



Fairbridge Gazette

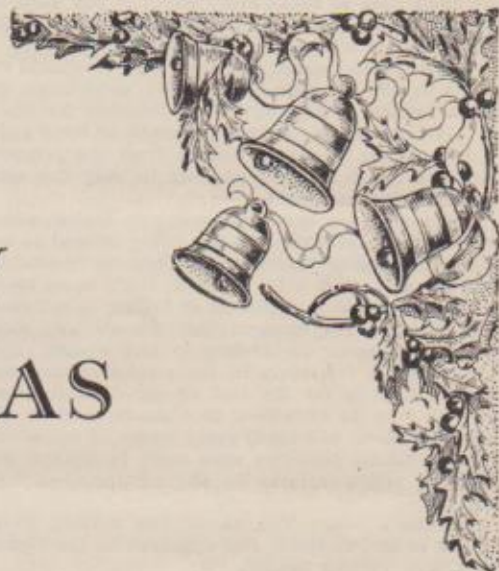

SUBSCRIPTION:
ADULTS 10c — CHILDREN 5c

PUBLISHED AT:
PRINCE OF WALES FAIRBRIDGE FARM SCHOOL

VOLUME VI.

CHRISTMAS, 1945

NUMER 3.



A
MERRY
CHRISTMAS
AND
A
HAPPY
NEW
YEAR



EDITORIAL

by Sigm. Frank Todd

During the war years an encouraging number of our Old Fairbridgians voluntarily enlisted in the armed services of our adopted country. In the interest of our understanding of our fellow citizens this has undoubtedly been a good thing, since in this way we have met Canadians from every station in life, and from every part of the country.

Many of these fellow servicemen and women have been native sons and daughters, others have been immigrants like ourselves. In meeting them we have learned to respect an equal number of ideas and opinions.

We have learned to understand the problems and pleasures of our fellow Canadians who, in pre-war days, may have lived a thousand miles from our homes and an even greater distance from our spheres of interest.

It is to be hoped that on our full return to peaceful occupations we shall not lose touch with this broadened outlook we have attained during our years of service life.

When we go ahead again to our normal lives we can each play our part in welding our country into the great nation it is certainly to become, by remembering our comrades from the Maritimes or Alberta, by remembering the way they think and react, and by remembering their likes, dislikes and ambitions.

In the interests of national enterprise and co-operation we shall have to make every effort to put aside selfishly petty, personal and local ideas for ideals that are in the interests of Canada as a whole.

This doesn't mean, however, that we should not make every effort to advance ourselves and our neighbours, as all advancement towards prosperity is advancement for the Dominion.

We should not, however, attempt to force any advancement if in any way it should detract from the prosperity and well-being of our neighbour, whether he may live across the street or across the continent.

We all have the opportunity of taking advantage of one of the many schemes that are being offered to servicemen and women to enable themselves to become re-established in civilian life and, with a lot of work, there is no reason why every one of us should even dream of failing in our re-establishment.

We must not, however, take the attitude that is beginning to appear among ex-servicemen and women, that because we have spent a few years in the service of our country, Canada should keep us for the rest of our natural lives.

We owe to ourselves, to Canada, and to Fairbridge, the pledge that we will apply every ounce of our ability to the task of establishing ourselves once more in civilian life, and assisting our neighbourhood in the advancement of our adopted country.

Editor's Note: The above was written in a letter from Frank to Mr. Garnett, and appeared in the October 28 edition of The Cowichan Leader.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Christmas Card Contest has again been resumed at Fairbridge. The winner this year was 14-year-old Ronald Hancock. Congratulations, Ronnie!

Runners-up were Eric Lewis and Barrie Hodges, both of whom turned in excellent efforts.

GARDEN NEWS

During this past season, among our many crops, we grew tomatoes in the greenhouse and had very good results.

As for the berries this year, they, too, were excellent but, unfortunately, we had more than we could harvest, so the birds had a good feed.

At the fall fair in Victoria we won a full share of prizes: First for turnips, parsnips, carrots, beets and onions, and came third in Netted Gem potatoes.

In the greenhouse we also have geranium cuttings, a few grape vines and ferns, all doing very well.

—Victor Redman.

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy. But it's good too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—George H. Lorimer.

THE ORDER OF GOOD CHEER

Far away and long ago, as the old story-books used to say, an explorer landed on the shores of a long narrow bay surrounded by low hills clothed with birch and maple. He was accompanied by a small group of men and an Indian guide or two. Their ship was little bigger than a fishing vessel of about 120 tons, and they had supplies for only a few months at most. But some set to work at once to clear a site for a fort, and others went out to hunt for deer and to fish for eels in the river which ran into their bay.

Very soon they had built themselves several substantial homes joined together in the form of a square. One of the rooms was a big dining-hall with benches and a table round which the explorers gathered for their meals. As they had no cook with them they took it in turns to cook for themselves, and as they had to make their own amusements in those days, they founded what they called "The Order of Good Cheer." Each explorer in turn took upon himself to provide the evening meal and to act as host for the occasion. He not only had to go out and hunt or fish but he had to cook the game when he had shot or caught it. When the time came for the meal to be brought in, the host, wearing a golden collar, led the way with the main dish and the others formed up in a procession behind him carrying the rest of the dinner. And so, with much fun and laughter, they passed the long, winter evenings in the wilderness.

To-day the settlement has moved to the head of the narrow bay and has become the pleasant little town of Annapolis Royal, while a big Canadian naval base has been established exactly opposite the site where the explorers made their first camp.

The spirit of these explorers still lives on and we at Fairbridge have much to learn from their example. They contrived to enjoy themselves without cinemas or radios or towns to visit, and so can we if we make up our minds to do so. Let us then, at this Christmas season, establish our own "Order of Good Cheer," and in doing so remember those men of bygone days who managed with so little and yet achieved so much.

To all Fairbridgians past and present, my wife and I send our Greetings and Best Wishes for a Happy Christmas, with the earnest hope that 1946 may really see the beginning of an age of peace and goodwill for all men.

COW BARN FIRE

On August 16 we were aroused from supper by the sound of the fire bell. We then saw smoke and flames violently issuing from the general direction of the farmyard.

Making all possible haste, we proceeded to the cow barn, where our gaze was met by a terrible catastrophe. The cow barn and sheep barn were literally enveloped in a sheet of flame and smoke that could be felt fifty feet away, and the roof of the sheep barn had already fallen into the flames.

By this time hoses, trucks, extinguishers and fire-fighters had come to the aid of the bucket-passing chain. It was a scene of utter perplexity, and all the water pipes were bursting and popping, along with the crashing of the falling beams and supports.

Eventually the pump began to work, and we played a stream of water on what was left of the cow barn, and hoped that there would be no chances of a forest fire starting. A schedule was made out regarding fire-fighting groups so that some one would be on watch all night.

By now all that remained of the once-prized cow barn and the season's crop of hay was a mess of charred rubbish and red-hot parts of the iron roofing, that burned and smouldered for a week.

However, the plight could have been worse, and at least the herd had been moved from the barn in time. Also, the barns were covered by insurance, and it is now nearly rebuilt in a different style.

—Ronnie Hancock.

Male Staff: "You didn't comb your hair this morning, Johnny."

Johnny: "Didn't have to; the cottage mother is on her holidays."

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

In this 22nd publication of the Fairbridge Gazette I would like to try out this sort of an article and, seeing that this is the first of its kind, I should give you some idea of what it is about.

The fact is that so many little, yet interesting, things come and go and either it is forgotten or else it is too small to write an article about. So I am going to put them all together and hope it proves interesting to all our readers, both you at the Farm School and those who receive their copies through the mail.

You might like to know that, about a year ago, a stray dog who, when I first saw it, looked more like a bundle of rags, wandered into the Homesite and took a particular liking to "K" Cottage, where he has been living.

He's a favourite among all the children, and they call him Woolly. During the day he doesn't do very much, apart from waiting outside the school until the children come home. He is a good rat catcher and has been known to go into the bush and bring back a pheasant, and it has been said that he is also quite capable of chasing wild cats away.

Then last summer some of the boys decided to keep rabbits as pets, which have been absent from the School for some eight years or more. They now have five living in hutches that the boys built themselves, and, knowing what rabbits are, they are preparing room for more.

Street lights have been installed on the Homesite, and come in handy in aiding one wearing their Sunday best, to keep out of the puddles that are in the road. Power lines have been connected with the greenhouse, enabling them to have electricity too.

I think the new cow barn will be completed by the first of the new year, when the trainees once again will be able to milk the cows without having the rain dropping through the unfinished roof. We will have a picture of the completed barn in our next issue.

I hope there will be a lot of O.F.s back over the Christmas holidays, as we would like to have a meeting to elect new officers, and to talk over the hostel situation.

In closing, I would like our readers to know that we thank you for the letters you write, and appreciate the encouraging things you say about the Gazette. And remember, if you see anything wrong with it or if you have any ideas to improve it, drop us a few lines and let us know, as we do try and want to please all of you. Yours truly,

—Ken Braunton.

THE DAY OF RETURNING

You children of Fairbridge, you future world-makers,

There's a fog in the bay, and the foreland is dim.

The lifeboat is battling with turbulent breakers

Brave men are straining hard muscles and limb.

Stand by and wait for the day of returning,

Be ready to cheer, and to help, and to save.

They are exhausted, just rescued from yearning,

And will gather fresh hope from you that are brave.

You children of Fairbridge, you loyal-hearted brothers,

There's a chap fighting grime, and he's down on his luck;

His pride will not let him beg pittance of others,

His mind is too decent to grovel in muck.

Go out and help in the time of his weakening,

A shake of his hand or a pat on his back

Will cheer up his spirit and set his heart beating

With fresh, pulsing courage to shoulder his pack.

You children of Fairbridge, whose thoughts are of others,

The Empire's new builders and pride of the race.

The old world is showing its sisters and brothers

The power of your manhood, the strength of your grace.

So hold up your manhood and let all your preaching

Be deeds that are sweet, for the things that are hard.

Show that the easy way is not of your teaching,

And success is not won by the toss of a card.

—Leon Mendoza.

FARM NEWS

It is always a difficult task writing news concerning the farm side, as there are so many changes made between the time the news is drawn up and the time it comes off the press, but this is how things are at present.

We have 70 head of cattle, of which 28 are milking and five dry and expecting to calve within the next one or two months. Fifteen are heifers which have been at the Upper Ranch, and 20 calves out in pasture, and Wallace the bull, along with two other young bulls.

The cows are bringing in about 580 pounds of milk a day, of which one 80-lb. can is sent to market, and the rest is consumed at the Farm School.

After the cow barn fire, Fred Harding, who was a trainee in 1943, and had been working at Koksilah, took over the handling of the herd, and gave satisfactory results, until the return from service overseas in the Canadian Army of Mr. D. C. Morton, who was our original herdsman and has now resumed his position.

There are approximately 500 hens at the poultry, of which 275 are laying.

At the piggery we have 65 pigs, some Berkshires, the rest Yorkshires. One sow recently had a litter of eight pigs. Four were white and four black. Four other sows are expected to have litters within the next two months.

We generally slaughter two pigs every week, for pork and bacon at the Farm School.

It is intended to give the piggery a good cleaning out and whitewashing some time during this month.

MY THANKS TO FAIRBRIDGE

I cannot say too much good about the seven years I have spent here at Fairbridge. I have had my ups and downs just like the rest of you, but I still can't find the right words in which to say thank you.

We are, and have been, given all the things that we have needed, and I do know that if I had stayed at my own home in England that I would not have had all the advantages that I have been given here.

For the last year I have been doing trainee girl work, and I am very happy and really interested and like the work, and enjoy Home Economic classes held at the Day School.

—Betty Palser.

OLD FAIRBRIDGIAN NEWS

Word has been received that LAC Tom Turner, R.C.A.F., has become a father to a son, Thomas Robert, born on November 9, 1945, in Glasgow, Scotland.

Among O.F.s discharged from the Armed Forces are Ptes. James Alsop, Ken Braunton, Tpr. Henry Brayfield, L.-Cpl. Victor Hughes, L.-Cpl. Ralph Powell, and Pte. Peter Tearle, from the Canadian Army.

Q.R.2 Art ("Killer") Cain, A.B. Pat Hood, A.B. Mathew Macdonald, Sgmn. Vic Garside, A.B. Les Snaith and A.B. Pat Webb, from the R.C.N.V.R.

From the Air Force: P.O. Jim Lally and L.A.C. Tom Renwick.

Mary Batt, Jessie Ulsh (nee Newbold), Frances McLellan (nee Gibson), from the C.W.A.C., and LAW Katie Howard (nee Taylor), from the R.C.A.F.

Pte. E. Goodyear (nee Nellie Falcus), of the C.W.A.C., was recently married in England.

We hear that Andy Anderson has received his second stripe. He is a P.T. instructor at No. 4 Repat. Depot; and that Cpl. Sid Jarvis married an A.T.S. girl in England, which helps to make our Fairbridge family larger and larger.

Leading Seaman Bob Anderson knocked out Gnr. Garrick in the first round of the inter-service championships at the Naval Barracks, Esquimalt, on December 17, 1945.

NINTH VICTORY LOAN

The Farm School quota for the Ninth Victory Loan, as already announced, was \$3,450.00, and the sales amounted to \$5,200.00. In addition, Old Fairbridgians who also signed their names to Victory, bought a further \$2,850.00, making a grand total of \$8,050.00.

WHO ARE



LE THEY?



Answers on Page Eight



LETTERS FROM OLD FAIRBRIDGIANS

The following is a portion of a letter recently written to Mr. Garnett by Jim Lally, who is now living with his wife at Calgary:—

"Nice to hear all the old gang is coming back from the wars to visit the old school again. Somehow I feel I didn't take full advantage of my stay at the school. It was short, alright, but at the same time I never indicated my feelings about my Fairbridge training.

"May I say without boasting that few Fairbridgians had the good fortune of putting into practice and appreciating that training as I did at the prisoner-of-war camp. But now is the time when you can use the term 'good fortune,' as the experience that I earned in that 21 months will now help no end to make life easier for me and, most of all, it teaches one to appreciate the little things in life.

"Putting all these factors together, in my opinion, that is where the Fairbridge training came in handy, for it teaches the boys and girls to go out into the world and take an even share in the joys and disappointments that life has to offer. No matter where you go to in this life, and no matter what predicament you get yourself into, you always find this two reigning factors.

"Sounds like a lecture doesn't it? But I am sure that most Old Fairbridgians feel the same way as I do, and if they think so, then it must be true, as they have experienced it. So I'd like to pass these views on to you now at the Farm School. You may think that you are working too hard; I know, as I thought so too when I was there, and sometimes the staff do make a few mistakes, but after all, we can't be perfect. But just remember that your elders do know better, and that under their guidance you won't go far wrong."

HALLOWE'EN

I don't know why they call it "Hallow," because everyone had the time of their lives here this year at Fairbridge. As a matter of fact, it was the best and biggest celebration that we have ever had marking Hallowe'en.

A fancy-dress ball was held, and almost 99 per cent of the children and staff turned out all dressed up. They represented just about everything. Among them were the regular ghosts and witches, also clowns, darkies, and fairies, gipsies, professors, Dick Whittington and his cat, Robin Hood, princes, bridesmaids and their beaux.

Due to a large number of staff and Old Fairbridgians being discharged from the services, there were also present plenty of naval officers and sailors, and Boy Scouts and Mounties, at the party. Along with air-raid wardens, cigarette girls, buglers, and even a sack of Netted Gem potatoes rolling around.

The costumes were judged by Mrs. Garnett, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Larnder, and out of the boys 11 years old and under, Eric Blackmore won first prize as an air-raid warden, and Leon Field won next place, as a bugler. For the small girls under 11 years old, Evelyn Donnelly won as a gipsy, with Brenda Blackmore as an Indian girl, who came in second in that class.

For the girls 12 and over, Sylvia Cowans won as a cigarette girl, along with Betty Palser, who entered as a sailor, complete with a beard and an empty rum bottle, still looking pretty sober.

Tommy Richards came in first for the boys 12 and over, as a sack of Netted Gem potatoes, and Tommy Meers as a professor, and Miss Sinclair as the Homesite handyman (at least she had the plunger with her), along with Mr. Bulcock, who strutted around as the new Farm School nurse.

After the judging and the awarding of prizes, games were played until nine o'clock, when refreshments were served, and everybody had plenty to eat and drink. Dancing started at nine-thirty to the music of Mr. Tony Hillyard's recordings, which lasted until midnight.

The entire evening's entertainment was prepared and planned by a committee consisting of Mrs. Gray, Mr. Gillatt and Mr. Lynes, and our special thanks go to Mrs. Bulcock, who very successfully handled the refreshment end of the celebration.

—The Editor.

OUR TRUCK

Fairbridge bought a truck, back in '39;
It is all rusty and dirty green;
The brakes they screech through want of oil,
And the whole thing is far from being clean.

The fenders are smashed and badly bent,
The body is bruised and worn.
With headlights dim, and bumpers scarred,
And cushions humped and torn.

The war brought us quite a change
In the type of trucks we drive,
And one ride in the thing we've got
You feel more dead than alive.

Our truck, it carries everything,
From people down to eggs;
And to ride in our truck is really a thrill,
But thank God that we've got legs!

So we'll keep our dear old truck
For transportation only;
For without its bumps and squeaks
This place would sure be lonely.

—Leon Mendoza.

JUST IN FUN

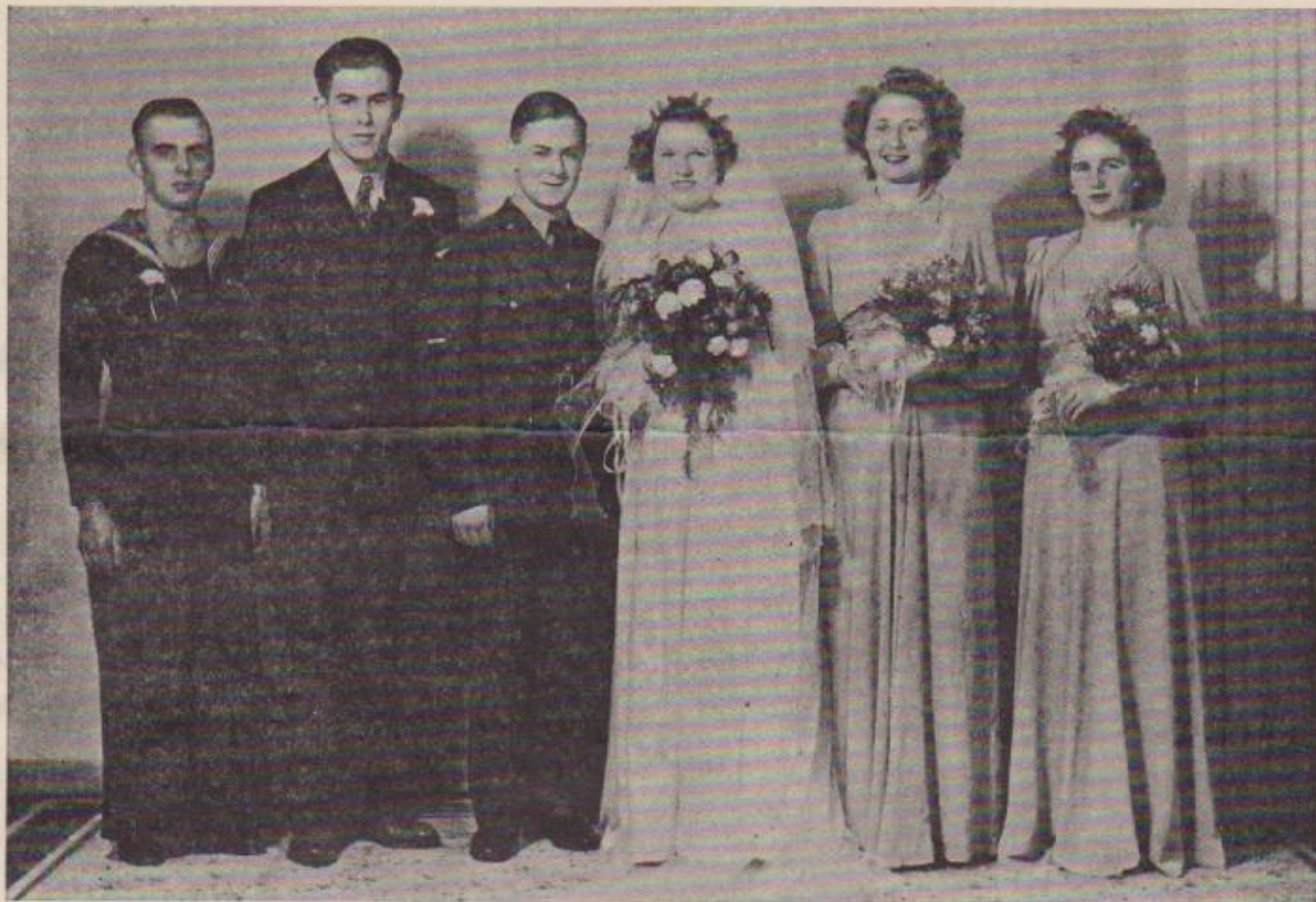
Here, I am told, is the latest method of catching a crocodile! All that is needed is a pair of swim trunks, a matchbox, a telescope, and some dull reading material. The idea is to go into the river and tempt the crocodile to chase you, then run into the house and start reading the dull material.

You will not have read much of it when you will be tired and will fall asleep. By that time the crocodile will have found out where you are and will come barging into your room. But crocodiles, being full of curiosity, will, upon seeing the book at your side, start reading it too and will likewise fall asleep.

Seeing that you went to sleep before the croc' did, you will wake up before him. Doing this, you then put the wrong end of the telescope to your eye and peer at the creature, who will look very small. Then pick him up and put him in the matchbox. Presto! you have your crocodile captured. At least, it sounds logical—or does it?

—The Editor.





WEDDING

History was made at Fairbridge when two Old Fairbridgians, Miss Annie Usher and L.A.C. Peter Forest, were married on Saturday, November 24, 1945, in the Farm School Chapel by Canon Hughes.

The bride wore a coronet headdress and a long white satin gown, with a bouquet of red roses and white carnations. She was given away by Mr. Garnett.

Mr. L. A. Grogan, Victoria, secretary of the B.C. Fairbridge Committee, was at the chapel organ and played the wedding march.

The bridesmaids were Doreen Lister, Old Fairbridgian, and Miss Marie Turner, a friend of Annie's from Vancouver. They were dressed in pale blue gowns, carrying bouquets of pink snapdragons and carnations, and wearing feather headdresses.

Ken Braunton, recently discharged from the Canadian Army, was best man, and A.B. Pat Webb, who is also discharged, was usher.

All children and staff, Old Fairbridgian boys and girls, and many visitors attended the ceremony, which was concluded with the hymn, "O Perfect Love."

All staff and Old Fairbridgians were invited to attend the reception held in "A" Cottage.

On the refreshment table was a beautiful three-layer cake, with a porcelain maid and a model airplane on it, and the word "Happiness" written on in pink icing. It was made by Mr. W. Keyhoe, the bunkhouse chef.

Mr. J. Gillatt, Day School Principal, proposed the toast to the bride and groom, saying such a marriage had been a long-awaited event. Both were remembered for the qualities of friendship and cheerfulness they had shown in the past.

Among Old Fairbridgians who were at the reception were Gnr. Ed Walton, Victor Hughes, L.A.C. Tom Turner, L.A.W. Winnie Hardy, John Moore, Victor Garside, Mrs. H. Mant (E. Duffy), Mary Duffy, Olive Turner, Joyce Dean and her friend, Miss Margaret Harris, Courtenay.

The couple, who received many presents, left to spend a short honeymoon in Victoria. Peter, who is with the R.C.A.F. medical services, will return to Dartmouth, N.S., after his leave.

—The Editor.

"And A Little Child..."

BY WILL DOBSON

IN THE COWICHAN LEADER



ONE NIGHT a little girl in Cowichan had a dream . . . She dreamt that she heard two trees talking to each other as she was walking from her home up the Island Highway to school. It was a fine, clear but cold, sunny noon. In shaded places the frost was still on the ground, for it was nearly Christmas, and the youngster, who had been hurrying to keep warm, stopped when she heard the trees begin to speak. For children can hear things which their elders never catch. And this little girl was a good little girl.

"Do you see what they are doing to our little fir trees again?" said the first tree in a dignified, resigned voice which was witness to an advanced maturity.

The child looked up. She had to look straight up, right to the top of a very large fir which towered far over her head from the marsh below the sidewalk on which she was walking.

"Do you mean the way they are again cutting them down for Christmas trees?" said the second tree.

This time the little girl looked across the road to a tree of lesser height than the first, which rose up from the top of a gravel bank.

"Yes," said the older tree. She was older, and her bark was more deeply lined and wrinkled. "They are going to take them indoors again, light them up, pile them high with presents; but after Christmas they will take them outside again and leave them to die as they do every Christmas."

"But," asked the younger tree, "don't they always do this year after year? And won't they always do that? Children love trees, and our little firs do look very pretty. They like to be dressed up and have children dancing around them."

"With all that you have said I am afraid I have to agree," the old tree replied, "but I think that the world should seek after something else besides us trees at Christmas."

The little girl was entranced, and strained hard to catch every word. For her brother had told her only that morning that he was going to get their Christmas tree as soon as Saturday came and he could go out. She remembered she had asked him if she could go with him, but he had said that he was going a long way and was going on his bicycle. And she had not saved enough money for a bicycle and was sorry that she would not be able to go.

"Yes, now that I am an old tree and have seen many years of life, and felt the way human beings do about life, I think that the world should have something far closer to their own hearts than trees. For they never love us except at Christmas."

To this the younger tree said: "What have you been thinking about, my friend? Have you something better than us to suggest?"

"Well, yes, I have been thinking of something new," said the old tree, "but I don't know whether I ought to suggest it or not. The world does not like new things, and people won't change their Christmas tree habit just because an old tree like me says they should."

"Do tell me what you are thinking of," the younger tree asked, brightly, with quickening interest in a new suggestion from the old tree. It had stood silently for such a long time and rarely said anything to the other trees.

"I didn't think you would be interested," the old tree began, "but I will be only to pleased to share my secret. It is this: 'I think that at Christmas time the world should learn to love its own children better. They should not always cling to us trees.'"

"What a funny idea," the younger tree remarked. "How can you put a child in your window, for instance, or on your front verandah, or in the corner of your dining-room? That would be out of place."

"You don't know what I mean. I know: it is because you haven't lived as long as I and therefore have not

thought as much as I. But listen. Nearly 2,000 years ago, far more years than the oldest tree among us has, there was a little Child born into the world who came to show people how they could live at peace amongst themselves. And you know what a terrible, terrible amount of suffering there is in the world to-day."

"Go on," said the younger tree, who was beginning to become much interested.

"Well, this little Child was like many little children to-day. He had no home to go to. There were not enough houses, and no one wanted to take Him in. So His mother was forced to go first to a stable and place Him in a manger — and there the little Child, whose name was Jesus, had presents brought to Him by three very Wise Men. They travelled great distances to see the little Child. They knew that this little Child was going to grow up and be the friend of little children everywhere. That is how Christmas began. Can you now see that the world should not be contented with trees?"

"That's a wonderful story," the younger tree said. "Do you think that people would consider putting little mangers in their front-room windows or in dining-rooms though?"

"I don't know," said the old tree. "I have told you that people change their habits very, very slowly."

The younger tree was, however, persistent. "Don't you think that people might also decorate little mangers, and put a light in them to represent the Child Jesus. They might have a tree as well at first, and then, as the years went by, they could do away with the trees, and then people would think more of the little Child and there would also be more trees and . . ."

The little girl awoke; her mother was calling. It was time to get up.

"Mummy," said the little girl at breakfast, "what is a manger?"

"A manger?" asked her mother, "why, whatever put that into your head. You must have been dreaming. Hurry up or you will be late for school."

ANSWERS TO "WHO ARE THEY?"

TOP LEFT—Old Scotty up in his garden beside his shack at High Farm, Fintry.

TOP CENTRE—Mr. Andy MacFarlane, Mr. A. Gray and Jack McNally, with a display of trophies won at an agricultural fair at Armstrong, B.C.

TOP RIGHT—Just finished loading a car of fruit are: Arthur Wo'snop, now overseas; Victor Garside, recently discharged from the R.C.N.V.R.; John Meers, now with the R.C.N.V.R.; Jimmy Dobbs, now a trooper in Italy; Bill Renwick, now with the R.C.A.F., and, not to forget, the Fintry foreman, Bob Dawson.

LOWER LEFT—Pat Hood, now R.C.N.V.R., cleaning out the cow barn back in 1939. His assistant is unidentified.

LOWER RIGHT—Outside the hospital at the time of the visit in April, 1940, of Their Excellencies Governor-General the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, who formally opened the building. From left to right, they are: M. Wylie, J. Lough, I. Wylie, B. Paisler, A. Ingram, M. Caldwell, M. Lister, J. Lewis, H. Hughes, Benny Alsop, M. MacDonald, J. Roberts, L. McCarty, R. Smith, R. Todd, S. Milne, R. Bennett, Ray Phillips, Frank Danks, E. Mein, Victor Smith, Bob Fenton, Albert Betonie, with Mrs. K. Gray, Jimmy Lally and many other visitors in the background.

EDITOR'S NOTE

In the rush of getting the Christmas issue to the press, Mr. Garnett's signature was unfortunately omitted from his Christmas message, "The Order of Good Cheer." The page had already been printed before the error was noticed.

WHO ARE THEY?



Answers to

