

STEWARTTOWN

(last week)
Requesting W.I. met in the Council Chamber for quilting a quilt. It was finished and a cup of tea and social time enjoyed.
St. John's W.A. met at Mrs. L. Greenwood's home last week.
Boys from here attending Georgetown High School went with the stu-

dent body to see Museum in Toronto last Thursday.
The attendance was rather small at St. John's Vestry meeting held last Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sanford. Mr. Leigh Pink opened the meeting with prayer. Mrs. Mary Bally was appointed Vestry clerk.
The Rector's report noted an increase in Church attendance on the

two previous years, and an increase in communicants. There were 3 baptisms, 4 members confirmed, 1 wedding, 1 funeral, 4 new adult members added.

In the Anglican Advance Appeal, St. John's had exceeded its quota. The Rector taught 26 1-hour sessions of religious education in Stewarttown school. Mr. Leigh Pink thanked all officers and members of the congregation for their loyalty and interest in the past year. Mr. J. Sanford, People's warden gave a financial report. With all appointments in general and mission departments met and a balance on hand.

An increase in attendance was noticed in the Sunday School report. Reports were received from the W.A., Junior W. A. and Little Helpers.
Mrs. C. English was appointed Rector's Warden, Mr. Jos. Sanford People's Warden. All sidesmen were re-elected. Auditors: Mrs. E. Hodge, Mrs. A. Grant. The meeting closed with a prayer for the sick of the congregation.

Miss Lois Nielsen visited with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Nielsen between semesters of her course at the New York School of Interior Decorating.

Observations on Germany

(Some time ago, Mrs. William Carney consented to allow us to print extracts from a lengthy letter written by her brother, who was a member of a group of British chemists sent to Germany last summer to ascertain certain details. This week we print the first instalment and trust our readers will find it as interesting as we have. The letter begins in London just prior to the trip — Ed.)

In London I picked up my kit. Previous teams were issued with the whole works but we had to be content with a beret, battle dress, dixies, blankets (and a very natty folding bed) kit bag, boots, etc. — in fact the whole kit necessary to give the general appearance of a British officer (I was given captain's rank). I met the team, one from each of our competitors, and we learned that Croydon was water-logged, and that a plane had just crashed, and so all flights were cancelled and we were to go by ship. I had acquired plenty of warm winter clothes, having been in Germany in March before (I was in Hannover the day Prague fell, if you remember, and boy, was it cold). We were also issued with the green Intelligence brassards, for our shoulder straps, and green "Great Britain" flashes for the tops of the sleeves — a very dressy effect.

We crossed from New Haven on the south coast. Our debarcation port was Dieppe, which should mean much to Canada. It (the Dieppe raid) was a theoretical subject, much used in training during the war, and I was familiar with the town from this. Even the approach from the sea was just as I had visualized it. In the two hours before our train departed I explored the town, an experience I wouldn't have wanted to miss. The barbed wire, trusted pillboxes and blasted hotels are still apparently untouched. I found a cinema where one of our tanks entered by the pay-box and exited by the wall in the one and tuppennys (it hadn't done the place much good).

Then back to the train for Paris. Our team-leader, of French origin, has a sister who had been in Paris throughout the war, so we had a reception committee awaiting us. We stayed at the hotel Bedford in the Rue de l'Arcade. Had all next day in Paris, so I walked my feet nearly off.

Had a look in Notre Dame, the Louvre, the Tuilleries, etc. I was tired, so dropped in to a cinema to see "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo", meaning to leave after a couple of hours at the most. I chose a gangway seat to expedite my departure at the right time, but after an hour, I was horrified to find that the seats on either side of the gangway carried each a small folding seat, and when each was unfolded and sat upon — no gangway. I was completely marooned and could not possibly get out as I came in. Time came to move and my "pardonnez-moi" didn't get me far. People seemed amazed at my wanting to move, and voluble French poured into my uncomprehending ear. I had just desperately to push towards the only exit light I could see. Reaching the end of my row after stepping on about three million toes, I found I had reached the middle of the balcony, and was confronted with a balustrade over which was a drop of what looked like about twenty feet. I assumed my most monochromatic air and prepared for my dive of death. Amidst mixed cries of what sounded like acclamation for my bravery, and screams of restraint, I scrambled over the top, leaving an angry buzz in the beehive behind. I nearly dropped on an usherette who seemed to think it was raining British soldiers. Her expression quickly changed to one which plainly said "Mad Englishman" — what would you? So I gently bowed, and left.

I shall always wonder what the French do in a cinema when nature makes an unexpected demand.

Left that evening by train for Germany. Awoke at 5.30 a.m. to find we were just crossing the border. Our American breakfast made me realize what poor meals we have grown used to at home. Not that we have ever been hungry, but there is a difference in eating just bread or potatoes or "something", to get enough, and eating something good because you like eating it, stopping only when you can't eat any more.

We crowded the windows to see the first gleam of German town, Mainz. It came and went, or what was left of it did. We in England have all seen towns blazing and blasted, to be surprised after a few months, to see how little damage is apparent when the place is tidied up. Mainz was different. It showed a scene of devastation which one cannot well describe. From later experience, I would say it was about 50 per cent destroyed, but when we reached Frankfurt, we found that Mainz wasn't so bad. Whole areas two miles square do not contain a habitable building. We were billeted at Horchst, some eight miles out, which was more comparable to a bombed English town.

(to be continued)

N. C. LINDSAY ADDRESSES JUNIOR FARMER RALLY

The annual Halton Junior Farmer Rally was held in Milton High School with N. C. Lindsay, supervisor of Rural Adult Education the guest speaker. Mr. Lindsay in a most interesting address reviewed the services available to rural groups through the Ontario Adult Education Board. Geo. S. Atkins, President of the Halton Juniors was in charge of the evening's programme, which concluded with a short dance to music provided by the Milton Harmony Six.

McCLURE JERSEYS HAVE GOOD RECORD

Jester Standard Falthigh Lady — 150013, senior two year old Jersey cow owned and tested by the estate of William A. McClure, Georgetown, has completed a splendid record of 10,576 lbs. of milk, containing 508 lbs. of fat, with an average test of 4.8 per cent. She is a daughter of Edgely Jester Prince, a bull that has won many prizes at the major fairs in Ontario, formerly at the head of the McClure herd and a son of the Superior Sire, Brampton Jester Standard.

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OPERATIONAL WINGS AWARDED POSTHUMOUSLY TO BRANTFORD AIRMAN

Operational wings won by the late Squadron Leader W. R. (Bill) Pettit, O.B.E., D.F.C., have been awarded posthumously and received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Pettit of Brantford. One of Brantford's most distinguished bomber pilots, he was shot down on D-Day when carrying paratroopers into France. He was a brother of Mrs. Bruce Mackenzie of Georgetown.

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An excerpt from—CONSERVATION AND CANADA'S FUR-BEARING ANIMALS, by S. C. Downing, one in a series of pamphlets published by The Carling Conservation Club.
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