



The CENTRE ISLANDER



VOL. III—No. 5

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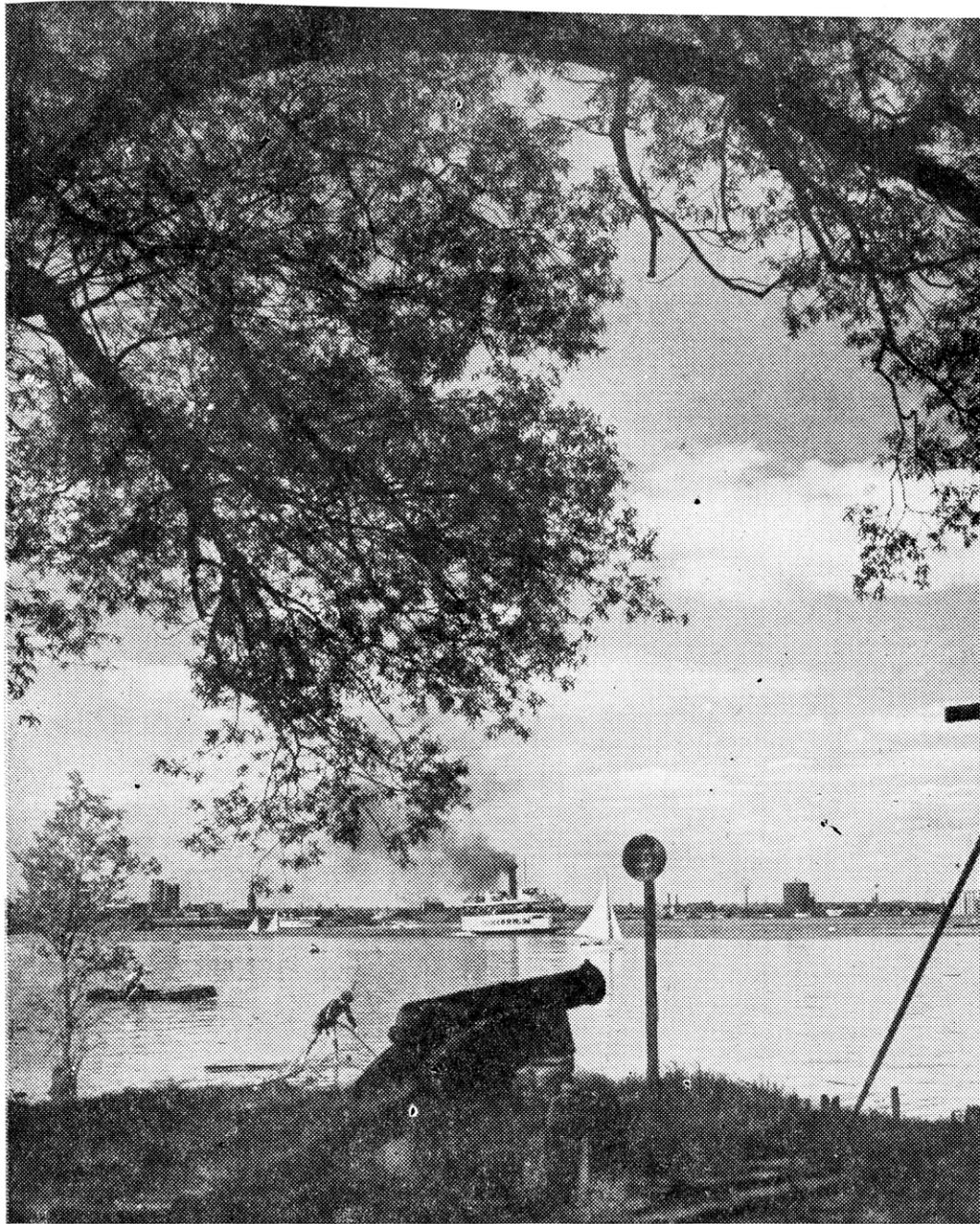


Photo by Sir Ellsworth Flavelle

Island Paddlers Stand Out In Regatta Revival

By Ralph Reilly

By the time your Islander reaches you this week the great news of the success of our paddlers will have become "old stuff," as it would appear from the throngs who attended the splendid regattas last Saturday and Monday that everyone must already be fully informed, not to mention of course the public press reports which were available immediately following the events.

Naturally, it is with great pride however, that we can record another outstanding show by our own paddlers, although as intimated in my previous ramblings the competition provided from the other clubs was a great deal keener than had been anticipated.

Our own Club Regatta on Saturday was most successful from every angle, with a good display of sportsmanship on all sides and the fruits of the efforts of our club officials during the past year in bringing along the youngsters demonstrated beyond doubt the value of the training they received. No one can dispute the grand display put on by our Juveniles under the excellent coaching of Paul (the butter-and-egg man) Porter; try as you like you just couldn't push that grin off Paul's physog. The Juniors and Seniors were well tested, however, and with Olympic talk now in the air it might be a timely bit of advice for these boys to knuckle down

to business because after all who wouldn't jump at the opportunity to make the Olympics. Steady, regular practice is the perfect medicine, so boys, follow the doctor's orders.

It is indeed a long time since public enthusiasm was so strongly demonstrated as it was this past week-end, and this of course can only inspire our paddlers to greater lengths to reward the support by bringing home the bacon—or rather burgee, again.

While I am naturally inclined to view the results from an Islander's standpoint, I do want to extend congratulations on behalf of our club to the competitors from Toronto Canoe Club, Balmy Beach and Boulevard. They are a grand bunch of sports and gained their points by real efforts. I am not closely enough acquainted with these paddlers to speak of them in a personal way but from all accounts many who have been absent during the war years displayed the fact that they have lost none of their old spirit and cunning.

Commodore Len Johnson has asked me to especially convey, on behalf of himself, the I.C.C. as well as Centre Island, deep appreciation for the grand co-operation extended by all in carrying out the splendid program. We feel special praise should be extended to starter

(Continued on Page 8)

MANY THANKS MR. BLAND

For acceding so quickly to our request that the Fire and Police Stations be painted. Now, if whoever is responsible for painting the bathing station will do likewise, the civic authorities will have gone a long way toward matching the efforts of Island residents in improv-

AN APPRECIATION

Having lived on Centre Island during the past two summers and having now returned for a two-week stay, we were asked by Mr. Bradford to explain what it is that we like about the Island. Well, that is easy.

We like the Island because of its natural beauty, its glorious trees, its singing birds, its spacious grounds, its winding lagoons, its lakeshore walks, its cycling paths,

On One Side of The Paper Only

This newspaper has no typists working for it. All "copy"—that's the stuff you and I write for it—that goes to the printer has to be typed. One can hardly expect a linotype operator to set copy from some pencilled thoughts that look as though they had been written while running for the ferry. Quite a considerable portion of time is wasted by us typing your material. We are not suggesting that you should not submit news, etc., to the paper unless it is typed, but we do

Final Building Report Before Clubhouse Arrives

DETAILS OF WORK TO DATE

As this is being written final arrangements are being made for the transport and re-erection of the clubhouse, which has been sitting in sections on the city side for the past few weeks. Digging for the foundations will have started before you read this and on Monday next the first scow will be loaded at the John Street Marine Yard with sand,

gravel, cement and cement blocks for the foundations.

The few members of the Building Committee are beginning to breathe a trifle easier as they see things actually rolling along and we think you'll be interested in knowing some of the things these voluntary workers have had to do to bring the job along this far. For the next little while the active work will be largely in the contractor's hands, but this doesn't mean that there is nothing left for our people to do behind the scenes.

Throw Away \$ 800.00 ?

Centre Islanders may do this in the next few days! This staggering sum is buried on the site of the new clubhouse. How about grabbing your spade, dashing down evenings and joining the hunt? It's made up of 200 cubic yards of the finest sod and topsoil, which (when you can get it) costs Four Dollars a yard. Imagine leaving this small fortune lost forever between the concrete foundations, when we're eventually going to need tons of it for gardens and other beautification.

Mr. Fred Walter, 4 Shiawassie Avenue, Telephone Waverly 0077, representative on the Executive of the Horticultural Society, has been given the task of directing this recovery. If you can give some voluntary time will you get in touch with him, please. Or, better still, just go down to the site and work those stiffening muscles back into their old-time resiliency. Didya read the "Invitation" on the editorial page of last issue? Maybe we regret that we overlooked mentioning that everyone can be a digger—here's a chance to be of help to the community.

ing their buildings. We think the painting of the police station in the same bright colors as the fire-hall is a marked improvement over the previous drabness.

Property Commissioner Graham D. Bland has always shown a very kindly disposition toward the Island. Our readers will recall the promptness with which he installed lights on the bicycle path when we drew to his attention the dangers existent. He also arranged for much better street lighting during the winter and has assured us that he will do everything in his power to improve conditions on the Island when a need is shown for them. Again, to him, many thanks.

In the first place an application was made for a building permit about eighteen months ago and refused on the grounds that more essential construction was required. Then an application was made a year ago for one of the buildings we were eventually able to obtain—new material being practically non-existent. Thanks to the help of our Federal Member, Col. Dave Croll, and a lot of running between Montreal and Ottawa on the part of our President, we bought a building, which many people viewed as a shed, hut or shack—in effect, a waste of money! But those who have been closest to the situation recognized a bargain and visualized its possibilities. For one thing it is built of the finest seasoned lumber throughout, absolutely unobtainable at any price elsewhere. It has plumbing, lighting and other equipment in it worth much more than its purchase price. It is about the size they thought our funds could convert, yet would not prevent additions and alterations as future needs dictate.

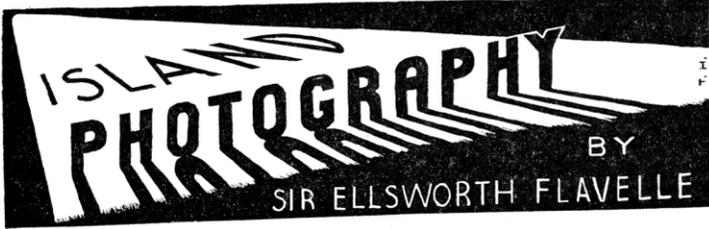
They paid cash on the nail for it!—then what to do? Thanks to a very kindly interest taken in the problem by Mr. Hew Scott, head of Atlas Construction Co., on a very reasonable financial basis, a contract was let to cut it into panels and re-erect it on the Long Pond site—the transportation being left to the Building Committee to arrange.

Next an architect had to be obtained to make several drawings of the present structure, showing elevations of the four sides, floor plans and structural details—and these gentlemen are about as scarce as the well-known hen's teeth at the moment. Through Alan Wood, we contacted Mr. Jeffries of Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., New Toronto, who assigned one of his draughtsmen to do the work and we believe he spent some eighteen hours all through one night making the drawings—after the Building Committee had spent an afternoon with him clambering around the building, measuring every window, door and other dimension.

We still needed a registered architect to work out the reconversion and, in spite of terrific pressure in other directions, our own Art Heeney of Oriole Avenue stepped into the breach and when he presented sketches he said that he had been amazed to find just how happily the building lent itself to its new purpose. His original sketches had to be submitted to the Buildings, Parks and Assessment Commissioners and after they suggested changes Art Heeney worked nights on the detailed finished blueprints, covering site, elevations, floor plan, foundation. (Continued on Page 8)

IROQUOIS vs. LAKESHORE

This isn't a new baseball league or game. We're simply remarking on the evident competition between the two streets in painting their houses, almost complete in both instances, and a wonderful improvement in the appearance of our Island.



In order to use successfully the small lens opening referred to in the last article, due consideration must be given to the speed at which the exposure is made, usually indicated by the term "shutter-speed." This is one of the three vital mechanical factors in making any picture, and is so bound up with the other two and it must be handled and viewed as an integral part of them, i.e., lens opening and focus. As a photograph is made by allowing the right amount of light to be admitted through the lens at the right speed, it is helpful to understand the close relationship between these two elements. In the first place there is an arithmetic similarity between the two. This is best seen in studying lens openings and shutter speeds together. You will notice that the various lens openings are shown on the lens housing of your camera and are expressed in such figures as 4.5 (or 6.3), 8, 11, 16, 22, etc. The shutter speeds are also shown usually on some form of dial on the lens-housing, and are indicated by fractions such as 1-10, 1-25, 1-50, 1-100, etc. Some cameras, of course, are equipped with lens opening down to F.2 and up to F.4.5, and also have shutter speeds from 1 second to 1-1000 second. But these articles are more concerned with the more average equipment mentioned above.

The first important consideration in comparing these two tables (lens openings and shutter speeds) is their arithmetical likeness, for both lens openings and shutter speeds have been deliberately chosen by lens and camera manufacturers. In the case of the shutter speeds you will note that each speed is very nearly or exactly half that of the next one to its right, and very nearly or exactly double that of the next one on its left. This is true also in cameras which have the more elaborate equipment of shutter speeds slower than 1-10 second. For usually the speeds below 1-10 second are 1-5, 1-2 and 1 second.

Week-End At 270

The past glorious holiday week-end found plenty of activity at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Knight, 270 Lakeshore.

Enjoying the beautiful and spacious surrounding we found Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Shelly, from Saskatoon, back again after former seasons at the Island. Iris Bull and Betty Fraser say rest and play is their reason for their return each year. Mr. Paul Donchian, from Hartford, Conn., says Torontonians are most fortunate in having such a delightful retreat from busy city activity. Mr. and Mrs. Knight are happy to have their son Jack and his charming English wife Peggy and their children, Wendy and Peter, his daughter Jean and her husband John Eastman and daughter, Betty Lou with them this year. This is their first year of re-union since the war.

Also seen taking the Island sun-tan treatment on the Big Lawn was Des Jackman from Sudbury, and Marie Hogg from Belleville,

St. Andrew's
BY-THE-LAKE
AT CHEROKEE

9.00 a.m.—Holy Communion
 11.00 a.m.—Morning Service
 11.00 a.m.—Sunday School
 11.30 a.m.—(Unaccompanied children under 6 years go direct to Rectory for Sunday School)
 7.00 p.m.—Evening Service

Minister in Charge:
REV. F. H. COSGRAVE,
M.A., D.D.

In similar manner the lens openings follow the same general rule, that is, any given lens opening is very nearly or exactly double the size of the one on its right and very nearly or exactly one-half the size of the one on its left. By way of explanation, let me point out that the comparative sizes of lens openings are computed on their squares. For instance, the stop F.8 is twice the size of stop F.11 because the square of 8 is 64 and the square of 11 is 121. If you have a friend in the optical business or who is a lighting engineer he will tell you why this is so if you ask him.

As I have but a few lines left in this article it conveniently lets me out. In the next article I shall try to point out the value of this balanced scale between lens openings and shutter speeds.

Some Like It Straight
 By LOU McCARTNEY

Well, the long week-end left everybody all beat out and happy, especially the Canoe Club mob who spent the week-end beating all and sundry at the paddling racket. Among the casualties was Admiral Findlay's trim little craft L'Hirondelle, which took a bit of a beating.

After last week's jab at the gendarmes we expected to be greeted with hisses and bitter looks around the Main Drag, but apparently all is forgiven. Besides nobody reads this column anyway.

Various well-known Island characters went to the Casino last Saturday and had a great time watching Ernie Becker, who was doing absolutely nothing except being Ernie Becker.

Bill Stewart of 298 Lakeshore was home from Queens over the week-end. He stayed just long enough to lend me a few books and to refuse to write a jazz column.

We take a dim view of the low cads who spend their Sunday afternoons throwing papers and garbage around the parks and the Main Drag.

Our spies inform us that there are a few red faces around the Canoe Club these days. But they DO know who their singles man is now.

If you want to know why this column is going along in such fits and starts its because Barb Davies is sitting here chatting happily and disturbing my deep thinking. She keeps telling me to hurry up and finish this column, but does she offer any constructive criticism? Nah!

Everybody has read Forever Amber except me. Tell me willya, is there something I should know?

Barb says I gotta quit now. How do these people get in my room anyway? Remind me to get the screen door fixed.

Back to normal

With this issue we return—albeit unwillingly—to our eight page format. The frenzied activity of last week will not be repeated until, perhaps next week. To a large extent the size of this paper depends on the amount of advertising we receive, as we try to keep a fixed proportion between reading matter and advertisements. However, we expect several large advertisements next week and are rather nervously looking forward to a week of hectic scrambling in order to work up again to 12 pages. For our last twelve page issue we had two weeks to prepare and yet were rushed at the last — our printers worked all night to get it out. Now we shall have but one week, so if you are planning on handing anything in, please do so as soon as you can.

Incidentally we found out that each member of the Knight family belong to The Centre Island Association. E. A. starts 'em young.

News of St. Andrews
-by-the-Lake

By William Wright

Every Thursday morning at 10 a.m. during July and August there will be a service of Holy Communion as an Intercession for the country and for the world.

The annual Children's Picnic will be held this year on Saturday, August 10. Also the Harvest Thanksgiving Festival is the 18th of August this year.

As a matter of interest, here is some of the earliest history of the church on the Island:

The first services were held in 1882 in Mr. Gooderham's cottage. This movement for services on the Island was first suggested by the Rev. N. S. Rainsford, Assistant Minister at St. James' Cathedral from 1878 to 1883. The most energetic workers were Bishop Sweatman and Mr. Goodherham. In July, 1883, a meeting was held re the building of the church and in 1884 A. R. Denison was employed as an architect (mentioned last week in Early Toronto Days by Emily Jones), and the \$3,500 rectory and church were built (the land being leased from the city). The original

Rinkydinks Weekly Report

Just as we promised last week here's our bran-new column which will bring you all the real happenings of the Island in their original uncensored form. We will reveal facts never before set before the public eye . . . Intriguing, isn't it?

First thing you'll want to hear about, of course, is what this business of the Rinkydinks changing their name? Perhaps this letter from Matt Sheard and Brandt Johnston, who for the past few days have 'not been in evidence around the Island', will answer your questions:

Censored

(Signed) Brandt Johnston
 Matt Sheard

And that's the whole story. Of course we're not changing our name.

In our opinion, if the park would fix No. 2 Softball Diamond, other than cut the grass, the boys of this Island might have a worthy Junior team which would merit Centre Island the Ward's Island Trophy again this year.

According to rumors which have reached our ears there is another column which goes (in one ear and out the other as far as we're concerned) by ridiculously silly name of Sneen Talk or Teen Snock. We, of course, never read it, but we hear it's poor as dishwater.

PHOTOGRAPHY
CONTEST

- First prize \$15.00
- Second prize 7.00
- Third prize 3.00

RULES

- 1—Contest is open to any amateur photographer anywhere.
- 2—Contest closes August 11th at 10.00 p.m.
- 3—Photographs must be of Island scenes or people.
- 4—Entries may be any size.
- 5—One person may submit as many pictures as he wishes.
- 6—Photographs remain the property of the photographer submitting them, but entries will not be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.
- 7—Any photograph submitted may be published in this paper regardless of whether it wins a prize or not.
- 8—Deposit entries in the news box outside Hughes Marketeria on Manitou Road or at the Editor's house.

JUDGE: Sir Ellsworth Flavelle and two others to be chosen by him.

TEEN TALK

Poem of the Week

Who likes to swoon
 And to each other croon
 By the light of the moon?
 Why Jimmy and June!

One of the Klondike Kids, Doug McCullough, arrived home on Saturday, looking very well. From all reports Howie and Bill are faring well and are paddling 500 miles to Yellowknife.

Last Wednesday Evelyn Dierden received a trophy for being the best all-round graduate from the Island School this year. Congratulations, "Dumbo."

We hear that Bev. Norrie is engaged. It couldn't be true. Not Beverly!

Why did certain characters wait on their doorstep for the postman last Friday and Saturday? Oh yes—the report cards came through. Oh woeful week-end!

We see Joan Stewart has survived her exams and is now working at Borden's.

A victorious week-end was spent by the boys of the I.C.C., especially by the Juveniles. Carry your victories to Montreal, fellows.

The highlight of the regatta Monday afternoon was when a group of champion paddlers, cruising around in a punt, under the shade of a battered old umbrella, ended up swimming. Doug Britton paid for it in the end.

The Sadie Hawkins week-end wound up very successfully with a weiner roast Monday night. Some of the gals that dragged along their "fellas" were: Barb. Norrie, Suzy Larking, Pam Clemens, June Orrock, Lorraine Jones, Joyce Entwistle and Shirley Orrock.

The ninth wonder of the world: Monty Day is working!

Joke of the Week

Shy 13-year older: I've been wanting to dance with you in the worst way.

Disgusted 17-year older: Well, you certainly are!

Song of the Week

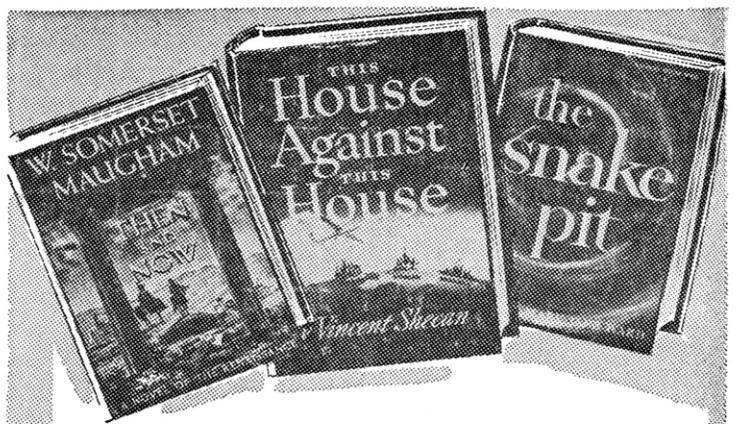
Doin' the What Comes Naturally.
 —By Dinah Shore.

Wolf of the Week

Peter Griffen.

"Insurance for every Purpose"
MAISIE JOHNSEN
 1178 Bay Street RAndolph 3118
 Residence: LA 9600

PERCE MILLAR
 ●
ISLAND HARDWARE
 ●
WA. 0882



Your Vacation Reading

Whether you like your summer reading serious or light . . . fiction or non-fiction . . . you'll find what you want in our Book Department, Street Floor.

- The Snake Pit, by Mary Jane Ward . . . Each \$3.00
- This House Against This House, by Vincent Sheean . . . Each \$4.50
- Then and Now, by W. Somerset Maugham . . . Each \$2.25



PROFILES

Greyhounds and Hard Work

Henry Argent was born in The Causeways, a little town in Kent between Tunbridge and Tunbridge Wells, about 66 years ago. The town had many large estates and was the scene of cricket matches between "The Gentlemen" and the Australians. Leaving The Causeways at the age of 6, Henry went to Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, where he went to school until he was 10. Bexhill is near Hastings and Battle Abbey, to which he often walked. After leaving school he worked on a farm and was ploughing with a team at the age of 12. At 14 he went to work in Bailey's Brickfield as a pug-boy, which was an arduous job in the process of making bricks by hand, an average day's work being approximately 500 bricks. He worked off and on there for about six years, ending up next to the foreman. For three of these years he bought and ran the fishing smack "Good Luck" — which was something like the present "Henry Argent," but with no engine and a lug sail—catching herring, mackerel and cod. He had one man and himself and they ran out to the "Sovereign Lightship" between Beachy Head and Hastings.

In Christmas, 1903, Henry married Alice Daley, a Bexhill girl, and came to Canada on the "Parisian" in 1904. He worked for the Sick Kids Hospital on the Island under Bill Hand (now retired in California), washing walls, windows, taking down spiders, etc. Jim Roberts also worked there. After three months Henry went to a market garden at Eglinton, staying until November. Working at odd jobs to fill in the winter, he returned to the Hospital in 1905 and contracted diphtheria and went to the Isolation Hospital for 7 weeks. Meanwhile Alice worked for the Canadian Kodak at King and Portland Streets.

Henry's physician, Dr. McCormack, recommended that he return to England for a holiday to cure a lack of feeling in his legs. The treatment consisted of bathing in salt water at Bexhill 3 times a week all during the winter. Henry claims that the Gulf Stream made it reasonably warm even with frost on the ground. After a three-months stay Henry returned to Canada and worked for the City of Toronto for 14 years as general handyman on

the Island under Hutchison, the predecessor of Mr. Potter and the present Mr. Jenner. The rather startling wages our City paid in those days were \$12 a week—at the end of 14 years Henry got \$14. At this time they lived at 177 Bayfront on the Island north of the land between Pontiac and Cayuga. Henry worked long hours—often until midnight. At this time the Parks Department bought a dinghy from the "Florence," Sir John Eaton's huge yacht, when it was given to the Government during World War I. The "dinghy" was 22 feet long, with a 6 h.p. Gray 1-cylinder motor and solid mahogany hull.

Henry stopped working for the City in the spring of 1917, when he purchased the "Peggy" from Frank Ward for \$100. It was 28' by 7' beam and is down on the bank of the lagoon off Iroquois now. It had a Gray Twin (2 cyl.) engine. He started in moving and soon had more business than he could handle. At that time the only people handling freight to the Island were Joe



Goodwin in the "Nelly Bly"—but this was used mostly for towing and as a fire tug—and T. J. Clarke in the boat named after him, which is now the Ward's Island ferry. She acted for a time as a fire tug and Henry believes she still has the pumps in her. Incidentally, since the Harbor Commission sold the "Rouille," our present fire tug—which has 20 tons of equipment inside her (which explains the slight lack of speed)—is probably the only water-borne protection for all boats in the harbor. Henry built the present boat "Henry Argent" 18 years ago.

Henry had 8 to 10 men working for him plus two trucks and an office in Ginn's (now part of Perc. Hughes stores).

An interesting feature of Henry's work as parks man was the planting of trees on Cherokee, Ongiara, Manitou, Iroquois and other avenues. However, the trees on St. Andrew's and Oriole are old trees—he says they seemed as big 30 years ago as they do now.

Henry and Alice went to Florida for the first time in 1925-6. They had heard so much about it they wanted to see it and spent three months in Miami City, Lake Worth and Daytona Beach. From then until the war prevented them in 1940 they went to Florida. In 1940 Henry got pneumonia.

Their great interest is greyhound racing. They kept their own dogs and have had a dozen dogs, although they have none now except a Pekinese, a friendly and intelligent animal. One—"Traffic Counter"—cost Henry \$500. However, they were a good investment and Henry's fondest wish for the advancement of the Island is that it get a dogtrack—perhaps on Mugg's Island. Henry and Alice would go into the greyhound raising business then—even though the first greyhound they brought to the Island was poisoned the second day it was here.

Henry has a large house at 6 Cherokee and lives in the ground floor himself, renting three apartments. He thinks the Island is keeping up with the times. He sold his business this year to Art. Bowden, but is staying on to help break

This Thing Called Jazz

By Lou McCartney

We were hoping to have Thos. Hodgson as guest columnist this week, but our artistic friend is somewhat reluctant. We did discuss a few of our favorite discs, however, and we suggest that you might find them interesting.

For those who like the solid driving stuff we recommend Lionel Hampton's Stompology, recorded in 1937 on the Victor label. This is an all-star group and features solos by Johnny Hodges (alto sax), Lawrence Brown (trombone), and Cootie Williams (trumpet). The rhythm section of Cole, Stacy, Kirby and Reuss is outstanding, and the Hampton touch is noticeable. This record may be obtained in an album containing other fine sides, including On the Sunny Side of the Street, Rhythm Rhythm, Ring Dem Bells and others.

The Port of Harlem Seven have recorded Pounding Heart Blues on Blue Note and have done a very fine job at that. Outstanding are Frankie Newton on trumpet, Sydney Bechet and Teddy Bunn. The reverse side is a fine soprano sax solo by Bechet on Summertime.

On June 5, 1944, Rex Stewart and his Big Eight recorded The Little Goose on Keynote. Lawrence Brown and Harry Carney are in fine form here and Stewart's horn is typical. All the soloists show a wealth of ideas and technique, and the ensemble work is impressive.

Another worthwhile album is the Billie Holiday-Teddy Wilson album, which features such stalwarts as Buck Clayton, Chu Berry, Cozy Cole, Lester Young, Benny Goodman and Roy Eldridge. Billie's singing is marvellous and Wilson's piano is just about tops in any league. Discs include What a Little Moonlight Can Do, Foolin' Myself, When You're Smiling.

We don't quite understand why records that cost thirty-five cents in the United States should sell for a dollar and a quarter up here and this irks us no end. We would also like to see more good Jazz on the "big" labels (Victor, Columbia, Decca).

Again we invite criticism, comments and guest articles. How about that?

DELIVERING THIS PAPER

Donald Lomax of 204 Lakeshore (WA 0068) is once again our Circulation Manager. If by any chance you have changed your address or for any other reason do not receive your copy, get in touch with him. Subscribers or members of Centre Island Association who live off the Island and receive their paper by mail should write to the Editorial and Advertising offices (see masthead on page 4). While every effort is made to ensure accurate distribution, it is impossible to avoid the occasional mistake.

NEWS OF THE CONTEST

We have received several interesting snapshots in our Photography Contest. However, some of them are printed so small that no true impression of the artistry of the photograph can be obtained. While size has no bearing in this contest, it is still advisable to enter pictures in a size that does them justice. Also, if we wanted to reproduce any of the miniature ones in our paper it would be practically impossible to do so to advantage.

Entries in the Short Story Contest are very few at present—it takes quite a while to whip a story into shape.

We should like to announce that rule 6 in the Photography Contest has been changed. The photographs submitted will not become the property of "The Centre Islander". They will still belong to the persons submitting them. However, we still shall not return any photograph unless it is accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

him in. His summation of himself is: "Old Argent is a hard worker and he's made a success."

—Alan Wood

By Arra Mitchell

The month of June and brides is over and no doubt there are many newly-wed young wives fussing and worrying about how their cooking is going to please the man of the house. Also, there are some wives who never cooked at all, and haven't the faintest idea how to go about buying food, planning meals, and then preparing them. But they'll get along. Maybe it's because love finds a way, or one of those things, but these days you won't find brides in tears because her first cake or batch of cookies burn. All the same, things can get involved when you take your first solo in the kitchen, so here are a few hints. First find out your husband's likes and dislikes, then remember to go easy at first; don't try and master all the culinary arts, that only leads to the utter confusion department. Plan the daily menus by scanning a couple of good — and we mean good—cookbooks. Find out the best shops and purchase from them personally—no phoning. If there is a better fruit and vegetable shop two blocks away go to it, even if it is an effort. The freshness and quality of their goods will repay you.

Another very helpful hint to remember is, that anything cooks in

a casserole. For us, the earthenware type is our favorite. As it comes to the table, you save on the dishwashing and that will delight husband's soul.

Remember, in a casserole you can bake, stew, scallop. Food is unlikely to burn in them, so you can leave them unlooked at, and if the meal has to be delayed for a while, that lovely casserole keeps everything hot. A second must in our opinion for you beginners is a pressure cooker. No good telling you what to do and how, as a perfect little book comes with them. A heavy iron frying pan is another necessity. A large wooden salad bowl. Can't get along without a double boiler, either; if you haven't one, you can't have white sauce, and that, my friend, is one of the first things you'll learn to make. . . . To be continued in the next issue.

DEADLINE CORRECTION

Due to a typographical error our deadline was incorrectly stated in our last issue. The deadline for copy is Tuesday night at midnight at the Newsbox—or if you can catch the editor before he leaves for work in the morning on Wednesday. The deadline for photographs is Monday night, in the Newsbox.

FOR THE BEST IN
FRESH MEATS-VEGETABLES
GROCERIES

CLAYTON'S

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WA. 0703

9 a.m. - 7 p.m.

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INSURANCE
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and ICE
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6 p.m. - 8 p.m.
WALTER'S
Ice Service

BAR-B-Q
Chicken
SANDWICHES
HOT DOGS
POTATO CHIPS
RAY'S

The Centre Islander

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Friday, June 28, 1946

"TURNABOUT"

Tom Hodgson's excellent cartoon expresses the feelings of almost all street-car riding Islanders. We have met no one who had a kind word to say of the service the TTC gives down to Docks during rush hours. Hiram Heffenfeffer brought this matter to the attention of Mr. C. A. Ward, Public Relations Officer of the Commission, but so far we have noticed no change. We feel that this is something that is not a necessary evil. It is capable of being solved without inconveniencing anyone and it would certainly bring great relief to many people who are frustrated daily in their efforts to catch boats. It is sardonically amusing to consider that the TTC draws up Ferry timetables allowing for rush hours—and then doesn't send street-cars to meet the ferries. It is all right in the mornings. But in the evenings it has for years been a pain in the neck. A flock of cars, for example, will go shutting down to the Docks at, say, 4.15 or 4.45. They will hightail it down one behind the other, hardly waiting at intersections to see if anyone might want to get on. Then, while these cars are loitering around below the tracks, so spacing themselves that they arrive at Front again in excellent sequence, there will be a gap of twenty minutes while nothing happens. Admittedly Bay cars will come down Bay—occasionally. But they will either short turn around Richmond, Adelaide or Wellington. As Hiram pointed out two issues ago, there is no automatic counting device south of Queen Street on the Bay Line. Thus the only thing the Head Office records show is that there are quite a lot of cars going down and up Bay. They don't know how far down they go. They don't know that cows might just as well be grazing on the west tracks for all the good the street-cars are doing Islanders. It is quite true that a lot may be said for short-turn cars. They enable different sections of the downtown area to have a fairish empty car for themselves occasionally instead of always having to shove into one that is crammed to what we would call capacity by people several blocks down. However, there is no reason why all these short-turn cars couldn't continue to exist, but also have one car every five minutes go straight down to the Docks. At the moment the south-bound tracks are just marshalling yards for the upbound-minded inspectors. We can quite see what they are up against. We can also see that if they can only get street-cars clocking past the counter north of Queen at reasonably even intervals they won't have to worry. Therefore, I can picture them feverishly instructing non-short turn cars to turn at Wellington, etc., in order that they can be assured of the proper spacing of upbound cars. It is certainly not only short-turn cars that turn off at the thought of the Docks. Admittedly we are not transportation experts. We can be shown we are wrong—if the facts are logical. But we also know that winter and summer the service to the Docks in rush hours is abominable and we can see little sense in continuing to suffer in silence. Let us stand up and shout about this unnecessary inconvenience arbitrarily imposed on us.

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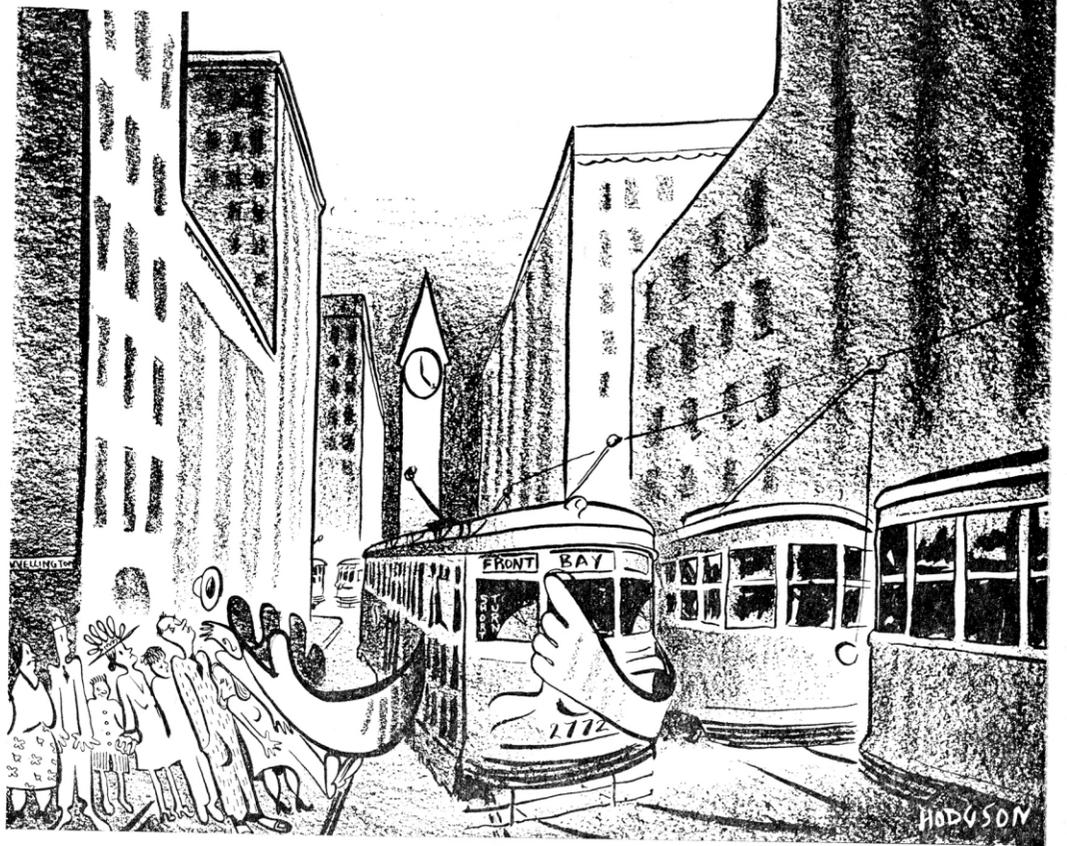
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T.T.C. RUSH HOUR SERVICE (NORTHBOUND ONLY) — OR "SHORT TURN MANIA"

Letters To The Editor

Sir:

Just received June 28 issue of "The Centre Islander," which I can say is the best issue received this season so far. May your staff keep it up. I am enclosing 50c to renew my subscription.

I note that our esteemed friend Reverend Dr. Cosgrave, D.D., who comes to Huron College in Fall and Winter terms, is still active at St. Andrew's-by-the-Lake. I am still staying at Huron College and still represent the "Canadian Churchman" of Toronto, a Church paper that all Anglicans on the Island should be readers of. I note in your recent issue many items of doings and progress on the Island. Although unable to come this year to see you, there is all probability of seeing you all in 1947.

May I wish your paper and also the Islanders God's richest blessings, may you all this summer have a wonderful time. I hope to send to your office a "Christmas Message" or story, for your Christmas issue, if desired. Shall be looking forward to future copies of "The Centre Islander." After I have read them, they go to the Reading or Common Room at Huron College, so all can read what's doing at the Island.

Sincerely yours,
Edgar Olley,

Huron College, London, Ont.
July 2, 1946.

Sir:

Would you be so good as to send 20 copies of your issue of The Centre Islander, Friday, June 28, 1946, to Mrs. J. E. Jones at 191 Dawlish Avenue, Toronto 12. I enclose my cheque for \$1.00.

Mrs. Jones is away on a holiday just now, but I am sure she will write and thank you when she returns for your very nice printing of her article, "Early Island Days" in your Centre Islander. In the meantime I want to thank you myself, as it was I who typed it out and it was quite a lot of typing to do with two fingers, so I really feel my efforts were rewarded.

I have never seen a copy of your estimable publication before, and must say I admire it greatly. It must have a very clever staff to get out such a fine paper.

Gratefully yours,
Richard L. Denison.

Sir:

It may be worthy of mention that a couple of young lady Islanders were successful in passing the course conducted in connection with the Red Cross Water Safety Campaign. The two I know are Miss Joan Cation and Miss Eileen

Reilly. I don't know if there were any other Islanders. These young ladies are now permitted to wear the Red Cross "Instructor" badges.

Ralph Reilly.

Sir:

As a boardwalk resident and a former by-law 14,973 victim, I was interested in last week's editorial on the "boardwalk bicycle riding" question.

Might I suggest a more moderate policy. An efficient law must be both capable of being enforced and favored and respected by the majority of the people it involves.

Much of the commerce in the eastern end of the Island is made easier by the use of the boardwalk. No one who has ever delivered on the Island would deny this route to the delivery men or postmen. Similarly it is a great convenience to the many bicycle-riding residents in

their week-day excursions to the ferries or Main Drag. The majority of Islanders are safe, sane riders who are largely responsible for the financial maintenance of the boardwalk.

Let's not continue to put our police force "on the spot" with a by-law they can't properly enforce because of lack of numbers, or expect them as a matter of right to act "reasonable" when they catch us on a deserted boardwalk.

If car drivers can read the several paragraphs of instructions posted at the Avenue Road-Bloor Street intersection, local cyclists could read and interpret some such sign as

NO BICYCLE RIDING
Daily — After 6 p.m.
Saturday — After 12 Noon
Sundays and Holidays — All Day.

Yours truly,
Gordon Mack,
228 Lake Shore.

YOUR ISLAND GARDENS

By F. J. Walter

No doubt, as is usual at this time of the year, most of us are admiring the Roses, and this year they appear to be particularly good on the Island. This being so, I hope most of you have been, or rather feel they have been, rewarded for all the work and attention they demanded, and which every one put into them earlier in the season. There is still plenty to do, though; for instance, care must be taken if, and when, cutting the blooms. Always remember not to cut the stems short. Before starting to cut see that you go far enough down the stem to where it appears the strongest, and then cut between the joints, cutting on the slant. By so doing, it prevents any water from remaining on the stem and so causing a certain amount of rot, and again this gives the rose a chance to produce two joints, which in turn produces a larger quantity of second bloom for September.

Keep spraying each week in order to keep the insect pests down and also give the roses a good mulching or pile the earth around the bushes in a circle, and put two or three teaspoonfuls of bone meal or whatever fertilizer you think is the best for your garden, but be very sure not to let it touch the roots, or the stem.

Look over your roses and judge for yourself those which have not come up to expectation or perhaps to your liking. Some of the imbricated, or flat, or thin types could be replaced by the globular or pointed bud variety, some of which I will name at a later date. There

are so many new varieties, and doubtless we shall be seeing some new ones from Holland. I have heard of some very fine roses from there.

The Iris season has come and gone, with some very fine specimens being produced, and our park bed was particularly fine again. If only the City visitors would be content to admire, instead of pulling them, and as often throwing them into the lagoon before returning to the City, we would have still better beds, and our Parks Department would be saved a few headaches.

A careful look over the Iris at this time is beneficial, as the borer is active at this time. Soft and shiny leaves are a sign. Remove and burn them. If they need thinning out, it is better to do this in August, when care must be taken in lifting so as not to injure the roots, which are fibrous and easily broken. There are some very fine new plants, and the colourings yellow, lavender, purple and orchid.

Attention Please

At this point I am calling for volunteers, and I would be glad to receive an early response. There is a big job to be attended to. As you all know, the Club House is in the making, and should be in position in the very near future. The site on which it is going to stand has some very valuable sod on it at present. This is required for use in front of the Canoe Club House on the lagoon front, to improve the appearance there. Many Island lads have very kindly come forward to

(Continued on Page 8)

THIS IS OUR CITY

The Mayor's Office

By F. C. Hamilton,
Executive Assistant

Continuing the series of "This Is Your City," the organization, functions and operations of the Mayor's Office are now dealt with.

The Mayor, being the Chief Executive Officer of the City, his office becomes the chief executive office, and is in charge of the Executive Assistant to the Mayor. The Mayor's Office is the focal point of contact with the ratepayers and citizens generally. Many of them, not knowing where else to go, bring their problems, enquiries and requests for information and service to this office. As a matter of fact, the Mayor, through the Executive Assistant, is actually, if not in name, the Director of Public Relations for the City.

The Executive Assistant has charge of the offices and staffs of this Department, the main office of which is located on the second floor of the City Hall. He also has control of the Veterans' Information Office and the offices of the Local Board.

In order to secure and maintain greater co-ordination of the various Civic Departments and their activities, he has certain jurisdictional functions in relation to the various other Civic Departments, with power to call the Department Heads into conference at any time to ensure closer co-operation and collaboration, and to bring about improvement and uniformity in departmental operations; and furthermore to act in the name of the Mayor on any matters pertaining to Civic business. He also represents the Mayor and the City on various committees and substitutes for the Mayor at various conferences.

The Mayor is, by virtue of his office, a member of a number of Boards and Commissions, including among others the following:

Board of Control, chairman; ex-officio member of all standing and special Civic Committees; Local Board of Health; Board of Commissioners of Police, chairman; Toronto Electric Commissioners; Toronto Public Library Board; Canadian National Exhibition, Board of Directors; Royal Agricultural Winter Fair; Toronto Industrial Commission; Toronto Convention and Tourist Association, Honorary Chairman; City Planning Board;

Consumers' Gas Company, Board of Directors; Massey Hall, Board of Directors; Children's Aid Society; Wellesley Hospital; Toronto Reconstruction Council, Honorary Chairman; Red Cross Society, Honorary Vice - President; Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities, National Executive.

From the foregoing, it will be seen that a considerable part of the Mayor's time is taken up in attending meetings, and the Executive Assistant must relieve him of as many administrative matters as possible, handling innumerable interviews with deputations and individuals.

The Mayor's Office is one of the busiest offices in the City Hall. It deals with much correspondence daily, and handles many hundreds of interviews and scores of conferences, in addition to the preparation of many briefs, reports, addresses and messages of greeting.

It has certain statutory duties with regard to considering and issuing hundreds of permits for raffles and draws under the Criminal Code, and is charged with issuance of Children's Permits, under the Children's Protection Act.

An innovation of great interest and importance, inaugurated last year by the Mayor, and which met with instant general approval, was the development of Sunday radio broadcasts to keep the citizens informed on Civic activities. The programme, "The Mayor Reports to His People," at one o'clock on Sunday afternoons, has become a very popular feature.

The Mayor has made a most important contribution to create a more friendly feeling, on the part of other municipalities throughout the Province of Ontario towards the City of Toronto, and in overcoming any spirit of antagonism which heretofore has existed. In an effort to break down the feeling that Toronto is self-centred, and only interested in itself, he wrote the Mayors and Reeves of sister municipalities last year and again this year, offering assistance and information where desired, and placing at their disposal all available facilities provided by the City, the Toronto Industrial Commission and the Toronto Convention and Tourist Association.

The Veterans' Information Office, located on the ground floor of the

City Hall, is set up to give assistance to all ex-service personnel and their families, in matters of rehabilitation. Veterans requiring specialized service are put in touch with the proper agencies, and every effort is made to solve their problems and help them in returning to civilian life.

The Local Ration Board main office, located on the third floor of the City Hall, is established under authority of the Wartime Prices

and Trade Board, to assist citizens with regard to replacement of Ration Books, lost or destroyed, to issue books for new-born babies and for personnel discharged from the Armed Forces, and for persons who have not previously applied. Temporary Ration Cards are issued to visitors in Canada for five days or more and ration coupons are issued to hostesses serving meals to members of the Armed Forces. Special coupons for evaporated milk are issued to infants on formula and to adults on special diet. Changes of names and addresses are recorded and general information given to the public on rationing matters.

An Original Series Specially
Written For This Paper.

EARLY DAYS ON THE ISLAND

Looking southward from the Esplanade in the late 1880's one's eye spanned a Bay then a mile and a quarter mile and saw an Island sprinkled with cottages and sparsely dotted with trees. Except for a few at Hanlan's and a dense clump at Centre Island, then known as Mead's, where the first hotel of that name nestled in a grove of Lombardy and silver poplars, balm of gileads and willows, the Island was almost treeless. Viewing it from the city one could see almost anywhere blue Ontario beyond it sparkling in the sunshine. Gazing cityward from the Island, not a single skyscraper met the vision, the spire of St. James' Cathedral dominating the skyline.

The Island ferries at that period sailed from widely separated city docks. Boats went from Brock Street, now part of Spadina Avenue. Some sailed from the foot of Yonge Street, if one remembers rightly. Others started out from the foot of Church Street. The Jessie McEdwards plied from there and her skipper, Andy Timon, who wore a walrus mustache and a genial smile, had an anchor tattooed on the back of his hairy right hand. We kids strove to emulate him by drawing an inch or in blue pencil on our own tender mitts. Capt. Timon's son-in-law, Jim McSherry, a smart young mariner, captained the Arlington with its red and white smokestack. A child's ticket consisted of an adult's 5-cent pasteboard torn in half.

In those days Ward's Island was known as Wiman Baths, because Erastus Wiman, a former Toronto newsboy grown rich in New York finance, had donated baths and

buildings still there, to his native city. Those were the days when Joe Goodwin used to move cottagers' furniture across the Bay in his little sailing schooner the Seagull, and when the harbor was full of bigger sailing ships which brought coal, stone, pigiron and other heavy merchandise. Those were the days when old Mrs. Ward lived in a log cabin just east of present Chippewa Avenue, and when the Wards if not the Durnans, too, who ran the lighthouse, would occasionally land nets with a catch of lake trout, herring and whitefish on the Island beach.

Already the city was starting to parkify the Island, which spoiled it in the opinion of summer cottagers' boys. Scowloads of madadorus street sweepings replete with horse manure were tugged across the Bay and dumped here and there on the sand. Belated crops of melons, pumpkins, tomatoes and what not sprouted from garbage among the sweepings, but flowered too late to mature.

We Island boys, finding the lake too cold on most occasions, used to swim in the warm if unsanitary lagoons. The Bay was rather a filthy place in those days and where citizens now swarm in shrieking, laughing masses to bathe in the roped-off area near Centre Island, one was likely to see broken baskets, old boxes, egg shells, broken bottles and other city refuse, with perhaps a dead dog. Remember, raw sewage still flowed into the Bay.

Boys learned to sail in the Island lagoons, usually in family rowboats. We used bits of sacking or old sheets for sails fastened to short masts. There were a few biggish catboats on the Bay. But the small sailboat was still an ordinary boat with a wooden keel or a centre board. Sharp-pointed at both ends, narrow and lacking any deck or combing, such craft with a sail hoisted were very dangerous. Lacking beam and stability, they would heel over when a gust struck them and often ship water on the leeward side. Our own family rowboat was 20 feet long and narrow and when we removed her oak keel for easier rowing she could no longer beat into the wind. The sailing dinghy as we know it had not yet been invented.

It was in 1898 that the late Wilton B. Morse, a Toronto man who summered on Georgian Bay, sailed what is said to have been the world's first modern sailing dinghy. Some 12 feet long with lots of width, square stern, centreboard and decking, she was oared but by no means a rowboat. Harry B.

50TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

A tea was given on June 18th by Connie Jennings and her four sisters in honor of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster, who celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. 266 Lakeshore took on new color when a large bouquet of flowers arrived from many of the 130 guests. The verandas and garden were the scene of many happy smiles as old friends met for the first time in many years. Among those present was Mrs. Thomas Rogers, who was bridesmaid for the happy couple fifty years ago. Tea was poured by Mrs. Gilbert Dean (a niece) and served by the five granddaughters: Nikki Oxley, Kathleen Mathews Fay Jennings and Ann and Pat Boyes. The family presented their mother with a sterling silver dresser set and their father with a gold wrist watch.

OPPORTUNITY TO OVERWORK

One of the chief requirements of an Executive is that he find and train suitable replacements. This paper doesn't seem to be able to find anyone interested in learning its requirements with a view to taking over the various jobs now held by the present incumbents. We should be pleased if anyone who feels interested in newspaper work—for nothing—would get in touch with us. Perhaps when you saw how things were done you might give it the miss-in-baulk, but there's the possibility that the fascination of it would grip you. Why not step forward and let us throw some of the burden on you?

Hodson, boat builder and designer at the foot of Spadina Avenue, constructed this craft, which has since become so universally popular.

It is a far cry from this 1898 model to the modern 14-foot racing dinghy with her tall mast and heavy load of canvas carried on a macaroni rig. They capsize very easily, but the lads who sail them are prepared for this. To an old-timer who learned what he knows about sailing in an Island lagoon, there is more fun to be had in a sturdy non-racing Ackroyd dinghy of 18 feet of a type that can weather anything in reason.



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Hiram Heffenfeffer of 226 Lake Shore reports that he spent most of Dominion Day helping the President arrange for, transport, place in position and generally fuss around with two barges and tents used for the swimming meet. Hiram feels that very few people knew that there was any swimming at all, and reports that the crowds were sparse at these events. However, he feels that this is not to be wondered at, as the paddlers and oarsmen apparently feel that swimming is a stepchild of the Dominion Day Regatta and had relegated it to the cut between Mugg's Island and Island Park. While this was not an unadvantageous spot, no one knew where it was being held, and it could just as easily have been run off across the lagoon to the east of the barge. The heats were not that close together in the other events that the swimmers couldn't have carried on very well.

YOUR FRIENDLY BAKER

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ISLAND PARK TENNIS CLUB

By William McDonald

Well, last week-end was sure a doozer of a one, what with an extra day thrown in and peachy weather (if you like your tongue to protrude like a canine's on a really scorch-day), but our gala tournament had to be postponed until this coming week-end. Many of our fellas and gals headed out of town for their festivities, so in all due respects to these members everything was cancelled.

I think it was too dashed blithering hot anyway to swing a tennis bat around. One keeps thinking of that beautiful clear lagoon to dive into on such a day. My, what a beautiful location we have for a tennis club!

Our memberships of late have been coming in leaps and bounds, so take heed everybody that has intentions of becoming members or

you may be left out in the cold as we cannot accommodate many more. Just see Phyllis Lovell or myself and we will fix you up in a hurry . . . take your money, that is.

A question I should like cleared up for my own satisfaction: Who in blazes around our club is "Nogginhead"?

We have had as a visitor from Montreal the past few weeks, Jacques Vincent, and he hits a mean tennis ball—when in the mood to play. Other newcomers to our club include John Huff (the Lost Week-End), June and Ron Chapman, "Casey" Jones, Jake Maurice, Harry Voss, Jack Richardson, Bob Campbell, and an old-timer of other years at our Club, old Phil Gow himself. **Mon pardons, mon ami?** (Is that right, Jacques Vincent?)

My, how time does fly—must be on my way to a meeting somewhere on Oriole Avenue, I think.

Dominion Day Regatta Paddling Results

Aggregate scores: I.C.C. 53; Beaches 30; Toronto 26.

Double blade single—1, Bert Oldershaw, Island C.C.; 2, Bill Russell, Toronto C.C.; 3, C. Johnson, Island.

Junior four—1, Balmly Beach (Mel Homan, Ken Lane, Art Farintosh, Bill Buttry), 2, T.C.C., Grey's crew; 3, Island, Ron Slade's crew.

Junior tandem—1, Balmly Beach (Henry Farintosh and Ken Lane); 2, T.C.C. (Dimson and Edgar); 3, Island (Oldershaw and McLarty).

Juvenile tandem—1, Island (Jim Watt and Russ Reilly); 2, Island (John Richmond and Giggs McGrath); 3, Balmly Beach (Ford and Chamberlain).

Double blade tandem—1, T.C.C. (Russell and Warren); 2, Island (Oldershaw and Johnson); 3, T.C.C. (Hugh Mercer and Bob Laurie).

Senior singles—1, Warren, T.C.C.; 2, Watt, T.C.C.

Juvenile war canoe—1, Island, Paul Porter, cox; 2, Balmly Beach Mossman, cox

Junior war canoe—1, Island, Johnson, cox; 2, T.C.C., Laurie, cox; 3, Balmly Beach, Mossman, cox.

Junior singles—1, J. Gray, T.C.C.; 2, Tommy Ford, Balmly Beach; 3, Tom Hodgson, Island.

Juvenile four—1, Island (Russ Reilly, Jim Watt, Don Lomax,

Giggs McGrath); 2, Island, Joe Richmond's crew; 3, Balmly Beach, Tommy Ford's crew.

Juvenile singles—1, Ray Powell, Balmly Beach; 2, Island, George Beard; 3, Island, Jimmy Watt.

Senior fours—1, Island (Tom Hodgson, Joe Plunkett, Eddie Rudd, Ron Slade); 2, Island, Chuck Johnson's crew; 3, Balmly Beach, Jimmy Mossman's crew.

Senior war canoe—1, Balmly Beach; 2, Island.

Senior tandem—1, Island (Oldershaw and Stevenson); 2, Balmly Beach; 3, Boulevard.

I.C.C. Regatta Paddling Results

Junior Four—1, Holman (BBCC); 2, Slade (ICC); 3, Ford (BBCC).

Juvenile Tandem—1, McGrath and Richmond (ICC); 2, Reilly and Watt (ICC); 3, Ford and Chamberlain (BBCC).

Junior Tandem—1, Slade and Guthrie (ICC); 2, Gibson and Edgar (TCC); 3, Frizzel and Burke (BBCC).

Juvenile War Canoe—1, ICC; 2, BBCC.

Senior Singles—1, Warren (TCC); 2, Watts (TCC), and Hodgson (ICC).

Junior War Canoe—1, TCC. 2, ICC; 3, BBCC.

Junior Singles—1, Gray (TCC); 2, Lane (BBCC); 3, Slade (ICC).

Juvenile Four—1, Watt (ICC); 2, Scarlett (BBCC); 3, Stewart (ICC).

Senior Tandem—1, Russel and Watts (TCC); 2, Oldershaw and Severson (ICC); 3, Hodgson and Plunkett (ICC).

Juvenile Single—1, Powell (BBCC); 2, Reilly (ICC); 3, Watt (ICC).

Senior Four—1, Farintosh (BBCC); 2, Johnson (ICC); 3, Hodgson (ICC).

Senior War Canoe—1, Laurie (TCC); 2, Johnson (ICC); 3, Farintosh (BBCC).

ICC—Island Canoe Club.
BBCC—Balmly Beach Canoe Club.
TCC—Toronto Sailing and Canoe Club.

Junior Softball

By William Wright

Last week, as I reported, there was a shortage of Hanlan's players, but this has been straightened out and we hope to start next week. Centre has almost a repeat team of last year's championship outfit. The coach this year is Army Armstrong, Jr. Ward's again will be strong and Hanlan's undoubtedly will pull some big surprises. The only thing to be straightened out is to obtain playing accommodation. Ward's only has one night open, with Hanlan's diamond being open most of the time.

Centre will use the small diamond (on the southeast corner of Olympic). It isn't in very good condition now, but Mr. Jenner promised us he would fix it up. By the next issue a schedule will have been drawn up and it will be published in this paper.

Olympic League Major Softball

Standings as of July 1st:

	P	W	L	%	GBL
Pontiacs	5	4	1	.800
Cherokees	4	3	1	.750	½
Mohawks	5	2	3	.400	2
Iroquois	6	1	5	.167	3½

Batting averages up to July 1st: (The following players have been at bat 12 times or more.)

Player, Team	AB	H	%
Dennison, C.	12	5	.416
Britton, P.	17	7	.412
Stockman, P.	15	6	.400
Rudd, P.	14	5	.357
Armstrong, M.	16	5	.312
Becker, P.	16	5	.312
Jenner, M.	14	4	.285
McCarthy, M.	14	4	.285
Andrews, P.	18	5	.277
Clayton, C.	12	3	.250
Wakely, I.	12	3	.250

With practically one-third of the season completed and only three games separating the first-place Pontiacs and the tail-end Iroquois, the remaining league games will really provide an exciting month.

As only three teams will be competing in the playoffs in August, Iroquois will have to knock the mud out of their cleats if the expect to nose out Mohawks. Twice last week Iroquois succumbed to Mohawks pitchers. Freddie Mazza threw a three-hitter to notch Mohawks' first win of the season and Shep Sheppard came back to hurl another win, this time via the shut-out route. Incidentally, "Shep" has thrown the last three games with a cast on his hand; seems as though "Shep" suffered a double break of his finger in the opening game against Pontiacs.

Iroquois' speed boy "Red" Simpson has been improving every game and with a little coaching should develop into one of our better ball players.

Eddie Rudd is another who is making great strides this year, his first in organized ball. Ed's steady clouting (he's fourth in the standing) and his errorless playing around short have proved him one of the most valuable players in keeping the Pontiacs at top of the league.

Dave Dennison, the leading hitter, is also one of the leading pitchers. Not only is he hitting over .400, but has won three games as against one loss. Versatile cuss, ain't he.

Missing from this week's averages because they have not appeared at least 12 times at bat are Cliff Tomlinson, Cherokee manager and flash shortstop, whose average is well over .500 so far this year, and Gordie Tuck, Mohawks slugging pitcher, who is also batting near the .600 mark. Probably the two most feared hitters on the league, their averages probably will appear next week.

Maybe it's too far to walk for some people, but the crowds lately have been thinning out. Some have even claimed that they didn't know when there would be a game. Well, to set you straight, it's every night Monday to Thursday inclusive, and postponed games are all played on Fridays, so there you have it.

Olympia League Major Softball EVERY NIGHT, 7.15.

Come out and root your neighbor to victory.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

To-night—Mohawks vs. Pontiacs.
Saturday at 3.30—First Inter-Island match at Olympic Island.
Monday—Pontiacs vs. Iroquois.
Tuesday—Mohawks vs. Cherokees.
Wednesday—Iroquois vs. Pontiacs.
Thursday—Cherokees vs. Mohawks.
Friday—Open for any postponed games.

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For convenience of Islanders, leave Racquets with BEV. SEED, 15 6th Street, Ward's Island.

Wallis Bros. & Co.

COMMUNITY TENNIS

By Elwood Butler

When I was asked to take over this column by the "person" who usually scribbles it, I was rather dubious as to whether I could handle it. As a matter of fact, I said no the first six times he asked me, but his persuasive manner (plus a couple of good slugs he gave me on the head with a baseball bat) changed my mind for me. Besides if an old man like Slade (leave us not mention his name more than is necessary) can be termed a journalist after that rather feeble attempt of last week (including the so-called "poetry"), then surely even I can fill a column and a half with something that somebody might read.

Now that I have that off my chest, let's look at some news and views of the club. Friday, June the 28th, was the evening when your executive had their second meeting of the season, and of course the big business of the evening was the discussion of the annual club tournament. Everything was pretty well thrashed out and in case you haven't noticed it yet there is a notice on the bulletin board giving all the rules and regulations governing the various sections of play. To repeat a few of the more important: **Only** paid-up members may enter the tournament; Entries close at 3 p.m. Sunday, July 7, 1946; Each entry must be accompanied by the required entry fee (absolutely no credit), and must be in the official "Tournament Envelope" which may be procured from any member of the committee at the courts. Time's awasting, so let's get those dimes and quarters in NOW and really make this a real tournament. Remember, you pick your own partner in the men's and ladies' doubles, but we pick 'em out of a hat for you in the mixed. Of course if you are a stranger around these parts, put your name and your money in anyway and we will find somebody for you. You will notice that there isn't an "A" and "B" this year. However, we are going to give you guys and gals a consolation battle, and all those that are tossed out in the first round of the singles or the men's and ladies' doubles will

CORRECTION

By Mrs. Margaret Meredith

Noontime shopping like the Housing being impossible, it was found simpler to put a Bathing Cap "on" the Conservatory Roof of 9 St. Andrew's, than to find one for Mrs. Meredith. To date everything's dry and under control.

A lot of work has been done at No. 9 this year. Mrs. Platten had workmen and a gardener for several days, Freddie of Toronto taking care of stove-pipes in the rear Apt.

Is there a prize offered for the neatest yard in Nos. 5-7-9-11? Such activity!

We understand travelling is much brighter these days since Thurling joined the staff of Ligget's in Union Station.

WINTER GROUP

ENTERTAINS AT OUTPOST

The Ladies Centre Island Winter Club gave the veterans at the Outpost Hospital a jolly evening Monday, ten tables of euchre being played. There were lots of prizes and delightful refreshments, and Mr. Leo Phelan, a great favorite with the men, played for the sing-song.

have another whack at being a winnah. Look for the draw on Monday, July 8th, and then get cracking. The first round must be completed in ALL SECTIONS by July 17th and may the best man, woman or pair (as the case may be) take home the respective bacons.

No doubt, by now, most of you have noticed the several improvements around the courts carried out by several of our committee last Sunday morning. (Can't give you names because I was among the missing—seems my boss-lady thinks home decorating is more important than club grass-cutting). However, you will note that the pastureland has disappeared from beside courts one and five now, and the platform, under which so many elusive pills have rolled next to the club house (?) has been removed and dismantled. Thanks to those responsible, and next time there is a clean-up convention, I'll try to get there.

And now the question corner. Do you know the rules and regs of the club—do you know the names of the hard-working committee—have you seen how nicely our treasurer signs her name? Even if you can answer yes to all these queries there are still a large number of you who have not picked up your membership cards yet. How about asking for yours the next time you are down at the courts.

Did you know that you don't have to lug those new (and very heavy) tennis balls all the way from the city? No, all you have to do is come to the courts and ask the Official in Charge to sell them to you. He has them and will gladly give them to you in exchange for a little hay (money to you). And when you do buy some new balls don't throw the old ones in the duck pond or the lagoon—no, no, give them to one of the committee members. We will see that they get to Kewp Cox, who we understand has a very good use for used tennis balls. (No, no, Xavier, she doesn't bounce them off Al's head.) Seems Kewp uses them to train future Tildens and Perrys, so turn 'em in and we'll use 'em.

We are glad to see Paul Donchaire getting our secretary in tennis trim these days. Paul is spending a week here on a visit from way down Hartford, Connecticut—good old U.S.A. Welcome, Paul, and we hope you have lots of fun up here.

We close with a question to Mrs. Slade and family. Is it really a holiday when you have to spend three weeks with "that person" in the wilds of Haliburton?

See you at the tournament, Kiddies.

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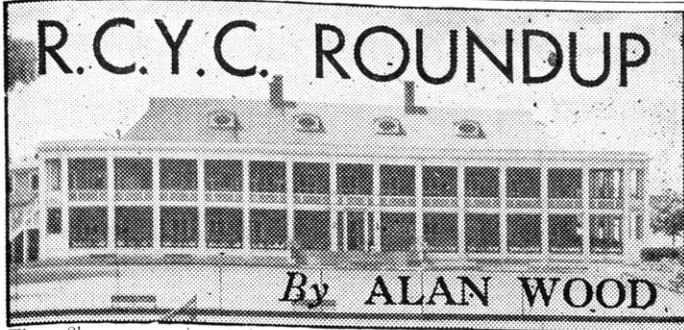
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The 8's came in "Norseman," "Quest" and "Vision" in the race to Oakville last Saturday. Going on from there to the Sunday-Monday racing at the Hamilton Centennial, they finished "Norseman," "Quest" and "Vision" on both days. Jack Wright won the dinghy class championship, coming first on both days. Bud Rolson was second with a Boulevard man (I couldn't get his name) third.

Visitors to the Club recently included the "Sea Gull" of Pennsylvania — she's from the Cleveland Yacht Club. She belongs to Lewis S. Wertz of Cleveland, has two Diesel 264 horse power engines with twin screws, sleeps 8, and has ample cabin room. She is 62' long with 10' beam and makes 24 knots (I've finally learned not to add "an hour"). She had quite a bit of work done on her in the Marine Yard and Wertz says that he was specially impressed with the efficiency of the Marine Yard, skill of the Canadian workmen, and the courtesy and attention shown them during their stay. They will be back again in a couple of weeks. This is the boat that Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Disney of Hooper Avenue stayed on in Florida last winter. She cost \$55,000 new—they turned down \$45,000 recently.

Another visitor that I gazed at longingly is anchored in the lagoon behind the Club. She's a magnificent cruising sloop owned by Mr. William Todd and his brother of Rochester, N.Y. She's called "On-air III" and looked just the type of boat I'd like to have—if I'd like to have a boat, that is. She's comfortable looking—it's the only cockpit I've ever seen with a padded

bench facing aft opposite where the skipper sits. I like comfort afloat. . . . Mr. Bob Sharpe of Youngstown is also in with a cruising sloop, but I didn't see her. The Club expects a flock more over the July 4th holiday. It's good to see them coming again now the war's over.

The dances have been a success this year, with an average attendance of 250-300. Last year they were on Saturdays only and the crowds were terrific—especially the last, when there were about 700 there. The number this year is limited to around 400. Bob Shuttleworth supplies his usual excellent music. There is table service this year—you don't have to go nipping out into the upstairs serving room to collect glasses and cokes.

Mr. Annis is still away ill. Bill Deering of the Marine Yard is away for two well-earned weeks vacation at Cobourg. He has been with the Club for 40 years.

An interesting item I unearthed in my search for news is that the Club employs 118 people—not including 7 office workers. Some idea of how this large figure is reached may be gained by the following: 15 waitresses, 6 bus boys, 15 kitchen help of all kinds (including chefs, pantry maids, etc), 16 in Marine Yard, 4 in the swimming pool, 8 on launches and docks, 3 on switchboard and cigar stand, 13 under Mrs. Aquin in the housekeeper's end of the business, 5 gardeners, 8 in bar, 5 in snack bar, 3 Junior Club instructors, the most excellent Max and Don Croucher, 1 engineer, Adam Macphail, 1 sailing secretary, Mr. Gay and two girls, a headwaiter and head waitress.

On The Summer Air

By Brandt Johnston

The M.B.S. comedy drama, Jonathan Trimble, Esq., is currently going to CBC Trans-Canada network listeners on Saturday at 9.30 p.m., EDT., CBL. The drama is written by Mort Lewis and stars Gule Gordon in the role of Jonathan. . . . Island golfers this is for you or you interested in the sport. On August 1st, 2nd, 3rd, CFRB will broadcast exclusively a play-by-play description of the golf tournament for the Miller Trophy to be held at Islington Golf course on these three days. . . . I noticed last week-end the sportscasts building up the Dominion Day Regatta on Long Pond. Thanks. . . . Sylvan Schulman, American composer, will be guest director of the ABC's "Saturday Concert" on Saturday, July 13. The concert, played by the American Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra, will be brought to Canadian

listeners over the CBC Trans-Canada network at 5 p.m., CBL. . . . After many years, "Take It or Leave It" is heard in Canada. This is the show where aspiring contestants anxious to hit the prize jackpot wrestle with the quizmaster Phil Baker's queries. Orchestra is under the direction of Ray Bloch. Ken Roberts announces. 10 p.m., CFRB. . . . For the second year, that genial gentleman, Eddie Dunn, will take over as summertime emcee of the ABC Monday through Friday (12 noon) comedy series "Glamour Manor," an audience-participation show which packs many a laugh with every prize awarded. WKBW. . . . Major Bowes Passes. One of radio's real pioneer broadcasters, Major Edward L. Bowes died at his home in Rumson, N.J., at the age of 72. The Major will be best remembered as the originator of the big-time amateur show.

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BOXING

Instruction at the Ring every Saturday and Wednesday, 2 and 7.30 p.m., by the Canoe Club.

By J. M. Skelton

As many of the fellows about the Island already know, we are once again trying to organize the boxing team. From all reports I have heard last year's team was "tip top" and if possible we would like to put up a good show this season.

I have heard from various sources there are quite a number of Vets about and we would be glad to see them over at the "ring" whether they have had any experience or not. There are, I believe, three very good instructors, one in the body of "Chuck" Murphy, whom I believe you have all heard of in connection with last year's games and his own boxing career. What these fellows don't know about the old ring craft isn't worth knowing.

Beginning last Wednesday (July 3) there will be both instructing and boxing going on over at the ring, which is just behind the Canoe Club, from 7.30 until dark. We would like if possible to arrange a meet this coming Saturday (July 6) and begin our elimination for the bigger bouts this fall. We have a list of the fellows who were in last year's bouts and would be pleased to see you all again on Wednesday.

For any one interested the gloves can be obtained from me at 8 Mohawk Avenue after 4.00 p.m. any week day.

BADMINTON

By Robert Thompson

"What's dat? Nylons!"
"Yep."
"You say Mary Roddy won them?"
"Yep."

It was at the first Round Robin last Tuesday evening. With hearty thanks to Bud Murray a pair of nylons went to the girl with the most points at the end of the evening. Bud has made an offer to donate a pair of nylons to the top girl in each Round Robin (providing he can get them). It was quite a night, too, watching the gals fight it out to a finish.

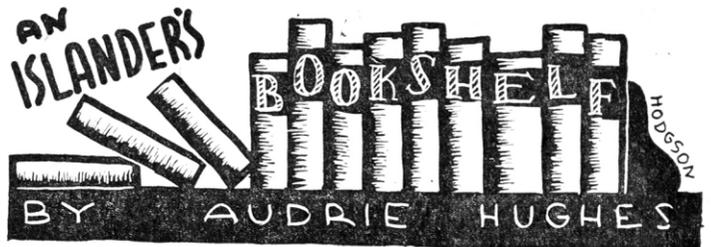
One thing that went practically unnoticed was that it was a mixed tourney. The fellows passed unnoticed though and found it safest to stand in the most remote corner possible while the girls used every trick in the book to scuttle each other.

Mary Roddy and Bud Murray teamed up to take the honors with a total of 73 points out of a possible 75. Not a bad try at all for the first time out this season.

Glad to see the Peary twins back again this year. Noticed Betty Rennie and Pat Phelan challenging anybody who opened their mouth long enough to say "D— these mosquitoes" (and beating them, too). Gee, I wish you'd do this. Betty. Well, gotta' scam and catch a bus to "Ajax."

HOW YOUR FAVORITE ANNOUNCER GOT TO THE MICROPHONE

Wes McKnight when 17 years old built a little headphone radio set. It pleased him so much that he decided he wanted to go into radio, and wrote to all the radio stations asking for a job. They turned him down flatly. He gave up the idea of being told no, and started to work in an insurance office. A few months later Wes got an audition and was offered a job with the old Toronto station, CKNC. Then two years at the university, taking commerce and finance and doing part-time radio work. He joined up with CKGW when it opened, then moved to CFRB on Nov. 15th, 1928. He has been there ever since, except for six months with the old Canadian Radio Corporation forerunner to the CBC. It was three years ago Wes was made Program Director of CFRB. He has had many offers to announce for American networks. His first descriptive broadcast was in 1930 when Ted Husing worked alongside him here in Toronto at the Shriners' Parade. Ted asked Wes would he care to come to New York and cover more events with him, but Wes in his quiet manner told Ted he didn't care to go. And from that time until to-day he has



PEABODY'S MERMAID, by Guy and Constance Jones (Random House, \$2.50).

Ladies, if your husbands read this yarn and they strangely disappear in the early dawn, look for them along the shore where you will find them searching for a rocky cave or listening for a strange and haunting song. You won't really blame them, of course, because you will love Peabody's mermaid. . . . Min he called her. . . in spite of yourself.

The hero is Arthur Peabody—middle-aged, jaded Bostonian. The heroine is Min, a mermaid, who with her endearing innocence, and "her cold strange eyes and the gleam of her golden hair" is more entrancing than a roomful of Ambers and Scarlets. Mr. Peabody and his wife are holidaying on the Caribbean island of St. Hilda's. Fishing one day, he catches a mermaid. She is unconscious after her struggle with the hook, and the bewildered man smuggles her home and deposits her in his wife's bathtub. Needless to say, this is a trifle awkward, so he transfers her to the garden fish pond. By this time Arthur has discovered that his little Min is an utterly fascinating, adorable creature with a definite personality, mind, and will of her own. Of course the advent of Min, whom no one has seen but her captor, but about whom mysterious and conflicting rumours are ram-

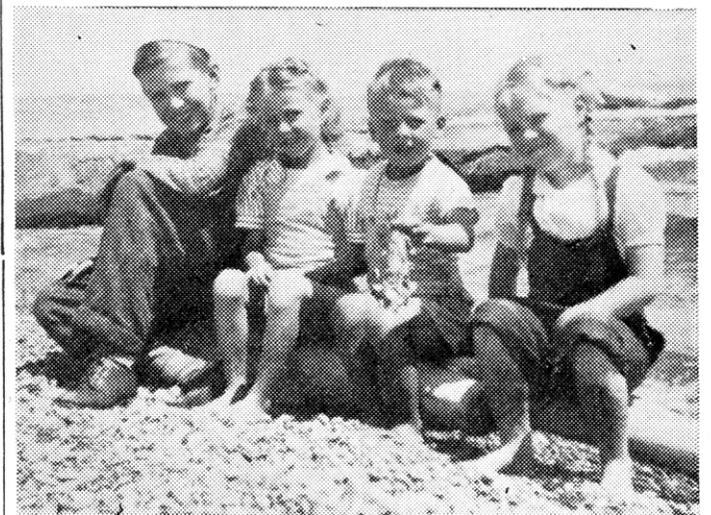
bling, results in amusing complications all over the island. Finally, the Colonial Governor feels duty bound to solve the mystery. By now Mr. Peabody needs a helping hand (even though he evades and resents it). His wife has left him and he has been living in a dream world state of ecstatic befuddlement and worried bliss, with Min in her aquatic cave.

This adult fairy tale is a delightfully well-concocted mixture of fantasy and sophistication, obvious humor and hidden pathos. It is swiftly paced with good dialogue and exquisite description. The situation is, of course, completely improbable and will, I fear, seem only foolish to those who are of practical mind, so. . . if you have no imagination, and reality is your meat, this book is not for you.

About the Authors

Guy Pearch Jones and his wife Connie started Peabody's Mermaid in the Bahamas, where they spend their winters. Mrs. Jones finished it at Old Lyme, Connecticut, where they spend summers, while he went overseas to London. He is a veteran of the Scripps newspaper chain, a magazine editor and writer, claiming San Francisco as his birthplace. His most recent book was "Two Survived," a true story of a pair of navy airmen who spent an incredible length of time on a rubber life raft in the Pacific.

"The Younger Set at Centre Island"



Photography Contest Entry by A. E. Abbott, 316 Lake Shore.

New Columnists

We had hoped to have a brief column in this issue written by our local police officers, but at the moment such is not forthcoming. Perhaps part of the delay may have been caused by indecision as to a good title. A suggestion that we consider excellent was that it be called "Cops 'n' Robbers", after a childhood game. But while a "light" name is being sought, this was considered as perhaps a shade on the extra-light side. At all events, we are sure that Islanders will read with interest whatever news the local gendarmes gather from week to week.

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By Arra Mitchell

On Tuesday of this week, one of the most interesting exhibits ever to come to Toronto opened at the T. Eaton Co.'s College Street store. A scale model of the proposed St. Lawrence Deep Waterway Project. The model is called a "Diorama," and is 47 feet in length. Consulting with Government engineers, it was designed and constructed by Canadian craftsmen. You can see the St. Lawrence as it is to-day, and as it will be when the project is complete, which will be one of the greatest engineering feats ever undertaken. But there is no doubt after looking at the "Diorama" one realizes how it will benefit both this country and the U.S.A. Make a point of going to see this and if the kids are with you "In Town," take them along. There is commentary, which makes it all very easy to understand.

Another event that must be mentioned is that Miss Bankhead is returning to the Royal Alexandra with "Private Lives," opening on July 15. Those who missed out two weeks ago are very, very lucky to get a second chance, and we'll bet there are quite a few who will see it again. This week "Good Night Ladies" is drawing a good crowd and making them laugh.

For the movie-goers there are some good ones to choose from. At the Imperial "Saratoga Trunk" stays, of course. Paulette Goddard in "Diary of a Chambermaid" is at the Uptown, with a superb cast—Burgess Meredith Francis Lederer, Hurd Hatfield, Reginald Owen. For the mystery and thriller lovers, Loew's has the answer—"The Postman Always Rings Twice," with Lana Turner and John Garfield. It is the screen version of the book

by James M. Cain, who also wrote "Mildred Pierce." What with it being a short week and as we had much on our "must do" list, we only had time to rush into the Uptown to see Miss Goddard, who does a very convincing bit of acting in the role of a maid in an aristocratic household in France, some generations ago. We thought Burgess Meredith stole the show, and there is no doubt that he is the leading character actor in Hollywood to-day. Incidentally, he wrote the screen version of the story and produced it. Francis Lederer has at last given up the role of matinee idol, and does a nice job as a sinister valet of his own age. Another sinister part is played by Judith Anderson, who seems to make a habit of this sort of part—but it's good. All in all, it's a swell show and not as one might think a tear jerker for the females of an afternoon. Hurd Hatfield, a comer-up, will make the girls' hearts flutter, and quite rightly so. Reginald Owen as ever is delightful.

ISLAND PADDLERS

(Continued from Page 1)

Church Rice, who must have a bit of the old "Job" himself in him because he did give a grand display of patience in his difficult job. Many thanks, Church!

We feel also special mention should be made of the splendid cooperation amongst the organizers in promoting this mixed program of rowing and paddling, with all events following one another in clockwork style, and it is really difficult to single out one more than another.

As to the paddlers it would be amiss, however, not to mention our good old hard-working friend Bert Fluker. There's a boy whose fun is work, especially if it's got to do with paddling. I was deeply impressed with his reminiscences about how he won his first crest back around "1776." Them were the good old days, weren't they, Bert; The added attraction of a race between the pretty Sea Rangers and those "Barnacle Bill" Cadets was a doozer. Had not a sort of mutiny developed amongst the cadets there is every possibility they might have beaten out the sea-

maidens.

The other sideler of the Monday regatta, apart from the ramblers who would persist in steering their craft into the racing course, was the overturning of the punt, coxed by no less than Ron Butler, in front of the club house. Ron was prepared, however, because no sooner had he got his feet on the bottom of the lagoon than up went his umbrella, though his pants did get a little wet.

Another valiant worker we can not overlook mentioning and who did a great chore in helping to make these regattas a success was Dick Lennox. Dick was on hand working like a trojan, getting the buoys in place, and chasing hither, thither and yon at the mere asking. Of course, he also kindly provided transportation for the starter and referee throughout the program, and we extend to him our heartfelt thanks.

It was also worthy of note how paddlers are turning out in numbers, proven by the crews who turned out on Monday differing considerably from those who had paddled on Saturday.

While our main local interest was paddling, a grand show was put on by the rowing clubs. It was a treat to watch the precision with which they manoeuvred those oars and we do hope it may be our pleasure to again witness more of this fine sport in our home waters.

The results of the paddling over the week-end will be found in another column.

In closing, it is said that many a man has been known to boast of being a "proud daddy." My second time over the same "babe" was at the Regatta on Monday!

FINAL BUILDING REPORT

(Continued from Page 1)

tion plan and structural details, these all having since been filed with the authorities with an application for a building permit.

In the meantime our President appeared before the Board of Control and secured a promise of the use of city tugs and scows when the project had been approved by the Buildings Commissioner, Mr. Gillies, who has been most co-operative in the matter.

Thanks to the foresight of the Chairman of the Committee, Tom Bradfield, in making arrangements for cement blocks as far back as two years ago, we have been able to secure the 1,800 necessary, even though there is an almost complete shortage of that commodity too.

Works Commissioner Powell and Mr. Sanderson of the City Marine have co-operated nobly and their superintendent of the tug service, Mr. Smith, has worked out many details that are making the question of transportation simpler.

Pat Hacker has been a great help in doing a lot of the leg work in his spare time, and to all who have unstintingly given their time and effort a hearty vote of thanks should be given. Incidentally—there's still a few details to work out, such as where to find hardwood flooring, doors that can't be secured for three months, but you'll be glad to know that the wooden ventilators aloft the roof have already been built!

Classified Ads

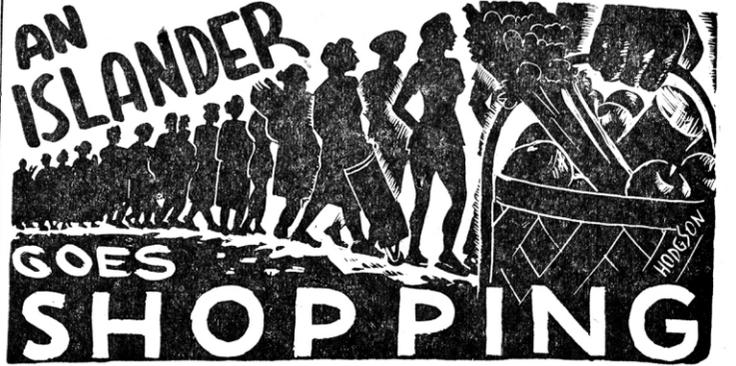
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Have you ever had the thought as summer approaches—"This year I'll look cool, in all white"? We have, but it is so hard not to be led astray, with a colored belt or bag, or one's hat and coat aren't the same white, which ruins the whole effect. This year, though, is the year for the all-white look. For the very brave, white on the city streets is smarter than smart, but to keep looking that way all through the day you shouldn't sit down or even touch anything, all very difficult, but marvellous if you can cope with it. White bathing suits when you are tanned are the most glamorous, and an evening dress of gleaming white, in gleaming moonlight, is something to dream about. White sportswear has always been chosen by professionals, so even if you're only learning to hit a ball over a net you might as well be dressed correctly. If you are going to sit on the lawn and be lazy, wear white; it is the prettiest compliment to green, so now you know. This summer it is white with no color accents.

Another shade that is a runner-up just now is honey beige. Either beige from top to toe, or with brilliant color sharpening it. For those who like gray in the hot weather, it's good. With white accessories or bright ones, it manages to look cool and clean.

For the Island look, you can take your choice of sports clothes, classic or feminine; well-tailored slacks and shorts or little girl dresses, beruffled and with bare midriffs.

The City look is either very, very bare or very covered up. For the beach, you expose as much of you to the sun's rays as possible, and

ISLANDERS OUT WEST

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Roddy are visiting Mrs. Roddy's mother in Vancouver. Mrs. Roddy hasn't been in Vancouver since she left with the CWAC's for overseas three years ago.

then after your swim you'll put on a brilliant colored dirndl skirt with a bra-top; have some open and bright sandals, wide sashes so you effect that cummerbund look. Wrist length gloves for bare arms, jewelry, gold or white goes best on tanned wrists or neck. Small handbags. Bright scarves to tuck in the neck of the shortie coat you keep slipping on day and night. Belts of new and unusual shapes, and different colors.

ISLAND GARDENS

(Continued from Page 4)

help, but we need many more to get it done. The spades and shovels have been loaned by the Parks Department. Now please come down and lend a hand if only for one evening, or if any lads on holiday would care to help (it's good exercise) we can arrange for them to do their share during the day. Remember it will all help, and final results will be their own reward.

How About It, Boys?

To return to our gardens, don't forget to keep busy with the weeding—there is a great amount of chickweed around.

Also if you should find any poison ivy, try this, Sodium Chloride. Spray the vines or sprinkle the powder on when the leaves are wet with dew, and also around the roots. This should remove the nuisance. Always wear gloves when handling the poison ivy.

OLD FRIENDS RETURN

After several weeks of empty horizons, it is pleasant to see the Lake boats running once more. The "Cayuga," which had been laid up for lack of coal long before the strike stopped almost all shipping, is now back trailing her illuminated funnels across the night skies. The Port Dalhousie boats — which always seem to be up for sale or reported as not going to run—are also steaming around on their lawful occasions.

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