

A Feature Page

News Parade

By Garfield McGivray

MORE WILL OBSERVE LENT

Someone has said, and we believe rightly so, that more people than ever before will observe Lent this year. Probably not on their own initiative, but many will have to deny themselves of many things which they have been accustomed to. The war has made many changes in our mode of living, and in 1943 Canadians will have to more or less tighten their belts another notch. And maybe this tightening of our belts and being denied some of the things we used to take for granted, will have a bearing for good in the lives of the Canadian people. Instead of six weeks of Lent as some churches observe, Canadians will no doubt be observing Lent in some form during the whole year. It will be a hard lesson, for Canadians have had to do without little in the past. Supplies have been plentiful at home, and always money to import more. While that day is over, and caught us rather flat-footed, we are willing until readjustment comes, to sacrifice everything possible, that victory may not be too far distant in the future.

1943 TAX RATE IS STRUCK

Much speculating was done by local citizens following the 1943 municipal elections as to the doings and tone that would attend future council meetings. To those we might say, things are beginning to warm-up in council this year there seems to be two schools of thought regarding the methods and collection of taxes. Some members of council are willing to let things run along as they have been the past couple of years, while others have a form of utopia whereby they would suggest ratepayers will pay their taxes without being urged to do so by a collector who is on his toes during the full year. Personally, we don't believe the time and stage is yet set for this utopia idea, and that a great many ratepayers in the past have been carrying delinquent taxpayers by paying their own taxes in full each year. The fine financial condition of the town, the many thousands of dollars of arrears of taxes and water rates collected, should auger well for the present set-up.

With this in mind council went about striking the tax-rate for 1943 on Monday night. Due to the gradual reduction of debenture debt and collection of tax arrears, a surplus had been built up the past year and turned into Victory Bonds. We never were in favor of a public body building up a large surplus, and council were of the same opinion this year. Ratepayers are beginning to feel the benefits of careful administration, for on Monday night another two mills was lopped off the tax rate. This certainly will be received by the ratepayers with much jubilation, when extra funds are needed at home to meet the higher cost of living and for buying War Savings Stamps and Bonds. Georgetown's tax rate has dropped over twelve mills in the past decade, a record hard to equal in any town of like size.

A MUNICIPAL BUILDING

Since the announcement was made that the Bank of Montreal in Georgetown would close its doors, as a number of banks have done in order to release more man power for the armed forces and industry, many citizens have given the matter of securing this building for a municipal building much thought. It is one of the most up-to-date and modernly equipped buildings in Georgetown, and if it could be purchased at a right figure (as no doubt the Bank would be willing to take a direct loss in order to dispose of it), we believe the council would be justified in exploring its possibilities. For many years now—since the town hall has become practically unusable, Georgetown has had no proper municipal building. Councils have discussed and proposed plans for building, but whether the cost was beyond approach or whether they have procrastinated, we still have no building to which we can look with pride, and say: "yes, this is our municipal building," to the stranger who might enquire.

We think, if there is a possibility, the council should investigate, and if the building to be vacated can be secured, should purchase it for a public building. The location, the size, the conveniences could not be equalled, even if a new structure were put up. The council have the surplus cash, and we say let Georgetown have a municipal office it can be proud of.

Young Canadian Awarded George Medal

The New Year's honor list announced the award of the George Medal, British decoration for valor, provided only by the Victoria and George Crosses, to Pilot Officer Raoul deP. Jenner, of Ottawa, young, dark-haired member of the RCAF who flew with a British "Pathfinder" squadron. Distinguished from the Victoria Cross in that it need not be won in the presence of the enemy, the George Medal had been won only once before by a member of the RCAF. He is sergeant T. H. Miller, of Waukegan, Ont., now a prisoner of war in Germany. In the following article P.O. Jenner tells of the night on which he won his award by P.O. R. deP. Jenner, OM.

If anybody had told me that night of September 10 as we waited by our biplane to take off for Düsseldorf the things which were ahead of us I'd frankly have refused to believe them. It would have been incredible to me that any skipper in the world could bring a biplane home all that distance on only two engines, and with one of those two cutting out spasmodically. I'd have disbelieved anybody who claimed to have done 380 miles an hour in a dive to get out of searchlight control when the aircraft was one of the huge four-engine ones. And certainly I couldn't have visualized myself going twice into a burning aircraft, particularly when two others of the crew were killed in their effort to rescue the rear gunner.

But the things all happened and in my opinion they happened because of the perfect co-ordination which has been developed in aircrews, and particularly through the outstanding team spirit which has been developed in the bomber squadrons. It just never occurred to any of us to do anything but what we did.

I was wireless operator, air gunner in a biplane squadron of the RCAF, one of the many Canadian boys from the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan posted to British squadrons. This trip to Düsseldorf was my nineteenth operation. We rather expected a quiet trip this time because on our previous trip to Frankfurt we had tumbled with a night fighter which our rear gunner had shot down and we weren't looking for lightning to strike twice in the same place.

It was a quiet trip on the way to the target but we could tell before we got there that it wasn't going to be quiet very long. Jerry, we could see, was ready for us. The long fingers of the searchlights were terrific. They were playing all over the sky. There must have been at least five hundred of them in action.

We went in weaving, doing our best to dodge them and did get in and drop our flares and incendiaries without any trouble. The skipper, P.O. Paddy Trench, an Irishman, was doing a grand job of flying. After dropping the flares and incendiaries we went in again to take photographs, and this time they really got us.

It seemed like all the searchlights in Düsseldorf had coned us and we knew that it wouldn't be long until the flak was coming up to plaster us. Off to starboard we could see a dark spot and Trench headed for that, and as soon as we got there he put the aircraft into a vertical dive. The rest of us just hung on.

I wasn't up where I could see the instruments, of course, but Trench and the second pilot said later that we reached 385 miles an hour on the clock. Certainly we lost an awful lot of altitude.

When we leveled off and started to climb again we were out of the cone and thought we had foxed the Jerries. But we congratulated ourselves too soon, because just as we started to climb we were coned again and this time the anti-aircraft batteries really had us where they wanted us. The flak was coming up in buckets and the first thing that happened was that our main petrol tank on the starboard side was hit and the petrol started to pour out into the fuselage.

The next thing our port inner engine was hit. The prop. flew loose and came smashing back on the mid-turret, where I was stationed. That was an average trip should have been enough, but there was more to come. We'd just recovered from that when the port outer engine got it. And it really was hit, for the whole engine dropped loose from the frame, and we were left with just the two starboard engines operating. Even that wasn't too happy, for the starboard inner had developed what the engineer called airlocks. It kept cutting in and out. The engineer was working like mad, but it certainly looked as though we were for it.

The skipper, when he saw the situation, ordered us to bail out but right then Dusseldorf didn't look like a healthy spot to bail out over so we sold the skipper the idea of staying with the kite as long as he could keep it flying. He ordered us to Jettison everything we could, so to make sure we wouldn't have to bail out, the first



PILOT OFFICER RAOUL deP. JENNER

Young Ottawa lad who is the second member of the Royal Canadian Air Force to be awarded the George Medal. Pilot Officer Jenner has written the almost incredible story of his experience on an operation against the en-

emy and it was the climax of this experience which brought him the award which, as a decoration for valor, is provided only by the Victoria Cross and the George Cross. (RCAF Photo)

thing we all tossed out was our parachute. Then the front and mid-upper guns went and everything else that was loose in the kite. We kept the rear guns so that if anybody came up behind us we could do something about it and not be entirely sitting ducks.

The engine was doing an amazing job, switching from tank to tank. The fact that the starboard main tank had been holed didn't make his job any easier and by this time the whole fuselage was just loaded with petrol. The flames were terrific but we were all too excited to be sick.

Continuing to jettison, we had thrown ammunition, oxygen bottles and an armor plate we could pry loose overhead, hoping that we might get a little altitude. The wireless had gone unserviceable in all the excitement and our return back to base, if we were to get back, was strictly up to the navigator, P.O. Selman, an English lad.

He laid out our course through the known defenses of the Dutch coast and we started on it, hoping that luck would be with us. With the engines the way they were the aircraft was setting up a terrific vibration, just like when you try to start an outboard motor on an empty barrel. I was sure the wings would fall off at any time.

But in spite of all this Paddy, our skipper kept her flying. He got the DSO for the job he did that night and it was certainly a well deserved one.

When we hit the Dutch coast one lone searchlight started to reach for us, but by this time we had dropped to 150 feet and we were probing up above where we were. In any event we got through and were soon out to sea. Speed of the aircraft had slowed down to not more than 140 miles an hour. To us it seemed to be just standing still. How we maintained flying speed I'll never know. I thought we were going to stall at any time. But we did have an engineer who was a wizard and a skipper who could keep anything flying that was capable of being airborne and somehow or other they got us across the channel and over the coast of England.

This, new trouble developed. Our wireless, as mentioned before, was unserviceable and we were unable to contact our base. The next thing we knew British searchlights started looking for us, and we'd certainly have been in trouble if they had started shooting at us for we couldn't take any evasive action just had to fly straight and level.

Somehow or other, just before we hit, Trench managed to get her levelled off again and we came crashing in.

We slid for about 25 feet and then the aircraft came to rest with its back broken. It was bent almost into the shape of a boomerang.

As I ran the starboard inner turret tipped out and dropped to the ground where it lay burning, right beside the break. With the fuselage filled with petrol fumes a real fire and explosion was inevitable. I was first out as I was stationed right beside the tank so I yelled to everybody to get out just as quickly as they could. Everybody got out with the exception of the rear gunner.

When he didn't show up I started to look for him with the engineer, Sgt. Spud Mallett, an English lad and the bomb officer, Sgt. Fred Thorpe, of London, England. They went in through the escape hatch. I climbed in through the break in the fuselage. We had just got in and started towards the rear gunner when there was a huge tongue of blue flame ran through, under my legs. Then the explosion came. Mallett and Thorpe were killed instantly. For some reason I was blown right out of the aircraft and landed on my feet about 20 yards away from it. I was dazed I guess, but I wasn't hurt and didn't feel any pain, so I started back in after the rear gunner, P.O. Bill Glendenning of Scotland.

Somehow I got through to the rear turret. Glendenning had been trapped in there by pieces of his harness which had caught on broken struts and spars. His flying clothes were on fire but I was able to jerk him loose and carry him out. I ripped off as many of his clothes as I could and managed to beat out the rest of the flames but not until he had been pretty badly burned.

Strangely enough I came through it without even getting alinged. Glendenning was rushed to hospital and has made a remarkable recovery, although I do not think he will ever be able to fly again.

Editor's Note—Pilot Officer Jenner, following this experience was found unfit for further operational flying by a medical board and is now serving as an instructor for other air gunners. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Jenner who live at 250 O'Connor St., Ottawa. Born in Montreal he lived for a time, also in Toronto, at Rosedale Heights Drive. Enlisting in Ottawa, in 1940, he received his training at No. 1 Manning Depot, Toronto, No. 1 TFS, Toronto, the Montreal Wireless School and No. 1 Bombing and Gunnery School, Jarvis, Ont.

THE NEWS SPREADS

There are all kinds of jokes about people who listen in on rural telephone lines, and no doubt most people in town at least, think they are exaggerated. Here is the latest contribution on the subject, taken from last week's Chesley Enterprise: "Next to the Enterprise, the best place to advertise is on the rural telephone," says a local merchant. He tells us that rains have been a scarce commodity, but he got in a shipment. One day a farm woman, in placing an order for groceries, inquired if he had any raisins. He said, he had, so she told him to include a pound in her

Poetry

VALOROUS YOUTH

Upon high altars of their youth tall
candle gleam,
And throw their light upon the cloth
of faith—
That rich, embroidered cloth whose
sweety waters
Reflects in full the measure of each
dream.

No sacrifice to garner fame
could kindle such a light,
Or trace with points of fire, the
threads of life to form a pat-
tern bold,
Quivering with intensity, the golden
"apers flame each night,
In tribute to their hearts desire to
play the game right!

And if it is their wish to serve by
blazing trails across the sky,
Then you and I must wait at home
and pray
That God may watch them with a lov-
ing eye
And with a Master's hand teach them
to fly.

—Orice Elton

I SHALL

We had goodbye to our son last night,
Our boy of the yesterday
Who used to come toddling up to us
To kiss his father's cheek
I was shaken a bit when he stooped
down low
And kissed his mother's hair,
But I gripped his hand and smiled at
him
And he didn't guess my fear
"You'll take good care of her, won't
you Dad?
She's precious to me you know,
It's the mother, sweetheart, and
homes we love
That make us want to go"

I was proud of my soldier son last
night,
And thousands of others too
Who have pledged themselves in the
spring of life

To see the battle through,
And I swore by the flag that I honour
And by our God Divine
I shall produce for Victory
Each working hour of mine
This emblem I'm wearing so proudly
Barny deeply—a symbol bright,
Keeping the faith with those men of
ours,
Leading them through the night!

If I should falter, if I should fail:
Who knows but the bitter cost
May mean a plane, or a ship at sea,
Or a hard fought battle lost:
The blood of a thousand men and one
May be spilled because of me
I must give MORE than my "Nearby
All"
That Mankind may be freed!



GAIL MEREDITH
Heard over the C. B. C.

Earns High Post



G. E. CARTER, recently named assistant passenger traffic manager, Eastern Lines, Canadian Pacific Railway, in a promotion from the post of general passenger agent, Eastern Lines. Mr. Carter makes his headquarters in Montreal.

order. Within five minutes after she had hung up half a dozen other women on the same line called up and ordered raisins.

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