ARTS COUNCIL

Bull moose dexterities

Summer is slowly winding down. Soon the children will be back in school and life will return to a more structured existence. Summer is a lary time. A time for beaches and bar-b-ques, picnics and parties. Fall, on the other hand, is a time for organizing and preparing for the activities that will help us make it through the long, cold winter to come.

In the fall we set our work goals, we join community groups. Speaking of community groups: Why not consider joining the "Arts



Council". New members are always welcome. As a member you will receive our "Calendar of the Arts" an invaluable guide to the activities of local artists, craftsmen, musical and dramatic groups. If you are interested in joining, you may pick

up a membership form from the Arts Council Display in the Georgetown Library or write to Halton Hills Arts Council, P.O. Box 7, Georgetown L7G 4T1.

The Arts Council is not an elitist group made up of people, who are too, too cultured to mix with the hoi poloi. It is made up of your neighbors and friends.

It is made up of people, who are creative in many different craft areas as well as those, who have the manual dexterity of a bull moose. There are no prerequisites of talent required. All you need is an interest in the cultural life of your community. CONTINUING:

Until Sept. 7 at the Halton Hills Library and Cultural Centre "Ichthyosaurs: Sea Dragons of the Mesozoic". An Exhibition circulated by the Extension Services Department of the Royal Ontario Museum. COMING EVENTS:

August 31 "Summer Finale Special" Acton

and Georgetown Libraries at 2 p.m. A grand wind



This book is 'Fit to eat'

Ann Budge of Terra Cotta tries out one of the more than 400 recipes in her new cook book, 'Fit to Eat'. Two thousand copies of the book, a collection of wholesome and nutritious meals, are on local bookshelves now. The proceeds from the sales will go to the Canadian national orienteering team. (Herald photo)

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First taste of war:

By CHRIS AAGAARD Herald Staff Writer Ormie Carter, a Norval resident for most of

his life, is philosphical about the several months he spent in a German prisoner of war (POW) camp towards the end of the last World

"You tend to remember the good times," he told The Herald last week. "You did airight if you did as you were told, but it was quite an experience -- really something."

Mr. Carter and his brother-in-law, Gord Browne, another Norval resident, spent time in the same POW camp, although they came there by different

means. A 59-year old packer at Georgetown's Abitibi-Price, Mr. Carter is looking forward to his retirement; he was getting his first taste of war as a soldier.

As a new recruit in the Canadian Army, Mr. Carter spent his first year travelling across the country. Finally, he was old enough, at 19, to see active duty and was shipped over to Aldersho', England.

SPECIAL FORCES From there, he went to a Canadian forces base in Abelino, Italy, "All the reinforcements went to Abelino," Mr. Carter sald. "But I wasn't there for very long. I volunteerd to join the First Special Service Force and went to Anzio with them.

The Force's notoriety reached deep behind enemy lines. They were called the Devil's Brigade, established as a special commando bri- food or water. There gade by US president was no room to lie down Franklin D. Roosevelt and British prime minister Winston Churchill,

The cheers from a liberated Rome June 4, 1944 fell on the Brigade's ears first.

From Italy, Mr. Carter and his comrades headed on to southern France. They landed on a couple of off-shore islands and then moved on to the mainland, pushing through the French Riviera.

ARTILLERY At one point, German artillery was shelling the town of Menton, Mr. Carter and a squad of men were climbing a mountain to get a better vantage point from which to spot the enemy artillery for waiting Ailied ships off-shore in community of POWs of

the Mediterranean. 'It was Sept. 9, 1944. French, Polish, Russian The Germans, Mr. Carter said, must have seen the advance coming from below and opened fire, mortally wounding one of the nine men from Mr. Carter's platoon section.

"That left eight of us -



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Next week: The Herald interviews Gord Browne

four Canadians who were captured," he said. "Two radio men further down the hill were not."

Now POWs, the men were taken to divisional headquarters where they were interrogated before being shipped to Mantova, Italy.

At the base of the Brenner Pass through the Italian Alps, Nantove was a kind of clearing house for POWs captured in the nearby theatre of war. When the Germans

were ready to take the POWs, they were crammed into box cars for a four-day rail trip to Mosseburg in southern Germany, the location

Gebührenfrei!

of Stalag 7A.

look out."

"There were fifty men

to a box car," Mr.

Carter said "and we

weren't given much

and only a little wire

window from which to

Stalag 7A on Oct. 1,

slightly less than a

month after his capture.

was already there.

His brother-in-law

"Gordie and two of his

friends took me under

their wing and looked

after me," Mr. Carter

said. "I was the cooker.

made out of tin cans

with a blower at one end

and a crank at the other

which forced the flames

to where the potatoes

how many prisoners

were at Stalag 7A, Mr.

Carter recalls it as be-

ing an enormous

numerous nationalities:

and Slavic and East

Indian, as well as Can-

adian, American and

CAMP HARDSHIP

Like a good neighbor

"There was the terr-

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See me for car, home, life, boat

and business insurance."

British troops,

While he doesn't know

were in a pot."

We used a little cooker

Mr. Carter arrived at

Vay and Cyline

· · · ·

Gefangenennummer.

Lager-Bernicknung: L. 11

Destrickland (Allemedre)

ible time just waiting and waiting," he said. "It's an experience you never forget."

On arriving, men were de-loused - splashed with a paint brush loaded with turpentine. They lived in huts and they scrounged for ev-

ery tidbit they could find or pick up the efficient camp currency, cigar-Cigarets came in Red Cross packages made

by thousands of

"You bought everything with cigarets," Mr. Carter said. "One time, Gordie and I hit it

blg with 1,000 cigarets.

Kriegegelangenenposi

Postkarte

Ormle Carter's only contact with the outside

aires."

world during his stay in Germany as a POW was a monthly postcard.

We were like million-

The two friends were

able to supplement their

Income when Mr. Carter

made a lucky discovery

while helping to clean

bombed out railway

Mr. Carter had been

watching freight cars

load and unload. He

noticed a white powder

coming from one of

them and went over to

The powder was salt,

and while a German

guard watched, he stuf-

fed as much of it into his

mits and pockets as he

Repackaged into

smaller containers, the

SCROUNGERS

There was little to

HALTON HILLS

ELKS LODGE

BINGO

EVERY

MONDAY

salt was as good as gold.

could.

take a closer look.

yards in Munich.

faceless and unknown

volunteers around the

remotely comfortable. On every trip out as a work detail for clean up chores in Munich or to work nearby farms, the men would try to bring something back, like

Running water was tap for each hut.

meals were occasional,

Mr. Carter commented. "but it wasn't too good."

make camp life even extra wood or pointoes. "We were great

scroungers," Mr. Carter laughed.

limited to a cold water "The lea was so bad,

you couldn't drink it," he said, "But at least you could shave in it,"

Breakfast and lunch at best. Supper usually consisted of a potato and rotten sauerkraut and sometimes soup made with horsemeat.

"You could live on it," Despite tactics like a reveille with Alsatian

dogs snapping at your

heels, Mr. Carter does-

n't hold much animosity

for his German capt-

much more than we had

and we'd trade with

SYMPATHY

Capt. Mulheim was a

"very good army offic-

er" Mr. Carter sald.

Apparently, he had a

brother interned in a

POW camp in Leth-

bridge, Alberta and bel-

Camp Commandant

them as well."

"They didn't have

tors.

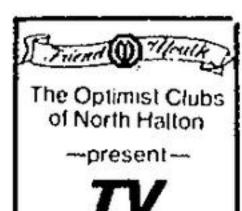
An employee of Abitibi-Price in Georgetown, Ormie Carter spent time as a teenager with a special commando brigade called the "Devil's Brigade", before being captured by the Germans in World War II.

leved he was being well

He was inclined, Mr. ease up on his Canadian prisoners something which Mr. Carter fears may have been his downfall: Capt. Mulhelm was shot by the SS because he was too tenient just before the Stalag 7A was liberated by General Patton's troups.

In the darkness of captivity, there were some bright moments. Mr. Carter remembers plays and musical nights put on by the prisoners, usually before a full house with the front row seats occupied by German officers.

There was an outstanding camp band,



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Ormie Carter spends time with famed

Devil's Brigade before his capture

thanks to several' taltreated by the Allies. ented Americans and

instruments which

came in Red Cross

Eventually, Red

Cross packages gained

Mr. Carter and several

other Canadians, includ-

packages.

Carter explained, to



ing Mr. Browne, a little freedom.

They were essentially on their honor not to escape. The POWs drove convoys of trucks picking up packages from the Swiss border and delivering them to POW and concentration camps.

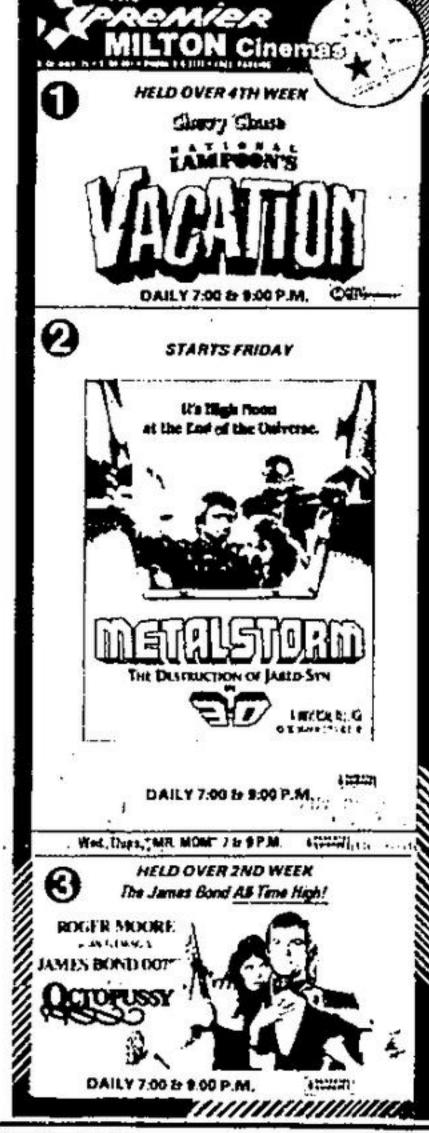
Mr. Carter made two trips - one to the infamous concentration camp, Dachau, arriving the day before it was

liberated. By July, 1945, Mr. Carter was back in Toronto. About a year later he began what has stretched to 37-year career with Abitibi-

Price in Georgetown. "Yes, indeed," he said. "It was quite an experience."



Never fake trouble in the water. Remember the story about the boy who cried "wolf" once too often?







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