

STEWARTTOWN AYPA

The regular meeting of Stewarttown AYPA was held on Friday evening in the schoolhouse, with Ken Murray presiding. Since the vice-president, Huey Mottershead, has left for England, Bob Harris was elected to this office. It was decided to hold another euchre and dance in the Community Hall in April.

Mrs. Henry Isley has returned home after spending two weeks in Guelph to be with her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Carey who has been seriously ill in St. Joseph's Hospital. Mrs. Carey's many friends will be pleased to learn she is as well as can be expected after her operation last week.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of Albert Sidney Stockley, late of the Town of Georgetown in the County of Halton, Truck Driver, deceased.

The Creditors of Albert Sidney Stockley, late of the Town of Georgetown in the County of Halton, Truck Driver, deceased, who died on or about the 26th day of February, 1949, and all others having claims against his estate are hereby notified to send by post, prepaid, or otherwise to deliver to Messrs. Langdon & Aylsworth, Georgetown, Ontario, Solicitors for the undersigned Executrix of the Estate of the said Albert Sidney Stockley, Truck Driver, deceased, on or before the 23rd day of April, 1949, their names, addresses, descriptions and full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them and that immediately after the 30th day of April, 1949, the Executrix will proceed to distribute the estate of the said deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which the executrix shall then have notice.

DATED this 29th day of March, 1949.

Eather Bonfield
Executrix
by Langdon & Aylsworth
her Solicitor,
Georgetown, Ont. 4-13

Humble guest: "Er — have you ever walked in your sleep, Sir Reginald?"

Refr. Host: "Certainly Not. I may have motoréd."

The Adventures of Flitt the Butterfly

THE RESCUE OF MRS. WOODPECKER

by Robin Wynn

Flitt didn't set the alarm clock at all, for he had decided to sleep in late and have a good rest.

When the sun came up, he was sleeping and dreaming that he was sitting on a candy load atop and eating great spoons of honey. All butterflies love honey, you know.

"Tap, tap, tap!" Rap, tap, tap! sounded on the window.

"Flitt just stirred and then kept on dreaming his lovely dream.

"RAP, TAP, TAP! RAP, TAP, TAP!" Sounded louder than before.

This time Flitt jumped right out of bed before he was half awake. He looked around half frightened, and then he saw the most unhappy looking red headed woodpecker tapping as hard as he could on the window. You know what a noise it makes when Mother raps on the window with her tumbler. This tapping sounded even louder than that, so no wonder that Flitt was startled.

Quickly Flitt went to the window and asked the woodpecker to come around to his front door.

"I'm awfully sorry to disturb you like this so early in the morning," said Mr. Woodpecker as he came in. "But I'm really in trouble and I hope you can help me."

"I hope I can," said Flitt. "What is the trouble?"

He listened carefully as Mr. Woodpecker explained that Mrs. Woodpecker had started out early to find some breakfast for Baby Woodpecker. She remembered that the day before she had seen a nice fat grub in an old tree. She flew straight to the tree and sure enough, there was a big, fat, juicy grub just going in to a hole in a big knot in the old tree.

"What a wonderful breakfast he will make for our little red-head!" thought Mrs. Woodpecker. But just then the grub disappeared in the hole. Mrs. Woodpecker started to peck away at the wood around the hole. It was quite a job, too, as the wood was very hard and all sticky with balsam.

She pecked and pecked until she could see where the big fat grub was hiding. She got so excited that she gave one tremendous big peck.

Oh, gee whizzers, she couldn't get her beak out. It was stuck fast in the sticky wood. She tugged and she twisted but she couldn't budge.

What an awful feeling to be stuck head first in a knot hole! She couldn't even call for help, so you can imagine how scared she was!

Daddy Woodpecker waited and waited for Mrs. Woodpecker to come home. When she didn't come, he began to worry. When a whole hour had gone by, he started out to look for her. He flew up and down back and forth through the trees.

He asked the Baby Rabbit if she had seen Mrs. Woodpecker, but she said No.

"Come in to our house, Mr. Woodpecker, and we'll phone all the little people of the Green Forest who have telephones. Perhaps we can find her that way," said the Baby Rabbit.

Mr. Woodpecker went in but not one of the little people whom they called on the Spider telephone had seen her. Mr. Woodpecker thanked Baby Rabbit and then started out again on his search, more worried than ever.

After about an hour of frantic searching, he finally found Mrs. Woodpecker. How upset he was when he found her with her beak stuck in the big knot in the tree.

Mr. Woodpecker pulled and pulled, until he was afraid that he would pull Mrs. Woodpecker's red head right off. He had to give up, but Oh, Dear, how was he ever going to get her free?

Suddenly he remembered that the Baby Rabbit had told him that Flitt the Butterfly was so helpful and so clever at solving problems. Off he flew to Flitt's house. No wonder he was worried and unhappy as he told Flitt his story.

"Come along, let's see what we can do to help," said Flitt as he and Mr. Woodpecker flew back to the old tree.

Mrs. Woodpecker certainly was a sad sight to behold, buried to her eyes in the sticky wood.



"Don't be afraid, Mrs. Woodpecker," said Flitt. "We'll get you free somehow."

Flitt landed on a branch and thought and thought. What to do? What to do? Suddenly he had a bright idea, just as his friend Mr. Sunbeam darted around the corner.

Mr. Sunbeam saw what the trouble was at a glance. He whisked up to Flitt and asked what he could do to help.

"Please go to the deepest part of the Creek and ask the Beaver Family if they will come and help us," said Flitt.

In no time at all the whole Beaver family were back with Mr. Sunbeam. Flitt knew that the beavers were the best little workers for cutting down trees, and very clever at it, too.

"Father Beaver, do you think you can cut down this old tree so that it will fall just partly down? Then you can all climb up and gnaw the wood and free Mrs. Woodpecker," said Flitt.

Mr. Beaver looked the situation over very carefully, walking this way and that, measuring the distance by counting his steps.

"Yes, we can cut this tree down so that it will fall against that one there," said Mr. Beaver. "This won't jar Mrs. Woodpecker but it will lean over far enough so we can all climb up and cut out that big knot."

Mr. Beaver then wet his paw and held it up to see which way the wind was blowing. He motioned to the rest of the Beaver family and they all began to gnaw at the bottom of the big tree, just at one side.

Flitt flew up and explained to Mrs. Woodpecker and told her not to be afraid. "Now when you hear Mr. Beaver call 'Timber!' just shut your eyes and hold your breath until the tree comes gently to rest against the big tree, there," said Flitt.

Even though Mrs. Woodpecker was frightened, she got a good grip with her feet and replied, "Mpf, mpff" to let Flitt know she understood. Of course she couldn't say a word with her beak stuck tight.

Soon the Beavers had the big tree almost cut through on one side. Mr. Beaver told them to stand aside while he finished the job. With a careful bite here and another there, Mr. Beaver kept on with the job until the big tree started to sway. He stepped back and took a careful look at it, then took one more bite here and one there.

Suddenly he jumped back and called "Timber!" With a swish of branches, the tree fell gently to rest on another.

Mr. Woodpecker gave such a sigh of relief when he saw that Mrs. Woodpecker was unharmed!

Quickly the Beavers scurried up the sloping tree and in no time at all they had chewed the big knot to pieces and everyone cheered. By this time, nearly all the little people in the Green Forest had heard of the trouble and had come to watch.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Woodpecker flew over to Flitt. "Thank you, oh, thank you, Flitt," they both cried together. "We'll never forget how you saved Mrs. Woodpecker," said Mr. Woodpecker.

As Flitt and Mr. Sunbeam flew off home, they could hear the cheers of the little people ringing in their ears.

They both felt very happy that once again Flitt had been able to help their neighbours in the Green Forest.

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THE DATE IS —
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6th — 12 p.m.
Material to be entered must be brought to the camp site on Monday or Tuesday preceding the sale. An officer of the cooperative will be on hand to receive the goods and check them in.
Huttonville is just four miles west of Brampton, and the camp adjoins the village to the west. Plan to attend this sale and buy at your own price many useful articles unobtainable elsewhere.
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Children's Search for Talent Show at Roxy Theatre
Last Wednesday, the Roxy Theatre held its first Search for Talent show with entries restricted to children. Don Davis, singer, from Brampton, won the show, with Georgetown's Glenna Doherty also a singer, second and Margaret McDonald, Brampton, attired in a blue gown and bonnet, third singing "Alice Blue Gown."
Kenneth Harrison accompanied the children on the piano and the judges were Miss Marlon Hopburn and Mrs. James F. Evans. Albert Simson, local photographer, was present and took some pictures of the artists. Others who entered the contest were Blanche Jackson of Huttonville, and while the judges were making their selections, her father, Lewis Jackson, entertained with Indian songs and dances; Marlene Rau, Georgetown, acrobatic dance; Larry Kendall, Brampton; Margaret Coulson, Milton, piano accordionist; Bob Webster and Bill Gibbs, vocal duet. Ernie Crawford, theatre manager, was em-cco for the show.

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