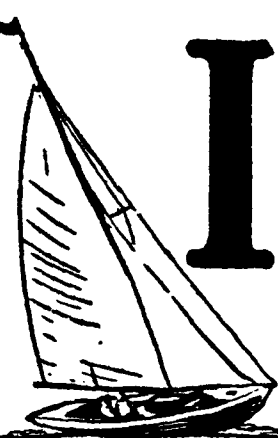




# The CENTRE ISLANDER



Vol. III—No. 13

TORONTO, CANADA

FRIDAY, AUG. 30, 1946

PRICE—5 CENTS PER COPY

## Centre Island Welcomes Viscount Montgomery



## Another Big Street Jamboree

On Main Drag, Saturday, Aug. 31st

Starting with a parade at 3.30 Saturday afternoon, there will be another big Street Jamboree to raise funds for the building. Booths and games will be operated and it is expected that the attractions will greatly exceed those of Civic Holiday Street Fair. Among these will be a children's midway, with fish-pond, etc., a home-cooking booth and a general raffle on a great many valuable articles which will be on display during the day and drawn for on Saturday evening. Will those willing to help contact John Rintoul at Wa. 0096, those having white elephant articles (particularly dishes and chinaware), magazines, etc., get in touch with Mrs. Roddy at 320 Lake Shore, and those willing to contribute home cooking, pickles, preserves, etc., signify accordingly to either Alan

### Secretary's Thanks

I feel it incumbent on me to express publicly my sincere thanks to all those who co-operated so magnificently in making the General Meeting last Tuesday such a tremendous success.

It would be difficult for me to attempt to name individually all those who helped, but I would like to give special mention to Mr. Jack Gilson who so kindly arranged for the power necessary to operate the lights, the P.A. system, and the

Howard at Ad. 0848 or Glad Thompson at 15 St. Andrew's Avenue. A big time is assured and the entire proceeds will go toward completion of the clubhouse now being erected on our property on Long Pond.

movies.

Also thanks to Dick Lennox for the use of his boat in transporting the P.A. and movie equipment across the Bay, and I cannot overlook the yeoman work of Tom Bradfield who was up and down the ladders stringing lights and cables, also Pat Hacker, the latter being on the job in the afternoon as well to help with the benches along with Ken Butler, Bill Findlay, Bill Durnan and Chuck Singer. Again after the show a number of willing helpers, many of whom I could not recognize in the dark, helped remove the benches.

Certainly such co-operation speaks well for that "old Island spirit" and gives an added impetus to those on the executive who have given their services voluntarily to carry on the affairs of the Association.

Thanks again, everybody—even the weatherman!

Ralph Reilly.

## LET'S FINISH THE JOB!

### ANYONE INTERESTED IN THEATRICALS?

During most of the summer, Hiram has been a pest so far as Roly Young, our favorite movie columnist, is concerned. Hiram has been attempting to get Roly to write an article on the possibility of having amateur theatricals or summer theatre at the Island—somewhat on the lines of Roly's first article last summer. However, Roly has been so busy—increasingly so as the autumn season of theatricals (in which he is deeply engaged) approaches—that beyond stating that he wishes he could and will at some future time, he has unfortunately been unable to do anything.

As Lou McCartney once mentioned in Hiram's hearing that he thought it would be a good thing to get a group together to put on something like the Ward's Islanders do in their excellent annual review, Hiram thought that there might be others interested in starting a theatrical group to make some use of the stage and auditorium we shall have available in our Clubhouse next summer. If anyone wants to promote it, how about putting a notice in this paper? Roly might be able, then, to give us the odd pointer.

### Young Paddlers Keen About Weekly Regattas

By Ralph Reilly

The mighty mites of the I.C.C., in conjunction with some of Paul Porter's juveniles, have taken over at Long Pond since the senior regattas wound up a few weeks ago. The laddies are carrying out a series of bi-weekly regattas under the supervision of Tommy Hodgson and Joe Plunkett. The Art Johnson trophy is at stake and the youngsters are fighting keenly to help garner as many points as they can for their teams, which are captained by Tom McMillan, Jim Watt, George Bedard and Russ Reilly.

It is a source of encouragement to the senior paddlers to have such an enthusiastic bunch of "apprentices" plugging for all they are worth to become experts with the blades, as they are the potential representatives of the I.C.C. in the making.

To witness one of these events one would imagine they were in the midst of a midsummer regatta as the kids battle it out. Some of these youngsters like Billy Collins, Counte Duggan, Pete Whiskin, Pat Reilly, Ralph Johnston and many others really have the makings of top paddlers. The stand-

### 28% of Quota at Halfway Mark

By Harold B. Aitken

Wednesday night the score was \$1,721.75 received; \$4,278.25 needed.

Tuesday night at the annual meeting you heard the situation of the Treasury and how there remained only about \$1,400 in the Building Fund to finish the job. If you were unable to be at this meeting, you will find the figures in this issue. On the other hand, if you were down at the Clubhouse to-be you took home some idea of what the C.I.A. will be in the future—a spacious building where you and the youngsters will enjoy yourselves.

Again you selected a number of Islanders to direct the Association activities for the coming year and to spend much of their spare time in voluntarily looking after your recreation and welfare.

Now the big question is, will you do your part? You will have many an opportunity to help by devoting some of your leisure time to the various activities—but right now the call is for donations—many of you have already given generously—many have not yet been contacted by our volunteer canvassers, even though they have been working for over a week in their own districts. You have probably made up your mind what you intend to give—how about adding 50 per cent. to it.

We have just got to get this building in condition to face the winter—the work of the construction company must not stop. The sooner it is done the less the cost. So on with the battle to the point where Centre Island has a \$15,000 Clubhouse belonging to the community—no shareholders—no bondholders—free of obligations to any individual or group—to serve and to be operated by Centre Islanders for many years to come. That's the goal—let's finish the job.

### VERY NEW ISLANDER

Congratulations, Ernie and Bunnie Hughson, on the arrival of your son Murray.

ings including last Tuesday's regatta are as follows:

Team standings: First, Reilly's, 50 points, 2nd, Bedard's, 48 points; 3rd, Watts's, 44½ points, 4th, McMillan's, 42 points.

Individual standings, 16 years and under: First, Bedard, 34 points; 2nd, Watt, 33, 3rd, Reilly, 26; 4th, Young, 25; 5th, Duggan, 24.

Individual standings, 13 years and under: First, Ralph Johnston, 25 points, 2nd, Whiskin, 16; 3rd, Waddell, 12, 4th, Larry Collins, 10.

## TEEN TALK

First of all, we would like to express our thanks to Peter Griffin for his help in writing our column last week. Everyone enjoyed it very much, Pete.

Our spies tell us that June Orrock and Suzett Larking took a very enjoyable trip across the lake last Monday. Hope you didn't get seasick, girls.

Don't tell us our fickle friend Bob MacDonald has run off and got married. What ever happened to Mabel, Robert?

Who was that smart-looking couple walking hand in hand towards the boat? Why, Shirley and Ken, of course, on their way to Lakeport for a few days. Hope you have fun, kids.

It's hard to believe, but we assure

you that Hunt Beattie is employed. However, it isn't confirmed yet whether he works or not.

Although there weren't as many people as expected at the I.C.C. corn roast, it was a huge success. Everyone enjoyed the corn, as can plainly be seen by all the cornless cobs floating down the lagoon.

That dreaded time of the year is drawing nigh. Every school kid knows just what we mean. Oh well, the summer has been a good one anyway.

### Song of the Week

South America, Take It Away, by Cab Calloway.

### Wolf of the Week

Junior O'Connor.



PASSING PARADE

By Ian Clarke

Names in Island News—Tom and Tommy Turner took time out to spend a few days in Toronto's Bermuda (no automobiles, get it?) . . . The genial Tommy Clayton is said to have played the role of Good Samaritan following the recent ball dance. . . . Although the man had fallen by the wayside and wasn't exactly a stranger, Tommy took him in. . . . Diamond Jack is always a colorful figure at the ball park. . . . Gets out there in pre-game workouts to put some of the players through their paces. . . . Buster Wilson seldom appears in centre field wearing his green corduroy (or is it velvet?) sports coat. . . . Although never having tried it ourself, reports to hand claim that Don Weir is serving excellent spaghetti at the Pierson Snack Bar for the stay-up-laters, any time from midnight until around two ayem. . . . Doris MacCallum and Doug Wright are getting their answers ready in preparation to walk that last mile. . . . There must be something to be said for married life. . . . Dear Dorothy Dix . . . Trump Davidson gaining in popularity at the Casino, despite a generally backward season. . . . Glad to hear Bob Laird, the perennial Islander, is on the mend, following a rather tough session.

Random thoughts—We don't even know his name. No doubt lots of Islanders do. He's a little old guy of some 82 years. Most always wear a christy hat, that appears to be rather ancient too. Never fails to have a cheery word or greeting for everyone. Likes to drop in at the fire hall to visit with the men on duty, who are not too preoccupied to swap pleasantries with our friend. He's the kind of guy who always makes one feel just a little better, after having spoken to him. We wish there were a whole lot more people like him in this mad universe of ours. We were talking to him the other night. Upon leaving, he told us that he had several letters he must write that evening to friends scattered here and there across Canada. If we lose sight of him, we'd like to be on the receiving end of his list of people with whom he corresponds. Just a little geezer in an old bowler, but the kind of regular guy who makes the world go round.

Sports Hilites—Did you read how those Zollners from Fort Wayne, Indiana, treated probably the best two softball teams we have in Can-

ada? Before a crowd of over 16,000 they first took on Peoples, then Tip Tops, both from the Beaches League, and proceeded to show them how the game should be played. We would suggest these two clubs save the trouble and expense necessary to travel to Cleveland for the world's championship. Why not just donate the money to some worth-while charity, an orphanage, or some similar cause? We shudder to think of the score if those lads from Fort Wayne decide to really bear down. Hats off to the Rotary Club for providing an enjoyable evening of softball, at the same time making a magnificent contribution to the building fund for the new hospital for sick kids.

Triviata—Did you see in the public prints where Olivia de Havilland had married? . . . The remarkable feature about this occurred when the lady in question insisted on the word "obey" being included in the ceremony. . . . The groom's name, in case anybody is interested, is Marcus Aurelius Goodrich. . . . Can't you just hear her saying, "No, Marcus Aurelius, I'll not invite my mother for dinner, if you would prefer to have some of the boys in for a little poker." Haw! . . . We miss the Exhibition. . . This weather brings it rather forcibly to mind. . . A tough break for the manage-

PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST  
DECISION DELAYED

Due to the absence of Sir Ellsworth Flavelle, who is doing some work for the Government for a few days, the announcement of the winners in the Photography Contest will not be published until our next (and last) issue on September 13. We hope to be able to start returning the photographs to their owners a few days before this.

ment when the grandstand was practically destroyed by fire. . . . We can still remember when Children's Day was a highlight of our somewhat varied and checkered career. . . . What a thrill we got out of that musical ride by the Dragoons. . . . The men, in red tunics and with those shiny plumed helmets, would line up their horses at one side of the tankard, yell furiously, brandish their lances and gallop madly at an imaginary foe. Ah me! To be young again! . . . Then there was the midway, with all those mysterious shows, the fancy rides, the indigestible food, the fluffy candy floss, the band concerts. . . . It will all be back again next year, we hope, bigger and better than ever.

Parting salute—To a man who is destined to go down in history as one of the ablest military geniuses of this or any other generation, Field Marshal Montgomery of Alamein.

From A Manitou Window

By Norma Hughes

Congratulations this week go to the Building Committee. Sorry that your movie wasn't a success. Alan Howard sure did a grand job of a sing-song even though his crowd seemed to be tongue-tied. The float which was made by Simpson's was grand and it was a swell idea to start the campaign with. Good luck and I hope you have no trouble in reaching your amount. . . . Now we will wander off to the new arrivals. . . . Ernie and Bunny Hughson have a new bundle (9 lbs. and a boy). I guess that he will be masculine like his dad. . . . Were glad to see Mrs. Collins and baby home. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Shell have an increase in the family, another girl. Three women to one, you poor guy. . . . We see that Mrs. McCance's daughter Dorothy is home with her baby. Glad to see you back, Dot. . . . Were glad to see that Jack Barker has left the crutches home.

. . . This little bit has been written on the bottom of the page. If it is a false notice or not I do not know, but here goes: Bert Oldershaw is now a proud father to a son . . . and Auriel, "What is that boy's name?" . . . Sorry to hear that Mrs. Hewitt from Ward's Island was bitten by a spider and now has poison in her leg. . . Glad to see Steve is back on the job after suffering from trying to eat the chicken bones with the chicken. . . Mary Smith must sleep on her one side all night, for it is almost impossible to make both sides of her hair look smart, or so I am told. . . Phil Anton says she would like a companion till the end of September. She says preferably a male, but darn it it has to be a female. If anyone who also would like a companion for a few weeks or so would kindly get in touch with me I may be able to make two lonesome people happy. . . . My column is sort of short this week because I went away and forgot about the column so this is a last-minute affair, but just the same I will try harder next week.

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News of St. Andrews  
-by-the-Lake

By William Wright

This week-end the Most Rev. G. F. Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, is visiting Toronto. On Saturday a reception is being held for him at Trinity College on Hoskin Avenue from 4 to 6 by Archbishop and Mrs. Owen, and anybody is invited. On Sunday he will preach at St. James' Cathedral in the morning and St. Paul's in the evening.

Mr. Gesner, the secretary of the church committee, reports that he has received several cheques for the winterizing of the rectory and all future donations will be gratefully acknowledged.

Those acknowledged so far are: Kelso Roberts, M.P.P., \$10; Norma Hughes, \$10; E. W. Williams, \$5; Marie M. Reaston, \$10.

Last Sunday the annual Children's Service was held and was started by the procession led by the two flag-carriers, Ross McFarlane and Peter Jones. The lesson was read exceptionally well by Ian Stewart. Then at the end of the service prizes were given to all those children who have attended Sunday School by Mr. Rintoul and Dr. Cosgrave. These prizes were illustrated books on Christ's Life and they looked very nice. As part of the children's service, Judy and Jano Whiskin helped to take up the collection and this may be the first time that women have taken it anywhere. Incidentally, this year Mr. and Mrs.

West Of Manitou

By Jean Caulfield

Saturday night the Drag looked kinda deserted, had an idea everyone must be somewhere or other, so I decided to drop in on a party I'd half a mind to miss—that's right, Stew, from 13 Iroquois (he goes with that cute blonde up the street), passed the quarter-century mark in his life, poor fella, and that really gave cause for celebration. When I got there—through a thick cloud of smoke — I managed to see at least forty people having a good time.

Getting back to the Drag again, there's a few people that deserve honorable mention, they never wander off to parties and such places, reliable types, don't you think? You all know Macs the Cop, you could not forget that smile anywhere. Then there's the cute gal behind the milk-bar, Babs Rowland, did you know she was planning to live here all winter, boys? Noticed a smart blonde chap at the door of the Casino for a while. Hear from reliable sources that he's been seeing a certain brunette—or is it a blonde, Jeanne? All you patrons of Dick's Grill will no doubt miss Grace Harron. She's holidaying here for a week and then going back to teach school near Whitby—

here's your chance to catch up on your education, boys.

Rod White left the Island against his will the other night; he's gone up to Christie Street Hospital for a while. We're all thinking of you, Rod, and hope to see you around again soon. Sheila, Rose, Harold, Marcel and Company did a disappearing act on Friday. How was the swimming up at Wasaga, kids?

Didn't know Rita Simmett liked silver foxes, did you, Ian? Been wondering who Mr. Candy is — thought maybe it was Jack Earthy!

El MacArrell has been so busy with his cooking and housework lately that he just had to get away for a holiday—these housewives are so temperamental!

Ray Farraday, the original sweaterboy, seems kinda lonely these days. Wonder if Doris Allen is back from her vacation yet?

Who is the blonde Don Annis has been seeing? Does she play tennis, Don?

During a quiet tea-party at the Wolfram and Tod(d) establishment Saturday night two advertising agents from the baseball league got their plug in for the Big Do Friday night. Hope to see you all there.

Noticed badminton's still going at full strength. They were kinda late in the season to get started—keep it up and get lots of practice. You never can tell, maybe by the end of the season you might be strong enough to play that game called tennis!

A wedding will take place on September 7 at St. Andrew's by-the-Lake. Doug and Doris of Willow Lodge are going to say "I do". Congrats, kids, and lots of luck.

Well, I think that's all for this week, kids, but be on your best behaviour for the long week-end 'cause I'll have the vacuum working properly and also a couple of Fuller Brush men to help me out, so I guess I'll leave you now, before you give me the brush-off.

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G. V.  
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## SOME LIKE IT STRAIGHT

By Lou McCartney

Summer seems to have sneaked right by and we are beginning to feel those old end-of-the-season blues. The baseball boys have had it and the 'big dance to-night' will be a fine way to bring August to a close. We've had a lot of fun this summer and met a bevy of nice people, some of whom we'll be seeing a lot of in the future. And then there are the stray characters that we see around the Drag and whom we may never meet again unless there is a special sort of Valhalla to which all Islanders go when they die. The more we think about this the more we shudder at the thought. Imagine having your nice peaceful death messed up by being shanghaied off to some remote part of the sky and waking up to find George Jenner sitting there on a cloud and saying, "You don't impress me a bit, Lou". Perish forbid, hey?

We seem to have strayed somewhat from our original theme which was the beginning of the end of summer. We still have a few weeks of the best kind of Island weather ahead of us before people start packing home to the gloomy little town across the Bay and we rather suspect that most of our acquaintances will find something to occupy their time. Autumn is definitely the season, though, and we look forward happily to the Saturday afternoons with the air full of footballs and the old rah-rah and popping of corks and stuff. Many of us will be spending a lot of time whistling at the chicks on the campus of dear old Varsity and bor-

## Building Fund Campaign 1946 - Second List Of Donations

WESTERN DIVISION	
Chairman—Cecil Parsons	
Canvassers—Frank Redican, Mrs. Mary Hodgson, Howard Rawlings, Marsh Jennings and George Slade.	
Mr. and Mrs. John Peterson,	
Hanlan's Point .....	\$ 10.00
Gus Lamantia,	
Hanlan's Point .....	5.00
The Redicans .....	10.00
The Earles .....	15.00

rowing on the next month's D.V.A. cheque, and occasionally going to a lecture or two. Just think, fellas! Educated Islanders!

It seems that there was a corn roast last Friday at the Canoe Club and we must agree that a good time was had by all, although we might say a few rude words about certain types who went around pouncing on innocent old columnists and putting ice down the neck of persons very dear to us indeed. We are still shivering.

Dancers on the Deck have been talking a good deal about tenorman Mike Haywood, who has been tossing off some fine solos lately. We dropped in for a listen last week-end and really had ourselves a time. Fine stuff and mellow, if you'll pardon the expression.

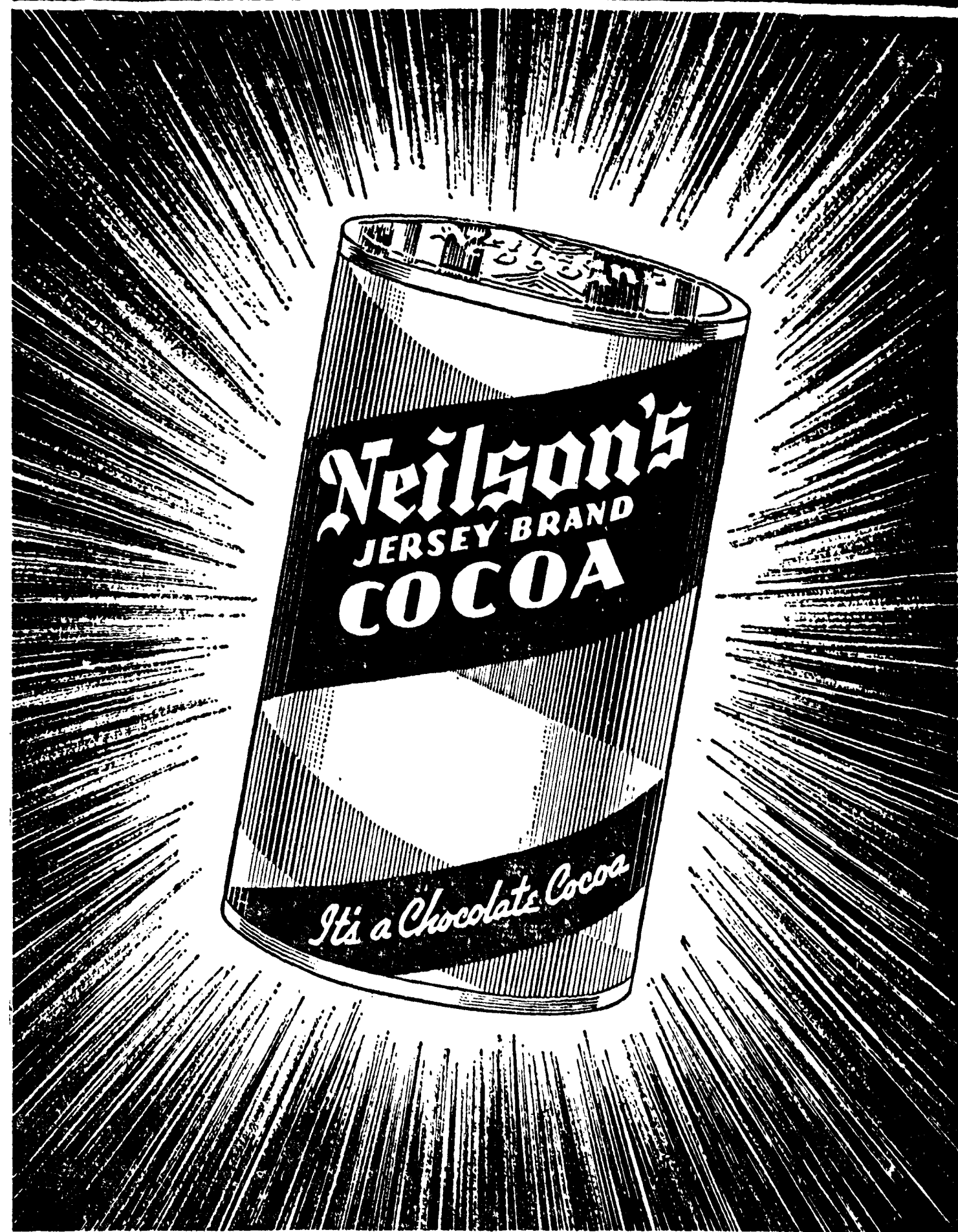
We are constantly amazed at the number of local characters that one meets strolling around in the small hours of Sunday morning. They

(Continued on Page 7)

Dr. Gilchrist .....	10.00
The Norries .....	5.00
Fred Rowley .....	10.00
W. Plewman .....	10.00
Miss Ethel Brown .....	1.00
Miss E. G. Vines .....	5.00
St. Louis .....	2.00
Judy Scott-Wood .....	1.00
Dana Scott-Wood .....	1.00
Ricky Scott-Wood .....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. Scott-Wood	5.00
"Tree" (Rect. No. 1047) .....	1.00
T. C. McCullough .....	10.00
Mrs. Helen Wilson .....	2.00
Mrs. McKenzie .....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. N. Cappe .....	3.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bedard .....	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hough	1.00
Leo Phelan .....	1.00
Anon (Rect. 1088) .....	2.00
Dick Bayne .....	1.00
Howard Kirchner .....	1.00
Cliff Tomlinson .....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Wilson	2.00
Fairfield Bowman .....	2.00
Miss Helen Foster .....	2.00
Chuck Murphy .....	1.00
Louis McCartney .....	2.00
Miss Helen Pearcy .....	1.00
George Drysdale .....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith,	
New York .....	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Arnold	
and Mr. and Mrs. Mc-	
Creary .....	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. Exner .....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Clark .....	2.00
Charles Abbott .....	2.00
Miss Sandra McCard .....	.50
Lucky Lady (No. 1050) .....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. W. Gesner .....	10.00
John Gilson .....	15.00
Miss Ann Landry .....	1.00
The Jennings .....	25.00
Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Watt and	

(Continued on Page 7)

# Neilson's



## The Chocolate Cocoa

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DRINK ON THE NEILSON TIN

## Stu and Willy



## Welcome, Willy

A summer of waiting ended for Stu Smith on Monday, August 26th, with the arrival of his bride from Holland. An Islander even before she arrived because of her husband's expert press-agenting for Toronto's "Bermuda", and because of her interest in all the things that mean so much to Islanders—cycling, swimming, sailing, tennis, etc., Willy (for Wilhelmina) will be a welcome ad-

dition to this growing community.

An early edition of the "Islander" predicted an early arrival for Willy, but frequent delays have seen the summer wane. Stu, however, has already made plans to return next summer for a full season on the Island. With the community Club-house completed, this should provide Willy with an excellent introduction to a Canadian summer and our way of life on the Island. Ever since Princess Juliana of the Netherlands found refuge in Canada during the war, and since the Canadians liberated her battling homeland, the ties between the two countries have been further strengthened by the countless Canadians who found among the friendly peoples of Holland their future mates, and a real home away from home.

The Island Association and all its members welcome Willy with open arms, and look forward eagerly to the time when they can extend their welcome personally to our new Canadian.

instance at the very roots of contagious disease by immunization. These are the changes which are now ours. Moreover, the advanced thinking of to-day, through good government, provides for the proper care of streets, regular collection of garbage, good water, sewage disposal, regulation of many of the hazards of the highly-gearred machine age in factory and business, and so on. All these things are the outcome of painstaking effort over the years by public-health-minded people.

There is another more intimate form of service which public health now features. In it the interests of the individual and of the family unit in particular are supreme; a very personal service is involved. What does it consist of?

First of all, we want every child to be well-born and well-nurtured. Care of the expectant mother, preparation of the home for the new member, attention after birth are all functions of a conscientious medical profession aided by public health doctor and nurses. Not all families seek a good measure of service in these circumstances and that is why our public health departments maintain clinics and health centres to which parents are invited for demonstration of values which they should continue to seek here or in their doctors' offices.

Once the child emerges from babyhood he becomes an individual who seems to get along in spite of things. He commands little health attention. The seeds of defect are, however, being sown and he goes through the communicable diseases one by one. It is in this pre-school period that public health sees a place for action, for prevention of disease by advice and immunization, for the nipping of defect in the bud and for a type of mental and character guidance which will stand the child in good stead every presently if not at once.

Next comes the school health program, which in Toronto takes one-fifth of the health budget and is profitable at that figure. The school child is the parent of to-morrow.

He needs to be trained in the art of living, and health is a most vital part of that art. The school must be made safe for him, must remove all impediments to his progress, teach him the elements of healthful living, make the best of his mental capacity, remove or modify errors of behaviour, and in the end send out an individual capable of managing his own affairs. It is this, in fact, which justifies continuance of the health program into the secondary schools and which again suggests expansion into the many other spheres in which one may find the adolescents and young folks in our communities. Public health is definitely moving with its influence into the older age brackets and will soon have a rightful place in the program of adult education of which we are hearing so much to-day.

Before concluding, let us examine briefly the evidences we have of effective public health in this City. Education and supervision have reduced the deaths of infants under one year of age by two-thirds in the last 30 years; typhoid and intestinal fevers have practically disappeared, thanks to our good water and milk supplies; because of better understanding, closer diagnosis, tracking down of sources and contacts and better nutrition and housing conditions, tuberculosis amounts to much less than half of that of a quarter-century back; diphtheria has been all but wiped out; longevity has increased. Most deaths take place, as they should, at older ages, and generally life is fuller and health better. Public health has much to look back on with pride, but remains far from a millennium and therefore has much to cause it to press on.

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# The Centre Islander

Published by Centre Island Association  
(By voluntary workers only—any profits accrue to the Association)

Editor: Alan Wood  
232 Lake Shore, Centre Island—WA 0063  
Room 51, 18 Toronto Street, Toronto 1—EL 1295

Editorial and Advertising Offices: Room 701, CPR Bldg.—AD 9883

Price 5c per copy; 50c per season  
1946 Publication dates (Fridays): May 17, 31; June 14, 28; July 5, 12, 19, 26; August 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Sept. 13 and at Christmas.

Deadline: Tuesday nights

On sale at Hughes, Tyndall's, Gift Shop, Reeds at the Dock, and King Edward Hotel News-stand

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1946

## One World In The Small

Another year's publication is almost over without our having in this paper any reports from our good friends at Hanlan's, Ward's, and Algonquin. Except for brief references in the sports columns to teams from these places, any casual reader—such as Miss Kathleen Gannon, our lone subscriber in Moore River Settlement (via Magumber), Western Australia—would assume from reading our paper that Centre Island was a synonym for the Island of Hiawatha (Toronto Island's proper name). This exclusiveness is not by intent. We all know the friendliness which exists between our four sections. We have tried—by personal contacts and by writing in this paper—to elicit reports from correspondents outside Centre. We feel that our paper is not complete if it does not mirror the life not only of Centre but also—although necessarily to a lesser extent—of the Island as a whole. We should also like to contribute to Hanlan's and Ward's excellent papers. We should all benefit and it would help to unite us further for our common good. We have an unmatched community of interest. Let us show it in these pages.

### WHO HAS A USED PIGGY BANK IN GOOD CONDITION?

We hear that the one that Marion Lowe and Isabel Rutledge of Apartment 15, No. 1 Clandeboye are using for the Building Fund is ready to burst.

### Island Transport Earns For Fund

Richard Bain "smashed baggage" from the ferry docks to earn \$1 for the Building Fund. It's donations such as these that will swing this campaign up and over the top. Thanks, Richard.



What Many Islanders Think

(First Prize—Short Story Contest)

## DAMES IS SCREWY

By Doris McCubbin

I first noticed it when we was sittin' in school. We was takin' "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" with Binns. (That's the Grade Nine English teacher—and is she ever a pill!) Old Binns was goin' on about the dame in the poem. She gives me a pain and I turn around to look at my pal, Bill. (We always give each other a certain look when old Binns gets goin' on.) But there's somethin' wrong. Bill was starin' off into space with a funny look all over his pan like he got hit with a baseball bat.

I had to turn around fast or Binns woulda put the bee on me for somethin'. She had that look in her eye. I keeps lookin' at the book like I was interested for a few minutes. Then I turns and looks at Bill again. Jumpin' catfish! If that guy isn't lookin' the same way again and this time he's lookin' straight at Carol Ann Brown.

I knew it then. I seen this kinda thing happen before to guys. It's dames.

This calls for action and Buzz O'Neill's just the guy to handle it. Right after class, before Carol Ann has any time to try her smart stuff I nabs Bill and hauls him off to a corner. I ain't got much time because I got a paper route to look after. But I gets Bill and tells him there's a hockey practice down at the Community rink at 4.15 and he's got a chance to make the team. Bill, he falls for it like a baby for

candy and hoots off to get his skates.

Well, I gets my papers and suuffles them around. I'm just about through. Carol Ann's home is in the last block. I turn the corner to finish up and whaddya think? Yah. You guessed it. There's Bill standin' outside Carol Ann's gate and talkin' to her and lookin' just about as silly as ribbons on a baseball mask. I'm right up to them before they even see me. Then Carol Ann bleats out, surprised-like, "Well, look who's here! Hi ya Buzz!"

I ignore her. "Come on, Bill," I say, "Bail out. You and I got things to do."

Bill looks sort of silly but he comes. We walk along for awhile, me maintainin' a dignified silence. Bill still looks like somebody just disconnected his "A" battery.

Finally I give it to him straight, "Look here, Bill," I says. "You gotta smarten up. A guy like you can't go gettin' heart burn over some dame. Why I even started school with Carol Ann. My mother made me send her a valentine in Grade Four, 'cause her mother's a friend of my mother's. She ain't no Lana Turner. Remember what she looked like when she was in Grade Four? She had all that wirin' on her teeth and she was the fattest kid in the room. Boy, was that dame ever fat! All the kids called her 'Washtub.'" I laugh and sling a look at Bill to see if he's takin' this in.

"But she's awful pretty now," he gurgles. "Buzz, didya ever notice how, when the light shines on her hair, it sorta looks like—well kinda like silk?"

I spit. By this time we're almost to Bill's place. Just before he goes in he turns around and says, "Buzz—do you think a guy could learn to dance in a week? They're havin' a Saint Valentine's dance at the school on Friday."

I feel sick. Next day I play safe. I wait for Bill right outside his door. I stick to him like I was his own shadow. The guy ain't got a chance. Carol Ann, she acts as though she don't care, but I guess I got her worried. I make arrangements with that Jenkins kid to deliver my papers. The little squeeze penny is rookin' six bits for the job but I guess it's worth losin' that much for a pal I grab Bill the minute school is out and rush him over to my place to try out my new burnin' set. He burns a hole in my mother's best table cloth. I get heck for it but figure it's worth it.

Wednesday I figure Bill's cured. He don't look at Carol Ann hardly at all. I throw her a smirk or two just to let her know I'm the guy that tossed the rocks into her pansy garden. She always smiles right back. I figure she's puttin' up a good front and I kinda feel sorry for her. She looks pretty sharp today too. Guess she thought she was movin' in for the kill. Got a yellow sweater on and a little red plaid skirt. I guess she's a pretty slick chick at that. But this chick is cooked. I'll say.

Everythin' was goin' off smooth as a B-29 till the last period in the afternoon. We was takin' French and it was one of those periods when Miss Watts (she's the French professewer) decides we gotta talk. She'd ask some kid to "responday sil voo plate." I was lyin' low 'cause I didn't want the bee on me.

I turned to give Bill the "ain't-this-the-all-time-low" look, when what do I see but the dumb guy tryin' to pass a note to Carol Ann. I jump up like I was goin' to sharpen my pencil and dashed for Bill's seat. He must have got his foot in the road or somethin' 'cause the next thing I know I'm sittin' in the middle of the aisle with all the kids laughin' to beat heck. Miss Watts was givin' me the old "You-asked-for-what-you're-going-to-get" look. I couldn't think of anythin' to do but look surprised.

"Well, Bertram," (that's my real name). "Just what were you trying to do?"

I hauled out my pencil from under me and looked at it. It was broken in half.

"I was just goin' to sharpen my pencil," I says, innocent-like.

"In the middle of the French oral period? You know very well, Bertram, that there is absolutely no necessity for pencil sharpening during this period. You know just as well as I do and the other members of the class that there is no need for pencils at all—blah, blah, blah."

Well it all ended up that I had to stay in for half an hour after four. Another six bits for that Jenkins kid. Sometimes I think a guy shouldn't have friends.

When I got out of the grunt and groan house that night I streaked straight for Carol Ann's house. The minute I turned the corner and saw that silly lookin' grin spread all (Continued on Page 5)

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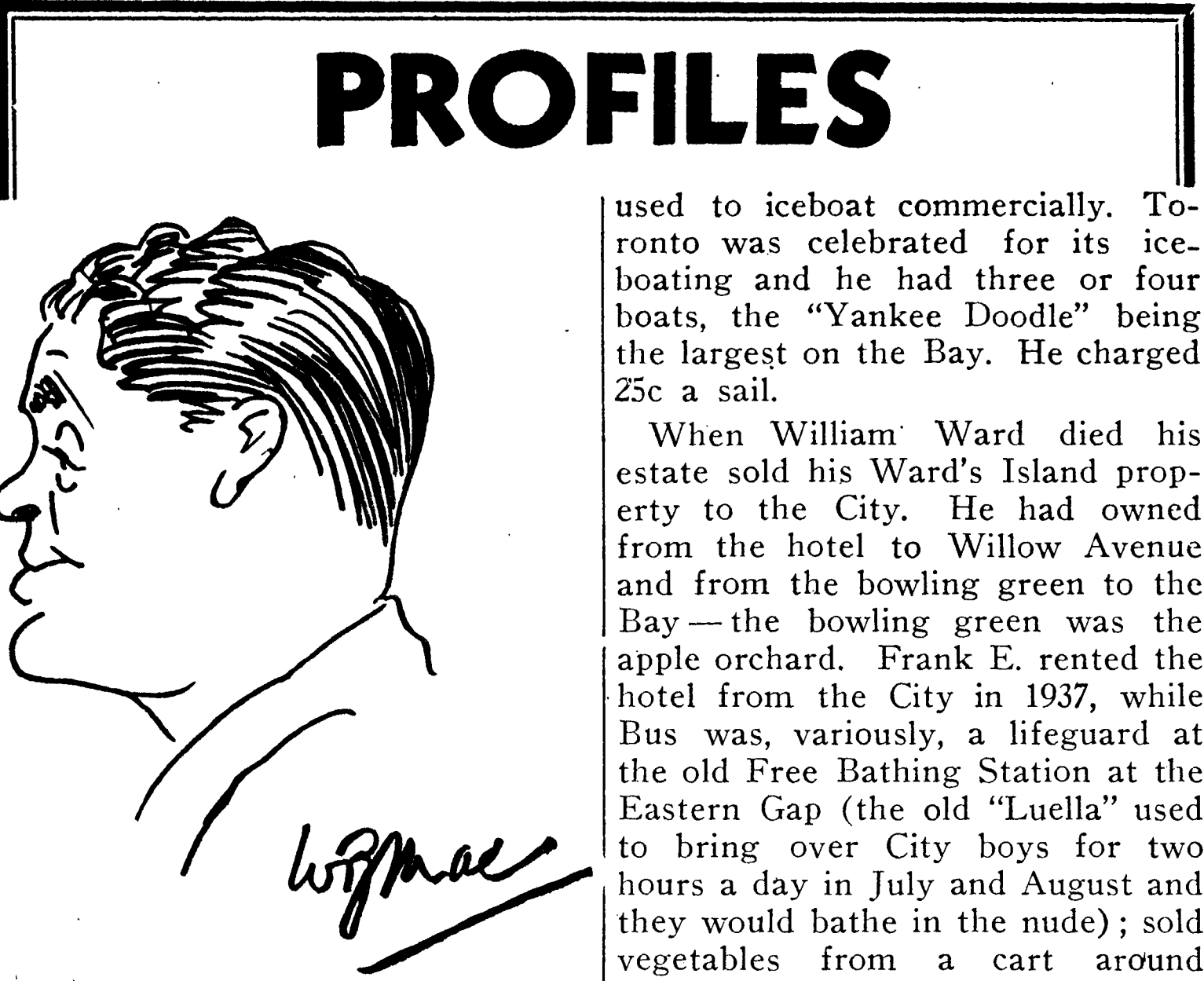
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Earle Reginald (Bus) Ward was born January 10, 1911. He is a grandson of William Ward (after whom Ward's Island is named), who was a fisherman, a volunteer lifesaver—inaugurating lifesaving in Toronto—and was the first captain of the Toronto Life Savers. William Ward built the "Homestead" and "Ward's Island Hotel".

Captain and Mrs. Titus rented the hotel from William Ward and Bus's father, Frank E. Ward, met Miss Titus, his future wife, there. Frank E. Ward carried on his father's career on the waters of Toronto Bay, having quite a fleet of boats. He saved 184 persons from drowning, being phenomenally successful in reaching them rapidly, bringing them in, and reviving them. He was a champion rower and also excelled in skiff racing. Some of the many flags Frank E. Ward won are displayed outside Bus's "Honey Juice Coffee Shop" at 24 Manitou Road on festive days. Frank E. is also remembered for the Inter-Island softball trophies he donated for seniors and juniors. He was given the "Royal Canadian Humane Association" medal—a rare award—for "Saving from drowning at Ward's Island a child, Fred Smallwood, 5 August 1895", and received many other recognitions.

Bus—he claims his nickname came because he "busted" so many things as a child—grew up on the Island (spending the winters in Town), attending the Island School and the Church and Dufferin Street schools. He took one year junior commercial and finally left school at the age of 13 to help his father in the ice, moving, and contracting business—which also included officiating at regattas and other renting of their fleet of boats. These boats included the 40' "Say When" (affectionately known as the "Samson") which was their moving boat; the 27' cabin cruiser "Duck"; the "Ruth"; "Whitecap"; and the 65' "Marjorie" (she burnt up in Hay Bay). In the few winter months when they were not busy, Frank E.



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# PROFILES

used to iceboat commercially. Toronto was celebrated for its ice-boating and he had three or four boats, the "Yankee Doodle" being the largest on the Bay. He charged 25c a sail.

When William Ward died his estate sold his Ward's Island property to the City. He had owned from the hotel to Willow Avenue and from the bowling green to the Bay—the bowling green was the apple orchard. Frank E. rented the hotel from the City in 1937, while Bus was, variously, a lifeguard at the old Free Bathing Station at the Eastern Gap (the old "Luella" used to bring over City boys for two hours a day in July and August and they would bathe in the nude); sold vegetables from a cart around Ward's and part of Centre; delivered ice; and generally helped his father in his freight and other business.

In 1934 Bus married Nina Sandra Young of Ottawa. They have two children, Sandra, born May 1, 1939, and Frank E., born Jan. 25, 1942. Bus became the Island representative of Copland Breweries in 1934, of Canada Bud in 1935. In 1935 they lived over Perc. Hughes' store (there was a stove-pipe hole in the floor through which the irrepressible Bus could heckle Perc. while he was cutting hair in the barber shop below), and in 1936 at Mr. E. English's.

In the winter of 1930-31 Frank E. and Bus bought a house from the City that was in the way of a highway development at Lee Avenue and moved it to 168 Cibola. Bus and his wife lived there in the winter of 1936-37 and "settled down to raise a family of — Scotch terriers". Tamis, the first pup of the first litter, is "the dog that sits all day in front of the Coffee Shop". Bonny, Tamis's mother, had 38 pups in six years.

## Dames Is Screwy

(Continued from Page 4)

over Bill's pan I know it was done. Carol Ann looked like she'd just won the hand-painted china. She sure laid it on thick.

"Hi ya, Buzz," she warbles. "Guess what?" Then she stops looks down at the ground and then flutters her eyelashes at Bill like she was shy or somethin'.

"I can't imagine," I said in my most sarcastic tone.

Carol Ann looks at Bill but he don't seem to catch on so she bubbles out, "Why Bill's just asked me to the Valentine dance on Friday night."

Bill stands there grinnin' like he thought the whole thing out his little self. I coulda spit.

Carol Ann is still pleatin' her plate, "And you know what? We decided you'd feel out of things so we've got a date for you too."

I just about black out. I don't know what to say for a minute or two. Then I give it to them. "Huh? What in the heck do you drizzle brains think you're doin'? I ain't takin' no dame out. If you think you're gettin' me hooked too—why—why—jumpin' catfish!" I don't trust myself to go no farther. I might say somethin' really good and then Carol Ann would tell her mother and her mother would tell my mother. I decide I better shove off.

I'm boilin' mad for a whole night. I am really hot. Then I start thinkin'. I get a new slant on things. I figure I wasted a lotta time on Bill and he ain't really a lost cause yet. I phone Carol Ann up.

"Hello. Is this Carol Ann?"

"Yes."

"Well this is Buzz."

In 1937 Bus bought No. 105 on the sandbar (when the Island Airport was being built) and moved it to 8 Omaha on Algonquin, where they then lived winter and summer. Theirs was the first house on Al-

(Continued on page 7)

There's a long silence. I figure she's mad. Dames is really screwy. I decide to turn on the diplomatic line.

"Look here, Carol Ann—well what I mean is—well maybe I was a bit too quick on the draw this afternoon."

"Yes, Buzz?" This dame sure likes to make a guy sizzle.

"Well, what I mean is—if you want—that is—what you said this afternoon, you know—"

"If you're referring to the date we planned for you for the Valentine dance—"

"Yah. Yah. That's it. I thought it over and it's okay with me now."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it, all right. But I'm not sure the girl will want to go with you now. I've told her what you said. You'll have to ring her up and ask her yourself."

I almost give up. "Aw, gee—well if I have to—but gee whizz, Carol Ann—"

"It's Gracie Longmore, and her number is 35785." She hangs up.

This is even worse than I expected. Gracie Longmore is one dame I can't stand. She's the giggly kind and the she-wolf kind. She'd run a guy ragged. Besides she's taller than me. I decide I won't ask her that night.

Next morning Bill comes up to me. "I saw Carol Ann." He beams like a neon light. "Have you asked Gracie yet?"

"No."

"Well, gosh, Buzz. You better get goin'. Gracie is a popular girl and someone else—"

"Oh, I'll ask her. Just give me time."

"Well, okay, but don't stall too long."

The morning goes by and I don't ask Gracie. The afternoon goes by. I decide I'll catch her after four. I wait around outside the girls' door. A lot of dames come out—but not Gracie. I'm just about to fold up my tent when Bill comes tearin' up.

"Hey, Buzz. Gracie went out the side door. Just about two shakes ago. You can catch her if you run."

Well okay. I'm glad he tipped me off but did he have to bellow like a cop directin' traffic—especially when Cap Reilly and his gang are goin' by? Boy, did I get razzed! Anyhow I applied the steam. Gracie was half a block away walkin' with some other dames. I hollered at her and she stopped. The other dames stopped too.

"Yes, Buzz?" She acts dignified. I could see she was tryin' to act smart in front of the other dames.

"Can I see ya a minute, Gracie?" "Well, of course, Buzz. To the best of my discrimination you're looking at me right now."

Honestly, I coulda wrung her neck. But I didn't have no time to stall. "Willya go to the Valentine Dance with me to-morrow night, Gracie?" I don't know what happened to my voice. It came out all squeaky. A couple of the dames laughed.

Gracie squinted at me through her glasses, with her head kinda held back—like she thought she was Marlene Dietrich or somethin'.

"Well, let me see—to-morrow night—I wonder if I have anything on?"

I felt like throwing in the clutch and shovin' off, but before I could say anythin' Gracie jumped in with, "Well, I guess it will be all right. You can call for me around 8.30." Then she turns around slowly and starts walkin' up the street swayin' around so that old tweed coat of hers looked like it had the itch.

I coulda spit.

Friday night I put on my best duds. Bill calls on me and first we go to collect Gracie. I nearly am sick when I see her. She's wearin' some black job with red flowers all over it. She's got earrings on, high heels and about six rings and bracelets. On top of her head she's wearin' somethin' that looks like a red cabbage. I guess it's supposed to be one of those corsage things.

To-night she thinks she's Veronica Lake. She gives me a squinty look. (She's left off her glasses.) "Why, Buzz. How nice." You'd think I was a surprise or somethin'.

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I give her a funny look and can't think of anythin' to say but, "Growin' a geranium plant on top of your head, Gracie? Gee, that thing sure looks funny up there." I don't think she liked it.

Then we got Carol Ann. She really looks pretty slick. She's got on some kinda pale green job with shiny stuff on top. She ain't wearin' a lotta scrap iron like Gracie, either. I can see how a gullible guy like Bill can be taken in by her.

On the way to the hall Carol Ann is real nice to me but she doesn't pay much attention to Bill. I figure she's tryin' to butter me up for Gracie. Dames is screwy. Anyone can see Gracie gives me the creeps.

Just when we get to the door of the old assembly hall, it hits me. I can't dance! When the girls go to hang up their coats I grabs Bill and tells him. A lotta help he is! "Just move your feet around and the girl will keep outta your way," he says. "It's a cinch."

I ask him how he knows so much about it. "Oh my sister's been showin' me how for the last two days."

I just about go out for a count. Sometimes I don't think I'm so smart. The music starts, Gracie holds out her arms, squints at me, and stands swayin' like she's a blind man with St. Vitus Dance. I can't figure out where to grab hold of her. I decide to make a dive for her like a tackle in rugby.

The next thing I know, I'm lyin' on the floor with Gracie under me. I guess that ain't the way to do it. All the kids are standin' around laughin' their heads off. I get up and take a look at Gracie. She sure looks funny. Her cabbage is all over on one side and she's sittin' sprawled all over the floor. And is she ever slingin' me a dirty look! I decide maybe I better help her up.

"You clumsy lug" she hisses, "take me out of here."

I feel terrible. The minute she gets outside the assembly hall she streaks for the cloakroom. I stand outside the hall in the corridor and feel miserable. Every once in awhile I see Bill and Carol Ann go past. Carol Ann throws me a nice smile. I guess she thinks the joke's on me.

Just before the end of the dance, Gracie comes back. She's got her cabbage on right now and she's squintin' again. We don't finish the dance though.

As soon as the music stops, Carol Ann and Bill come over. I trade

(Continued on Page 8)

## FERRY FREIGHT SERVICE

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## Treasurer's Report At Annual Meeting

RECEIPTS	
Subscriptions	\$996.50
937 seniors, 119 juniors—1056.	
Bank interest, less charges....	1.69
Total receipts	\$998.19
	\$998.19
PAYMENTS	
Contributions—	
Islanders Athletic Club.....	\$ 3.00
Island Girl Guides .....	.25
Island Red Cross Outpost.....	.50
Island Canoe Club .....	2.00
Island Boy Scouts.....	.25
Island Bowling Club .....	1.25
	\$601.25
Expenses—	
Liability Insurance .....	\$100.00
Stationery, postage, etc.....	27.79
General expenses .....	25.04
Secretary's petty cash	
advanced .....	25.00
Membership campaign	
advanced .....	50.00
President's expenses	
advanced .....	50.54
	278.37
	\$879.62
Loan to Centre Islander.....	100.00
Total payments .....	\$979.62
Balance .....	18.57
	\$998.19

GENERAL FUND	
1946 balance of receipts over payments .....	\$ 18.57
Plus surplus from 1944 and 1945 .....	738.98
Bal. in Bank of Nova Scotia	\$757.55
Plus act. receivable, Centre Islander temporary advance .....	100.00
	\$857.55
Less act. payable, City of Toronto .....	105.36
(Account since approved and paid.)	
General Fund surplus, Aug. 27, 1946 .....	\$752.19
Building Fund as at Aug. 27, 1946	
Receipts	
Donations .....	\$1492.75
Street Fair, etc. ....	873.75
Interest .....	20.20
	\$2386.70
Payments	
Purchase of building and foundation materials.....	\$1097.60
Labour .....	227.85
Deposit re clearance of old site .....	150.00
Insurance .....	60.00
Architects' fees .....	229.00
Miscellaneous expenses .....	123.48
	\$1887.93
Balance .....	\$ 498.77
	\$2386.70

1946—	
Balance of receipts over payments .....	\$ 498.77
Plus bank bal. Jan. 1, 1946....	6836.49
Present balance in bank.....	\$7335.26
Plus Dominion bonds donated .....	250.00
	\$7585.26
Less accounts payable—	
Construction Co. act. to date, approximately .....	5446.82
Lumber Co.'s Do. ....	700.00
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Funds available to finish the job .....	\$1438.44
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## COMMUNITY TENNIS

By Elwood Butler

So much news this week that we hardly know where to start. However, we will dive in with a mention of the executive meeting held at the residence of the treasurer, "Legs" Frogley, on Friday, August 23rd, at which time momentous "things" were discussed. (How's that for a short set of "minutes", Mr. Pres.?)

Our annual meeting was set for Sunday, September 8th, at 3.30 p.m. at the courts. There will be the election of officers for the coming season, and presentation of prizes to the winners of the various tournaments. In conjunction with the meeting, Mr. George Slade will run a round-robin tournament starting at 1.30 p.m. sharp. The first round will be played before the meeting and then the competition completed after the termination of business. The ladies of the committee will have refreshments ready at the close of the day's play. So-o-o-o, come one, come all, and let's finish the season off with a bang. You will be receiving a personal invitation accompanied with a nomination slip for the various posts on the committee. We ask you to please return the nomination slips prior to Wednesday, September 4th, as we want to post the list a few days ahead of the meeting, so that you will have a chance to make up your mind before the elections.

On the suggestion of some of our members we are going to have an invitation men's and ladies' doubles tournament on Labour Day commencing at 11 a.m. Partners will be selected by draw and during the day there will be the odd hunk of orange and lemon around for them as what is competing.

A few years ago the C.I.C.C. had its own crest, and lately there have been a few hints thrown around that maybe we should start the idea again. You might give your opinion on this to your nearest committee member and if you have a good idea for a design, hand it in

too, the more the merrier. We might as well start the new committee off with a good job like selecting a suitable design for a crest.

Holy old bald-headed, we got three tournaments going now. What a place! First the senior, then up pops a junior tourney and now the intermediate "men" are having one of their own.

### Junior Tournament

In the junior B a champion has been declared in the person of Pat Mallon. Toni Brynart defeated Ann Williams, 6-0, then along comes Pat Mallon and defeats Toni 6-1 in the semi-final and then Pat keeps up the good tennis and won the final against Wendi Cox 6-1.

In the boys' "A", Ralph Johnson stepped up as the new champ after successfully walking over Clayton Carroll 6-0, 6-0, Peter Whiskin 6-0, 6-3, and finally Bruce Staughton 6-2, 6-1. Nice going, Ralph.

The girls' "A" is going right along. Shelagh Mallon defeated Marily Richardson 6-0, 6-4, but lost out in the next round to Toni Cox in a three-setter, 5-7, 6-2, 6-0, Betty Cutting fought her way into the finals by defeating Katherine Aitken 6-0, 6-2.

A quick look over the intermediate shows us Macmillan over Lomax 6-0, 6-4; Young over Johnston 7-5, 6-2; Stewart over Sullivan 6-0, 6-3; Ring over Wright, 6-1, 6-2. In the semi-final Ring defeated Stewart 6-0, 6-0, and Macmillan defeated Young 6-3, 6-3.

The senior tournament is gradually winding up to a successful conclusion. The mixed doubles finals were staged last Sunday afternoon before a very good crowd and some fine tennis was demonstrated by both teams. Marg McConkey and Carl Olsen finally came out on top to the tune of 6-3, 6-0, defeating Eleanor Hepburn and Jack Lush. The ladies' doubles arrived at the final stage (which will have been played by this time) when Verne Murray and June Carson defeated Kewp Cox and Joan Hennessy in the semi's 8-6, 6-3.

In the ladies' singles competition the semi-final round finished off with Madge Hough defeating Mildred McDonald 6-0, 6-4, and Helen Wills victor over Eleanor Hepburn 6-4, 6-4. Madge Hough then turned around to take the consolation title for "les femmes" from Helen Wills 6-2, 6-3.

The men's singles consolation saw

## ISLAND PARK TENNIS CLUB

By Bill McDonald

We all know, in fact all too well, that the beautiful warm and long summer evenings have about rolled by and very soon now all those beautiful evenings when we were still hitting the ball around as late as 9.30 or so and then heading for Bordens to have a chocolate milk shake, that always tasted out of this world, will soon be but nostalgic memories for old 1946. Yes, indeed, it is sad but how true!

Nevertheless, it is an appropriate time as any I believe to mention something about the coming year. Well, to begin with, we all realize how necessary a project such as is now being erected by the C.I.A. not

only to our tennis club, but for the good of our Island as a whole. I would like to put in a plug here as a reminder to all members to toss in what you can when one of the canvassers calls in your neighborhood for this cause, as there is no one who would benefit more than Island Park Tennis Club members. Imagine us having a spacious club house at our disposal for dances, meetings, refreshments, showers and locker rooms. Imagine us having, with promised assistance from the association, new equipment and likely a full-time caretaker for our five courts; yes, five courts next summer should ease the situation considerably, but really, gang, im-

agine next year having at our disposal, you guessed it, a little boys' room and a little girls' room. Oh happy day! Imagine, on nights such as these, how wonderful it would be if we have floodlights strung up over our courts! Mind you, it may be only in a pipe-dream stage right now, but if some of us were ingenious enough to find a method of raising approximately 300 saw bucks, or float a small loan from one of our rich uncle... well, anyway, it gives us something to rack our grey matter on. Gad, what a spot for a sponsor!

Turning again to the present time, coming Labor Day week-end a grand finale, weather permitting as usual, by turning out and discussing plans in general such as our wind-up dance, etc., etc., etc.

See you at the courts.

P.S.—Glad to hear that you're back in good health, Phyllis Lovell.

## Island's Youngest Softball League



## PEE-WEE LEAGUE

Last Thursday, Centre again defeated Hanlan's, this time by 15 to 8. At this game the two Centre teams, Tigers and Chiefs, received their new sweaters.

On Monday the three-out-of-five series for the Centre Island championship started, with the Chiefs taking the first game 13-9. Then Tuesday afternoon the Tigers revenge that first game by beating the Chiefs 23-11.

(Photo by Walter Banks)

### ELECTION RESULTS

Resulting from the election of officers of Centre Island Association at its annual meeting on Tuesday, August 27th, the following comprise the executive committee for the calendar year of 1947—the present officers serving until the end of the present year:

Past president, Al Whiskin; president, Ralph Reilly; 1st vice-president, John Rintoul; 2nd vice-president, Dick Lennox; treasurer, H. B. Aitken; secretary, Sam Hawthorne; members, Craig Fraser, Andy Andrews, Mrs. Vi Phelan, Mrs. Glad Thompson; junior member, Ian Stewart.

To this elected group are added representatives from all component organizations desiring representation, such as the Island Park Tennis Club, Centre Island Lawn Bowling League, Island Canoe Club, etc.

"Insurance for every Purpose".

MAISIE JOHNSON

1178 Bay Street RAndolph 3118  
Residence: LA 9600

FOR  
DONLANDS  
DAIRY  
PRODUCTS

PHONE  
WA 1211

ISLAND  
SERVICE



"Let's Finish The Job"

28% OF QUOTA WAS

REACHED ON WEDNESDAY

THERE ARE ONLY 9 DAYS LEFT  
GIVE TO YOUR CANVASSER

Help the Club House Campaign

Donations may be mailed to Harold B. Aitken,  
290 Lake Shore

Make Cheques Payable to Centre Island Association  
Building Fund.

Enjoy Shopping On The Island

the semi-final round completed when George Malby defeated Gord Mack in a long-drawn-out on a hot Sunday afternoon 7-5, 1-6, 6-1. In the same type of game on the same hot afternoon Frank Jacob won the chance at the finals by bumping Jack Pillar 0-6, 6-4, 8-6.

Pat Loubert and George Malby tossed Bill Laing and Gord Davidson out of the men's doubles consolation in a three-setter, but were ploughed under in the semi-final by Gord Graham and Don Walkinshaw by a 9-7, 6-4 count. On the top half of the same doin's, George Slade and yours truly defeated Chuck Onley and Bill Richardson 6-0, 6-3 and then went on to take the finals from Gord and Don by a 6-3, 4-6, 6-2 score. Leave us not go around bragging by what wunnerful tennis was played in this match, that is understood. Suffice it to say that Del Earle should take note that "Ole Man Slade" finally won something besides a raffle.

If you enquire around (which we didn't) you might find out which hospitals contain our good friends Rod White and Lionel LeVair, and mosey in to chat with the boys. Rod is having his throat cut (tonsilectomy to you wise guys) and Lionel is having a bit of spine trouble, plaster cast and all that stuff, you know. Get well and get back soon, you too. By the way, Rod, you might be interested to know that Eileen Breen is being ably looked after, particularly on the 7.50 in the morning. In fact, if we were you (which we ain't) we would enquire about same — she might tell the truth.

Our wind has run out (thank goodness, sez you) and so we leave you with don't forget the Labour Day Do, the nominations for next year's committee and last but not least, THE ANNUAL MEETING.

### First Clubhouse Furnishings

Many thanks to Ernie Norrie of St. Andrew's Avenue for his generous donation to the Clubhouse of the piano that was used at the Clubhouse Fund inaugural rally.

STRING ALONG WITH "WALBRO"

FOR A TOP RESTRING JOB

BADMINTON AND TENNIS RACQUETS

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

Wallis Bros. & Co.



**Profiles**  
(Continued from Page 5)

gonquin. During these years Bus turned his hand off and on to such jobs as selling advertising for the "Greek Yearbook", the "North-West Field Force Reunion Book", and other publications. He also helped Frank E. operate the successful "Ward's Honey Juice" stands at Canadian National Exhibitions. In fact, it is only the fact that Frank E. omitted to register for sugar in 1941 that Bus is not now selling it on Manitou Road—he can't get the sugar. When sugar becomes available, he will open up with a colorful sign and elaborate refrigerating equipment.

In 1938 Bus went back into the fruit business. He also handled freight and ice. In 1940 Frank E. gave him the cartage and contracting business. In 1942 Frank E. died and Bus and his wife and mother carried on until the fall of 1943. Mrs. Frank E. Ward managed the rooms, while Bus and his wife ran the refreshments—the store was a separate entity under a different lease from the City. Leases ran for three years and were by tender. In 1943 when the City refused to renovate the building, Bus "pulled out—we couldn't make any money . . . and we still can't!"

They dickered with Mrs. Watt for her coffee shop and purchased it February 21, 1944. They sold their house on Algonquin and moved into 24 Manitou on April 15, setting up a cookstove in the kitchen and living in the rooms upstairs. On May 24 they opened for business after a hectic month of renovating and soon came to be the late evening rendezvous for the young blades of the Island, although business was slow in the first year. In the following year (1945) business was "exceptionally good"; and up to August 1 it was excellent this year. Recently it has tailed off—

"LET'S

HOTEL

MANITOU

**Donations**  
(Continued from Page 3)

Jean.....	3.00
A Friend (1086) .....	25.00
Jack McGowan .....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Brackley.....	2.00
Carson McGowan.....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. R. Nesbitt.....	10.00
Total .....	\$288.50
Previous list .....	321.00
Total to date .....	\$609.50

**CENTRAL DIVISION**  
**R. T. Smith—Chairman**  
**Canvasser—A. R. Trudeau**

**THE MERCHANTS**

Ray's Refreshments .....	\$ 10.00
Mrs. Emmy English .....	10.00
Helen Gray's Gift Shop.....	10.00
Percy Miller .....	10.00
Total .....	\$ 40.00
Previous list .....	550.00
Total to date .....	\$590.00

**THE RESIDENTS**  
**Canvassers—Alan Cox, Dick Lennox**

S. Jenner .....	\$ 10.00
H. Rooke .....	2.00
L. O. Thompson .....	5.00
R. Frankish .....	2.00
S. Farley .....	1.00
Misses Ring and Cochrane....	5.00
V. Clarke .....	1.00
Gil Halder .....	1.00
Mrs. W. Easson .....	10.00
Miss D. Perrett .....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Finlayson.....	1.00
Total .....	\$ 39.00
Previous list .....	43.25
Total to date .....	82.25
Division total .....	\$672.25

**EASTERN DIVISION**

C. A. (Joe) Baldwin,	
Ward's Island .....	\$ 25.00
Mrs. Lillie Gooderham .....	10.00

HELP

SINCLAIR'S

ISLAND FREIGHT

SERVICE

due, Bus feels, to the strikes. He believes that 60 per cent. of this custom came from Town, but to his way of thinking he worries more about retaining the good will of the 40 per cent. made up of Islanders who patronize him regularly and without whose support he would be operating at a loss. Bus has tried to add something new to his equipment every year. He says of the Coffee Shop that he "could make it better, with better service—dress it up a little, but I say people are hurrying, they want good food, plain food, and plenty of it." His peak staff includes two cooks, two cleaners of the kitchen utensils, and usually about 10 others—they have had as high as 19, and some of their staff have been with them for all three years. Bus attributes the success of the Coffee Shop to his wife. "Mrs. Ward is the mainstay—she's been in this business all her life and she does all the supervision of food and staff." A recent side-line—Bus relishes side-lines—is the Coleman Oil Stove agency.

Bus is one of the more colorful Islanders. His talk sparkles with humorous contrasts and his thoughts are constantly turned towards the Island and its future. He thinks "that the Island is the garden spot of America—and it's too bad that the City Fathers can't see it that way—I haven't seen one of them over here this year, not one member of our Council. . . . In the first place I can't understand the ferries operating at a deficit every year—unless they have a lot of liabilities to write off. If the City are going to have a deficit on the ferries every year, let's have a good deficit—and spend some money on the Island! . . . The Main Street is in very poor condition and there's a lot of room for improvement — meaning after rainstorms. It's practically impassable after a downpour . . . I'd like to see better entertainment

(Continued on Page 8)

FINISH

DICK'S

GRILL

H. Armstrong, Long Branch	2.00
Miss Jessie Jones, Oakville....	2.00
W. S. Alvey .....	15.00
Mrs. Frank Lomax .....	2.00
Mr. Frank Lomax .....	2.00
208 Lake Shore .....	5.00
Miss Anna Williams .....	2.50
Miss Mary Williams .....	2.50
Miss Kathleen Williams.....	2.50
George Williams .....	2.50
Mr. and Mrs. W. Wheadon....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Noblett..	2.00
Miss Beryl Dalrymple .....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Verrall....	25.00
Dr. H. and Mrs. Robertson	1.00
Miss Helen Cork .....	10.00
Harry E. Mole .....	10.00
The Huard family .....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Aitken	25.00
Craig Fraser .....	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. Lockhart....	5.00
Anon (Rect No. 1361) .....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. Bond .....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cockburn	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hackett ..	15.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Massey....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Crate....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Collins....	1.00
Mrs. Downard .....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Abel.....	1.00
Mrs. Hird .....	1.00

**Divisional Chairmen's Remarks—**  
**Western Division.**  
**Cecil Parsons, Chairman.**

In talking of the progress of the Building Fund Campaign, the big point to keep in mind is that, while 50 per cent. of the allotted time has elapsed, only 28 per cent. of the objective has been reached, so that actually we are running behind schedule. A great many have already contributed and to these we are grateful for their support. There are, on the other hand, a great

THE

ISLAND CARTAGE

6 Cherokee WA. 0575

many who haven't been canvassed yet and to these we say, give and give generously when your canvasser calls (and this applies not only to house-owners but tenants too), so that your committee can go ahead and FINISH THE JOB and, incidentally, put the Western Division on top.

**Central Division**  
**R. T. Smith, Chairman.**

Very many thanks indeed to the residents of the Central Division who have subscribed to date. In particular, some of the merchants have been most generous. To those who have not yet donated, be of good cheer—Dick Lennox or Alan Cox will be around in the very near future to receive any sum or sums to help swell our total.

**Eastern Division**  
**H. E. Fenn, Chairman.**

The interest displayed by the householders and tenants in the new Community Clubhouse proves that the Publicity Committee is doing a good job. Everyone I have contacted admits that the building when completed will fulfil an urgent need. Several (old Islanders) have told me of the good times had and the many enjoyable hours spent in the old club building, and realize the many advantages a building of this nature will provide.

The Building Fund Committee are putting forth a special effort to make this again possible to the present Islanders. The interest has been created. The job is well under way, but more and larger subscriptions are needed to meet the financial requirements.

**From South of the Border**

This is getting to be an international affair—Mrs. Sibyl Smith, a guest of many years' standing at the Hodgson house, greeted Mary the other day with a \$10 bill for the Fund. Our thanks to you, Mrs. Smith, for this very friendly gesture.

THE

Ward's Honey Juice

Coffee Shop

Miss Ethel Coates .....	5.00
Total .....	\$224.00
Previous list .....	158.00
Total to date .....	\$382.00

**Divisional Standing Wednesday Night, August 28th, 1946**

Western .....	\$ 609.50
Central .....	672.25
Eastern .....	382.00
	\$1663.75
Advance donations .....	55.00
Total .....	1721.75

**SOME LIKE IT STRAIGHT**  
(Continued from Page 3)

can't all be afraid to go home! Perhaps they just enjoy watching the poor milkman earning his daily bread while these happy types yawn and stretch luxuriously.

Remind me to soundly trounce Editor Alan Wood for lifting two sentences from last week's column. Now poor old Bill Durnan will never know what we said about him.

**Pat and Elsa Grandparents**

Welcome Cheryl Patricia Hacker, a new Islander for the R. Hacker establishment.

**1945 AUDITORS' REPORT**

Auditors appointed at the 1945 general meeting of the Centre Island Association—Sam Hawthorne and Fane Waterbury—reported at this year's annual meeting that they had audited the books for 1945, found everything completely in order and had no suggestions to make.

BUILDING

Island Cleaners

and

Shoe Repair

**ABOUT NEIL STEWART**

You may have thought that you knew everything about our genial superintendent of the Filtration Plant after reading his recent profile in these columns. But well bet that you didn't know that he, assisted by his charming wife, of course (and possibly family!), washed all those dishes that were sold so successfully at the Street Fair on Civic Holiday. It can't be overlooked either that Mr. and Mrs. Stewart turned their home into a warehouse for days ahead, because Joan—a member of the executive committee — had all her helpers bring their collections to the Stewart menage on the Lakeshore and we're of the opinion that they're still sweeping out comic book scraps, etc.

**BADMINTON**  
**By Bob Thompson**

Whew! Things are sure different this year. Last year if eight of our 60-odd members would turn out for a scheduled round robin, we'd consider ourselves lucky. This year, with a playing limit of 28 players in one night, we're finding it increasing difficult to find room for everyone who turns out.

Last year we'd invite 16 people to participate in a robin, in the hope that half of them would show up (the draw is for eight). This year we invite 12, knowing darn well that twice the amount will show up, making 24, and leaving a margin of four, that will probably show up anyway.

The enthusiasm is great, and still growing. Which seems to justify the possible erection of asphalt courts in the near future. Thanks to the Island Park Tennis Club, we still have the use of a section of their grounds for our badminton activities.

The badminton percentages as of July 31 have been made up, the five highest being: Ladies—Dot Percy

JOB!"

PERCE

MILLAR

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

Sir:

I would like to commend heartily your excellent editorial in the last issue regarding the alleged large deficits incurred by the city as a result of their operation of the Island ferry service. You deserve a great deal of credit for getting the city to provide us with the full financial statement. We are very pleased to know that the "T. J. Clark" is shortly to be replaced, for it does not seem a safe boat to travel on, particularly when it is crowded.

I would like to mention a complaint which I have heard voiced by many Islanders, especially in the spring and fall. When riding on these long belt-line cruises most people pass the time reading a newspaper or a book. There are only about sixteen places on the Diesel ferries where one can sit and read, namely, under one of the dim lighting fixtures. If you are not fortunate to get one of these positions, it is very difficult indeed to read, and if you are on the inner row of seats it is absolutely impossible. Let us hope the T.T.C. can be persuaded to improve on this.

Yours very truly,  
George M. LePan.  
25 Chippewa Avenue.

**NEW ISLANDERS**

Mr. and Mrs. John Purdue, with daughter Toni (aged 4), have just moved over to Maxwellton House on Chippewa Crescent.

FUND

RAY'S

897, Mary Rodoy 854, Helen Pearcy 851, Betty Rennie 841, Pat Phelan 761. Average per cent. 796. Men—Jack Earthy 949, Ev. Tuck 875, Bud Murray 874, Bob Thompson 862, Ken Butler 800. Average per cent. 796.

Glad to see George Slade of the Community Tennis hustling about on the courts. Bill Rennie, just out of the Merchant Marine, has paired up with sister Betty for the mixed doubles. Dave Miller insists he hasn't won a game since joining the club, but we personally saw him snatch one 15-11 last week.

Three mixed doubles robins were played last week, Pat Phelan and Jack Earthy taking the first with a perfect 60. Closest couple were Shirley Tuck and Ted Adams with 54. Lynn Gahagan and Jack Roddy teamed up in the second, also with a perfect 60, four points ahead of Mary Roddy and Ted Adams with 56. The third and last robin was the hardest fought, taking two nights to complete. Pat Phelan and Joe Plunkett scraping a one-point edge over Shirley Tuck and Chuck Singer, 75 to 74.

Two singles robins were played Monday night, Bud Murray and Dick Duggan tying for top honours in the first with 60 apiece, while in the second, Jack Earthy won with another perfect score of 60, three points ahead of Jack Roddy with 57. This guy Earthy is making it somewhat of a habit of walking off with round robins, having five to his credit so far this season, which is no mean trick.

The men's singles' warm-up tournament was completed last week, with Joe Plunkett winning. The consolation tourney was taken by Hubert Avers, winning over Chuck Singer.

The ladies' singles has been worked down to the final round, with Mary Roddy opposing Shirley Tuck. The girls have played two games of the two-of-three series, Marv winning the first 15-11 and Shirley the second 15-10. Well, chums, dat's it.



# Let's Finish the Job!

Give to the

## BUILDING FUND CAMPAIGN

and help complete our  
New Community Club House

Donations may be sent to  
Harold B. Aitken - Treasurer  
290 Lakeshore

NORTHWAY'S  
240 YONGE STREET

### Dames Is Screwy

(Continued from Page 5)

the next dance with Bill. Gracie is overjoyed. When the music starts it's fast. I stand still hopin' Carol Ann'll decide we she should sit it out—but she is determined to be mangled, I guess.

"Come on, Buzz. Try it."  
My stomach does a somersault and then drops to my shoes. Carol Ann is a lot better than Gracie though. Instead of standin' like a stalk of rhubarb in the wind, she shows me how to hold her. Then I'm stuck.

"Okay," she says, calm-like. "now just walk to the music." I start out and the first thing I do is step on her little toe, I stop dead. I figure she'll blow a fuse just like Gracie, but she doesn't say a word. "Go on, Buzz, you're doin' swell." Carol Ann is really a pretty good kid.

This time I'm careful and pretty soon I get onto the hang of it fine. I begin to see how a lot of people might get taken in by this jive stuff. It's kinda fun. By the end of the dance I figure I'm not such a lemon. I don't step on Carol Ann hardly at all. I guess maybe she's pretty good too, though.

I draw Gracie again on the next one. The band leader announces a red hot jive number over the mike. I figure this is goin' to be grim. I decide to be masterful. I grab Gracie tight and start shovin' her along fast. I'm so busy watchin' my feet I forget to steer her and the first thing I know there's an awful clatter and Gracie is sittin' in the middle of the brass section all wound up in the mike. She's lookin' fit for murder.

I wish I'd never been born. The crowd nearly lifts the roof laughin'. Bill turns up and helps

Gracie out of the wirin'. I just scam. I get outside the door and somehow the cold air and the dark seem good. I sit on the steps and wish I were dead.

After awhile I hear the door openin'. It's Carol Ann.

"Hello, Buzz," she says, soft-like. "Everything's fine now. Gracie's okay and she's dancin' with Bill right now."

"Buzz off," I growls. Carol Ann just stands there.

"They're playing a waltz. Waltzes are really easy to dance to. Come one, Buzz. You can't sit out here all night. Let's try it."

I pretend I don't hear. She sort of whimpers, "Well—if that's the way you feel about it, I guess I've got to stay out here too." She sits down beside me. I blow my top.

"Oh, Christmas! Can't a guy have any peace? All I want is to be left alone—just left alone. See?" Carol Ann looks hurt. "But you see—Gracie won't dance with anyone but Bill any more and that leaves me—" Her lip begins to quiver. She looks like she's goin' to cry.

I break out in cold sweat.

"Oh gosh, Carol Ann, don't cry Gee whizz!" I fish out my handkerchief. She takes it and dabs at her eyes. She looks awful small and sort of helpless. She sniffs once or twice and then says, timid-like, "Gee, it's awful cold out here. If we could go inside—"

Well, I ask you! What could a guy do? So away we go, back into the old hall. At first the wise guys sling me a few cracks but I act like I'm deaf. Carol Ann and me get along okay. I look around for Bill. He and Gracie are dancin' pretty close. Gracie won't look at me at all. She's sure slingin' the chin music at Bill though—and he's lap-

pin' it up like a cat goes for milk.

The rest of the evenin' Bill ain't even polite. He don't pay no attention to Carol Ann at all. He just dances with Gracie. I don't savvy how Bill can pass up a good kid like Carol Ann for that giggle bag. Bill ought to have his pants kicked.

When the last waltz ambles along, I don't even bother lookin' for Bill. I just take Carol Ann home like as though I brought her. I'm pretty sore at Bill. I figure I'll really lip him off next day.

When we get to Carol Ann's house I don't quite know what to do, but I figure I ought to apologize for that dumb pal of mine so I starts in, "Gee, I'm sorry about what happened, Carol Ann. Bill didn't really mean nothin'. It's Gracie—well, what I mean is—oh gee—" Then I'm stuck. I stand still with my mouth open like I'm a fish waitin' for the bait. Carol Ann just stands there lookin' down. She sure is a cute little dame. Her lashes are awful long and the moonlight shinin' on her hair makes it look—well, kinda like silk. Suddenly she makes a funny noise like she's laughin'—or maybe startin' to cry.

I'm scared.

"Gosh, Carol Ann! Gee! Don't feel so bad. Why that bum, Bill! Why heck! He ain't worth bawlin' over. He oughta get his face bashed in." I'm mad. Carol Ann just stands there.

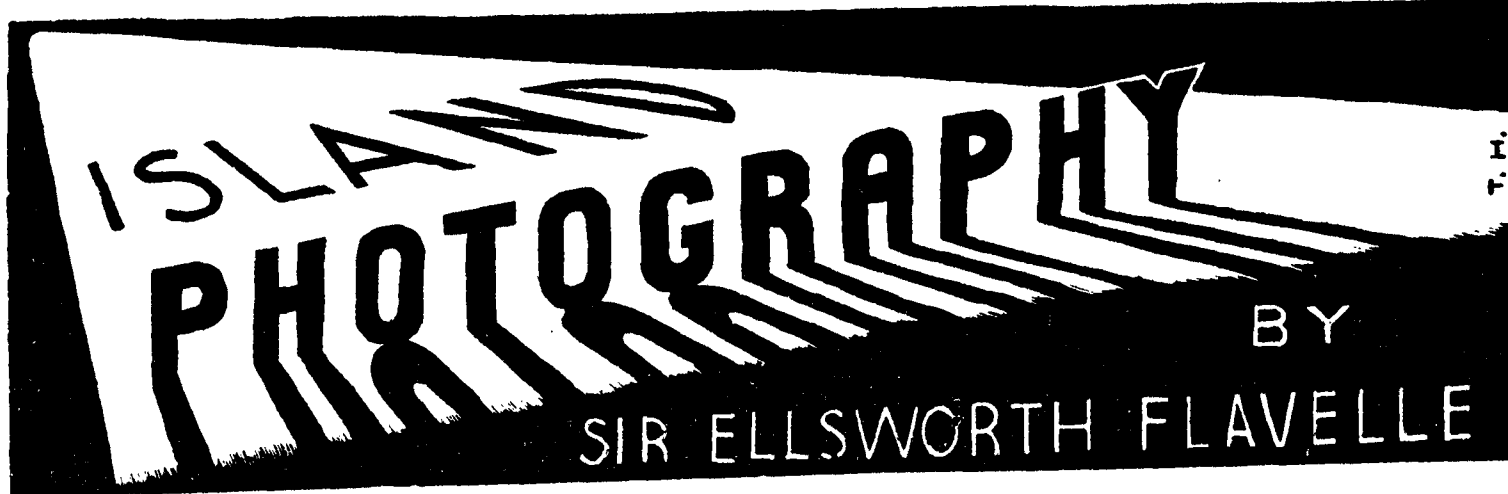
Suddenly I get an idea to cheer her up. "Look here, Carol Ann—would you—if you'd like—well why don't you come to the show with me—maybe to-morrow night." I finally get it out.

Carol Ann looks up and she's smilin' all over. "Gosh, Buzz. I'd love to. Oh gee, Buzz. I think you're a swell guy. You've just been super. Bill's a goon, but you—ever since Grade Four—gee—I'd just about given up hope."

"Huh?" I can't figure this out. She looks up and then down. Her lashes look awful cute flutterin' in the moonlight. Then before I got time to say anythin' more, she laughs, slings me a "Good night," and the next thing I know I'm standin' all alone on her porch with my mouth hangin' open.

I don't get it at all. Carol Ann is sure cute, but I don't think she knows much about men or she'd never have fallen for that dim bulb, Bill. I figure I gotta kinda look after her—till she gets over him a bit—anyway. She sure is cute but you can't deny it—

Dames is screwy!



Let us proceed with a few fundamental rules necessary in the composition of any picture. These are, however, subject to change if there should be sufficient reason for doing so. In the first place, in any picture involving distance it is desirable that the distant scene have some relation to the place from which the picture is taken. In other words, have something in the near foreground in sufficiently clear focus to be interesting and not just a blurred mass. This could be a tree, the side of a building, or rock or bushes or merely the ground. A picture lacks much if it makes us peer out into a great space, without some friendly surrounding near at hand.

Second, it is highly desirable to use such foreground material as a natural frame for your picture. It can form one side and part of the top of the picture, such as the barrel of a tree and its branches aloft, or a pillar or pillars with the curve of the supported archway. It does not need to be completely framed on three or four sides, and indeed it is rarely desirable to do so, as the scope of the picture is apt to be greatly limited. Where this type of complete framing is applicable, however, it is very striking and can be made very effective. Such oppor-

tunities can be found in the old California Mission and Old Country Cathedrals and Abbeys, where the sense of protection and security can be emphasized.

Third, do not try to get too much into your picture or to make it too complete. One of the most valuable parts of a picture is that portion which is not seen with the physical eye, but which finds its satisfaction in the imagination. In other words, what you leave out of your picture is almost as important as what you put in it. For instance, except for architectural record, it is unnecessary in photographing a

### Profiles

(Continued from Page 7)

—well, not 'better' . . . any entertainment. I haven't seen any this year . . . I think they should revive Sunday evening concerts; it's a get-together for Islanders."

Bus doesn't think the Island will ever go down. "Those who know the Island and appreciate the Island will always come to the Island . . . Recreation is what we do need and which we haven't got any of. Of course, I realize the Association is handicapped by being just a new organization and I hope to see in the future a big recreation centre in and around the Clubhouse. . . . We may be short on building materials, but we have the materials to build up good athletes." Bus won the 100 yards in Island meets. His interest now is baseball, for which he donated a cup last year. His chief wish for the Island in the immediate future is "supervision of children by the Association, regardless of whether the Clubhouse is built or not—more or less of an organized playground. . . . from infants up, with the young ones in the morning. Brownies and Girl Guides are a wonderful thing."

Bus's chief reading are true detective stories. He's a "great follower of the comics" but has no favorites. Bus and his family live live all the year round in a bungalow behind the Coffee Shop, renting the rooms and apartments over the store to others. —Alan Wood.

### VISITORS FROM CALIFORNIA

Mrs. L. A. Summerhayes and her daughter, Mrs. Mary Hull, and granddaughter Nancy, have been visitors at Centre Island during the month of August. Both Mrs. Summerhayes and Mrs. Hull are natives of Toronto, but have lived in Inglewood, California, for some years.

### R. F. G. WALSH MOVES OVER

Reginald Francis George Walsh moved over to his parents' house at 12 Chippewa Crescent last Sunday, his first trip since arriving at the hospital last week.

building to take in the entire building. It is rather the impression and atmosphere of the building that is desirable to secure.

Fourth, avoid, unless other reasons demand it, having the high feature of your picture in the centre. It is better to have the high feature (such as a tree, building, mountain, etc.) occupy one side of the picture, and in the case of the tree to have, if possible, some of the boughs stretching part or all the way across the top of the picture. Try to have the borders of the picture suggest continuation of interest as is done in cutting perpendicularly through part of a tree or building and not showing the whole subject.

Fifth, study carefully the "atmosphere" or that thing which you wish to bring out or emphasize in the picture. Some pictures call for brilliance and sharp contrast of black and white, whereas others should be of softer tones and more grey than black. For instance, there is an immense difference in "atmosphere" in more ways than one, between the February light in Mexico City and that of the easterly coast of Nova Scotia.

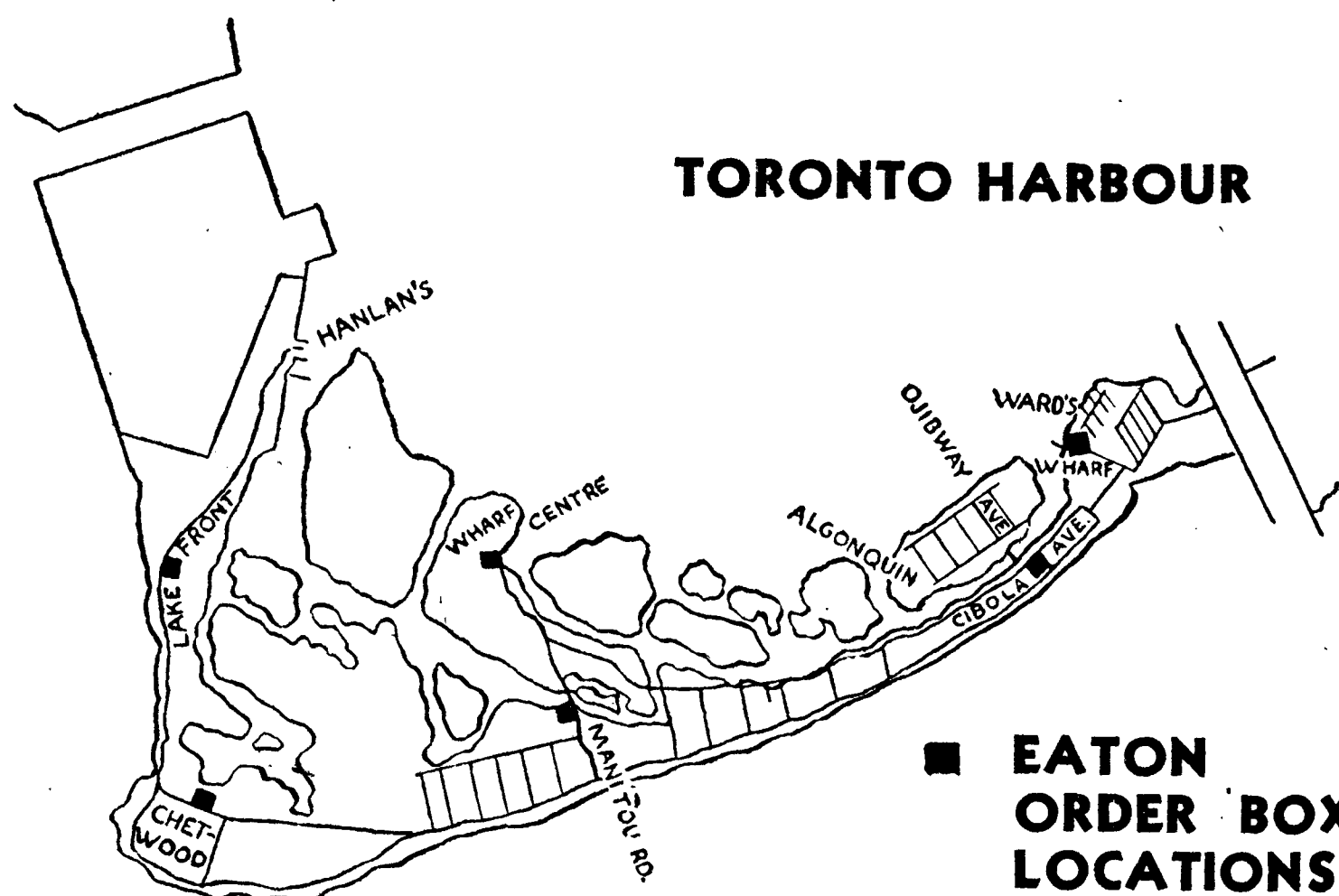
We will continue with composition in the next issue of Centre Islander.

### Classified Ads.

CAREFUL COUPLE with no encumbrances desire a winterized apartment. Apply J. H. Crossland, 15 Cherokee.

WANTED — Second-hand canvas-covered canoe. Wa. 2974.

WANTED — October 1st, 3 or 4-roomed apartment or duplex for winter months. Phone Mrs. McNally at Wa. 0076 or write No. 6, First Street, Ward's Island.



## EATON'S Island Service

### 4 Ways To Shop

1. Drop your list in any EATON Order Box.
2. Phone your Order.  
Tr. 5111 for all Merchandise Departments.  
Tr. 3311 for Provisions.
3. Give your list to EATON Delivery Man.
4. Send your Order by Mail.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

## YOUR FRIENDLY BAKER

Ready to Serve You Once Again  
—With Quality Bakery Products—

## CANADA BREAD

"The Quality Goes In Before The Name Goes On"