

CLAREMONT

By Staff Correspondent

Miss Enid Cook of Toronto spent the weekend at her home here.

Miss Marjory Ward, R.N. of Toronto spent the weekend at her home here.

Miss Burtou of Toronto has been visiting with her friend Mrs. Walford.

Miss Lena Phillips of Toronto spent over the weekend with friends here.

The W. I. met at the home of Mrs. Henry Johnson on August 20th. Mr. Wotten of Brooklin was the guest speaker.

Mrs. Lumsden of Toronto visited one day recently with her mother, Mrs. Wm. Bingham.

The marriage has been announced to take place at Claremont on Saturday, August 30, of Inza Margaret, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Dopking of Claremont to Wm. Reginald Verden Ware of Montreal, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Rex Ware of Toronto. Naturally our people will look forward to the event with much interest.

The Baptist Mission Circle will meet at Mrs. Richard's home, Tuesday, August 26, at 2:30. Program in charge of Mrs. James Coates group. Roll call answered by "what impressed me most at the association."

Mr. Gordon Spencely who has been in Toronto hospital for some time is recovering from severe burns and has returned home. Although confined to his bed here for a while he is improving.

The Claremont and North Pickering Red Cross branch held a meeting on August 11th, at the home of Dr. Tomlinson. It was decided to hold regular meetings at the different units of the branch. The next meeting is to be held at Mount Zion on Sept. 15, at 8 p.m. It was also decided to hold an auction sale in Community Park, on or about Sept. 27, in aid of Red Cross work. The treasurer reported that the total receipts of the salvage made by the branch was \$68.80 and the public are asked to continue the work as another collection will be made later.

Mrs. Wm. Kennedy of Hamilton also Mrs. Bates and two Mrs. Thomsons of Toronto called on Mr. and Mrs. James Leggett during the past week. Mrs. Thomson remained and is spending a week with her friend Mrs. Lonsdale here.

Miss Dickinson of Toronto has been visiting with Miss S. E. Evans here, also her brother Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dickinson.

Glad to know that Mr. Joe Ward is improving after his serious accident. He is at his home now and able to go around a little with a cane. Jack Brillinger is also improving and will be able to come home before very long.

Word was received here that Mr. James McFarlane of Wembley, Alta., is in very poor health and is renting his farm and moving into Grand Prairie. Mr. McFarlane was a former resident of Claremont and farmed on the place where Bacons now live.

Little Miss Mildred Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ward, had a birthday on Friday last and entertained several of the wee ladies at tea.

Miss Jean Ward, who has been working for Mr. Frank Barclay, transport has severed her connection with the firm.

It is reported that Mr. Jim Norton has had word to go to train for over seas.

Mr. Harold Loyst, who has been in the employ of Mr. Jack Brignall for a long time, we understand is working now in Toronto.

There is a little bottle-fed pig in Ashfield township, says the Lucknow Sentinel, that insists on having its milk sweetened with corn syrup, which ought to give the syrup companies some new ideas in advertising. We all know babies thrive on it, and how it puts zip into athletes, but now it remains to be seen what it does for little pigs. This little pet pig lives on the farm of Elwood Drennan. When just a few days old it had a broken leg, and was taken in charge by young Douglas Drennan, who "doctored" the injuries and coaxed the piglet to drink from the bottle. To induce the "invalid" to drink, Douglas added some corn syrup to the milk, and now piggy has become so picky that he insists on the continued use of the sweetener and you just can't fool it. When it's meal time for the little porker, the pet pig will follow Douglas around until he gets his rations.

Farmer's Garage Burned
Fire completely destroyed the garage, driving shed and contents on the farm owned by Charles Puckrin, on the Third Concession, Pickering, on Monday afternoon.

Besides a car owned by the tenant, Ernest Smith, a girls' bicycle, several mechanical toys, lawnmower, gardening tools and motor repair kit



NAME COSTS JOB

Released from a teaching position which she acquired only a short time ago, because of what ratemakers of the Hampton school section termed "her foreign-sounding name," 19-year-old Mae Kozak, of Oshawa, Ontario, says she has another position near Columbus.

The absence of a telephone on the farm, which made it necessary to send in the alarm from a neighbor's house delayed the arrival of the Pickering fire engine, so that the firemen could do nothing to save the building, but were able to prevent the flames from spreading to the house and nearby buildings.

The Smith family, who were at home at the time, were unaware of the blaze until the whole building was on fire, and were at a loss to explain the cause.

The loss is partly covered by insurance.

PROCEDURE IN CASE OF FLYING ACCIDENTS

The Officer Commanding No. 20 E.F.T.S., R.C.A.F., Oshawa, requests the co-operation of residents of the Townships of Whitby, Pickering, Sougog, Reach and Uxbridge in supplying immediate, accurate and detailed information concerning mishaps to aircraft in the area of these Townships.

Detailed information is essential so that the service ambulance, the medical and rescue squads may reach the scene of a mishap in the shortest time possible. Vague inaccurate information may so delay rescue operations that the life of an airman might be the penalty.

Immediately you witness a flying accident in your neighbourhood or have information concerning such a happening, kindly be guided by the following instructions in sequence:

- (1) Telephone (reversing charges) 3600, Oshawa, and ask for the Air-drome Control Officer.
- (2) Give him the following information distinctly and as accurately as possible:—
 - (a) If the accident is in the immediate vicinity of a town or village, give the name of such town or village.
 - (b) If on a farm, give the Lot, Number, north or south half as the case may be, Concession, Number and Township.

Having phoned in the above information, then take action to post someone on the road nearest to the scene of the accident to guide the ambulance when it comes along.

When an accident occurs you will be rendering a most valuable service by taking the action as above intended and your co-operation will be sincerely appreciated.



GETS NEW POST

Group Captain A. Duncan Bell-Irving, who has been posted to No. 1 Air Training Command, Toronto, is one of Canada's air aces of the great war. He was C.O. of No. 4 Service Flying Training school at Saskatoon since this unit in the Empire air-training scheme opened operations last year.

Flying over Ontario

With Ontario Student Observers

(By Hugh Templin)

I sat in the secretary's office at the No. 1 Air Observer School at Malton and wondered what would happen next. Things always seemed to turn out that way when arrangements had been made for me to fly in an R.C.A.F. plane. If there wasn't a thunder storm, there was something else. The day's thunder storm had already passed the sky was clear, but orders had become mixed up.

On the other side of his desk, J. A. Munroe, secretary-treasurer of the school, was keeping the telephone busy and now and then someone came hurrying in with a correspondence file or other information.

It was obvious enough what had happened. A phone call from the Training Command at Toronto had informed me that all arrangements were made. Meanwhile, a sudden call had taken the manager of the Malton School to Montreal and no one else knew anything about the arrangements.

As we waited for word from Toronto, the big Avro Ansons out on the runway roared away. It was two o'clock, and time for them to go out on their afternoon "exercises."

Flying Officer McLeod tried to be consoling. It was a rough day, he said and I wouldn't enjoy it. He remembered one newspaper man who went up in a plane on just such a day. He wasn't up five minutes till he was sick, and his trip was a total loss—and so was his lunch. Besides, the exercise for that day wasn't the most interesting kind. The student observers would be trying to make out a course as though they were flying blind, above the clouds. Another day would be more interesting and would provide better flying conditions.

There seemed to be nothing else to be done. It was a quarter after two now and I hadn't heard a plane go for five minutes. The night flight wouldn't leave till nine o'clock and might not return till two in the morning and I would have 60 miles to drive home after that. I had work to do the next morning and two members of the family waiting for me in the city. There seemed to be nothing left to do but to come back again.

The Delayed Flight.
Suddenly things began to happen. Flying Officer McLeod had gone out but he came hurrying back. "Everything's O.K. We'll have to hurry, though."

We trotted across the road toward the hangar. On the way he explained that one plane was delayed by engine trouble. Spark plugs might get to it in time.

A quick trip to the pilot's room, where I was fitted with parachute harness—two straps over my shoulders and one around each leg, all locked together in front of my stomach. The day was hot, so I left my coat behind and went in my shirt sleeves.

Another dash across the runway to the place where the twin engines of Avro Anson No. 6037 were turning over smoothly and noisily now. The pilot was already in his seat. Hasty introductions to the two student observers, K. Allin and R. Evertt, both of Melbourne, Australia. That was interesting. Two fine young fellows. I shook hands with them.

"It's hot!" I said just by way of making conversation. It was a stupid thing to say because so obvious. The thermometer said 95 degrees.

"We like it," one of them replied, rather surprisingly. They were in shirt-sleeves too, with the same kind of parachute harness. Later, Pilot Joseph said: "The Australians just eat up this kind of weather."

A little door was open up on the side of the plane and I climbed up. One of the Australians fastened my safety strap, a quick-release type that was new to me. Allin took his seat beside the pilot and Evertt in the seat behind the pilot. I was in the back seat, opposite the door.

The plane began to move at once, down the broad runway. We passed a silvery Trans-Canada plane, just coming in and turned into the wind, and in a few seconds were off the ground, heading westward into a 25-mile wind.

An "Exercise" Flight
One of the Australians had repeated the warning that the flight might be a rough one, but I did not find it so, particularly after we had climbed above a thousand feet. These large planes fly much more steadily than the small open-cockpit planes in which most of my previous flying had been done.

Up in front, on the left, sat Pilot Jocelin, two or three rows of instruments in front of him, holding on to a wheel that looked like the steering wheel of an automobile, with parts of it cut away. Beside him sat one of the young Australians. In front of him, under the dash, was a hole into which he crawled from time to time, so that he could lie flat on his

stomach in the nose of the plane and read the drift indicator, showing how much the plane was being blown off its course by the wind.

Directly behind the pilot sat the other Australian student. He was doing his "exercise" for the day. On a table in front of him lay a map with no towns, roads or landmarks, except the outlines of the Great Lakes and here and there, circles, with an arrow marking the compass variations—not much help that to a visitor from the other side of the world. On the table lay his simple instruments, a triangular ruler, a few pencils, a circular card with rows of figures and the name, Somebody's Rapid Calculator. Beside him was a compass and up in front two dials one indicating the engine speed and the other the altitude above sea level.

I sat in the rear seat, directly behind the student with the exercise, but with my view to the front partly cut off by the wireless instruments, worked by remote control from the pilot's seat. Occasionally, I saw the dials turn and the wavelength indicators change, but of the messages which passed through them I knew nothing. In front of me was a table, on which I was able to write in my notebook.

Some Towns Easy To Identify
The Avro Anson is noted for its visibility. There are windows all around. It has even been likened to a flying greenhouse. The rear seat was opposite the huge wing, but it was easy to see the landscape below and behind.

The sky held many clouds and the shadows mottled the landscape below. The air was hazy and ten miles was about the limit of visibility. After we climbed to 4500 feet, we were up in the lower layer of clouds. Occasionally one would drift past almost close enough to touch. The heavier clouds, holding a hint of thunder, were higher. Two or three times we ran into rain but I couldn't see it out on the wing. Only the odd singing of the propellers and the drops on the front windows showed me the difference.

I hadn't any idea whether I would know where we were from nearly a mile up in the air. I couldn't see the compass, but the sun shone most of the time, giving a rough idea of the directions. There wasn't any doubt about the first town. Acres of green-houses shone in the light as we circled over Brampton, gaining height. I imagine it would make a wonderful target, day or night. If I had been able to lay hands on a stone, I could hardly have resisted the temptation to drop it overboard on these glass roofs.

We headed west after that, and the Credit river, dirty even from that height, was the next landmark. Then a little village that worried me until I decided its mill ponds were like those at Alton. Then came Orangeville. I was nearer home now and knew most of the landmarks. The provincial highway to Arthur, straight as a ruler, gleamed in the sun for miles till it crossed the Grand river. The lovely Hockley Valley lay ahead. The hills looked almost flat, but the road by the river was plain enough.

By that time, I had the road map out of my brief case and from then on, was never lost. We passed south of Camp Borden over the great Holland marsh and the tip of Lake Simcoe, and down beside Yonge street to King, then in a bee-line for Malton. There, the students changed places and we went around another circle, slightly farther east, but in sight of Brampton, Caledon Lake, Orangeville, Aurora, and down to the shore of Lake Ontario near Malvern. A turn to the west brought us over the eastern suburbs of Toronto.

The flight over Toronto was interesting. Out to the left was the Woodbine race track, then the harbor with a freight boat steaming across the Bay. The skyscrapers looked like tall toy buildings. To the north, the reservoir shone as all the other ponds had done. We paralleled Dundas street out to West Toronto. I saw, a mile below me, the schoolyard where I once tried to teach a girl to skate. All large buildings were easily seen. It took about six minutes to cross Toronto, from the eastern suburbs to the Humber river at Weston.

We circled the great Malton airport slowly, watching other planes coming in and finally, with a clear runway, came down to earth without a bump.

From the delightful coolness of the upper air, we stepped out into the heat again. The students checked their maps with Pilot Jocelin, and I submitted mine. It was just two rough pencil marks on a road map but he seemed surprised that I had been so close to the real route. Most people, he said, got completely lost in the air without safe training.

There was time for conversation now. The Australians had been six

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weeks at Malton. Another six and they would go to Jarvis to learn bombing and gunnery with practice bombs and real machine guns. It wouldn't be long till they were flying over Germany.

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EARLY RISING

"I reckon," said a farmer, "that I get up earlier than anybody in this neighborhood. I am always up before 3 o'clock in the morning."

Another farmer said he had part of his work done by that time. The first farmer thought he was not speaking the truth and decided to test him. A few mornings later he got up at 2 o'clock and went to the neighbour's house. He rapped at the back door and the neighbor's wife opened it.

"Where is your husband?" asked the farmer, expecting to hear that he was in bed.

"He was around here early in the morning, answered the wife, "but I don't know where he is now."

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