter from National Chairman Mrs. Clara McEachren:

"Light weight wheeling wool has moved very little and we wonder if you realize that all grey service socks must now be knit with this wool. The very little that we have of the Scotch Fin-gering and Special Service must be used for helmets, neck of turtle-neck sweaters, scarves, etc. Moreover, the light wheeling makes a very serviceable sock. We know it varies in quality, but for the most part it softens greatly when washed. It is necessary that women understand the necessity of using wheeling wool whether for socks or for turtle neck sweaters."

Remember sweaters are the crying need now.

More Letters and Cards of Thanks for Cigarettes Sent

Up to February 22nd, the Timmins Legion and Community Fag Fund had received cards and letters of thanks for cigarettes received overseas from the following men in the armed services:

Pte. F. Griffin, Capt. A. K. Sterling, Spr. A. G. Gorman, L.A.C. J. P. La-freniere, Spr. J. Fernie, Spr. C. A. Gil-mour, Bdr. W. H. Snider, Sgt. J. H. Fulton, Spr. T. E. M. Jones, Spr. H. Bombardier, Pte. F. Grenfell, M. Hirsch-feld, Spr. H. B. Jackson, Sgt. M. J. Sweeney, Tpr. L. H. Whitworth, F.O. R. G. Stephenson, Spr. L. J. Salvail, Spr. J. M. Robinson, Sig. L. P. Smith, Spr. R. Jones, Cpl. J. K. Cameron, Gnr. J. Polajutis, Pte. B. Loughton, Spr. E. T. Malone, Pte. L. L. Goulet, Pte. Paul Murray, L.A.C. G. D. Leahy, Tpr. J. E. McGarry, W.O. D. Banning, L.A.C. D. M. Roy, A.C. P. B. Murray, A.C. Fred White, Pte. R. A. MacJanet, Spr. E. Stach, L.-Cpl. E. O. Thorpe, Spr. A. Salomone, Major McBrien, Spr. R. Valen-tinus, Major E. Hogarth, Lieut. R. J.

Bryson, Tpr. E. J. Tebby, Spr. C. St. Cyr, Spr. D. Harris, Bdr. E. Fishback, L.-Cpl. E. Carruther, Sgt. J. A. McNeill, Tpr. P. Morrow, L.-Cpl. Roberts, James B. Waite, R. A. W. Wright, Sgt. Jack Dewar, Spr. A. Butterfield, Lieut. Vince Killeen, Sgt. P. Blackman, Spr. N. Landers, Pte. H. Baldwin, L.A.C. D. G. Spence, L.-Cpl. A. H. Cannell, Spr. N. S. Sarson, Spr. R. K. Cannell, Spr. F. K. Migneault, Sgt. F. Saunders, Spr. A. Robson, F.O. W. Shields, Cpl. E. N. Sav-age, Tpr. F. Shannon, Flt.-Sgt. H. V. Bateman, Cpl. N. L. Chalmers, L.-Cpl. McGibbons, Gnr. J. T. Lafreniere, Cpl. A. P. Cloutier, Pte. G. E. MacDonald, L.-Cpl. Jack Kwekkeboom, Sgt. Don Labranche, Cpl. C. Orr, Lieut. G. M. Andrechuk, R. J. Legendre, Gnr. West-ine, Tpr. R. J. Levesque, Lieut. John Bracken, Spr. N. McColeman, Sgt. J. Byron, Sgt. C. W. Lowe, Pte. L. L. Bis-sonnette, Tpr. J. F. Brunette, Sgt. H. Poole, Pte. A. Bernard, Lieut. R. G. Saville, Sgt. R. W. Smith, Spr. J. Dou-cette, Tpr. P. E. Roy, Sgt. C. H. Howie, L.A.W. S. E. Brooker, Cpl. Alf Scott, Q.M.S. (W.O.) K. Flow, Pte. A. Para-dise, Cpl. H. Preston.

Windsor Star: There must be no "half-baked" peace, says Joseph C. Grew, former United States ambassador to Japan. In other words, the Japanese goose must be cooked, and anything less than that would be a distinctly raw deal.



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