

# Canadian Editors Bombed

This is the sixth of a series of articles about conditions in Great Britain and other countries visited recently by a group of twelve Canadian editors. It was written for the weekly newspapers of Canada by their own representative on the tour, Hugh Templin, of the Fergus News-Record.

As the days passed in London and no German bomber ever came near the city, the Canadian editors grew restive and impatient. They did not want to go home again and have to admit that they never heard a bomb burst in anger.

Our hosts were most obliging in every way. If there was anything we wanted, we had only to ask the British Council, and it was arranged. We wanted to see the Canadian Corps in action and we saw it travelling over the countryside on large-scale manoeuvres. We desired to meet Prime Minister Churchill face to face; in two days came word that we would not only meet him but we would also hear him speak in the House of Commons. We wanted to see a blitz—but it seemed that the British Council wasn't able to manage that for us.

One night, I sat in the office of Mr. Robertson, editor of the Daily Express. A messenger came in. "The yellow light is on." That means that an enemy plane has crossed the coast somewhere. It happens nearly every night. A few minutes later, there was more excitement. The purple light had gone on. That indicated that the plane was definitely headed towards London.

All over the city, in A.R.P. posts and newspaper offices, men watched for the red light to come. That would be the one that would send the sirens screeching through the streets. There had been no red light for months.

### With the Watchers on the Roof

The editor, who had graduated from the University of Toronto in 1914, thought we might see a raid after all, so we hurried up to the roof. George Drew was there and John Collingwood Reade, as well as several of our own party. With the light of electric torches we went up metal stairs, past great tanks of water in the top storey and out on the roof, where two men in steel hats kept a constant vigil.

I stayed with them for an hour, but the Jerry never reached London. Out to the eastward we saw flashes from the anti-aircraft guns, but that was all. The others went below but I remained, listening to stories of the days when London was the hot spot. These men veterans of the last war, were in the thick of it then, but they had the same philosophy that carries all London through its dark hours: "If a bomb hasn't got your number on it it won't get you; if it has, it does not matter where you are."

On my last night in London, I came out of the brightness of the Royal Automobile Club into the blackness of Pall Mall. For the first time, I saw the long fingers of the searchlights waving across the London sky. In daylight, I had seen the guns and searchlights in Hyde Park, but this was the first night there had been any sign of life. The purple light must have been on again.

They faded out after awhile but I walked hopefully along Pall Mall and

through Trafalgar Square and down the Strand, and nothing happened.

It was nearly one o'clock when I wakened suddenly in my bed in the Savoy. I thought I heard the guns going outside. Carefully, I went into the bathroom, shut the door, turned off the lights, opened the window, and looked out. There was nothing to see and no guns to be heard.

Half an hour later, I wakened again and dressed. After all, it was my last night in London and one more walk in the blackout would be pleasant. But outside all was still and I walked to Waterloo Bridge with 2 Canadian soldiers hurrying to catch a train, then went back to the hotel.

### Survivors of the Blitz

It wasn't hard to get stories of the blitz second hand. Nearly everybody had been bombed. Nobody bragged about it. It was weeks before I knew that Toby O'Brien, our host from the British Council, had been carried into a hospital after being blown out of his car one night. The Savoy itself had six or seven bombs, one of which blew the end of the restaurant. Canadian Military Headquarters in Cockspur street had suffered more than the Active Army in the field.

So it went everywhere. At the Press Club one night I listened to amazing stories of Fleet Street in the blitz. It had been hammered almost to destruction, when a land mine came floating down on a parachute. If it had gone off, every building for blocks around would have gone over like a row of dominos. The parachute caught on a wire across the street and the great mine swung in the breeze till the demolition squad took it carefully down.

Then there was the woman who sold purses to Major Christie and me in Liberty's. Somehow the talk drifted around to bombing.

"I went home one night and the roof was off my house. The constable says to me that I can't go in there. I says, I am going in; I live here and my sister lives here and we're going to keep on living here. And we're there yet, though it's inconvenient in winter not having a roof on your house."

The amazing understatement of all these people was what impressed me. I found it, high and low. One night, a Canadian editor suggested to Col. Astor that we would like to see a bit of bombing. Said the Colonel: "I would not advise it. We have found it a slightly ungenial experience."

### On a Train in an Air Raid

We left London on a Southern Railway train without hearing a bomb burst. With their usual thoroughness, the British Council had reserved two compartments. Five editors took one of them: Major Christie, Grattan O'Leary and I had room to spare in the other. Outside in the corridor, a man from the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and his girl stood in the corridor. We invited them in. The girl was able to knit by the dim radiance of a tiny light in the compartment and the man talked to us rather guardedly.

We must have been near the South Coast when the train slowed to a crawl and the white light went out, leaving only one dim blue bulb burning.

"You're in an air raid," the young soldier said.

We didn't believe it. There had been

too many false alarms.

"All right," he said, "but if you hear machine guns, lie on the floor."

It must have been half an hour before the lights came on and the train speeded up. In no time we were out on the station platform at Bournemouth. An Imperial Airways officer was there to greet us.

"There has been an air raid, but the All Clear has just sounded." Perhaps he thought we looked disappointed.

### Two Planes Across the Sky

Just then, two planes went over, quite low down. The long finger of a searchlight swept across, picking up one of them directly overhead. That was strange I thought. They don't put searchlights on our planes. Could it be another German? Had they returned? Bishop Renison and Dave Rogers went away in the officer's car. The other six of us piled in a station wagon and followed. A few blocks away, we came over the top of the hill and saw the Channel in the moonlight.

Suddenly there was a terrific explosion and a great fan of yellow light covered much of the sky ahead.

It had come. I knew it as surely as I knew we were in Bournemouth.

I wasn't frightened in the least. That seems strange, looking back, but perhaps we were all newspaper men now on the path of a big story. Not one of the others seemed nervous either.

I thought: "This is better than any fireworks at the Toronto Exhibition." In less than a second, there was another blast. That made it certain. I thought of the words of the King: "We're all in the front line now. We are really into it at last."

I wondered what the driver of a car did in a blitz. The driver seemed to wonder, too. An A.R.P. warden on the corner shouted: "Put out that light." He might have been shouting at our driver (who didn't pay any attention) or a boy with a white lamp on his bicycle.

### A Warm Welcome to Bournemouth

Water seemed to pour down out of the sky ahead. It was incomprehensible, but the gutters were full on the sides of the road. For the first time somebody spoke. "He must have smashed a water main."

It wasn't until next morning, I heard about that. One bomb had burst in the sea and sent water into the sky for a quarter of a mile inland. They were not bombs, either, it seemed, but two of the dreaded land mines that had floated down on great parachutes and exploded on the beach, one in the water and the other on the side of the cliff. Next morning, I picked up a pocketful of splinters and part of the parachute cord. The cord was over an inch in diameter. The mines must have weighed 1,500 pounds each.

The station wagon drew up at the Royal Bath Hotel and we stepped out on broken glass and entered. Inside there was chaos. The Bishop and Mr Rogers had been knocked over by the blast but were on their feet again. Two women were trying to calm little dogs. The door leading to the lounge had been blown loose from the stone archway, frame and all.

There was no light except little penlights which we always carried. I walked to the arch where the door had been and stood beside a stranger. We looked back into the huge lounge, and as we stood there, half the fancy plaster ceiling dropped past our faces. A few feet farther in and we would have had very sore heads, if not worse. My unknown friend said: "It's not too secure in here." I laughed. There it was again: that British understatement.

Four people in the hotel needed hospital care. One man was nearly scalped by flying glass. A young girl was carried out on a stretcher. She was not unconscious. Through it all, the old grandfather clock in the lobby kept going.

The Airways people weighed us in the only room on the ground floor where a candle could be burned. The lady who managed the hotel brought excellent sandwiches and coffee within an hour. She apologized because she had no beds for us. They were full of glass and most of the windows were out. Those on the side next the sea were soaked with water.

B. K. Sandwell and I decided to sleep on mattresses on the floor. The lady manager led us upstairs with the occasional light of a torch. She apologized that we had to sleep on the floor. "You see," she said, "we've been a bit pushed about here tonight!"

There it was again! Half her hotel was wrecked. Plaster continued to fall here and there at intervals, yet they had been "pushed about!"

After an hour or so, we slept well. The only disturbance was the sound of men shovelling up plate glass off the streets all night. Every window within a mile was gone, if it faced the sea. Five miles away, windows were cracked.

When we came to think it over, we agreed that if the German had pulled his bomb lever half a second sooner,

### Dromore

(Intended for Last Week)

Pte. John Cousvoisier, Petawawa, also Helen and Marjory of Toronto spent the Christmas holiday with Mrs. Cousvoisier.

Messrs. Alexander and Russell Taylor, Lorne Eccles and Wallace Matthews of Oshawa, spent the holiday at their homes.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Henderson, Gravenhurst, also Miss Marian Henderson of Hamilton and Miss Laura Henderson of Guelph spent Christmas at Mr. Gordon Henderson's.

G. R. Moogk, Sperling, Man., now of St. Thomas R. C. A. F. training school spent Christmas leave with his aunts, Mrs. W. J. Philp, Dromore and Mrs. D. S. McDonald, Hopeville.

Clarence and George Patterson, and Russell Hadley, Edwin, Man., now of Trenton and Toronto R.C.A.F. training schools spent the holiday with their uncle, Mr. and Mrs. S. Patterson and visited Friday with Mr. and Mrs. W. Renwick.

Miss F. M. Renwick, who has spent the last three months at Dunnville returned home on Tuesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Drimnie and family of Elora spent the holiday with his mother, Mrs. A. Drimnie.

Mr. Clarence Walker spent the week with his parents at Walkerton.

Rev. G. M. and Mrs. Young spent Christmas Day with Rev. and Mrs. Young and family of Fergus.

Mrs. J. McMurdo and Alex. spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Lorne McMurdo and Jackie of Owen Sound.

Messrs. Harvey Leith and Howard Keith, of the Aircraft School at Galt spent the week-end at their homes.

Private (finding a wasp in his stew): Hi! What's this? Mess Orderly: Vitamin bee.

not one of us would have survived. Evidently those bombs did not have our number on them!

Give your car a healthy engine with AIRWAYS Fortified! MOTOR OIL

The fortifying agent is the finest ingredient that modern science has created—it increases the oiliness content, thus preventing metal to metal contact and so reduces engine wear by over 40%. Airways costs less than other premium motor oils.

CAN NOW BE BOUGHT AT PADFIELD'S HARDWARE

### Ceylon

(Intended for Last Week)

A.C. William Meads, St. Thomas, and his friend, Mr. Louegen, also A.C. from St. Thomas spent the holiday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Meads.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Porter, Toronto, were New Year week-end visitors with Mrs. Porter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. McDermid.

Pte. Robert Meads of the Grey and Simcoe Foresters has returned to Debert, Nova Scotia, after spending the Christmas holiday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Meads.

Miss Ethel Burnett, Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. T. Matson, Toronto, were holiday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Will Burnett and Mrs. Irwin.

John Willard, Ambulance Division, from Alberta, spent the holidays at the home of Mr. McKinnon.

Messrs. Ivan Turner and F. McKinnon of the Aircraft School, Galt, spent the recent holidays with Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Oliver and with Mr. F. McKinnon's parents.

Misses Frances, Margaret and Jean Collinson were holiday visitors at their parental home here. Miss Frances re-

turned with Miss Margaret to Toronto for a visit and will also visit Brantford friends. Miss Jean Collinson has returned to Owen Sound after the holiday visit.

Mrs. J. Knox is visiting friends in Toronto at present.

Mr. Sherman Piper, Toronto, was a holiday visitor with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Piper.

New Year visitors at the home of Mrs. James McWhinney were Mr. and Mrs. Earl Maycock and little daughter, Marian, Mrs. T. Hughes and Mr. J.D. Hughes, Irish Lake.

Miss Frances Collinson returned to her duties as teacher at Markdale. Miss M. Swanton, Cheesestown, has returned to school duties after spending holidays at her parental home.

Mr. Harvey Archibald returned to Violet Hill after spending the holiday at his home here.

Miss Lizzie Mather, Priceville, was a holiday visitor with friends of the old Durham Road district.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Oliver, Priceville, celebrated their fifty-fifth wedding anniversary on Jan. 5. Congratulations are extended to this highly esteemed couple and we hope they may live to celebrate many more wedding anniversaries.

# CARROLL'S

Frankford or Green Valley PEAS 3 16-oz. 25c

Christie's Cake	CHOC. ROLL	each	25c
Christie's Cake	Angel Food	each	20c
Kellogg's	ALL-BRAN	1/2-pkg.	22c

Evaporated MILK	3 16-oz. tins	25c
Jewel Salad		
DRESSING	32-oz. jar	39c
For Soup Making		
Red Lentils	lb.	14c
Quick or Regular		
Roll'd Oats	4 lbs.	18c
Dried Green		
PEAS	lb.	13c
Small White		
BEANS	2 lbs.	9c

PORK & BEANS	Aylmer	3 20-oz. tins	25c
SPAGHETTI	Libby's	3 15-oz. tins	25c
APPLE JUICE	Allen's or Aylmer	2 20-oz. tins	15c
Baking Powder	Carroll's Own	16-oz. tin	17c
COCOA FRY'S		1-lb. tin	31c
CHEESE	Rideau Loaf	pound	37c
BISCUITS	Tea Time Cream Sandwich	pound	19c
MARMALADE	Wetley's Orange and Grapefruit	32-oz. jar	23c

Kraft Ready DINNER pkg. 18c  
Quaker (Whole Wheat Cereal) 22c  
MUFFETS 2 pks. 19c  
Raspberry or Strawberry JAM Stuart's 22-oz. jar 29c  
Swift's Pork Specialty PREM 12-oz. tin 32c  
Sliced Side BACON lb. 39c  
Champion Cat or DOG FOOD 2 tins 19c  
Clark's Tomato or Vegetable SOUPS 3 16-oz. tins 20c

Ask for ROMAR Coffee 1-lb. bag 39c  
Another Blend DANDEE COFFEE 1-lb. bag 32c

Keep a Supply on Hand LAVERENE 1 lb. 9c  
Soaks Clothes Whiter RINSO pkg. 9 1/2c, 24c, 48c  
For Freshness and Health LIFEBOUY 2 cakes 13c  
Sani-White Toilet TISSUE 4 for 25c  
Maple Leaf Soap Flakes 1/2-pkg. 19c  
Classic CLEANSER tin 5c

Medium Sized PRUNES lb. 11c  
Weston's All Purpose Crackers CLIX 8-oz. pkg. 15c  
You Like Coffee—You'll Like Instantly Made NESCAFE 1-oz. tin 22c 4-oz. tin 59c

Sunkist ORANGES large size 30c Med. 26c and 23c  
Emperor Grapes 2 lbs. for 27c | Imported Tomatoes Good quality pound 21c

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE PRICES GOOD UNTIL SATURDAY NIGHT ONLY.

## CLASSIFIED Advertisements

ADVERTISING RATES: Judicial, Legal, Official Government Notices—Count; line for first insertion 8c. per line for each insertion.

Classified Small Ads: 1 1/2c. per word each Minimum charge 25c. order; 35c. if charged. Mention extra if Chron. vice is used.

Every advance not kind, where the object fit or convenience of arg, and it will be tre. If no instructions ad notice advising us w to it, it will be charge son phoning or sendi.

Advertisements or section "until forbid sent without writt will appear, until recd for their dis FRANK IRWIN, Ed.

### MEDICAL DR.

DR. IRWIN CAM Physician and R Office Over R Hours: 2 to 4:30 P.M. And by App DURHAM

DR. F. E. C. Physician and R Carleton Street, D

DRS. JAMIESON Office and residen east of The Hahn B Street, Lower Tow hours: 2 to 5 p.m. (Sundays).

J. L. SMITH, M Office and residen Countess and Lamb hours: 9 to 11 a.m. 2 p.m. (Sundays)

DR. D. M. YO Physician and R Special attention l eral surgery, dise children. Office and Resid Parsonage, Phone

"CHIRO with ULTRA or ULTRA C. G. & B. S. Chir Main Street, Sou

VET W. P. H. Veterinary Medic Prompt, courteo HOLSTEIN In Durham Wed Office in Kint

### DENTAL

DR. W. C. P. Office over H Durham.

DR. J. F. Tel DUR

### LEGAL

J. H. M. Barrister, S Lambton Street

FRAN B. Successor Durham-O Owen Sound O

GLEN Harb OUB

AT

And other promptly guaranteed. Phone 4111 over B. B.

FOR S

GOLD PIE Town, with and soft w. Well cheap. j. j. j.

CO

DANCE, V January B ing. Admis

HUTTON War Ches dance in J. ening, J. mission 25

KNOX hold a s January B served at ing from adults 25

It will Chroni