



# The CENTRE ISLANDER



Vol. III—No. 7

FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1946

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## ISLAND PARK TENNIS CLUB

By William McDonald

My goodness, such enthusiasm and activity around our club! Tournament games, inter-club matches coming up soon, and a proposed dance for all members tentatively scheduled for July 26th at the local Casino.

To get back to our recent tournament games, here are the final results in the men's doubles event. Peter Patterson and Phil Gow emerged as champions when they teamed up to vanquish the James boys—Murray and Jones. Nice going, Phil and Pete. Scores in this final match were 7-5, 7-5, 6-0. What a swish-looking umpire we had for that match—Al McCarrell by name—he's single, too, gals!

In the semi-final round Patterson and Gow downed Victor and Vincent, while in the other bracket Murray and Jones finally beat out a pair of tournament "dark horses," Ron Chapman and Gord Anderson. Other scores in preliminary rounds were: Victor and Vincent over Ford and Butterill, 6-0, 4-6, 7-5; Chapman and Anderson over McDonald and Roddy, 6-1, 9-7; Victor and Vincent over Sinclair and Orskog, 6-2, 6-3; Chapman and Anderson over Tyndall and Thompson by default.

Should some of our members not be personally informed of our coming party next Friday evening at the Casino, we hope they will take note from this column and advise us at the club if they intend to be present.

With such a cross-section of personalities as we boast of it should be a terrific do. Why, it should be worth the admission fee alone just to see our social convener, "Foghorn" Stephens in his usual fine fettle.

I have just this moment been advised that we are to be hosts of the Community Club next Sunday afternoon for a series of friendly matches. Oh, well, it should be great experience for our players anyway, so serve 'em, gang—we're ready!

## Meet The Girls

When a smartly uniformed Sea Ranger comes to your door very shortly, don't think she's going to sell you a share in a boat or a subscription to a navy magazine. She's going expressly to give you something that might mean the difference between Life and Death for you. She'll courteously ask you to accept the offer of a free X-ray chest examination to help the National Sanitarium Association to stamp out Tuberculosis in Canada. It's free, painless and takes only a matter of minutes. Don't stop reading now, prepared to spurn her offer because you KNOW YOU HAVE-N'T GOT IT or are fearful of facing the prospect that you might have! You can be the picture of health, feel perfectly fit, yet still have it in its early stages. Contrary to the old belief, it is not hereditary but contagious at any age and kills more people than all other infectious diseases combined! Even if you find that you haven't got it, your support of the idea by responding to the offer might convince your neighbor to go along too and he or she might be saved the opportunity of passing it on to you later!

She'll ask a few questions, such as your name, age, address and occupation and the day and hour you prefer for appointment. These particulars will be sorted and you'll be mailed a notice when to attend. We'll tell you in our next issue where to go to.

(Continued on Page 2)

## Junior Softball

By Ian Stuart

Last Friday at Hanlan's diamond Ward's defeated Hanlan's 14-5. Hanlan's borrowed a Centre player, being a man short. The catch of the game was made by Counte Duggan on a line drive to third base off the bat of Hank Hangor. The leading-off hitter for Ward's was Gord Gibson. Vernon Thompson led the Hanlan's attack.

The two games this week were postponed because of paddling practices, but next Tuesday the regular schedule will continue.

Softball was begun this week for the junior juniors, and a very enthusiastic crowd, with lot of fight, turned out.

## ATTENTION, PADDLING SUPPORTERS

Paddling supporters intending to go to Montreal Regatta are requested to deposit the money for their fare at once with any of the following committee, so that reservations may be picked up. Train leaves Friday morning, August 2. We understand that return tickets are good until the following Thursday. Ralph Reilly, Russ Reilly, Eddie Rudd.

## Lawn Bowling

By Samuel Hawthorne

Want a game? Then meet at the Association's Bowling Green on Saturday, July 20th, at 3 p.m. Don't forget to bring your bowls along with you!

In spite of all the arduous effort put forth by Steve Jenner and his men, who have been working making ready the greens, it has been impossible up until now to play on them. Steve has now given his permission to use a couple of rinks designated by himself.

## Ferry Docks Bicycle Parking A Must It'll Save You Trouble

The bicycle parking concession is one granted by the City Council and they cannot be placed in the roofed or outside enclosed section without payment of the small daily rate of two and a half cents (six tickets for fifteen cents).

For some years it was operated by the Island Red Cross Unit and during the past two years jointly by the Red Cross and Centre Island

I have been instructed to issue this invitation to all interested bowlers, and I trust that a goodly number will turn out, thereby assuring some real games.

There will be no fee charged this year, and if you are a bowler you will be welcomed to play on as many rinks as Steve Jenner permits.

Association, but all proceeds were turned over to the Prisoner of War Boxes Fund. This year the entire Canadian Red Cross Society have vacated the money-raising field, with the exception of their membership campaign, and accordingly asked that the Centre Island Association operate this small business venture. The association feels that giving supervision during the part of the day when so many outlanders are inclined to help themselves to the bikes (many city kids think they are placed there for their enjoyment when they come over on a picnic!) and thereby helping our Police Department keep down the number that are either downright stolen or left anywhere on the Island after this illegal use, is a serv-

## BEAUTY AT NATURE'S MIRROR



—Photo by Ross Aylesworth

## I.C.C. REGAIN WINNING WAYS

By Ralph Reilly

After a one-point setback at the hands of Balmy Beach at the Toronto Sailing and Canoe Club regatta a week ago last Saturday, our Island boys came right back to

### IMPROVED GARBAGE COLLECTION

As soon as Mr. Bradley, Street Cleaning Commissioner, heard how inadequate an alternate day collection of garbage was on Manitou Road, he ordered a daily morning pickup and sent over a brand new truck to facilitate the work. This past objectionable feature of our only shopping street has of course been complicated by the fact that the refuse has to be placed out on the sidewalk and when we entertain an extra Ten Thousand people from town the arrangements designed to cope with our normal

(Continued on page 4)

hand these "Balmy" boys a dose of their own medicine by capturing last Saturday's regatta by one point and right in their own water at that. All of which tends to show our paddlers have enough fight to ward off these presumptuous blade experts from other quarters. The Toronto S. and C. Club, however, again carried off the senior war canoe event, nosing out our boys by the proverbial whisker and it is now up to our senior boys to really start putting on the pressure, and next Saturday afternoon, July 20th, should be a good time to begin, as the western division trials are taking place on Long Pond, and this will be their opportunity to not only put these Toronto lads to a test, but also prove to their Island supporters that we have a real contender for the gonfalon at Montreal a couple of weeks hence.

The regatta at Balmy Beach

again offered some very keen races, the aggregate score not being decided until the very last race, the senior war canoe. Our juveniles again displayed some real ability and if anything our juniors and seniors are also improving, and it is to be hoped they will bear down for the next couple of weeks with a view to grabbing off those all-important points down at the Canadian championships:

Results were as follows:  
Junior fours — 1, BBCC, Lane's crew; 2, T.S.&CC, Grey's crew; 3, ICC, Phelan's crew.

Juvenile tandem—1, BBCC, Ford and Chamberlain; 2, ICC, Watt and Riley; 3, ICC, Magrath and Richmond.

Junior tandem—1, BBCC, Lane and Farintosh; 2, TS&CC, Richardson and Cameron; 3, ICC, Slade and Guthrie.

Junior war canoe—1, ICC, Por-

ice they should undertake for Islanders. To improve it they are paying attendants, constructing additional stands when lumber is available, keeping the grass cut and the whole layout generally tidy—any profits to be earmarked as donations to the Island Red Cross Outpost Hospital and any deficits out of association funds.

With this explanation we hope that the few who sneak by the boys in charge will mend their ways and if you happen to come over after they have left, but have had your bike parked under supervision during the dangerous hours of the day, drop your ticket in the box the same as you pay for your newspaper when the newsboy isn't around to collect.

Senior single—1, TS&CC, Warren; 2, TS&CC, Watts; 3, ICC, Oldershaw.

Juvenile war canoe—1, ICC, Por-

(Continued on page 8)



Claudewhoppers

Miss Deeds

In keeping with its rejuvenated exterior, life inside the Claude this season seems to have gained momentum, too. Post-war planning in action, no doubt. At any rate, the current Claude crowd are definitely copsethetic, and there's never a dull moment at 380.

Pingpong (sorry, please—table tennis!) and horseshoes seem to have waned in popularity this year, but what they have lost, badminton and golf have gained. Howard Rawlings has erected a tall net and basket affair out by the Annex—not being a golfer, we aren't exactly sure what it is, but the golf enthusiasts practise their chip shots religiously each evening and in the early cool of a Sunday morning.

Badminton devotees around here have even gone so far as to challenge the Piersonites on their own home ground. The Pierson House has grandly accepted the challenge, and elected Miss Joan Hennessy as go-between to arrange details of a round-robin with the Claude. Audience participation warmly encouraged, and how about St. Andrew's taking on the winners?

Saturday night at the Casino, Bob and Sadie Peters and Ted and Phyl Adams tread an airy measure. An absent-minded fellow, Bob Peters spent most of last Saturday

wondering where he had left his wife, and it is considered remarkable around here that he found her again in time for the dance. Now, if Bob were missing, Sadie, it's ten to one you'd find him in the White's apartment. Listening to Strauss waltzes, Bob and Edna stoutly maintain.

Although it seems that Toronto is out of bounds for the Navy, Joanne Tucker doesn't see any reason why Centre Island is. So if you see a battleship looming up over the horizon, folks, don't be alarmed.

The busiest little bee around the Claude is Doug Jacobs—Bert Van Hezewyck's young nephew. A chip off the old uncle, Doug plays a good game of badminton and swims like a seal. Only trouble with Doug is all that vim, vip and vigor he generates on Sunday mornings. We must speak to Uncle Van, who incidentally seems to have been lead-

ing an exemplary life lately. Anyhow, he's mighty poor copy any more. How about looking into this for us, Doug?

At the Adams' rainy-evening musicales, some rare talent emerges. Phyl gracefully plays hostess, as all Claudians not otherwise engaged sit Turkish-fashion on the floor and listen dreamily to their excellent collection of recordings, which ranges from the latest hot jazz to the best classical numbers. Ted himself might double for Frank Sinatra (provided he could lose about seventy-five pounds, of course), Walter Winchell, or any M.C. you care to mention on that tame microphone he keeps tethered in one corner of the room. And Art Keyes plays the hottest trumpet we've heard since Louis Armstrong was in town. Teddy Hill's contribution is a flash camera that keeps us all on the alert, and incidentally ably fulfills the duties of a chaperone.

TEEN TALK

Barb Norrie and Bob Rawlings celebrated their birthdays jointly last Tuesday night with a big Weiner roast. Some of the couples there: The hostess Barb Norrie, Junior O'Conner, the host Bob Rawlings, Gwen Ferris, Monita Day, Ron Biggar, Jean Guthrie, Bill Werly, Pam Clemes, John Richmond, Joan Whiskin Pete Connolly, Olly Plunkett and Peggy.

Nice going at the Regatta last Saturday, boys. We knew you could do it.

And who were the four embarrassed girls swimming in the lake last week? Just ask Don Parsons or Olly Plunkett.

Does Joan Stewart love or hate those little Cupids who are helping

her with her new love affair?

Since John Richmond and Giggs McGrath have started cutting lawns they are getting plenty of sleep.

We see the girls from 396 Lakeshore are working at Tyndalls.

Who are the three weaklings who can't push a wagon up the drag when they have "We know how" written on them?

Song of the Week

In the Moon Mist, by Les Brown.

Wolf of the Week

Don (Ginger) Watkins.

Joke of the Week

Mrs. Brown: Did you take a bath this week, Junior?

Junior: Why, is one missing?

TAWNY OWL ON ISLAND?

The Brownies had their opening meeting on Tuesday evening under the trees on the lagoon bank west of the Island Canoe Club.

The Guides opened on Tuesday night on the same site. The following girls were there: Toni Cox, Jane Whiskin, Judy Whiskin, Patsy Mallon, Sheila Mallon, Catherine Aitken, and Betty Cutting.

Next Tuesday evening the Brownies will meet in the same place at 6.45.

Guides will find the trail laid to to their meeting place. The trail will start west of the Island Canoe Club at 7.45.

UNDERWATER DANGER

Frank Redican of 7 St. Andrew's Avenue told our reporter, Hiram Heffenfeffer, that the Lifeguard on the beach off Cherokee had taken up almost a trash can full of empty soft drink bottles from under the water off this stretch of beach. As a storm could easily break these bottles this constitutes a menace of considerable proportions and all Islanders should stop anyone from throwing a bottle in the lake. It does not matter how far out they throw it, as the action of the waves could conceivably return the glass close enough to the beach to cut the feet of unsuspecting bathers.

Rinkydinks Weekly Report

First thing this week, before saying anything else, we Rinkydinks, MUST SAY how mean and cheap we feel about the Sneed Talk Girls! When we saw their sweet, kind, little snip last week congratulating us on our new column after we had said such mean things about them, we just (literally) sat down and cried. In fact, we have changed the name of our club house to "Rinkydink Wailing Walls" and have shaved off our eyebrows (an old custom practised by the Ancient Egyptians when a favorite cat died). We really meant no harm by the mean things we said, girls, and when you do something to rate congratulations, we'll congratulate you. . . .

But to switch to less trifling subjects, don't you readers think something ought to be done about the Main Drag? Perhaps if a garbage can were placed in front of each store, people (Islanders and outlanders) would deposit their trash therein. We especially recommend the old-fashioned, topless type of can, for it is a notorious fact that outlanders are too lazy to lift the lids of garbage cans placed along Lake Shore Avenue by the beach.

As you doubtless will read elsewhere in this paper, the Association has taken over the bicycle parking station. It is amazing how many people try to sneak off without paying. Some people get a real thrill out of saving 2½ cents and will go to any length to get it.

The big Canoe Club Western Division Regatta will take place tomorrow and the Montreal Regatta will take place a week from tomorrow. All the boys are getting ready for the long trip to Montreal

—but we really haven't room to tell you all about these events, so for additional information see the sports section.

In closing we'd like to announce that the Rinkydinks are starting their second big canvassing drive for memberships. If you're not already a member, due to any one of the ingenious excuses that a canvasser hears, put your head out the window and yell when you see the Rinkydink canvasser on your street. And, oh, yes—if you're not a member you're not entitled to get this paper unless you've paid five cents. If you live in an apartment house please don't snatch one off the pile in the hall because they're for members only. Instead join the Association and be really entitled to one.

MEET THE GIRLS

(Continued from Page 1)

Remember these cheerful thoughts: It's free (the cost is met from the sale of Christmas seals you buy), it's painless and it only takes a moment. The results are kept confidential. Only about two out of every thousand require treatment and it's one of the most readily curable diseases when discovered while you're feeling well. You may not only save yourself a long future illness, but also save the lives of your families and friends. It's available to every Islander from Gap to Gap, but the clinic will be centrally located.

Can we sell you a million-dollar bounty for less? Exactly nothing except to grab this wonderful chance that a Sea Ranger will offer you!



By Arra Mitchell

If you haven't any rice, and few people have these days, beg, borrow or steal some (you'll be able to return it as it will be in the shops again soon), and make a rice ring, not forgetting to put a dash of saffron in it, fill with creamed ham and chicken, left over no doubt from the week-end. Good and filling for lunch or late supper.

For fish lovers try a tart jelly with white fish or halibut—strange thought, but it's de-lish!

You've seen the bottles of prune juice in the shops, haven't you? Well, make it into jelly. Lemon juice should be added and you may like sugar, taste it when it's hot before putting the gelatin. Coffee jelly is another easy and enjoyable summer dessert. Use the coffee that is left over at meals—long as you keep it in a bottle in the 'fridge. It is fine. Whipped cream, of course, makes all the difference.

And before the last of the strawberries disappear make a jelly of them. You need two envelopes of gelatin in half cup cold water, add two cups hot water, stir as usual. Add one cup sugar, pinch salt, and half cup lemon juice, strain, and chill until it is very syrupy. When the jelly is at the correct thickness, pour a little into bottom of mould. This should be made firm and if you're in a hurry do it by packing mould in ice. Then put in the berries, then more jelly, and so on. You can serve this with custard or cream.

If you are having a buffet on the lawn or porch, give a thought to the poor males who hate trying to balance a plate on one knee, hold a knife and fork and do something

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Hiram Heffenfeffer of 226 Lake Shore reports that he was greatly incensed to hear that two people in a canoe routed out and chased a duck and several young all the way from the bullrushes in the lagoon opposite Oriole down to the cut at Clandeboye. Hiram says that his informant feels that they were Islanders. Hiram cannot imagine anyone—let alone an Islander—chasing a fully grown duck on the lagoon, but when the duck has to marshal several tiny denizens of the lagoon out of harm's way, he feels that this is an outrage. A lot of the charm of the Island is that it is a game preserve and Hiram considers it a shame that such specimens of humanity should be permitted to chivvy ducklings on the lagoon. Apparently these morons derived considerable enjoyment and excitement from this "wild goose chase", suffering under the delusion that they were being very funny.



## Some Like It Straight

By Lou McCartney

We are beginning to think that there must be something in the air over here. Take any sunny Sunday afternoon for example. Thousands of carefree characters surge across the bay to get away from the City heat and they are barely off the boat before they start pitching woo all over the place. Sedate old Islanders hardly dare water the lawn for fear of spraying some brawny type who is pulling a Garfield (or Gable) act smack dab in the middle of the Tulip bed. Little children at play are irked by the presence of swooning females and masterful males heedlessly smooching in the hop-sotch area. Such goings on!

Please don't think I'm an old kill-joy! Perish forbid, suh! But necking, if you'll pardon the expression, is an art that should be practised discreetly. The presence of large mobs of cheering spectators is not calculated to lend enchantment to this ancient sport. How can a guy concentrate on that low, throaty Boyer patter if people are playing baseball all around him? In short, sir, get off my lawn . . . and take Lulu Belle with you!

Al Newcome is coming back to the Island. Don't say we didn't warn you!

Bill Stockman hit a home run the other night. In fact he says he is getting so used to it that he is developing a decided list to port from running around bases.

Benny and Bill threw a party. The party threw Earl.

We must be getting old. In the morning rat-race up Bay Street we find that even Howard Kirchner is

leading us by half a block by the time we reach Wellington Street. See what clean living will do?

Admiral Wm. Findlay was seen mowing his lawn the other day. If this gets around it may lead to his expulsion from the Afternoon Bridge and Sporting Club. The constitution of this fine organization forbids members to exert them-

selves in any way. Most successful member—E. Rudd.

I must tear myself away for now. My public is clamoring outside my window. I hope those bars are strong.

### VISITORS FROM MONTREAL

Mrs. Ralph Reilly's sister, Mrs. D. Sonne, and daughter Virginia, are staying with the Reillys on St. Andrew's Avenue for ten days from July 15.

## News Of St. Andrew's BY-THE-LAKE

By William Wright

Next Sunday after the morning service there will be a meeting of the Church Committee. All members are urged to attend.

Now I would like to tell you something about some of the windows of the church. The middle window over the altar has on every second gold symbol in Christ's robe the Greek letters Alpha and Omega superimposed on each other. This was incorrectly reported in "The Centre Islander" last year as being the Masonic square and compass symbol, which it rather resembles. The letters on the other gold circles are "IHS," the first three Greek letters of the name Jesus. These three altar windows were made by J. McCausland & Son, 1885. Also an R. McCausland (a son, I suppose) in 1923 made a window that was erected in memory of a Mr. Harry Ryrie, who died in 1917. We believe that this is the same Mr. Harry B. Ryrie who left that very

thoughtful bequest for park benches.

A window in memory of the Spence family was made by the Luxfer Studios in 1921.

The N. T. Lyons Co. has made two windows for the church. In 1919 they made one in memory of Islanders who died during World War I. Then a year later, in 1920, a window was erected near the chancel of the church at the right for Bishop W. D. Reeve. He had been Bishop of the Diocese of Mackenzie River. On the window it says, "Erected as a Thankoffering to Almighty God for 51 years in the Sacred Ministry and for recovery from a serious illness." It is interesting to note in this window, in the bishop's crest, the forms of pine trees, caribou, and crossed snowshoes.

The services next Sunday are: 9 a.m., Holy Communion; 11 a.m., Morning Prayer and Sermon; 11.30 a.m., Children's Service; 7 p.m., Evening Prayer and Sermon.

## On The Summer Air

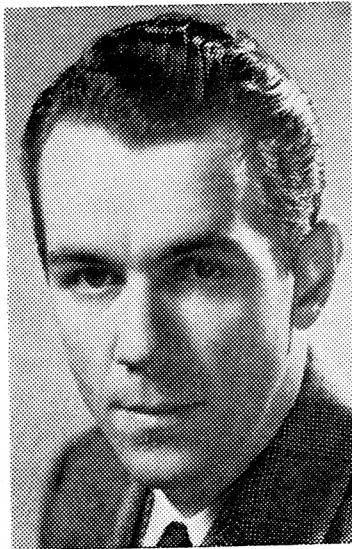
By Brandt Johnston

"Sports with Settell" has returned to the air after a brief vacation; 6.10 p.m. Monday through Fridays. CJBC. . . "Travelin' Man," the dramatic saga of a shrewd Yankee peddler who roams all America, is now on WBEN every Monday at 8 p.m. Sam Locke and Sidney Harmon, noted radio and Hollywood authors, write the story of a salesman who loves America but who is no flag waver. . . or if that doesn't suit your taste try "Inner Sanctum" mystery show will replace Jack Coogan's "Forever Ernest" program over CFRB Monday nights at 8 p.m. starting July 29th. Guest stars will play leading roles and "Your Host" will be Paul McGrath.

. . . "The Jack Kirkwood Show" returned to the Columbia network over CFRB as a half-hour comedy program, occupying the final 30 minutes of the full hour being vacated for the summer by "Lux Radio Theatre," which returns August 26th. The first 30 minutes has Milton Berle's "Kiss and Make Up." . . . "Food for Thought," with Art McGregor and Frank Deaville supplying useful gardening hints, suggestions for the household, and lots of wise-cracks. Joan Green does the vocals on popular ballads, with Don Gordon at the keyboard; Wednesdays, 9.30-10 p.m., CFRB. "The Vaughn Monroe Show" replaces the "Abbott and Costello" program, which returns to the air October 3rd. The vocals on the summer replacement show are done by Betty Norton and the Moon Maids. Thursdays, 10 p.m., WBEN.

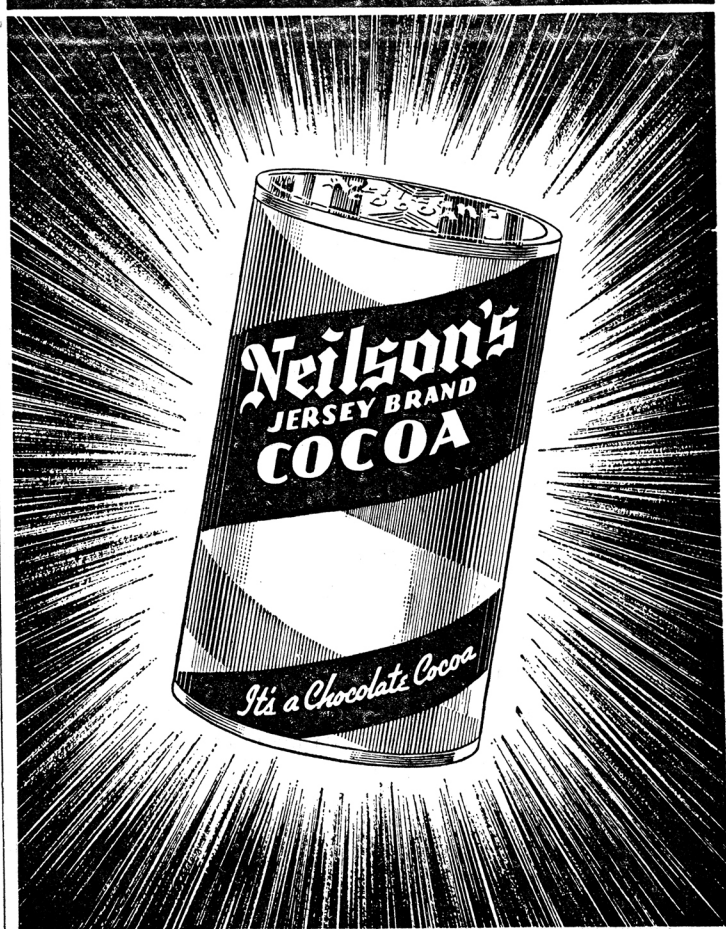
RALPH HUBBELL

Born in Duhirt, Minn., October 27, 1907. He attended high school in Brooklyn, N.Y. Following his schooling he became a director of boys' work in an Italian settlement in Brooklyn. After a few years there he wanted to be a radio announcer and so tried his luck at an audition. He was hired to read poetry on a small station and after a few weeks he was asked by WE-



BR, Buffalo, if he would like to have a position as a staff announcer. That was the beginning, May 28th, 1934. He remained as staff announcer until February 10th, 1935, when he was promoted to sports announcer. In March, 1936, he joined WBNY, Buffalo, as sports announcer and remained there until 1939 when he moved to the Buffalo Broadcasting Company, owners of WKBW and WGR. From that time he has brought you the news of the sporting world. He described all sports you can imagine: Tennis, baseball, football, basketball, swimming, hockey, harness racing, golf, six-day bike races, badminton, and many more. His favorite games to broadcast are baseball and hockey. To keep in trim shape he goes out every morning for a game of golf. (Usually every year two Canadian sports announcers play two Americans. Some of the announcers have been Ralph Hubbell, Jim Wells, Wes McKnight, Rex Stimers and a few others.) Ralph Hubbell can be heard every day at 11.15 p.m. and on Sundays at 6.30 p.m., WGR.

# Neilson's



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## Notes From Very Young Reporters

We formed a Guide Troop last week—having our first meeting in the open air on the association grounds—but only one Brownie prospect showed up. How about all you girls joining one or the other? It's fun.

"I got an invitation  
From the Board of Education  
To get an operation  
To save the situation."

One of the youngest kids on the Island, Ronnie Patey, was christened last Sunday afternoon at four o'clock at St. Andrew's-by-the-Lake Church.

Wendi Cox had a birthday party last Wednesday at the beach up near the Filtration Plant. She invited Rosemary Mallon, Marlene Mackenzie, Jacky Bryanert, Peggy Rutledge, Teddy Perks, Penny Cox and Ann Williams.

A birthday we forgot to tell you about was Rosemary Mallon's on July 9th. Among her guests were Penny and Wendi Cox, Teddy Perks, Rickey and Ann Williams, John Blackson, Mary Jane Chapman, Gary Titious and Marlene Mackenzie. Seems that we kids just go from one dish of ice cream to another all summer!

Michael and Skippy Lennox should have gold medals for all the bottles they pick up around the beaches and park. These dumb people shouldn't leave them around to get broken and cut our feet and we'll bet the Lennox kids have saved lots of accidents.

Do you know that you mustn't swim in the lagoon, there's a law against it. The Canoe Club do have a special privilege for their members when there's a big person to watch them, but even then they are only allowed to swim twenty feet from the float.

We're glad that we can leave our bikes at the dock when we have to go to the city to see the dentist or something and we know that there's somebody on duty watching that they don't get swiped.

If any of you young kids know of any news for this column write it on a piece of paper and put it

in the newsbox in front of Hughes Store and you'll see your name in this column next issue.

Goodbye for now.

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**Centre Island Association**

(Also see article on Page 1 of this issue)

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# The Centre Islander

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FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1946

## Fund Still Open

The Building Fund for our Clubhouse has never closed. We still have not enough money to do more than re-erect in its former condition Building No. 104 from No. 1 Equipment Depot, RCAF. This is in process of erection. Verandahs, dormers, ventilators, partitions, stages—these and many more refinements and additions to the original structure will have to wait due to our lack of funds. Last year many people helped to canvass contributions from Centre Island residents—not to mention donations from firms and individuals on the mainland—but despite their best efforts, some people were overlooked. We feel that there are many who, if they had been called on, would gladly have given toward this project. That they were not called on is due to the difficulty of organizing such a large canvass on a voluntary basis. However, it is not too late. The Fund never closed. It has its separate account and donations are still very much in order—all the more so as we see how expenses are mounting up. Therefore, those of you who have not been approached, please do not feel that you were slighted. We would have called had we accomplished what we wished. Perhaps you were out when our canvasser came to see you. Please consider that a donation now would be thankfully accepted. It is not too late. Contributions should be sent to our treasurer, Harold B. Aitken, 290 Lake Shore, Centre Island. Unless the donor wishes to be anonymous, names and amounts will be published in this paper.

## Classified Ads

FOR SALE—Sparton mantel radio, splendid condition, \$22.00, and lady's maroon bicycle with basket, \$19.00. Phone OX. 3382.

WANTED—Man to cut grass and do odd jobs. Apply 302 Lake Shore, Centre Island.

FOR SALE — Five large screens (fine bronze mesh), approximately 3 feet by 7½ feet each. Suitable for porch. WA. 0018; 290 Lake Shore Avenue.

(Continued from Page 1)

population simply break down. We can only hope now that the residents and merchants will co-operate by not putting out garbage after the collection has been made, and if the supply of covered metal cans, demanded by our health laws is still unobtainable, then see that those disgraceful old crates and cartons are covered with tarpaulins or something similar—the sight of crawling masses of maggots and the stench of rotting garbage will drive more people away than any attraction on the Island would bring.



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Takes little space in travelling bag, club locker or car.

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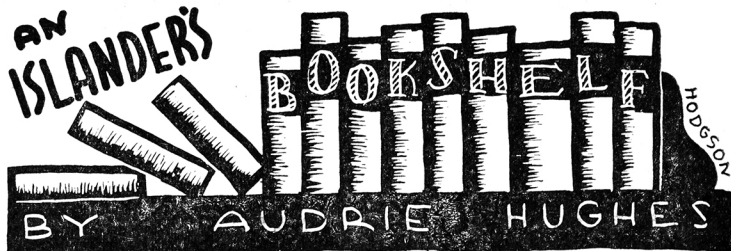
*Simpson's*

THE STORE FOR MEN, SECOND FLOOR

## TIRED OLD PEOPLE

The Centre Island Association has been in existence for three years and many of the executive have served faithfully throughout that time in order to see the program safely launched. The constitution provides for an annual meeting and election of officers during the last two weeks of August, but even those who are then seemingly released from their continuing labours have to carry on until December 31st of this year.

We can't help but feel that they have done nobly, but it is time for others to step in and carry on. The projected clubhouse which was to be one of the focal points of the organization is under construction on a leasehold property practically twice as large as the old I.A.A. set-up, arranged through their efforts. To recount their achievements—many of which can never be publicized in this manner, but which can be learned by your attendance at the Annual Meeting or at any semi-monthly executive meeting—would only embarrass them, but any with the well-being and advancement of Centre Island at heart should give serious thought to the problems of the future. First and foremost, we advocate your giving serious thought to how you can help—or how you can best find more top-flight executives to replace those who will retire. Many want to help in our community, but are bashful about coming forward—they seem to require a personal invitation for fear of exalting themselves. Every reader should give thought to this matter, discuss it with your neighbors, accept or make nominations and be prepared to attend the Annual Meeting.



ZEBRA DERBY, by Max Shulman.

Mr. Shulman, sergeant in the U.S. Army Air Corps, has tossed off a zany tale that is a very readable hodge-podge of joyful nonsense and unsavory irony. Asa Hearthrug, the author's brainchild (what a brain and what a child it wrought) was first introduced to an unsuspecting public as "Barefoot Boy with Cheek". Asa has now come home from the war and, gullible and idealistic, he sets out to find his place in the bright and shining post-war world. "All I desire," says Asa, "is to fill my place in the new civilization, to secure my niche in the new millenium." He runs the

gamut of all the well-meaning rehabilitation plans that were dreamed up by the powers that be. But before he finds the niche he so ardently seeks, the whimsical hero is nearly strangled to death . . . by Red Tape.

The author is not bitter about our disappointing new world—just ironically realistic. He rolls his pellets of satire, coats them thickly with slap-stick humor and gleefully, but so determinedly, hurls them at everything and everybody. There is nothing sacred, nothing safe, as he aims at Man and the peculiar products of his mind . . . movies, advertisements, books, radio, scientists, doctors, psychologists, communists, co-operatives, universities, governments, Veterans' Administrations, Selective Service Boards, etc., etc.

The antics of Asa and his friends and relations provoke laughter that verges on hysteria. Occasionally the action drags (could be that the galloping pace of the derby is merely slowing down to a swift canter). But whenever I was beginning to fear that Max had lost his first, fine careless nonsense I heard myself laughing aloud again. I would advise reading this story to an audience, otherwise you will find yourself acquiring the annoying habit of calling out tid-bits to anyone within hearing distance.

If you are wondering about the title, the writer takes time to explain its source (which is more than can be said for many of the saner authors). Asa goes to seven veterans' organizations for information; is supplied each time with a membership and a uniform, the latter ranging from green with yellow piping on the pants, to a long fuchsia tunic with no pants; puts on all his uniforms and walks colorfully down the street. He sees a long line of men similarly dressed, a policeman standing beside him says "looks like a zebra derby . . . say that would make a swell title for a book!"

## TWINS AT CAMP

Two of our very young reporters, Jano and Judy Whiskin, are spending ten days at Glenmohr Camp, near Beaverton, on Lake Simcoe.

## MRS. JOHNSON A GRANNY

A week ago last Thursday night, July 9th, a baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lorrie, of Edmonton, Alberta. Mr. and Mrs. Lorrie are former Island residents, having lived at 266 Lake Shore for a number of years. Mrs. Lorrie is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson of 9 Clandeboye Avenue.

## YOUR ISLAND GARDENS

By F. J. Walter

To make a change from the usual routine of our garden column, I want to speak this week particularly about growing Lilies, and to suggest to our garden-conscious Islanders that they should go in more seriously for this type of flower, there are so many beautiful varieties. A word or two now will give ample time for making out one's list before Fall planting time comes around again, which, of course, is the correct time to put them in. I am sure that this year we shall be able to purchase them more easily, and at rather lower prices than they have been during the war years. I have noticed that several of the larger bulb merchants in America, and also the Dutch growers, are advertising several of the special varieties again which have been absolutely unobtainable. This leads to the belief that our local bulb stores should be getting some of these interesting and gorgeous flowers.

The Island is a most suitable growing place for Lilies, and if care is taken to secure sound bulbs, one can safely look for a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction in the coming year, not only in the blooms themselves, but in the exquisite perfume which fills the garden from July onwards.

When you have your catalogue put a mark around the following and order early. One of the best, in my humble opinion, and most outstanding is the *Lilium Auratum*. Its common name is the Golden Lily of Japan, producing as it does abundant bloom on a four or five-foot stem. Very large flowers of white with a yellow line commencing at the tip of the bloom and widening towards the centre, with black spots concentrating there. It has exquisite perfume. In selecting bulbs it is a wise thing to make sure that there are live roots attached. Plant to a depth of 9-10 inches.

*Lilium Batemanniae*—A type of

*Tiger Lily* growing 3 feet high, with blooms of apricot or orange tinged with pink. The flowers come in a cluster at the head of the stem. This is a good one to have in the collection.

*Lilium Browni*—A large trumpet lily of real beauty, very fragrant. Creamy white within but a purplish rose tinged with green on the outside. On stems about 3 to 4 feet high. Plant 10 inches deep in sandy soil.

*Lily Candidum*—Madonna Lily is the better known name. This produces the best effects planted in clumps of 12 or more. Of a pure white, it is very sweet. Easily cultivated, top. It should be planted in midsummer, about two inches deep. Its ever-green leaves will withstand the winter.

*Lilium Dauricum*—Known as candlestick lilies for their brilliant red colour. Blooms are produced on straight stems of two feet high. Most effective when planted with ferns, as the contrast of colour is outstanding.

*Lilium Formosanum*—Late blooming, strong and graceful, producing four or five trumpet blooms of greenish yellow, with white and rose on the outside.

*Lilium Henry I*—Here is a different type to the usual lilies. Blooms of a brownish colour, the tips of the petals turning inwards towards the stem, leaving an open bloom of beauty. The bulbs, too, are of a reddish brown colour. A very hardy and useful lily; plant 8-10 inches deep.

*Lilium Regale*—Here is a really superb lily, very easy to cultivate, with fragrance comparable with the *Auratum*. Produces many wire stems and blooms of an enormous size. Should be staked very carefully, as the stem is so slender. Blossoms of purple outside and yellow inside, and worthy of a place in any garden. Again, when purchasing insist that the roots are on the bulb, otherwise growth will be checked.

## Webb's Seeds

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# THIS IS OUR CITY IV

## Assessment Of The City

By W. George Farley,  
Assessment Commissioner

As it is the basis on which the financial structure of the City is established, the annual assessment is one of the most important functions of municipal government and the following is a brief outline of our procedure.

The Chief Assessor, the official directly responsible for the assessment being completed within the dates set forth in the by-law for the return of the assessment rolls for the various wards, has a staff of twenty-two field assessors under his jurisdiction. Complementary to but not overlapping the field assessors' duties are the Supervisor of Land Assessments and his staff and the Building Assessor and assistants. The land staff reviews conditions in various sections of the City and confers with the field assessors with respect to any changes which they feel are justified, having regard for sales, leases and mortgages, changing conditions, court decisions, and so forth, while the building staff assists in the matter of major buildings.

The field work is a tremendous task, embracing some 235,000 assessments. It is necessary for the assessor to make two assessments against every business establishment, the first covering occupancy and the second the business assessment, and a separate entry for each domestic establishment of two or more rooms in which the occupants usually sleep and prepare and serve their meals.

The assessor is also required to obtain considerable statistical data, as the Municipal Voters' Lists are compiled from the assessment rolls and as the tenant controls the allocation of school taxes. The municipal franchise is also extended to the wife or husband of the person assessed, provided the necessary qualifications exist.

It is necessary, therefore, that the assessor ascertain and enter in his roll the name of each owner or occupant and his age, as well as the name of the wife or husband, indicate whether they are British subjects or aliens, and enquire as to the religious denomination of the occupant. In addition, he enters the rent paid, the number of occupants in residential properties and whether a dog is harbored on the premises.

The assessors commence their field work at the beginning of January and complete it about the end of July, each field book, as it is completed, being turned in to the Chief Assessor. Is it then submitted to the Addressograph section, where necessary changes are made in the plates as to ownership, tenancy or property descriptions, after which the assessment rolls and notices are imprinted with such information. Next, the assessment values are inserted by bookkeeping machines. They are then returned

to the Assessment Division and checked, any necessary corrections or alterations being made. As the rolls are loose-leaf volumes, last-minute changes as to ownership, etc., are inserted before they are lodged with the City Clerk, in whose office they are open for inspection by the general public.

It might be interesting to note that the assessment rolls for the various wards (one roll for each assessment division for convenience in handling) are returned to the City Clerk according to the following schedule as set by by-law:

Ward 1—March 1  
Ward 2—March 29  
Ward 3—April 26  
Ward 9—May 17  
Ward 5—June 14  
Ward 6—July 13  
Ward 7—July 26  
Ward 8—August 16  
Ward 4—September 6

Incidentally, the date for the return of the Ward 4 rolls was changed from May to September, because Toronto Island is part of that ward. The only year that the assessments were made in numerical order, our information with respect to the Island was very incomplete, as practically none of the Islanders had taken up summer residence when the field work was in progress.

During the ten-day period allow-

ed, appeals against the assessment are entered and, after the last day for receiving the same, they are listed in duplicate, one copy being forwarded to the Commissioner of the Court of Revision, who makes a personal inspection of each property, and the other to the Supervisor of Land Assessments or the assistant, who are our representatives at the Court of Revision. Before attending the court, our representative checks the records and also inspects each property, in order that he may be familiar with the assessment under review, and does not hesitate to recommend that an allowance be made if it appears that an assessment is inequitable.

The assessor cannot create values, but can merely follow the trend of the real estate market. Even then he must exercise some restraint, as it is not in the interests of the City that assessments should rise to the peaks in prosperity or drop to the depths in depression. A widely fluctuating assessment could have a disastrous effect on the financial structure of the City, as its borrowing power is based on the assessment and there would always be the possibility that debt, incurred in a period of high assessment, might later preclude the City Council from authorizing a capital undertaking of major importance.

## Studies In Island History 2

(This is a series of abstracts from papers read before the Royal Canadian Institute and is reprinted by kind permission of the Institute.)

### Toronto Harbor — Its Formation and Preservation (Continued)

Read before the Canadian Institute, June 1st, 1850, by Sir Sanford Fleming, C.E.

The effects produced by waves on a shore . . . are of various kinds . . . if the shore be of clay the action is entirely destructive, the banks are undermined and continually caving in, the fine argillaceous particles are taken up by the water, carried out and deposited after a time at depths unaffected by the motion at the surface; if the shore be of sand or gravel the effects produced are quite different. When the direction of the waves is not at right angles to the beach a progressive action results, and when the waves break point blank on the shore line with sufficient force the action is destructive, in which case the banks are broken down and the spent wave returns loaded with sand to be deposited outside of the breakers in the form of a shoal generally parallel to the coast; if the soil . . . be a mixture of clay and sand the action is both destructive and progressive, the clayey particles are washed out and deposited in still water, while the sand, gravel, and stones are left behind to be moved forward either in one direction or another, and at a rate depending solely on the strength of the impinging waves, and the gravity of the materials themselves. . . .

The effects of the progressive action can also be witnessed at many points on all the lakes; but at none in a more remarkable degree than at Toronto, although at other places to even a much greater extent. And since to the peculiar motion of sand and gravel beaches will be attributed not only the ex-

traordinary changes the Peninsula (the Island—Ed.) is at present undergoing, but even the greater part of the entire formation, it will be necessary to explain fully the nature of it, and give the reasons why the beach should have a tendency to move in one direction in preference to another.

Let us take an example when the direction of the wind forms an acute angle with the shore, a particle of sand resting on the surface is driven forward up the inclined plane of the beach in the direction in which the wave itself moves, the particle either remains at its now elevated position or (as is more usual) sweeps along in a small curve and rolls downwards with the expended wave to a new position, the distance of which from the first will be in proportion to the mechanical force of the wave and its direction; another and each successive wave drives the particle forward in a similar manner, unless by accident it finds a resting place behind some obstruction or be buried by other particles on the same mission as itself. If we take instead of a grain of sand, a small pebble, we find that the same wave, or a wave having the same force, moves it a less distance than it does the sand, that larger pebbles being heavier make proportionately less progress, and that stones still heavier are moved only when the waves have considerable power. All of these bodies, however, when within the impelling force of the wave and placed in positions fairly exposed to its direct action, seem to be governed by the same law, and are moved forward a less or greater distance according to their weight and gravity. . . .

When the waves impinge at right angles to the shore the progressive motion of the beach is theoretically nothing, the various particles of sand rolling upwards and downwards, changing position only laterally or in the line of direction of the waves; when the waves impinge somewhat less than a right angle the grains of sand move along in a sharp zig-zag line, . . . when much less than a right angle the particles move onward in a long undulatory line. . . . The distance between the points of each indentation being in proportion to the cosine of the angle formed by the direction of the waves and the line of the shore.

Granting that the direction of the waves is governed by that of the wind, it follows that whenever the wind blows from a quarter to the right of a perpendicular to the

shore, the beach sand is moved to the left and vice versa. . . . The mean velocity of the wind may properly enough be taken as equal throughout the year from all points of the compass, since the actual difference, as obtained by observations, will affect the results inappreciably; but the mean force of the waves will not in consequence be equal, as this is greatly influenced by the locality. It is found that the mechanical force of a wave depends chiefly on the strength of the wind and the extent of open water traversed; allowing then that the wind blows equally from all points, it will follow that the resultant of the aggregate forces of the waves impinging at any particular place, will be a line lying in a direction opposite to the largest area of open water.

In applying this conclusion to the beach in front of Toronto, we find that the greatest extent of Lake Ontario passed over by wind blowing from any point westward of the perpendicular A B, Fig. 5 (Toronto-Niagara—Ed.), does not exceed 40 miles, nor is the area of water over twelve hundred square miles, while to the east of A (Toronto—Ed.) the waves have a fetch of as much

as a hundred and eighty miles over an expanse of water measuring nearly nine thousand square miles; hence then (the duration of the action being taken as equal in both cases) the intensity of the collective forces of waves impinging at A from the eastward is many times greater than that of those from the westward; it must of course move with a variable velocity because the forces are not constant . . . but aggregately, the beach sand, subject to many complicated motions, and acted on by innumerable and incalculable forces, must move absolutely from east to west, and (taking the forces on each side of line AB respectively as positive and negative) with a velocity proportionate to their algebraic sum. . . .

In addition to these indications of the westward motion of the beach, it may be observed that, on an examination of the mouth of several small streams discharging into the lake east of Ashbridge's Bay, it is found that, whatever be their general direction inland, as soon as they intersect the sand beach, their course is westward. In most cases they run parallel to the shore, separated from it by a small ridge of

(Continued on Page 7)



By Arra Mitchell

As the summer season swings happily along, the events In Town continue to keep up a very high standard of entertainment. The Royal Alex. next week is proud to present one of Mr. Shakespeare's greatest dramas, "King Richard III". The lead is played by Jose Ferrer, whom Toronto audiences have seen and applauded before as Iago in "Othello". This company in such a production, coming in what is generally known as "an off season", is certainly a feather in the cap of Toronto theatre, and we hope there will be no empty seats during the week's engagement.

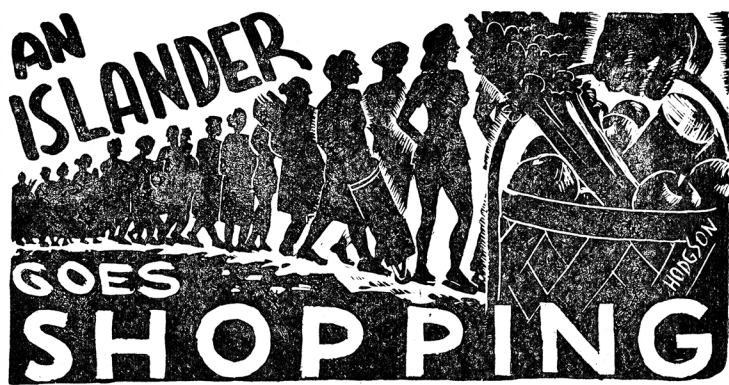
The movies to be seen are a cosmopolitan selection. At the Uptown, England's Eagle Lion Studios gives us "The Wicked Lady" with James Mason, Margaret Lockwood, and Patricia Roc. These three stars need no introduction, and over here are fast becoming the great favorites they are in their native land. Someone said the story was a seventeenth century version of

Chicago gangsters, but we feel that that maybe originated in Hollywood where, even they admit, they are jealous, and bit worried, over Eagle Lion's ability to turn out faultless productions, especially when the story concerns something that happened in England—in this case, highwaymen and women.

At the International Cinema is "The Virgin of Guadalupe". It is an excellent production and Jose Jimenez, who played St. Francis in the last Mexican movie at the International, has the lead, and gives a very sincere and dignified performance. He has played this part on the stage in Mexico, so he knows how it should be done.

Shea's is showing the much publicized and talked about "Gilda". One needs a suit of armor to get past the crowds at the theatre, so one judges it is a top-notch, but we have heard some say they were let down. Better go and see for yourselves, if you're good at standing in line, that is.

We just managed to catch up (Continued on page 8)



"G" is for gloves. The manufacturers are striving to vary the glove picture, but there is still a severe leather shortage, also double-woven cotton is hard to come by. Short length gloves, so popular this summer, will continue their success in the fall.

"G" is also for garments, a very important female item at any time, but this Fall it is doubly so. Paris made a strapless, wired brassiere to be worn with the bare-shouldered evening gowns; also from Paris come the waistline corset. It nips in the waistline and rounds the hips, which permits the wearing of the new silhouette.

"H" is for handbags. They will be medium large with the shoulder strap bag leading for casual wear, and the wrist handle bag for formal occasions. A small pouch attached to a belt is still the favorite for the junior. Huge pouches slung from the shoulder for the college crowd, made of canvas or felt, or anything bright and colorful.

"J" is, of course, jewelry. At

long last, the European market is exporting again, and more and more stones are coming into the country. Rhinestones are procurable once more and after not seeing them for so long, they look more lovely than ever, and are bound to be smart this autumn. Necklets will either be the short choker type or long ones to fill in the low neckline of the dresses. Bracelets continue being important, and many, many gold bangles that jangle will be worn, or wide gold cuff types.

Earrings are large, and the chop type will be seen in quantity. Pins you'll wear in pairs or clusters, and classic designs are smarter than floral ones.

"L" is for lingerie, a lot of which is being used on dresses by French houses. All white pleated sleeves in a navy dress. White organza collar and cuffs on a black organza dress. All fun and feminine.

"M" will be in next week's issue and is for millinery — and what lovely hats are looming up on the horizon!

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# COMMUNITY TENNIS

By Elwood Butler

Well kiddies, you have stuck with us for two weeks (I hope), so now we will wade laboriously through one more column and then we will hand it back to that so-called would-be, we-doubt-if-he-is journalist, Slade (Phooey). We have had some fun doing this kolumn, chum, but do try to maintain the same high degree of accurate and clever reporting which has appeared under this heading for these three short weeks (will somebody please put my arm in a sling after all that back slapping).

Our topic of the week, of course, is the tournament. Two of our seeded players in the ladies' singles have already fallen by the wayside. Janet Allin trotted back and forth on the court to eliminate our secretary, May Dervis, 7-5, 6-2, and Kewp Cox, although she put up a batle, finally bowed to Verne Murray to the tune of 7-5, 4-6, 6-4. In the men's singles all the seeded players are still going strong, Carl Olsen and Jack Sanderson in the upper bracket, and Al Young and George Noble in the lower half. Maybe our seedy (pardon us) seeding committee aren't so bad after all. We would like to stick our neck out here and now and suggest that you keep your eye on this guy Swainson for a place when the going gets rough. Right now he is plowing right along, his latest victory being over Bob Dunmore, 6-2, 6-3. The tournament to end all tournaments is, of course, the mixed doubles. The battle of the week was that staged by Verne Murray and George Noble against Ruth MacDougall and Pat Loubert. Ruth and Pat finally had to say Uncle after three tough sets, 3-6, 6-2, 6-3. (Ask George whether they were tough or not.) We are also looking forward to another battle that has to be finished come Friday when Madge Hough and Gordie Graham play off their match against Made-moiselle McConkey and Carl Olsen, which was called on account of darkness last Monday with one set each.

**Notice!** Come Sunday afternoon at approximately 2 p.m., there will be a friendly (?) interclub game between Island Park and ourselves at the Community courts, at which time we hope to beat their ears off. Kidding aside, there should be a lot of fun and there should be

some good matches, so come on along and see the doin's.

Youse persons that were unfortunate enough to get beat in the first round of either the men's singles or the ladies' singles, don't lose heart or faith yet. That consolation draw will be up pretty soon, and then you will have a new excuse for being away from the "little woman" or the "old man" a few more nights this season. (Personally, we have just about run out of them ourselves, so if you have any new ones, let us know quiet-like, and we will try them on our ball-and-chain.)

Some of our senior beginners have mentioned a matter to us which seems to create a bit of a problem, namely, that the juniors have tuition but the seniors don't get no coaching. How come? Well, here's the story, kids. A few of the ladies of the club have volunteered their time on various mornings of the week to help our future stars get the elements of tennis and to give them a few hints. When the question of coaching for the senior beginners was brought up, we decided to put it to All Beginners thusly. If you are inter-ested, hand your name in to the

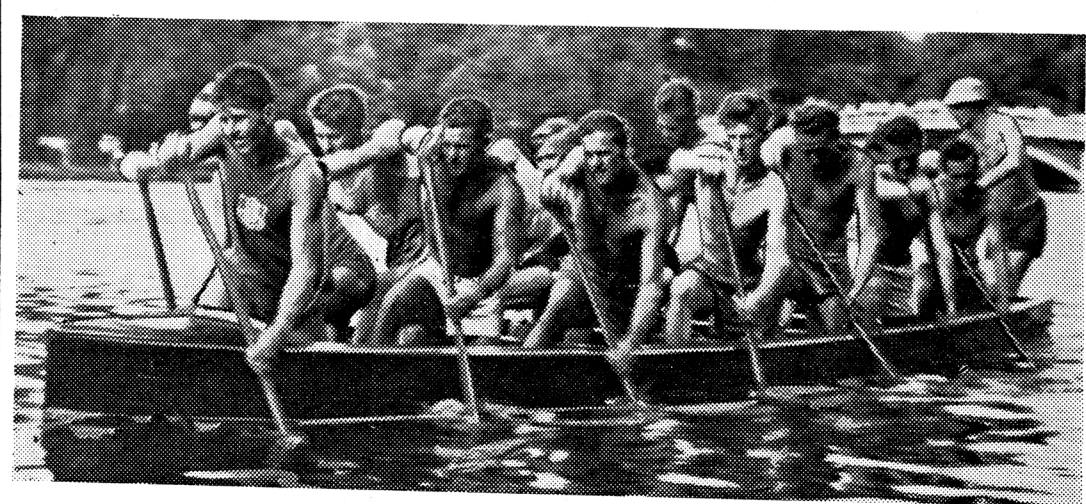
## MANITOU BATHHOUSE TO BE IMPROVED

Parks Commissioner Chambers advises that he has given orders to have the bathhouse at the end of Manitou Road painted inside and out immediately, and every effort made to keep the place clean and tidy. Recent high water levels have interfered with drainage on a site so close to the lake, but every precaution will be taken to correct that objectionable feature, too.

## NEW SOFTBALL LEAGUE

A group of boys—and one sub-aged eight and up, have started a new softball league on Olympic Island. Their principal night for play is Saturday—the big diamond not being in use by the Major League on that night—and according to reports they are all as keen as any of their seniors. Frank Redican of 7 St. Andrew's Avenue, the I.A.C. representative on the Executive of Centre Island Association, has taken the league in hand and is directing it. All players will be welcomed into the I.A.C. and it is expected that this league will be a permanent fixture of the Island, thus making three divisions—Senior, Junior, and either Junior Junior or Pee-wee. More power to them! Let's hope they send in regular reports of their games to this paper.

## I.C.C. SENIOR WAR CANOE



—Photo by Wilf. Butler

Official in Charge the next time you are down at the courts. If sufficient interest is shown by the beginners, we will set aside one court for one-half hour for each night that we can get one of the more experienced players to give us of his time. We already have two of the boys who are willing to help the beginners along, so let's get together on this—volunteers for half an hour one night a week can give their name to R. T. (that's our prexy, you know), and beginners get your names in NOW.

Have you heard?—We bow our heads in deep despair, We sob, we moan, we tear our hair, That game you see so badly played, Is Tennis as it's done by Slade!

## CENTRE ISLAND MAJOR SOFTBALL

Standings up to July 14:

	P.	W.	L.	%	G.B.L.
Cherokees	7	6	1	.857	.....
Pontiacs	8	5	3	.625	1½
Mohawks	8	3	5	.375	3½
Iroquois	9	2	7	.222	5

As only two official games were played last week, the standings are unchanged this week. However, a protest by Mohawks against Cherokees has yet to be ruled on, and this may give Mohawks another win.

Probably the most exciting and interesting game of the year was last week's 3-3 tie between Cherokees and Mohawks. The game lasted 11 innings and had to be called because of darkness. Both pitchers, Dave Demison for Cherokees, and Fred Mazza for Mohawks, threw beautifully and both deserved to win.

Iroquois 5, Pontiacs 4, and it looks as though the tail-enders are going to make a closer race of it than many people expected. Pontiacs seem to be on the down grade now, and unless some of the players realize that pretty soon they're going to replace Iroquois at the bottom of the league.

"Bun" Cherry, Cherokees' classy third baseman, has really been playing heads-up ball since he joined the league, and many acclaim him as one of the best hot-corner guardians to play over here in quite a few years.

Bill Nugent, the "fat" man behind the plate for Cherokees, is another who is playing good ball for Cliff Tomlinson this year, and although his batting average is nothing startling, he's a long ball hitter and he hits 'em hard, too, doesn't he, fellows?

Andy Anderson, 'tis rumoured, is getting slightly fed up with his Pontiacs and who can blame him?

was visiting the Island last week Haven't seen her around lately.

Why doesn't the attractive red-head from Iroquois Ayenue come out more often ... yes, Emily, we mean you. ... We welcome Gertrude Naylor to the Island, and sure hope we will see more of you. ... Some one said Pat Phelan's picture was on a "Police Magazine". ... We think you deserve better than that, Pat. ... Bill Duran said he never made a date with a girl. ... Are you bragging or complaining, Bill? ... However, we still think you're pretty nice. ... Here is this "week's scandal"—Pat Thompson and Stu Tyndall were seen walking down the drag, holding hands!

Who do they call "Jelly Bean"? What certain "MAN" got disengaged, but still goes around "very steady" with the certain party? ... Who was the smart American from California Jeanne Stephens was seen with on Sunday? ... Who were the two good looking "imports" Candy and Jeanne Caulfields were with at the Casino Saturday night? ... That's cheating, bringing them from the city, girls. ... Have Ein and Dinky got that bench

With the possible exception of Larue, Britton and Larking, the team is not pulling its own weight. If they tried as hard as Andy does in each game, then it's a cinch Cherokees wouldn't be enjoying such a lead this week.

# West Of Manitou

By Yolande Ferrier

Hello, Gang! Well, after last week's column (which was torn to pieces by a certain few) I guess I had better get down on my hands and knees and apologize to all you sweet people, and especially to all you young couples whose character I may have jeopardized by connecting you with brawls, etc.

I honestly hope, though, that you didn't take any of the horrible remarks (gosh, weren't they awful!) seriously even though they were in black and white. Well, now that I have got that off my mind, I hope I can work my way back into your "good books". So how about it?

Well, kids, I guess this week we will forget about "lucky sevens and bottled liquids" and turn to the finer things of life. ... I am sure all of you had a good week-end indulging in "Mother Nature's Sunshine" either knocking yourself out at tennis or melting on the beach. Such mad dogs we are!

I hope all of you that are vacationing sure have a good time. No doubt you will ... lucky dogs. Rod White left the Island Friday for Algonquin Park ... he figures it's better to paddle his own canoe. We sure hope you have a swell time, though, Rod. ... Yolanda Caldwell

reserved on the Main Drag ... it must be padded!

Some one remarked Bill and Sheila made a cute couple and that's not a "Peace Treaty" kids. ... Reliable sources claim that Al McCarrol and his roommates are very domesticated. ... Marcelle Carron is supposed to return from Mont-real shortly.

Jack Wolfram and his roommate Bud are leaving us for three weeks to go on a canoe trip ... a certain brunette is sure going to miss you, Jack ... and Many Happy Returns for July 19th.

A fast set of tennis was played at the tournament last week between Jim Murray and Jacques Vincent ... it attracted just about all the Island Park members and was rather a close set, being taken by Jim ... so congratulations, Jim, and keep up the good tennis.

Who is our little May West? Cute, eh? ... Why does Jack Earthy and Max retire so early ... it bothers the girls. ... Crib and Chuck were seen at the open-air dance Saturday night ... they looked like they were having fun.

Just about all of 310 Lakeshore turned out to the dance ... all on the prowl. ... Who were the couple who came in near the end, and were so engrossed in each other they didn't notice any one else. ... It is good to see you up and around again, Mrs. McKnight.

Who are the handsome couple from 17 Iroquois Avenue who cycle together all the time. ... Whose theme song for the next week is going to be "Full Moon and Empty Arms"?

Congratulations, Joan Howard, on winning your tennis tournament. ... Bill Nicholls, who left the Island July 1st, is down in Trois Pistoles, P.Q., teaching English at a summer school. He sends his regards to the gang. ... Congratulations to our Canoe Club for taking the point from Balmy Beach at the regatta Saturday.

Why does Sam go away every week-end?

Harry James is coming to Torry on July 29th ... bet it will be jammed. ... Who is the blonde boy who bleaches his hair?

We wish the Island boys would put on another Ballet Dance like the one two summers ago.

Who is the very attractive blonde whose eyes "light up" when Eddy Day passes? ... Who are the two girls who visit Wally after ten o'clock each night?

Well, kids, if the answer was known to all these questions' life would be pretty dull. ... Now for our more "Intellectual Types" ... Poem for the week ...

They Say— They say I haven't the right to weep

For you who only passed my way And stayed a few unguarded hours; They say I never knew you well; That I couldn't tell from your smile Or your eyes, or what you said In the little time we had.

They've never flown on silver wings That eclipse the year's in a moment's flight;

They measure love with engagement rings,

And consider tears conventional things—

The ones who say I haven't the right.

—By Ruth Mary Dubois.

Well, that's about all for this week, so keep smiling, kids, and gets lots of sunshine and sleep—and in the meantime I'm dying to know the reaction this week's column will cause—at any rate it could not be worse than last. So keep happy and let's hope for a nice week-end ... bye.

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# R.C.Y.C. ROUNDUP

By ALAN WOOD

Bill Gooderham tells me my spies erred in the results of the 8's in the recent Oakville cruise. The correct order is "Quest", "Invader", "Vision", "Norseman". . . . Yesterday, the Sperry Gyroscopic Company's 100' yacht "Wanderer" made several cruises around the Bay for the benefit of Canadian shipowners, etc. She is jam-packed with equipment, including: 2 Sperry Gyro Compasses (Mark XIV Model 1); 1 Mark XVIII Model II (the "St. Roch" is the only Canadian boat to use it); 1 Sperry Gyro Magnetic Compass; Electro Mechanical Steering Gear; a Rudder Angle Indicator; a Course Recorder (marks course on moving strip of paper); "Loran"; new Sperry Radar (incorporating Gyro Compass repeater). For the benefit of the unscientific-minded like me, here's what the Sperry people say to explain the functions of all the above: "Loran" tells you where you are, the 'Gyro Compass' tells you where you are going, and 'Radar' tells you what's in the way."

Due to the temporary illness (leaking boiler) of the "Kwasind", the TTC have rallied round to help with dance-night crowds. The "Ingilis" leaves the Ward's dock at her regular 12.05 time, stops at the RCYC dock at 12.15, and then goes to the City Ferry Dock. However, as soon as the "Kwasind" can get going again, this arrangement will stop. Incidentally, the way they arrange tickets is that all people who board the "Ingilis" on this run at Ward's, pay a ticket collector at the gangplank, and all RCYC travellers pay a regular launch ticket at the land end of our dock, the Club settling with the TTC afterwards. All passengers then swarm out of the City Ferry Dock without having to pay at the wickets. This worked very well on Wednesday and the Club is greatly indebted to the TTC for their kindness in help-

ing them out. The "Kwasind" was tested yesterday morning and it is hoped to have her on duty to-night.

Dinners are being served on the south end of the lower verandah when the snackroom overflows. This is a progressive step. . . . A new "Esperanza" will leave Quebec City for the Club next Monday or Tuesday under the guidance of Robinson and Max Croucher from the Club and a Diesel engineer. She's 50' overall, with small cabin, and was a harbor craft in Halifax Harbor. . . . July 31 is Bowler's Day with 64 participating and with representatives from 16 City clubs. There is to be a luncheon for them. . . . "Lady Baltimore" will be back in the Club next month with her owner, Mr. L. G. Proctor. She was loaned as a training ship during the war. . . . "Daphne" (Dr. Detweiler) won the Boswell ("Round-the-World") Trophy last week-end. It was sailed from the Bay to Oakville Buoy, Niagara Gas Buoy, and finished off the end of the Club dock. Her corrected time was about 12 hours, which sounds pretty zippy for 65 miles (nautical). The Sailing Secretary was huddled in a blanket on the end of the dock most of the night. . . . Bob Shuttleworth's orchestra is very popular with the dancers as usual this year.

Blake VanWinckle, QCYC, Regatta Chairman of the LYRA, gave me the official program of the LYRA. It's at Kingston on August 1 and 2, with the Freeman on July 28 from Youngstown, N.Y., to Kingston—approximately 134 nautical miles. An interesting item to this verandah sailor was the following "It is obligatory to have attached to at least one life-buoy, from sundown to sunrise, an automatic self-igniting buoy light or flare of government approval, and a serviceable life-belt for each person aboard, and a chemical fire extinguisher in good working order. . . . Life rafts will not be accepted as a substitute for dinghies in the Freeman Cup races."

## ISLAND HISTORY

(Continued from Page 5)

sand, and ultimately discharge into the lake some distance west from the point where they leave the woods.

We have also palpable and positive proof of the westward motion of the beach in the extension of the Peninsula itself in that direction. Joseph Bouchette, late Surveyor-General of the Province, made a survey of Toronto Harbor in 1796, a reduced plan of which was published in 1815. . . . At the date of the survey, that part of the Peninsula on which the light-house is erected was then the margin of the lake. Since that time, one sand ridge after another has been washed up, until now, after a lapse of only fifty-four years, a tract measuring upwards of thirty acres has been added, and the Lake is now distant from the light-house about eighteen chains.

The general appearance of this recent addition to the Peninsula resembles so closely other older portions, and its geological character is so clearly identical not only with the adjacent parts, but also with the whole formation, that we may very properly infer they are each and all produced by the same causes. Admitting, then—and it is indisputable—that this enlargement of the light-house point is due to the progressive motion of the beach sand through the mechanical agency of the waves from the eastward, we come to the conclusion that the whole Peninsula is the result of the same action, continued through past ages and traceable to the same eastward source.

Arrived at this conclusion, we are now naturally led to enquire whence has the abundant supply of material for so extensive a deposit

been obtained. About five miles east of Toronto, a high bluff, known as the Scarboro' Heights, stretches also the shore for several miles. The bluff is about three hundred feet high, and is chiefly composed of sand, with at intervals a stratum of clay. It is known by the farmers residing in the neighborhood to recede ten or twelve feet annually at the present day. Farther eastward, the coast has a low aspect, and is of a soil capable of providing but

little of the substances of which sand and gravel beaches are composed. Moreover, by contouring the country bordering on this high cliff, it is found that the lines betoken a former great projection lakeward. . . . For these reasons, then, we are induced to fix upon this point as the locality from whence has been drifted the materials forming the deposit in question.

(To be continued)

## Island Fire Captain

Duncan Florence was born in 1891 in Durno, a hamlet 18 miles from Aberdeen, Scotland. His father was a postman. Upon leaving school he worked for A. Leske in Aberdeen as a motor mechanic repairing the 1, 2 and 3-cylinder cars of those days. In 1909 he left Scotland and sailed to Canada on the "Hesperian", accompanied by his sister. They came to Toronto because an uncle and aunt lived here. They lived with them until Duncan got a job with the Imperial Motor Company. He stayed there until he was 21 and then left to become a fireman.

The first job he had as a fireman was driving the Chief's car. However, although he was put on this because of his motor mechanic training, he immediately took his training as a fireman at HQ at Adelaide and University. This training takes the remarkably short period of one week, but includes such things as: 1, putting hose together; 2, connecting hydrants; 3, putting up ladders, including hook ladders to windows; 4, how to hold up and jump into a fire net; 5, first aid (including inhalator); and 6, extinguishers and equipment.

Duncan drove the Chief's car and assisted at fires for five years and then worked in the repair shop when the Fire Department became mechanized and got trucks. When Duncan joined the force, the Chief's was the only automobile, the rest of the equipment being horse-drawn. It took the department about ten years to mechanize, getting about two or three trucks each year. Originally the repair shop was back of the Adelaide Street Station, but it is now combined with that of the Police Department on Strachan. All repairs to vehicles are made at this shop.

Duncan came to the Island (Station No. 33, the highest number on the list) in 1923, and has been here ever since. He has been Captain for three years.

In 1915 Duncan married. His wife, Sarah, came from Ireland. They have two boys and two girls, in order of age—Catharine, Duncan Jr., Norman, and Audrey.

Firemen live well-regulated lives. On the day shift they work 10 hours, five days a week, and on the night shift 14 hours. They change shifts weekly and the whole thing averages out to 56 hours. After 10 years' service they have three weeks' holiday with pay.

Fire engines are made by American La France — represented in Canada by La France Fire Engine and Foamite Limited; Bickle, and Seagrave. The "aerials"—the technical term for the new self-elevating ladder trucks—are made by La France. The difference between an "aerial" and a hook-and-ladder is that the latter isn't self-propelled, but just carries the ladders, which are taken off, laid on the ground, joined together, and elevated by hand. By the way, the term "hook" in this title comes from the 10' steel hooks—about 4 or 5 are carried on a hook-and-ladder—which slightly resemble medieval halberds and are used for pulling down ceilings. Hook-and-ladder is the technical term for this vehicle. The ladders reach 75'.

The Island truck is a "pumper", so called because of 85 gallons of water in its booster tank and its pump. The water lasts 4 minutes—enough time to allow the firemen to make connection with a hydrant or the lagoon (they have 1,200 feet of hose, so there is no chance of their being unable to reach water). Without the pump, a fire engine is called a hose-wagon.

## BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

Many congratulations to Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Heeney's mother, who celebrated her 70th birthday at her daughter's house at 1 Oriole Avenue on Wednesday.

from Town in the Life Savers' boat.

A fireman's work includes answering such calls as "leaking electric refrigerators" (very common—and unpleasant); suicides (from gas); first aid calls—103 in one year ("in" and "out" patients included), and many others. The firehall assumes a large place in the community life. During the war the firemen taught the Auxiliary Fire Service branch of ARP. Their light sockets are used to plug in P.A. systems for regattas. They become friends of one and all. Indeed, before bicycle repairing was known on the Island, the firemen used to fix the children's bicycles.

The Island fire protective system has only been recently improved. In 1923 they got their fire boat. She was built in Penetanguishene at Gidley's. She can pump 1,000 gallons a minute through the turret nozzle and the four other hose outlets combined. The turret nozzle equals four hoses attached to hydrants, goes 250' from the nozzle, and can rip shingles off roofs. She goes 12 miles an hour, her engines were made by Sterling Marine Motor, Buffalo, and she is laid up from December 1st to April 1st in the RCYC Marine Yard.

They got their truck in 1939. Before that the water used to be shut off east of Manitou Road in winter. Duncan says that there are only about 8 or 11 actual hydrants on the Island, and these have only been installed in recent years. Firemen call a hydrant one that uses the standard 2½" fire hose. The others are merely standpipes with 2" hose—both kinds are carried on the truck. There are 87 hose boxes on the Island and each one has a standpipe in it.

Duncan is a florid, greyish-haired man of middle stature. He "likes the Island all right and likes Islanders very well . . . found them good all the way through." He has no special advice to give Islanders from a fire-fighting point of view—except to dispose of all rubbish—and doesn't altogether approve of fire extinguishers on the Island, because he feels that the usual experience is that they are not kept charged, they corrode, or else they freeze when the families go away and forget them. He has a summer cottage at Cedar Harbor, Lake Simcoe, and is presently on his holidays. He has an excellent sense of humor and can kid to a high degree.

—Alan Wood.

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EARLY DAYS  
ON THE ISLAND

By R.

One bright summer afternoon in 1889, I think, the bell of the little Island church clashed out alarmingly. As the congregation had already returned from afternoon service, the sole one of the Sabbath, it was evident that something had gone wrong. While the tocsin still sounded, boys fleet of foot were spreading the alarm. The Clarkson Village, a group of cottages erected by E. R. C. Clarkson, Sr., close to the church, was on fire. Able-bodied male cottagers headed toward the scene.

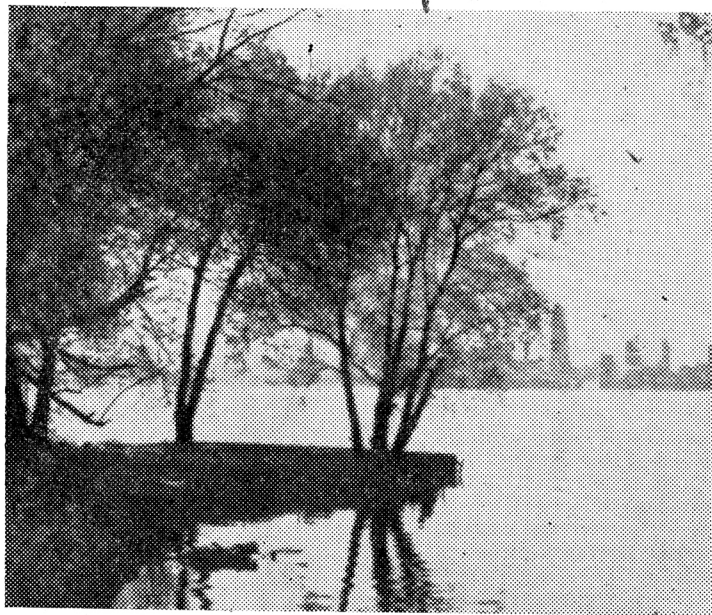
No fire engines existed on the Island and there was no "foam" to quell blazes in those days. When I reached the spot with my father, a bucket brigade had lined up between the beach and the flames. Pails were passed up the line and what water remained in them was tossed on the fire. Fortunately there was no wind, and after a struggle the fire was conquered with the loss of about two cottages.

A year or two earlier I had gazed with awe upon the first dead person I had ever seen. The poor little lad of about ten had been drowned not far from the present ferry dock at Centre Island. Whether he could swim or not I can't remember, but he went down in deep water in a spot newly dredged. The child, whose body lay on a blanket under one of the big trees, had been in the water twenty minutes when they recovered him. And they spent nearly an hour working on him trying to bring back the spark of life. Alas, it was in vain. The boy had, with his father and mother, lived in

a big square tent in the park.

About that same year there was another drowning accident close to the dock at Centre Island. As the ferry was moving off toward the city, a little Italian fiddler boy who had been picking up a few pennies with his music, fell from the stern of the ferry. In response to the shrieks of the boy, who could not

"Looking at the City from the Peaceful Land"



Entry in Photography Contest, by Louise (Peggy) Gillespie,  
25 Chippewa Avenue.

swim, Tommy Lightfoot, a young Englishman who worked for Mrs. Mead at her first boarding house, sprang into the water. And this though Lightfoot had a game leg and was not a strong swimmer. Like most drowning people the boy seized his would-be rescuer in a deadly grasp.

"For God's sake, don't let me drown!" called poor Tommy to the knot of people who stood as if hypnotized on the wharf. Not so many could swim in those days and what swimmers there were held back. No life preservers seem to have been handy or anything that could have been tossed in to help the struggling pair. When the ferry stopped, backed up, and lowered its lifeboat, the latter started to fill as the rain-plug was out. By that time, anyway the drowning man and boy had gone down for the third and last time. Everyone mourned poor Tommy Lightfoot,

## PADDLERS WIN

(Continued from Page 1)  
ter's crew; 2, BBCC, Ford's crew. Junior single—1, Lane, BBCC; 2, Hudson, ICC; 3, Grey, TS&CC. Juvenile four—1, ICC, Riley's crew; 2, BBCC, Ford's crew; 3, ICC, Duggan's crew.

Senior tandem—1, TS&CC, Watts and Russell; 2, ICC, Hudson and Plunket; 3, ICC, Stevenson and Oldershaw.

Juvenile single—1, BBCC, Powell; 2, ICC, Bedard; 3, BBCC, Ford.

Senior four—1, TS&CC, Russel's crew; 2, ICC, Hodson's crew; 3, ICC, Johnson's crew.

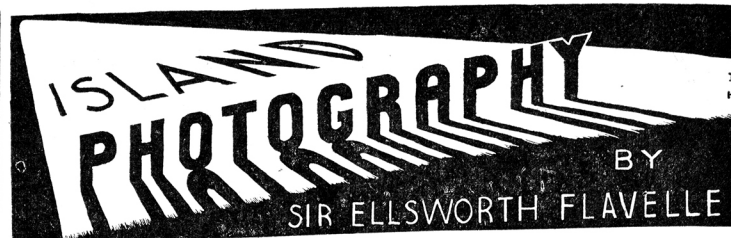
Senior war canoe—1, TS&CC, Bob Lawrie's crew; 2, ICC, Paul Porter's crew; 3, BBCC, Hank Farintosh's crew.

Point standing—1, Island CC, 35; 2, Balmy Beach, 34; 3, Toronto S & CC, 27.

Right here we wish to again remind supporters that it will be appreciated if they will indicate without delay whether or not they are going to accompany our lads to the east. The return fare will be in the neighborhood of \$10.00 or so, and considerable hotel reservations have been made in anticipation of a large delegation coming along. Please therefore register your intentions at once with the Canoe Club officials so that your accommodation may be looked after. Also, in order to obtain this very special rate from the railway it will be necessary to hand over the mazuma so that all the railway tickets may be purchased en bloc, as this is the condition which the railway has stipulated. Train leaves Friday morning, August 2nd, and we understand return ticket will be good until following Thursday.

Judging from the many supporters who have already signified their intentions to make the trip it is suggested everyone act quickly before all of the space reserved has been taken up.

Our coaches have been very successful in moulding out a tip-top bunch of paddlers, they have them in excellent condition and are just rarin' to go. So lets rally round and give them the bangup support they deserve and cheer them on to another Canadian Championship.



A tripod, mentioned in the last article, is a useful piece of equipment in photography. It is advisable to use one if taking a picture at a shutter speed slower than 1-25 second. It is also advisable to remember (while we are speaking of shutter speeds) to use the speed of 1-50 second when light permits. This is fast enough to "stop" any ordinary movement on the part of the photographer and also the normal action taking place in the average picture.

Before leaving the subject of films and their speeds, let me call your attention to the most important advantage of all in using the fast film. This lies in the fact that by using the high-speed panchromatic film we are able to make full use of filters. It is the writer's opinion backed by many years of experience that there is no picture which is not improved by use of a filter. This applies to pictures taken in daylight, artificial light and flashlight, or in other words, never take a picture without using a filter. In case there are some readers not acquainted with filters, let me give you a short description of them and their uses.

A filter is a piece of coloured glass which is fitted over the lens of your camera to change the light values which reach your film. Al-

though there are many different colours and intensities in filters, there are only a very few the amateur needs to concern himself about. (The Eastman Kodak Company alone has over 90 different filters listed.) Naturally, there are different opinions regarding the most useful filters for the amateur, so the writer here is merely expressing his own views on the subject. There are three filters which will prove of use in taking the average picture, one at least of which is essential and can be used in any light condition and in taking any picture, where a heavier filter is not required. This is known as a yellow filter, called by different names by different manufacturers (The one the writer uses is made by Eastman and called Wratten K2). The next most useful is a red filter (No. 25 Eastman or Wratten), and the third a green (11 Eastman or Wratten XI).

The main purpose of all three filters are:

1. To "hold back" the ultra-violet rays of the sun which are present in what we know as "blue sky." The practical effect of using the filter is to make the skies darker, which allows clouds to be seen, because they are in contrast to the sky. Without the filter they would be lost in the same whiteness of the sky as the camera sees it. The reason for this is that the emulsion on film is more sensitive to the blue (or ultra-violet or actinic) rays of the sun than to any other colour. Thus when a picture is taken that includes the blue sky, that light (the ultra-violet) penetrates the film more quickly and more deeply than any other. Hence, the sky as it appears on the negative in this case will be black, and the darker portion of the picture, such as shadows, will appear light, almost to the point of transparency. It is for the purpose of correcting this inequality that the filter is used. The subject of filters will be continued in the next issue.

## IN TOWN

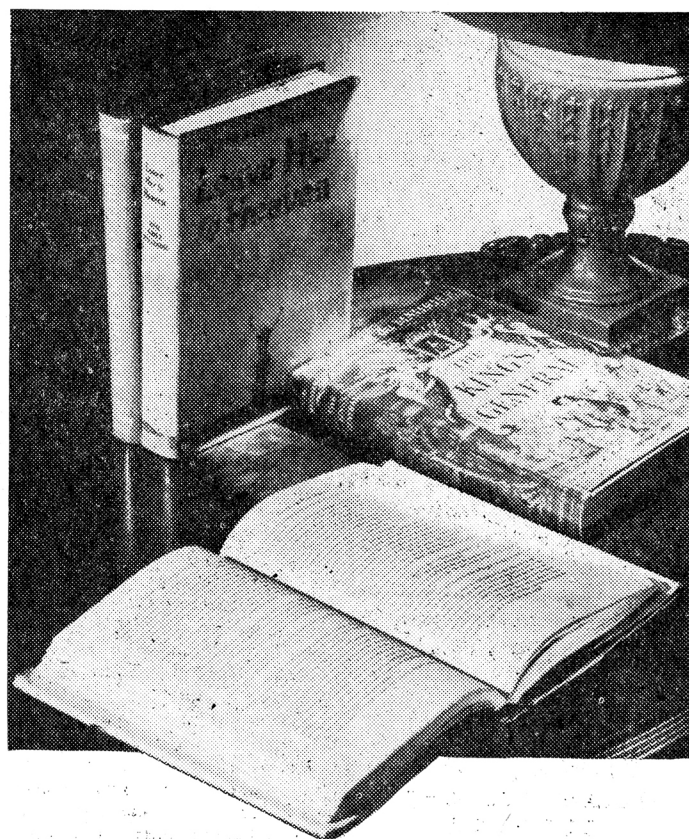
(Continued from Page 5)

with "The Postman Always Rings Twice" at Loew's, which is terrific, but we see it's off now, so you'll have to wait to catch it at some local palace. Incidentally, the "Operations Crossroads" newsreel pictures are amazing. It's worth a trip just to see them—they're terrifying. Don't let them kid you that the bomb wasn't a success! This should be required viewing for all statesmen, diplomats, and generals everywhere.

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