



# The CENTRE ISLAND



Vol. IX

No. 1

FRIDAY, APRIL 28- 1944

OFF TO WORK BUT SHE'LL BRING YOU BACK



This sight is perfectly familiar to you who catch the boat in the morning. We had the picture taken just to make you realize once again that Centre Island advertises itself every morning you go down to catch the 'Ingis' or the 'McBride'. There is the air for which this island is famous — and across the bay are the high buildings, the soot and the smoke that go with a big city. Unfortunately we can't reproduce all the smoke here. The picture was taken for The Centre Islander in April, this year.

## We Needed Positive Action Pilings Provide It—Whiskin

"What was necessary last fall was something that would act immediately. We wanted, and needed, positive action," said Al Whiskin explaining the piling at the foot of St. Andrews Ave. on the lake shore. "From the engineers' decisions, we had to choose the positive protection of the piling wall, as against the probably or possible result of groynes."

Mr. Whiskin described requests made to civic and federal authorities for protection against high water and storms on the lake shore last fall. He recalled how in 1928, high water and storms washed away the beach and sidewalk, and exposed the water main feeding all Centre and Ward's Islands, together with gas, electric and telephone services running along the edge of the water.

"At that time wooden groynes were constructed," Mr. Whiskin said. "They ran out from the sidewalk. They caught drifting sand, and not only restored the beach but protected the services which were endangered. These groynes were beyond the end of their useful lives when high water and ice conditions during the winter of 1942-43 eliminated them."

"Prior to the formation of the Centre Island Association in the fall of 1942, the gas company had relaid its main through private properties, back from the shore line. When the beach was being washed away last summer and fall, the association asked the city to relaid the groynes. We asked that loose rock from in front of the retaining wall, excavated from Manitowish, be moved over and made into permanent groynes."

"In the meantime," Mr. Whiskin continued, "the city waterworks department had started work on relocating their main, and would obviously have further wrecked the shoreline by trying to salvage their pile of debris. We made an urgent appeal to the mayor, and he stopped the work until a conference could be held."

At this conference, there was general agreement that groynes were essential, but the late news of

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## Hold Easter Mass In Lakeshore Home

Rev. Father George Delort celebrated Easter Mass at the home of Mrs. Mae Roddy, Lakeshore Ave., at 10:15 a.m. Easter Sunday, April 9th. It is intended to continue the service there until the church opens in the early part of May. Thirty-five people attended this first service.

## It's Up To You Now To Get All The News

"We're not offering excuses for printing this paper. We have some good sound reasons." Thus started our explanation to the warline news board when we wanted proper legal authority for printing this—your paper.

"Centre Island is a community of about 8,000 persons," we said. "It is a community by itself, with its own problems. We think it a good place to live, but we can improve on it. There are all the activities that a live community is interested in—and they need a program. That is why we must print a newspaper of what goes on—on Centre Island."

Immediate things such as changes in ferry schedules, and long-range projects of saving the beach, or cutting a new gap are of concern to everyone.

The Centre Islander will this season publish 18 issues. Well and fully reported, ordinary activities of all the people that should be reported in these columns would overtax them. There is a shortage of newsprint, and a reasonable amount of advertising is essential to the life of The Centre Islander. If your reports are cut to fit the demands of space, be philosophical about it. But if your activities are not in the paper at all—that's your fault, not ours.

The editorial masthead shows the dates on which The Centre Islander is publishing. From now on, news of what your organization is going to do, and reports on what has happened since the last issue are in your hands.—T.S.P.

## City Authorities Fully Approve Association Idea

The mayor and members of the board of control have enthusiastically endorsed the project of the Centre Island Association. They all agree that the Association of The Centre Islander will represent the views of Islanders better than it every has been presented to civic authorities.

Mayor Conboy writes: "I am delighted to have this opportunity of extending cordial civic greetings to the readers of 'The Centre Islander', as published by the Centre Island Association."

"I understand this is the first issue of the season and I am glad to welcome our citizens as they take up residence at Centre Island in the ideal summer surroundings that prevail there. The community spirit that exists among Island residents is most commendable and should be fostered. There are pro-



MAYOR CONBOY

ably few residential areas in and around Toronto where that neighborly spirit is so much in evidence. The camaraderie and friendship engendered by Island associations greatly enhances the pleasure of living in one of Toronto's great summer playgrounds.

"We appreciate the co-operation rendered to the city from time to time by the Centre Island Association and our best wishes are yours

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## Everyone Has Equal Voice Association President Says

"We have a glorious opportunity to make Centre Island the most desirable place on earth to live. The idea behind the new Centre Island Association is to co-ordinate all that is best on the Island, to give everybody equal voice in deciding what is to be done, and to provide everyone with a chance to work actively for the betterment of our living conditions and recreational facilities." Thus the newly-elected president, A. W. Whiskin, has reported to the membership of the Association.

In November, 1943, writing to the mayor and board of control on the formation of the Association, Mr. Whiskin recalled that in 1939, city council ordered certain properties be placed in the hands of a board of five trustees.

"This matter of property lay dormant until recently," Mr. Whiskin wrote, "when the Centre Island Association was formed. This Association has as its object the enrollment of every resident as a member. A building fund has been established, with the intention of erecting a clubhouse on the property now held in trust. This Association is designed to be so representative and democratic that its executive will represent the views of all residents of Centre Island, not only on recreational matters but on any question that concerns the residents as a whole, whether it be improved facilities, boat service, protection of civic assets, fire protection of shore erosion."

Mr. Mr. Whiskin says that his report last fall still stands, and sets forth several objectives which the Association has already achieved. The biggest single item handled so far, he says, is the unique water main and beach protection project. These are described separately in this issue.

## Point Your Camera Win \$1 For Newspix

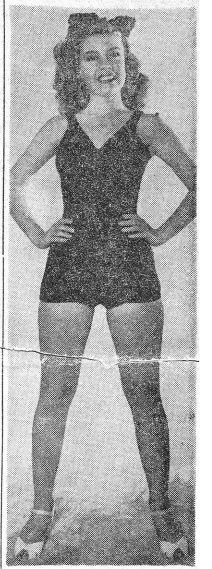
Photos make news, no matter whether the publication is international or local, as is The Centre Islander. The Island with its variety of activities, is a prolific source of pictures. Furthermore, amateur photographers are frequently right on the spot when news breaks and features occur.

Accordingly, The Centre Islander offers a minimum award of \$1.00 every issue for the best reproducible news or feature photograph submitted by an amateur. The only conditions are that a photograph to be eligible must be of Centre Island activities, and taken by a resident of Centre Island. Submit your entries in the form of a print, on the back of which is written lightly the subject, date, and name and address of the photographer.

## "Parkers Needed At Ferry Docks

The Red Cross have again completed arrangements for supervised bicycle parking at the Centre Island ferry docks—but they are dreadfully short of volunteers for the work. Won't you make a point of setting some time aside each week for this worthy cause—letting Mrs. Roddy of 320 Lakeshore Ave. know that you are willing to help?

## Here's A Contest For Island Gals



"Gloria DeHaven, above, started a second generation pin-up girl. Her mother was a stage favorite in the last year, Centre Island can produce nicer ones for Island boys at war."

## RETURN FROM SOUTH

Among the Islanders we've heard of returning from the south are: Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. English, Mr. and Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Willis.

## Committees Are So Set Up Forming Cliques Is Impossible

At the first executive committee meeting of the Association held October 29, 1943, it was decided that in order to make the Association a really democratic and community affair, members appointed from the executive to form committees would be obligated to add a majority from the membership-at-large. The completed committee would then elect its chairman from the executive members serving thereon. A list of the committees so appointed, with their executive members follows: Membership, N. Fraser, Pat Hacker; Constitu-

tion, G. Slade, Alan Cox, Geoff Bullock; Building Plans, Perc Hughes, Pat Hacker; Mrs. Hodgson; Building Funds, Len Johnson, Mrs. Roddy, Bob Thompson.

Publicity, Fred Walter, Len Johnson, Ed. Day, D. Caldwell; Winter Residents, Alan Cox, Harold Aiken, Perc Hughes, Mrs. Hodgson, Geoff Bullock; Ratepayers, Fred Walter, N. G. Fraser, Perc Hughes.

The progress made by these committees may be found elsewhere herein—but you are invited, and urged to consult with any of them on matters in which you are particularly interested. The association requires the support of every member. It is not the intention to let it be run by small cliques. You as a member have an equal voice and we cannot accomplish our aims without your active support, or on the old feeling "Let George do it!" It's your organization, get into it and make it a success.

## Bill Findlay Misses Dinner Aiding In 2 Navy Rescues



TWO BILL FINDLAYS

Bill Findlay, who used to roar his launch "Chirondele" up and down Centre Island lagoons, has been three times in the news lately. Some of it happened away back last Christmas and was released by the censor just recently. Then in February he got married to another Centre Islander.

Exploits of H.M.C.S. Guysborough as disclosed through the censorship barrier describe the rescue of a U.S. navy sub-chaser and a U.S. Liberty ship just before Christmas in the North Atlantic. The Guysborough has been commended by both the U. S. and Canadian governments for her daring rescues.

The U. S. sub-chaser was adrift in a tempestuous sea without communication, steering, motive power when towed to port by the Guysborough. Naval headquarters describe the rescue as one of the most daring operations of the war. The U. S. ship on patrol duty, ran into grief when a log smashed her steering gear. Her radio went out of commission and she ran out of fuel.

The Guysborough's commanding officer, Lieut. B. Russell of Halifax, said "In my 13 years of sea service I can't recall a rougher or colder night." Bill admits that "We took quite a beating from the rough sea as we made our way to the ship that was sending up the flares."

Then, having got the sub-chaser into port, the Guysborough was heading for her home port and Christmas dinner when she heard a distress signal from the Liberty ship.

"I reported the news to the senior officer of the escort, who detailed me to proceed to her assistance," Russell said. "Upon arriving at the scene we found the engine room of the ship flooded and the steering gear was sinking. We offered to take her in tow. It took us a couple of hours to get the towing wires and shackles secured and start on our way. All went well for the first three hours. Then the towing cable broke."

Guyborough's crew repaired the cable and towed the ship for another hour. The cable broke a second and a third time.

"We spent all Christmas day working on the cables, towing pennants and lines," said Russell. "As we were unable to complete repairs

by dusk we had to cease operations until morning, and spent the night shepherding the merchantman."

Next day towing was resumed, but the lines broke time and again because the heavy freighter, without steering power, drifted "all over the ocean" and the strain was too much for the towing wires.

Sub-Lt. Harry Meunwell of Windsor, said "The sea started to act up on the third morning and it looked as if we might run into rough weather. Then the captain decided to use our minesweeper wires for towing. This worked very well."

The tiny minesweeper, bucked by heavy seas and often carried back by the heavier freighter, made slow but steady progress.

Findlay said that the Liberty ship was towed for about 45 miles with no trouble. Then a couple of the wires snapped with the strain and two more had to be rigged. After another ten miles the wires had to be repaired again. Another 15 miles and they snapped once more. The repair work had to be carried out under extremely uncomfortable conditions. Guysborough finally managed to tow the crippled ship to safety, on the last leg of the journey was assisted by a salvage tug despatched to help her.

Bill got a few days leave after all that, and Billie Caruthers took time off from her job in New York to go up to Halifax where they were married. They didn't have time to spend together. Bill went back to sea, and is now operating from Great Britain. Billie went back to her job with the British consulate in New York.

## Church, S. S. Service At School All May

Church and Sunday School services are continuing every Sunday at 11 a.m. during May in the Island public school, to which all Islanders are cordially invited. Rev. D. G. Churcher has been regularly in charge of these services, conducted under the auspices of St. James Cathedral since last October.

An excellent and growing work is being done among the boys and girls, with Miss Gulliver of St. James Cathedral in charge of the 'teen age girls, Mrs. Hawthorne and Mrs. Reed, junior girls, Corp. Chetwynd, R.C.A.F. 'teen age boys and A. W. Whiskin, junior boys.

## We Needed Action Now--And Got It

(Continued from Page One)

the season, and shortages of manpower and marine equipment convinced Island representatives that piling was the only possible and immediate solution.

"The pipe for the new water main had already been purchased," said Mr. Whiskin. "So the Island representatives agreed to the installation of a new water main. There are now two mains carrying water through this vulnerable area—a double protection against serious fire damage."

"Since the federal government is interested in shore protection, the mayor asked Ottawa for financial help. Dominion and civic engineers surveyed the whole island shore. The possibility of abnormally high water recurring brought a difference of opinion as to whether groynes or piling would be of most benefit immediately.

"Since immediate remedial action was necessary, it was decided that the safest course would be to erect the present parallel wall of piling. It was a case of choosing between the probable and possibly eventual result of groynes and the positive protection of the piling wall," Mr. Whiskin said. "We asked for, and got, an expenditure of \$8,837 on the piling."

"Some people on the Island had expected groynes," he said. "When construction began on the present wall we were asked to explain the reason for piling. Everyone admits it is unsightly, but civic authorities pointed out that a building-up of the beach will permit them to saw off the piles and still not interfere with the eventual construction of groynes. The Dominion government decided in favor of piling for the immediate needs and we feel that by co-operating now, we can expect their co-operation on the larger proposition of the improvement of the entire lakefront."

## Centre Islanders Aid Loan Drive

Several Centre Island homes are without the happy smiles of pappy, brother, son or sweetheart for six or eight weeks every time the Victory Loan drives come around.

Among these are the perennial "Lord of Skunk's Misery," Doug Caldwell, who usually takes up residence in Hamilton, Ont., and Mrs. J. S. Andrews Ave. has taken up headquarters at Niagara Falls. He tells us he has at least 57 major industries in his district to organize.

## Hurt In Two Falls Miss Graham Better

Miss Helene Graham, who has made her summer home with Miss Weston of 16 St. Andrews for several years, suffered a hip injury when she fell from her bicycle last August. Not believing in doing things by halves, the resulting weakness caused her to fall down stairs and this time really fracture the same hip. After considerable time in hospital and a lengthier period in a rest home, we were happy to see her crossing King and Yonge the other day—looking well but assisting herself with a cane. Our regrets are extended for the suffering and inconvenience she has experienced, and with them our sincere hopes for a speedy recovery.

## Build 8-Ft. Walk Over "Washout"

Construction of an 8-foot walk to replace temporary boards laid at the foot of St. Andrew's Ave. after last fall's washout will soon commence. C. F. Clambrun, parks commissioner, said The Centre Islander as this edition was going to press. This 8-foot walk will ease the pressure on the bottleneck section at the walk from Pawnee Ave. part N. J. Howard's house.

## Alarm Boxes Are Fastest On Associations Plans

(Continued from Page One)

for a successful and pleasurable season."

Controller Bob Saunders thinks the Association and its publication of this paper "a swell idea."

"Islanders should have formed themselves together long ago," Con. Saunders said. "They have problems that should be presented to the civic authorities and to council by a representative body and not by individuals. Now that Centre Island has an authoritative and representative voice, city council will pay much more attention."

"Not only for sport activities, but to represent Centre Island as a united voice, the Centre Island Association is a long step ahead," said Controller Fred Hamilton. "I know what organized sport used to do for the Island, and I believe that the Association can bring back past glories for the young generation just coming up."

Controller Dave Balfour said he believed there are many things the Association could do for the Island as a whole, and particularly for Centre Island.

"Such an association has long been needed," he said. "You are a large community of people, living almost as a separate unit within the city. Centre Islanders view should be presented to city council by a representative voice, and your Association has it. I am glad it is publishing a paper, for it will further unify Centre Islanders' views."

Controller W. J. Wadsworth and Alderman Nate Phillips also fully endorse the Association and The Centre Islander. "The Island has needed a voice for a long time, and I'm glad they have one now," is the way Ald. Phillips put it.

## ISLANDERS INTERESTED IN SKIING

Not a small part of Centre Island seems to transfer its activities to the Laurentians during the winter, and St. Saviour seems to be the magnet for many of them. Among the visitors there during the past winter were Al and Kewo Cox, Ed. Day, Rosemary and Margaret O'Halloran, a large Smallpaz—all spending a week or two. Bob Thompson spent three lively weeks at St. Adele and Mont Tremblant—but we think the classic was Dick and Marion Boyce's 85 mile trip down the Maple Leaf trail to Lac Beauport in five days, with an additional three weeks there. They're all of the opinion that sliding down the Manitou Bridge—our greatest "ski-run" on the Island doesn't give 'em quite enough scope for their activities.

## PORKY VISITS

Art "Porky" Porteous was on the Island over the last week-end from Detroit.

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## Barnes Family Are Welcomed

One of the more recent and valued additions of Centre Island is the J. W. Barnes family, who built and occupy the year round that nice looking bungalow with the big windows at 5 Chippewa Ave. One son is an officer in the Army and gets to the Island occasionally—you'll find news of him eventually on our page devoted to the boys and girls in the forces. Another is in Vancouver and among other activities, produces the C.B.C.'s Sunday national feature "Eventide."

Mrs. Barnes has been pianist at the winter Church Services in the Island School and has been very active in all social and philanthropic enterprises concerning our winter residents—particularly in welcoming newcomers and visiting the sick. Mr. Barnes is very active in Boy Scout work in the western part of Toronto. A real community-minded couple, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes are welcomed in our midst—the sort of folks that help to make Centre Island an attractive place to make a permanent home.

## POWERS MOVE

Mrs. Doris Power, with Jack, Jill and Paul, has given up residence of several years at 372 Lakeshore Ave. and moved into 402 Lakeshore—corner of Pawnee Ave. where she has several very attractive rooms for rent. Mrs. Roddy, Mrs. McPitt, Mrs. Swallow, Mrs. Redican, Mrs. Hodgson and many other residents recently arranged a housewarming and house-hold shower to add to the attractiveness of Doris' new home.

## SUTHERLANDS BACK

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sutherland have been welcomed back from a trip to Nassau, Bahamas and the Atlantic coast area of the United States, including New York city.

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## Deserter's Island

By ROBIN TEMPLE

A stretch of sun-dappled rocks and shining grass reached beyond Jean Fraser's eyes, and the sea, which had cast her little sailing boat up so roughly the night before, lapped the shore gently. She recognized it instantly, with a wondering catch of her breath. It was Fala, the tiny island she had visited so often in her girlhood. Her first thought was, "Oh, how just like it always was, how far away from everything!"

She knew, then, that her nerve was still shaken. She wasn't as recovered as she had thought from the breakdown which had sent her on long sick leave to her native isles. She was frightened of going back to a hard and strenuous existence. At any other time she might have been scared by the sudden storm which had swept her in the little Sheila far out among the islands and wrecked her there. But she could have looked for ever.

"All the same, you've got to make some sort of a distress signal," she murmured.

Soofter or later, she supposed, a plane would pass overhead or a naval cutter might appear at sea. Or, if she lit a fire, somebody in the inland mountains might see the smoke.

She began to gather dry brushwood while the seabirds whistled about her. On one of the stones of the ruins she built it, and then almost with a sigh, found that her petrol-lighter was still in working order. The flame clicked redly.

"Don't do that!" someone ordered, behind her. Her hand was caught and held.

### A Peaceful Hideout

She turned and saw the towering figure of a man, bearded and in rough tweeds, who stood over her. He took the lighter from her and dropped it into his pocket.

"I don't want any more intruders," he said, with a faint smile. "It's quite crowded enough with the two of us. This is a surprise, Jean."

She looked closer at him, her grey eyes started.

"Alan Grant! What on earth are you doing here?"

"I live here," he answered. "And it wasn't a chance shipwreck in my case—though I guess in your case you set a course here without knowing it. Something always drew us to Fala, didn't it? But come and see my abode."

He touched her arm and took her in silence to a hollow beyond the ruins where a small stone cabin, dilapidated but still weather-tight, stood. As she walked, Jean's thoughts raced. Long ago she and he had fished and scrambled among the rocks together. But when last she had heard of Alan Grant, the playmate of those days, he was a fighter-pilot with a dozen enemy planes to his credit. Not this gaunt, rather bitter young man.

"This is my hide-out," he said, watching her. "The old haunt. You remember? It's peaceful. Right out of it. Nobody in the world knows I'm here, except you. I call it Deserter's Island."

"You don't mean—"

"Yes, I had enough of it. Three long years. So I slipped away. They can carry on with me, and it won't be long before it's over. Then I'll go back. What's been happening to you, Jean?"

"They Had Done Their Share"

She answered: "I've been most places. Sometimes on gun-sites, sometimes driving for months and months, sometimes on the phones

underground. I'm a sergeant"—she oughtn't to speak so calmly; she ought to recoil from him. A deserter! "But I cracked up."

She felt tired and sleepy and content. It was all rather like a dream in which anything might happen. The sea-breeze blew her dark brown hair, and there never had been any war here, never would be. All those millions of people could carry on without him, without her. They had both done their share. . . .

She pulled herself together. "They'll think I'm drowned, after last night's storm. I suppose, and I'm due back for duty in a week's time. I must get away as soon as possible."

"Whenever you like," he answered. "If you can swim two miles through a six-knot tide. There's no boat, now yours is smashed—except mine. And I need that, just in case of a change of mind."

She flushed and said: "I never knew you were a coward, Alan."

His lip curved. "I'm not, sergeant. So don't try to frighten me. For that, I'm just tired of it, and so are you. Now, we'll have some breakfast."

### So Simple To Stay

A turf fire glowed in the little cabin. Judging by the rough comfort of the place, he must have been there for weeks, and stocked it carefully and secretly. Looking at his hard, sensitive face, while she ate freshly-caught fish and oatmeal bannocks, Jean tried to picture how he had cracked and whether she might persuade him to go back to civilization with her and give himself up. . . . if ever she wished to. . . .

"They've knocked you about, Jean," he said. "You aren't fit for much more. You're very tired."

She was. All that night, and far into the next day, she slept on the feather-stuffed bed he laid for her, and in the bright, sunny days and starlit nights that followed, knew that she didn't want to leave the island.

"You're getting better," Alan Grant told her one morning after he had lounged in from the shelter among the ruins where she slept. "You'll be making that signal and marching me off here long."

She turned from the peat fire. "Not yet," she answered.

"Hullo!" he said. "So it's got you, too! Then we'll stay, sergeant. It's simple."

His hand closed over hers, he was drawing her to him, but she released her abruptly and went out, musing she knew then why she wanted to stay. Why she had wished to, from the first moment of seeing him. . . .

### In Prophet's Cave

She sat for a while gazing into the red fire, forgetting that she had time to look at the fishing-lines they had set in a cave in the cliffs the night before. But after a time she remembered. The fastest mackerel came into Prophet's Cave, though it wasn't always easy to reach. At half-tide it could only be entered by a steep crack in the cliff, strewn with loose boulders that made a kind of steep stairway, and, once inside, one had to kneel on a rocky ledge to haul the lines up.

"Careful there!" he called urgently, as she gingerly began to make the descent.

He was there on the ledge with her, and she was down by his side in an instant, though not before one of the loose boulders came rumbling down with her. He caught her and held her, bruised and shaken. Looking up, she saw that the sky was almost completely shut off. The rough, steep stairway was broken.

"You're hurt, Jean!"

"No, but you are."

## City Will Soon Name New Head For Island Park

C. E. Chambers, city parks commissioner, told The Centre Islander that he will shortly name a successor to W. J. Potter as Island superintendent. Mr. Chambers explained that the new superintendent is named by the commissioner, and not by city council.

The late Mr. Potter, who died March 6 last, had been superintendent of the Island from 1929 until his retirement in 1943. Under his supervision Island flower beds and the general maintenance of Island beauty spots was maintained throughout the depression, despite the shortage of funds available.

Prior to coming to the Island, Mr. Potter had been over 30 years in the employ of the city parks department, and had set a high standard for interest in things horticultural in the department. He entered department service July 2, 1908, as foreman of Exhibition Park, then an all-year showplace for fairs and amusements.

In 1912 Mr. Potter was appointed superintendent of the city's central district, and held that position until 1918, when he became superintendent of the eastern district, which post he retained until coming to the Island in 1929.

In the half-light she saw the twinkled grin he gave.

"Ankle. But it's mostly a piece of silver plate. It gave way. That's why I came a cropper and loosened that stuff."

"You aren't a deserter?"

"I reckon I am. I left others to do it when I was invalided out, and came here to hide till things passed over. It was crazy. I knew it all the time, but I'd been knocked about—like you. And maybe it was because I had nothing to do. It can't be done, Jean. One can't do it, nor can two."

He ended at most musily, then pointed. The tide was racing into the cave and already lapping at the ledge. "Scramble out, my dear, while there's a chance."

"And bring the rest of the stuff down on you. Not to speak about leaving you to it."

"Holding On And Trusting"

She shook her head, feeling strangely content. The water, running in like a mill-stream, already waited them, and Alan Grant pulled her to her feet, leaning back against the rocky wall.

"Hold on," he said, a little huskily. "It's a case of holding on and trusting. Holding on to one another, Jean. I see it, now. Are you scared?"

She wasn't, with his arms about her, while the water crept quickly up to their knees, to their waists. Somehow she felt they were challenging the tide together; that this was a precious experience which welded them for life, whether it was life or death. She felt herself laugh softly and excitedly when Alan Grant's lips touched hers, salt with the sea-water which splashed up into their faces.

"I believe you're enjoying it!" She gasped a little.

"Nearly. I'd hate to be drowned, even with you. But I know something about it like life. Life in these days. I see it now, too. It's going back already. Can't you see daylight shining through from the cave mouth, and do you remember how quickly it runs out?"

"Sure," he answered, very quietly. The daylight from the mouth of the cave began to colour the water like shot silk, a shaft of brightening sunlight struck across the heaving surface and lit their faces. They stared quiet for many minutes, watching the sun fill Prophet's Cave, and the tide sink away till there were only rocks and golden sand, with the serene blue of the sky beyond.

"We'll see about getting out that boat of mine," Alan said.

—Tit-Bits.

Seeing an interview with his commanding officer, the young man shyly asked for special leave. "Humph!" said the C.O. "And what do you want it for?"

"Well, sir," was the bashful reply, "a lady friend of mine is getting married and — er — she rather wants me to act as bride-groom."

## First Honorary Membership Goes To Dr "Joe" Howard

Honorary Memberships being granted for meritorious service to the Island, your Executive unanimously felt that the first honour should be conferred on Mr. Howard. Everybody is familiar with the unstinted efforts he has always made toward betterment of the Island, and the long hours he has always spent in looking after those in failing health.

Mr. Howard is Toronto's Director of Water Purification and his duties now entail daily trips to the Victoria Park Filtration Plant, along with his other duties at the Island Filtration Plant. He has always been very active in research work and a year or so ago was elected President of the American Waterworks Association, a position to which a Canadian is rarely elected. During that year he visited (mostly by plane) all the big waterworks installations in the United States, Canada and Cuba.

Not a little of the credit for Toronto's health record, as it pertains to water supply, must be given to Mr. Howard.

We take added pleasure in conferring the Honorary Membership on Mr. Howard at this time, out of thankfulness for his recovery from a recent attack of pneumonia. He has lived at the Island continuously



JOE HOWARD

for the past thirty years, is the type of man the Island looks up to and it is our sincere hope that he continue in good health and spend many more years in our midst. His son, Alan, is your association's able secretary and the portrait of Mr. Howard shown herein is a pencilled drawing by him of his father—his striking likeness being an apt testimonial of Alan's artistic talents.

## Alarm Boxes Are Fastest Calling Firemen To Blaze

The annual spring cleanup at the Island, with its attendant burning of leaves and rubbish brings fire hazards to our attention—and the thought of what is best to do when emergencies arise. An unnoticed spread of fire through grass recently caused considerable damage to Mrs. Oap's cottage at the corner of Chibola and Hooper Aves. Several people rode their bicycles to the fire station on Manitow Road to notify firemen. While the firemen responded immediately—fire underwriters say that if a blaze in a frame structure is not under control within fifteen minutes the chances are that it will be a total loss. Minutes and even seconds are vital at the start of such fires.

Here are the points of our story: first, take care that fires don't get started. Second, when they do, get

help as quickly as possible. In this burning, fire alarm boxes at the corner of Oriole and Chibola and at Hooper and Lakeshore were overlooked—and they are both within a block of the scene! The call for help would have reached the firemen through either of these boxes several minutes before anyone could get to the fire station. Familiarize yourself now with the location of these alarm boxes. They are placed for our protection, and using them may be responsible for saving life and property.

S. B. (Babe) Peat of St. Andrews Ave., a recently trained auxiliary fireman under the Civilian Defense Committee—and Bill Sutherland of the Manitow, were both in the vicinity and did excellent work in helping our regular smoke eaters.

## Have You Heard? On Active Service Regular Feature

Definition of a female shopper: A woman who can hurry through a department store aisle 18 inches wide without brushing against the piled-up glassware, and then drive home and knock off the doors of a 13-foot garage.

—

"I called to make an appointment with the dentist."

"He's out just now."

"Ah, when do you expect him to be out again?"

—

A lawyer, being interrupted, said: "I will speak, sir, as long as I please."

"You have spoken longer than you please," was the opponent's retort.

—

Wife: "I was quite outspoken at the club today."

Hubby: "I can't believe it. Who outspoken you?"

—

—

The Centre Islander sends copies free to former Islanders now overseas—but we want news of the boys and girls in uniform for you people here at home. The Centre Islander box on Manitow Road is a handy place to drop in items about people you know now overseas. We want especially little items garnered from letters home. We need also to hear about how the boys and girls are, where they are, when they are transferred, and who they have met.

If you have a relative or friend in uniform who can't get to the Island this summer, let us know where he or she is. We will mail copies of The Centre Islander, free of charge, to every former resident now active overseas. Mrs. D. E. Hodgson, 35 Iroquois Ave., W.A. 2054, will be glad to pick up any news of people on active service.

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## The Centre Islander

Published 18 times during the season by the Centre Island Association in the interests of making Centre Island a better place in which to spend a holiday, and to live.

Editorial Board—A. W. Whiskin, F. J. Walter, Doug. Caldwell, Ed. Day, Len Johnson.

Editor—Stuart Brownlee.

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## It's No "Flash In Pan"

When any new venture is proposed, there are always people who wonder if it is worth supporting. Skeptically they feel it'll only be another "flash-in-the-pan", and are inclined to sit back and see whether it is going to prosper before getting into it—the venture, not the pan.

Even now, some are asking "What about this new association? What's it done? What's it doing? What's it going to do?" A careful reading of these pages will show just what has been going on. True, there have been no sporting events, no dances, no great splurge of doings that have made the name of Centre Island ring around the world—but a great deal of time and work has been voluntarily donated by a group of citizens who not only have the interests of Centre Island at heart, but who have visualized the possibilities of the future.

They know that we have a glorious location, yet it can stand improving; that we are blessed with many services, but they can be added to; that we are known favorably to thousands, yet thousands more are unaware of our existence; that we have our recreation, but we can stand better co-ordination of our sporting activities; that we are patriotic and have worked hard for good causes, yet can do a better job if we are all working together; that our young people have a wonderful opportunity for health and development, yet our joint efforts can be greater than as individuals; that we have no meeting place, yet have a beautiful site on which to build.

They have seen and known these things and have laid the groundwork for the accomplishment of these aims. If those aims fail, it will not be their fault. It will be because you have failed to recognize these same things and have hesitated to give your support. If a thing isn't done as you think it should be, ask yourself, "Have I done anything about it?" Don't just say "What have they done about it?" It is up to every resident of Centre Island. Every member of the association is urged to take an active interest, submit their own ideas, work toward their fulfillment.

This is not an association of people you don't know—a bunch that are trying to put something over that you have no interest in—a crowd of people who have nothing better to do than form things to belong to.

With or without you the Centre Island Association is a vital part of your life at Centre Island. It is your association. Its success depends on the amount of energy everybody is willing to devote to it.

## Here Is Your Paper

In this, the first issue of your newspaper, is extended a hearty welcome to all returning Centre Islanders and those who are among our midst for the first time. We hope also that those who have been here all year will enjoy a happy and healthful season.

This newspaper is anxious to be of real service to you and the community. In our search for news we invite all to contribute. Regular reporters for all Island activities are needed and we ask that those interested in regular assignments to cover their particular interests get in touch with the editor at once.

## Family Curfew Is Best

The letter to the editor in the next column was frankly written at the request of the editor. When the lady laid her ideas before us, we suggested she write a letter to get her ideas in public view. We didn't think it proper for a community paper to decide the exact hour at which children should be put to bed. And it's not because the editor is a bachelor either. He's been godfather and uncle to enough bright youngsters to know better.

The letter from Mrs. F.B.S. points out two questions of public concern on Centre Island. There are some parents who need to be reminded that their children are keeping late hours. The second, and more important is that the obvious way to keep children from standing around the streets is to give them something more interesting to do. That is where the Centre Island Association and its plans for a club house come in.

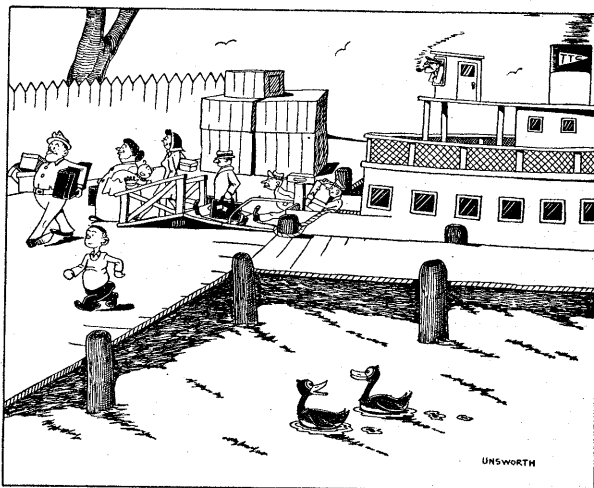
If everyone's children were busily occupied in some healthy organized sport or social activity, there would be little fear on the part of parents that they are just standing around for the sake of standing around. They would be under competent supervision practically all the time they were away from home. And they would be sufficiently fatigued from their exertions to have a cup of cocoa at the club and then go straight home to bed—so they could be up in time for practice in the morning.

Convincing children that they should go to bed simply because it is time to go to bed is impossible. They may be forced into retiring, but will naturally object, and quite probably outwit the parents by reading or talking and thus failing to secure the needed rest.

City authorities have just recently set up a "delinquency project" area. This area takes in the district bounded by the Bay, Sherbourne St., Wellesley St., and the Don River—an area with far less recreational facilities than Centre Island. There is simply no comparison.

There are already several organized activities for younger children under Matt Chetwynd, and as the season goes on, these will be expanded. Perhaps we won't have a new clubhouse this year, but full co-operation from everyone will bring it into being sooner than many people expect. And then there will be no further excuse for idle children on Centre Island.

## ISLANDANTICS



IT MUST BE SPRING THEY'RE MIGRATING AGAIN

## Letters To The Editor

Editor,

The Centre Islander.

While I am not in favor of the enforcement of a rigid curfew law by the police, I do wish our paper could do something about having parents agree on a standard time for our children to come home at night. My three children are all of school age, and while there is no trouble about getting the little one in at night, the older two always can find an excuse.

The point of this letter is that their main excuse seems to be that "Mary doesn't have to go in until half-past ten", if I've set 10:00 p.m. for our own children. Perhaps the other children are using mine as the same kind of excuse with their own parents. I don't know.

I am convinced that my 12 and 11-year-old children need to be in the house by 10:00 p.m. every night before going to school, but sometimes I have to put up with what seems to be an indignation meeting of my children and their friends. The whole group will come home with my children, and then stand around and talk outside the house for what seems an hour. I don't like to have to shout at my children to come in, when they are outside with their friends, but I just simply have to. Otherwise, the indignation meeting would be forgotten in favor of a social hour or two on the street.

And it isn't as if the children were really doing something. They're just standing around, on one foot and then on the other. And watching their conversation, it seems to me that most of them are getting pretty tired, because their isn't much animation in their talk. If they were laughing happily about something or nothing, it would be a lot better. But I can't see any point in the children just standing around for the sake of standing around.

That is why I wish the paper can do something about getting parents together. And it is also the strongest argument I can think of for getting the community clubhouse built. Then if our children were out at night, at least we parents could feel that they are being genuinely entertained and benefited by what they are doing.

Yours truly,

MRS. F.B.S.

A sailor home on short leave consulted a doctor 'bout a sore throat.

After an inspection, the doctor said: "You had better try gargling with salt and water." "What again?" said the sailor. "I've been torpedeed three times."

## "OTTOMAN EMPIRE"

### HORIZONTAL

- 1 Depicted country.
- 6 Its capital.
- 12 Fruit.
- 14 Eared.
- 16 Part of "be."
- 18 Provided.
- 19 Hostelry.
- 21 Musical note.
- 22 Parent.
- 23 Two fives.
- 25 Electrified particle.
- 26 Money of account.
- 28 Peri.
- 29 Boat paddle.
- 31 Complete.
- 33 Model.
- 35 Bones.
- 38 Astronomical instrument.
- 39 Tear again.
- 40 Vegetable.
- 41 Poker stake.
- 42 Fiber knots.
- 44 Soft mineral.
- 46 Dance step.
- 48 Not high.
- 50 Compass point.

### Answer to Previous Puzzle

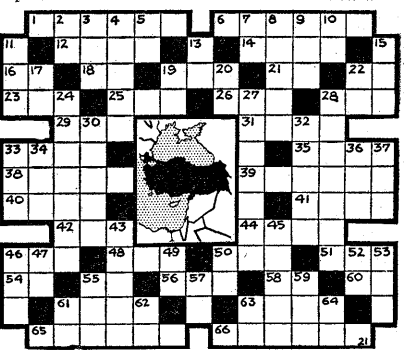
THE LABIALS BOA  
REVEAL ELEPHANT  
Y BIDE ELEVATOR  
S COON PI  
STED TAPER TRAD  
PIKERS ARRA  
OPERA A MASON  
GUITAR AVIAT  
CUBES CUBET  
EATERS SLIME  
STES TENOR SEAR  
E TODDLES SAE  
ONE BEATER  
TENEMENT IN  
ORT ESSENCE LOG

- 51 Always coin.
- 54 That thing.
- 55 Each (abbr.).
- 56 Roof final.
- 58 Sun god.
- 60 Pronoun.
- 61 Emmets.
- 63 Stack.
- 64 Commands.
- 66 Hardens.

### VERTICAL

- 2 Opposite of down.

- 19 Within.
- 20 Negative.
- 22 Plural (abbr.).
- 24 Inhabitants of Normandy.
- 27 Rues.
- 28 Perfume.
- 30 Ammonia substance.
- 32 Pertaining to dover.
- 33 Seize.
- 34 Mineral rock.
- 36 Perched.
- 37 Exist.
- 43 Dish.
- 45 Eagle's nest.
- 46 Stud.
- 47 By.
- 49 Plural pronoun.
- 50 Note in music.
- 52 Type measure.
- 53 Central grass.
- 55 Finsle.
- 57 Italian river.
- 59 Beverage.
- 61 Land measure (abbr.).
- 62 Senior (abbr.).
- 63 Pint (abbr.).
- 64 Cloth measure.



Seeking an interview with his commanding officer, the young man shyly asked for special leave. "Humph!" said the C.O. "And what do you want it for?" "Well, sir," was the bashful reply, "a lady friend of mine is getting married and — er — she rather wants me to act as best-groom."

There was a Scotsman who bought only one spur. He figured if one side of the horse went the other was sure to follow.

At the meeting of a local council there had been some discussion regarding the type of milk which should be provided for the school children.

To conclude the debate, the chairman rose portentously to his feet. "Gentlemen," he declared, "what this town needs is a supply of clean, fresh milk, and the council should take the bull by the horns and demand it."





## Sports Revival Said Imperative For Youngsters

By LEN JOHNSON

This opening issue of a community newspaper is the sign of new era of Island co-operation and community consciousness. It is a recognition of the fact that despite the heavy demands on our energy and time as a result of the war, we still cannot allow our sense of civic responsibility to lapse. In no part of civilian activity is this more applicable than that of sport and recreation. Juvenile delinquency is assuming more and more importance in discussions of public affairs. "The boy is father of the man." If we allow a child of either sex to develop into a delinquent, we are deliberately condoning his training and development of a probable future criminal. Speaking to the adult members of our Centre Island population, we say the responsibility is only 10 per cent. The child's, the other 30 per cent is ours. There is only one answer—organized activity. Juvenile delinquency rises or falls in direct relation to the quantity and quality of organized and recreational activity provided.

There is another important angle on the subject of sport. That of community morale. Remember just a few years ago when we entered baseball teams, tennis contestants, hockey teams, swimming entries and paddlers, singles and doubles and war canoes, in competition at city, provincial, and Dominion championships? Most everyone followed the fortunes of our Island representatives, cheering them when they won or patting them on the back if they didn't win, as long as they did their best. Well folk, there are still baseball, hockey, tennis, swimming and canoeing meets being held in Toronto and most other Canadian cities. Probably the quality of the competition is not quite as high, perhaps the athletes are younger. But because a boy or girl is destined to enter the armed forces when he reaches the age of 18½ years, is no reason why we should not give him the same chance to play ball, swim and paddle that we gave his older brother.

And what about us adults? Has this sport and recreation anything to do with us personally? It certainly has! A good game of lawn bowling, a swim with that easy modern crawl style, a game of horseshoes, a sail-boat trip, or a game of croquet. Any one of numerous types of games and recreations should definitely be part of our daily life on the island.

What of the future prospects for all these activities? Are they possible, and more to the point, are they a probability? They certainly



# The CENTRE ISLANDER

## SPORT NEWS and VIEWS

### Organizes Sports For Young Lads



Matt Chetwynd has been taking groups of young lads over to the beach for swim periods. He has a big schedule lined up for them here on the Island.

by are! The services of a young man, Mr. Chetwynd, are available to organize the younger children in baseball and other land activities. The two tennis clubs are expected to function better than ever this summer. We hope to have a full schedule of swimming off the club grounds for all ages. Classes will be held for all ages, from beginners to experts, under suitable instructors, supplied by the Canoe Club. The Canoe club also intends to make a determined drive to fill up the gaps in their ranks with every youngster with a desire to be a Dominion champ some day, like so many of the older boys were before they scattered around the Allied countries and the Seven Seas as air-men, sailors, and soldiers.

Then what about you horse-shoe pitchers? There are scores of you all over the Island. Why not organize for tournament play, like-wise table tennis, and badminton enthusiasts?

Let's all get busy and bring all the various activities up to the old enthusiasm or better, so that when the fellows and girls come home (in the near future, we're sure) they will be able to find a place ready for them in whatever club or activity their interest lies.

### NEW CLEANER, PRESSER

Jack Fordham, who is the Island delivery man for Roseclaw Dairies, has taken over Bob Laird's cleaning and pressing establishment.

### HARRY LEMON BIRTHDAY

Birthday greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lemon, of Pawnee Ave. and the Parks Department, both most appropriately have their natal day in April—the month of flowers.

### Have 2 Trophies Already Promised For 'Teen Agers

By MATT CHETWYND

A full season's sport is the prospect for all this year, with two trophies already promised for the boy and girl under 18 years, who shows best leadership and initiative in recreation cultural activities and sport during the season.

Plans are laid for competition in softball, track and field, gymnastics, swimming, canoeing, boxing, wrestling, badminton, tennis, etc. for the young people, while it is hoped that the oldsters will join in volleyball, horseshoe-pitching and the less strenuous activities.

The youngsters are already well organized, three clubs having been formed and their activities will appear in these columns. The younger boys have elected Ian Stewart as President, Vernon (Tightwad) Thompson as Secretary-Treasurer and Peter Whiskin as Executive Member. The older boys have Don Sutherland as Secretary-Treasurer. The younger girls have Mrs. Chetwynd as Honorary President, Joan (Stumpy) Stewart as President, Nancy Wilde, Secretary-Treasurer and Joan Whiskin as Executive Member. These groups comprise about 45 young people who meet each week and they will increase by leaps and bounds as the summer residents return to the Island. These three clubs have all signified their intention of entering teams in many sports, so competition should be at a high pitch throughout the summer. A big opening sports day is planned for May 20th, headlining track and field events, together with softball. Some of the members have begun training for this field day already, which augurs well for a full entry to compete for the prizes and to gather points for the two big trophies mentioned above.

Come one, come all! Let everyone put his or her shoulder to the Centre Island "recreation wheel" and make this a gala wartime season on Centre Island for our up and coming population.

### Trudeau Uniforms Looking Very Trim

Oh! Boy, do the Trudeau girls—Noni and Viv—look trim in their dark blue Red Cross uniforms. We hear that they have just completed their V.A.D. courses. Must run a picture of 'em soon—a very popular couple among the Island's younger set—they are to be commended for their added patriotic efforts.

### WONT FORCE TTC HAND

City Council at its second March meeting decided to decline in request to the provincial government to compel the T.T.C. to operate water-borne transportation inside the city. The T.T.C. now operates the ferries for the city, which pays any deficits.

A Scotsman applied for a position as a patrolman on the London police force. Scotland Yard asked him this question:

"Suppose, McFarland you saw a crowd congregated, how would you disperse it quickly?"

"And without an instant's hesitation, McFarland answered 'I'd pass the hat!'"

"What happened, George?"

"Puncture." "You should have looked out for it. The guide book says that there is a fork in the road just about here."

### Slade Sees Good Season Ahead For 2 Tennis Clubs

By GEORGE SLADE

Wake up there! Ye Island racketeers, It's time to give out with ye ruddy cheers. This year your tender feet will not get wet As ye cawt behind ye tennis net.

Another season is coming up, and all early indications point to much better playing conditions than those with which we Islanders struggled during the 1943 season.

Just to refresh your memories with a few of the wet sordid details—Early in May, many individual members pedalled their bikes through sundry soggy spots over to the courts, viewed the sodden scene, shook their individual heads, cursed their individual curses, and gloomily pedalled their soggy way back again. All that month committee members were cornered on the Main Drag by anxious members, and awkward questions were asked—When do we open up? What are the committee doing about the courts? Are we going to have our regular gala opening on May 24<sup>th</sup>, etc. Demands upon the harassed committee to do something about the high water. All that was needed was for some smart guy like Superman to hold back the lake from rising up through the ground. But finally, it was realized by the claggy members that they had neglected to vote Superman into office, and the Community Club courts had to be abandoned for the season.

Our friendly rivals at the Island Park Club are situated on higher ground, their courts were not too badly saturated, and eventually were whipped into good shape. Tennis-hungry Community players were invited to use the courts by the Island Park Committee, which resulted in a fairly large contingent of Community Club players joining the rival club, and during the balance of the season the playing of many friendly sets with their one-time rivals. To my mind this was one of the very few bright spots to remember about the damp Island season of 1943; the bringing together of many members of both of the Centre Island tennis clubs in friendly sets across the nets. While I realize the necessity of stiff inter-club competition such as has been provided for so many years through the Inter-Island players by the calibre of tennis played, this brand of tennis is serious, and not designed to make friendships on the court.

One other bright event of the 1943 season was the birth of "The Centre Island Association" which was formed to better social, athletic and commercial conditions for all Centre Islanders. Among many other objectives the executive committee of the new Association have lined up, is the eventual erection of a Community Clubhouse where all Association members, (and this means 100 per cent of all Centre Islanders), may assemble in

### He's In Big Time With '44 Leafs

Dewey Williams was a gay young lad on the Main Drag last year. From early reports, it seems likely that Dewey will be the Leafs' first string catcher this year.

social gatherings, dances, committee meetings or what have you. The need for such a building to Centre Island is apparent, as are the benefits to be derived therefrom by both tennis clubs, and while each tennis club will still retain its individual identity, it will be necessary for us all to be Association members, and to get behind it 100 per cent.

It's a wee bit early to give you any news about the plans of both Clubs for this season, but Praise de Lawd! the courts at both clubs are high and dry, and it won't be long before you are all cursing your early season awkwardness again. A very large percentage of Island tennis players are in the Armed Services, and are sorely missed by us stay-at-homes, but (and here's a reminder for the gals) the time is not far away when they will be back with us, and 'rarin' to play tennis again. So it behooves us all to keep in the best possible shape (moot tennis and allurin') so that we can give 'em some real sets.

Freddie: "Poor old Tom fell into a fortune last year."

Frankie: "Why poor?"

Freddie: "He fell into it so hard that he went right through it."

A sailor home on short leave consulted a doctor about a sore throat.

After an inspection, the doctor said: "You had better try gargling with salt and water."

"What again?" said the sailor, "I've been torpedored three times."

At the meeting of a local council there had been some discussion regarding the type of milk which should be provided for the school children.

To conclude the debate, the chairman rose portentously to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he declared, "what this town needs is a supply of clean, fresh milk, and the council should take the bull by the horns and demand it."

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# CENTRE ISLANDERS ON ACTIVE SERVICE

We urge all Islanders to give us up-to-date news of their relatives and friends in the Armed forces, no matter where they might be. Drop particulars, or extracts from their letters in the "Centre Islander" newsbox on Manitou Road — we'll do the rest. Also let us have good glossy prints of them — we'll publish as space permits. No better medium for exchange of information about our boys and girls in the forces can be found than the "Centre Islander", which will be sent free to all, but you must let us have their mailing addresses so that this can be done.

Just as we were going to press, we had a slight respite from the madhouse of getting out this first edition of your newspaper. So many things left undone. So much news not written up. So many advertisers not seen. And our thoughts strayed to all the Islanders who should and must be written up on this page, so that they'll be remembered — and we'll get to know what they are doing and where. Here are some of the names that came to us:

Howard Rawlings, Don Norrie, Gord Thompson, Willie Dismore, Fred Lemon, Ted Hird, Dick Sutton, Betty Rennie, Don Newton, Doc Haggie, Bubs Holland, Mr. Iyer and son, Bill Stevenson, Jr., Tommy Clayton, Ralph Hennessy, Charlie McLeod, Cliff Tamlinson, Sam Smith, The Oleschows, Don McKinnon, Bill Lemon, Jim Almon, Bill Rennie, Ken McNamara, Olive Griffiths, Ross Booth, Mike Street, Ted Winch, George J. Ward, Herbie Merry, R. T. Smith, Joe Plunkett, Gord Tuck, Bill Johnson, Dick Plewman, Bill Bond, Dick Childerstone, Dick Lennon, Gord Sarkisian, Harry Williams, Geo. Mowat, Arlene Winterton, Bill Stevenson, Sr., The Butler Boys, Brian Hennessy, Jim Kluttenberg.

Some of these are still with us in Canada, most are overseas, some have paid the supreme sacrifice — still others are prisoners of war — but news of them are interesting to us all — and more than that, to each other.

M. (Marsh) W. Jennings, owner of 366 Lakeshore Ave., received his commission in the R.C.A.F. several years ago and after serving as Commanding Officer of a wireless school at Winnipeg, arrived in England with Bob Hamill and had some hair-raising experiences with bombs as an introduction to the war area.

One of the proudest possessions of his wife Connie, still resident of the Island, is a beautiful silver tray, presented to Marsh by the Canadians and New Zealanders under his command at Winnipeg, inscribed to a "Gallant Officer and Gentleman". Marsh is the type that will get along with anybody — yet get the best out of 'em — and we look forward to his safe return to our midst.

Fred Lemon, Sgt. R.C.A.F. was brought up at the Island and enlisted late in 1942. Completing his



BOB HACKER

Sgt. Robert Wm. Hacker, Flight Engineer is now with the coastal patrol, R.C.A.F. in British Columbia. Bob enlisted in Sept. 1939, and has been posted consecutively at Toronto, St. Thomas, in Prince Edward Island and Centralla before going to the west coast. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Hacker of 292 Lakeshore Ave.

course as Air-Gunner he went overseas last summer, where he is taking further specialized courses. Fortunately for Fred he was absent when one of his favorite spots was bombed — but unfortunately for his belongings, they were all destroyed. We hear that he's scheduled for operations over the continent in the very near future. Best of luck and early safe return Fred.

All the nice boys love a WREN and a couple of our best Islanders who would like to get a note from you are Betty Rennie, Nava! Headquarters, Ottawa, Ont. and Opal Ward, H.M.S.C. "Stadacona" Halifax, N.S.

Stephen Fox-Revett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fox-Revett, who lived for several summers and winters on Hooper Ave., and was a familiar member of the school-boys travelling on the winter trips, joined the active army as a private, and in no time received his commission in the Royal Artillery. After a course at Gordon Head, B.C., he was offered an instructor's position on our eastern seaboard, but declined it in favor of getting into active service overseas, where he now is. Ack-ack was his obsession and we know that Steve and his men will make it hot for the enemy no matter where he encounters 'em. Good luck Steve and safe return.

A. B. (Andy) Andrews, R.C.N. V.R., visited the Island on April 22nd, his cheeks well browned by wind and salt spray. "There's nothing like it" says Andy "I've put on 19 pounds." You can drop a note to him, care of the Fleet Mail Officer, Halifax, N.S.

Islanders with the R.C.N.V.R. at H.M.S.C. "Cornwallis", Cornwallis, N.S., include: O.S. Norm Lucas, "Raes" Johnson and "Big Boy" McClarty.

Cec. G. Hough, Regt. Hough, F. Calloway, Dixon Crawford, Roy Cantor, A. G. Dalby, V. C. Pitter, Aubrey Ireland, M. J. Johnston, Gerrard Phelan, Claude Phelan, John MacDonald, Hector Bedford, Lon McCartney, Ned Rogers, Jack Rogers, Chas. Fenton, Fred Defoe, Jack Watts, Chunky Barnes, Bob Robson, Jack Roddy, Alec McCalm, Carl Watts, Carl E. John, James Roberts, Bob Ayres, Mr. Ayres.

Lieut. A. R. (Pud) Morrison, Special Branch, R.C.N.V.R., that dim fellow who teamed with Sgt. Ted Hird to win the Centre Island Community Tennis Club men's doubles' championship, and Inter-Island Tennis championship, breezed on to the Island a few years ago, after spectacular successes in rugby and hockey at the University of Saskatchewan. Returning from a couple of years with the Interna-

tional Petroleum Co., in Colombia, South America, he married Billie Matheson in Toronto.

A. B. Norton, R.C.N.V.R. is mostly topside with the HMCS "Hamilton." His address, care Fleet Mail Officer, Halifax, N.S.

F.O. Walter Cox spent considerable time at Toronto, Trenton, Mountain View and is now stationed at Paulson, Man. He specialized in air gunnery and has set up several station records in that line. The Island's modern Lochivar, he married Phil Pryor from 'out of the west' on Nov. 15th, 1943, and both of them have been disporting themselves at the Island and herabouts during his past two week's leave.

Chiff Tomlinson, P.O. R.C.A.F., was an outstanding and popular ball player in the Island softball league for years, with the Cherokes, Cliff and Violet Nixon, who was a summer resident of the Island for several years, were married in the summer of 1942. He joined the army a couple of years ago, but transferred to the R.C.A.F. in aircraft and flew Hurricanes on the west coast as a Warrant Officer. He left for overseas last year and after completion of some further courses in Scotland expects to be over the Continent in the next little while.

John W. Rintoul, 31 Oriole Ave., joined up as a private in the Reserve Army, and after putting in the usual three or four nights training, which entailed a great many walks across the ice of Toronto Bay to get home, transferred to the active forces. Rising through every step of the ranks he became a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals at Barfield and left for overseas as a First Lieutenant. We have since been advised that he has received his Captaincy and having dubbed him "Colonel John" since he first joined up we have no doubt that he has only just started his climb to fame. Mrs. Beth Rintoul and daughter Billie continue their residence on Oriole Ave., during the summer — and if you notice the nice, newly painted white house on the east side near the lagoon, with the carefully kept appearance of the garden you'll know that Beth is "carrying on." Our hopes join

hers for an early return of Captain John.

The fighting Hamills. The well known Robin (Bob) C. Hamill received his commission in the R.C.A.F. a couple of years ago and after being stationed at Mount Hope and later in Northeastern Ontario, arrived in England as a Flight Lieutenant just in time to catch the packet of bombs that dropped on a seaside resort hotel where he was stationed, but luckily escaped injuries. Latest report is that he is engaged in intelligence work.

Not to be outdone was his wife Sally, who joined the women's section of the airforce, was last wearing stripes and was engaged in accountant's duties. Daughter Pat is making her home for the duration with Mrs. Hamill's mother in Victoria, B.C.

Mrs. Hamill stems from a naval family. Prior to his death her father was in command of the Esquimaut naval base. Her brother Patrick Nixon joined the Canadian Navy some time before the outbreak of the war and served for a time on the famed cruiser Exeter, which helped down the Graf Von Spee, at Montevideo. Later he became second-in-command of King's College at Halifax, N.S. and at the youthful age of 26 became one of the navy's youngest Lieutenant Commanders. Last reports were his being in England to take full command of one of our latest Canadian destroyers, Chaudiere, which literally translated from the French, means "boiling pot." If we know our Pat, he'll keep it boiling for 'em no matter on what ocean he's serving.

Another brother, Eck, from British Columbia was last reported as a Paymaster-Lieutenant in the navy.

Philip Cox, son of Mrs. E. Cox of "Morningstars" 366 Lakeshore Ave., and brother of Al of Shawassie, joined the ordnance corps prior to the outbreak of the war at Winnipeg, where he now makes his home. He is a captain, is married and has two sons, Stephen and Michael. During the past winter he suffered a broken bone at the base of his spine due to a tobogganing accident — and after several weeks in hospital, is now carrying around with him a forty pound plaster cast — but it is not expected that this injury will have any permanent effect.

## WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING Helium

The United States Bureau of Mines is producing helium in volume that is more than sufficient to meet all wartime requirements of the Army, Navy and Governmental agencies, Secretary Ickes said last week.

The surplus of this lightweight non-inflammable gas is now available in large supply for medical, scientific and commercial uses, he declared in a statement. The actual production figures on helium, however, must remain a secret, but it was revealed that the bureau is producing more than twenty-five times the pre-war output.

Helium had only a minor role in the first World War because of lack of facilities for extracting the precious gas.

Many new uses for helium have recently been developed, and the gas is expected to have an important role in the United States peacetime economy, Mr. Ickes said. Its use in treatment of asthma, tuberculosis and other respiratory diseases, as well as a part of non-inflammable anesthesia, and in the welding of magnesium metal has been cited. Many other potential uses are being studied.

The United States is the only country in the world producing helium in large volume.

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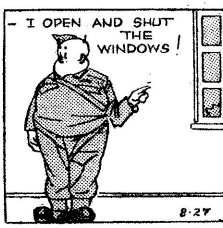
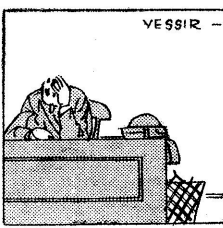
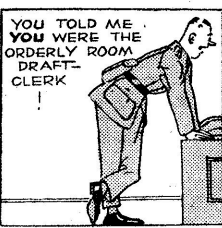
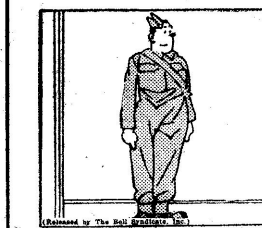
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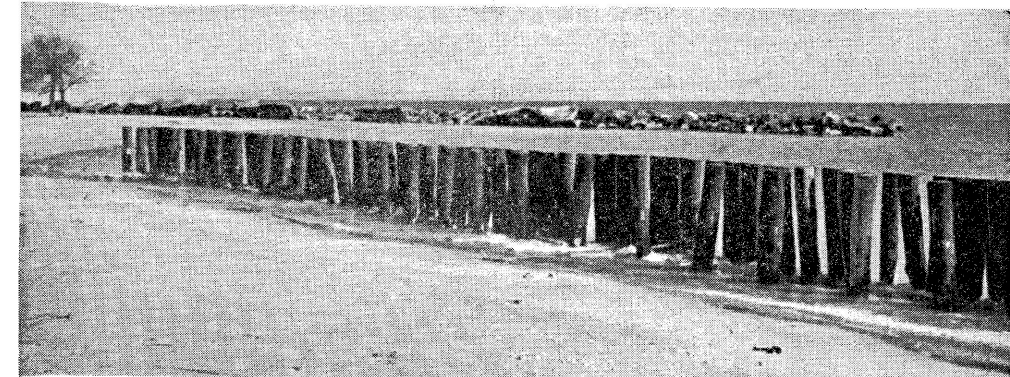
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**By J. MILLAR WATT**



## THIS ROW OF PILING IS MAKING A NEW BEACH AT ST. ANDREWS



This row of piling off the shore at the foot of St. Andrews Ave. is the first evidence of the effectiveness of the Centre Island Association. The Association approached the city last fall, demanding that immediate measures be taken to protect the beach and sidewalk from high water and storms. City and Federal government engineers agreed that a parallel row of piling would pro-

vide immediate and guaranteed protection, while the resut or groynes was only probable. A new beach has been built up behind the piling, and with time will rise still higher. Eventually the piling can be sawn off at beach level and groynes built to build the beach still farther out.

## YOUR ISLAND GARDENS

By F. J. WALTER

Every lover of her garden looks out over the beds at this season and begins to wonder "where shall I commence to straighten out the winter's debris". Especially on the Island there always seems to be plenty of work to be done right now.

"Winter residents have an advantage over the summer folk as they have been able to start cleaning up, before we late-comers have even had a chance to look around. However once having taken up residence we can soon settle down to take a little (much needed) exercise pottering around.

As usual there is the clearing up of old leaves and broken branches, and this year seems to be quite an average one. Clearing the lawn is the next procedure, using an ordinary rake. At the first clearing do not be too heavy with the rake, as the grass has not had time to settle down after the frost. It is advisable to separate the leaves from the branches as they can be used in the compost heap. Hand picking is recommended for the flower beds as the rake is sometimes liable to pull out the young shoots or plants just showing their heads above the ground.

Having made these clearances we can now gather some idea of what changes we can make to improve the layout. Now is the time to profit by the mistakes of previous years, and we are all liable to have made some.

If you are thinking of changing the shape of your beds be sure to get away from the straight-line effect. Put more curves in and beginning from the point nearest the house, make this the broader part and gradually taper down to the end of the garden. This will give you a decidedly longer effect.

There are a great number of Is-

landers who have not previously given any attention to beautifying even the front of their homes with a few flowers. Will you please give this a thought as we are all trying to improve the appearance of our property, and what looks more beautiful than a bed of even the lowliest of flowers? They do give one at least a quantity of color, and with a little attention the plants will last all summer. It will help our visitors easily away a lasting impression of beauty. I appeal to all householders to take a pride in their gardens, get a few plants and aid the campaign to beautify the Island.

Care should be taken with any tulips that are showing. Cut some small sticks—say a quarter of an inch square and three feet tall. Place four of these around where 6 bulbs have been planted together. Carefully tie these together with raffia. This will aid in protecting the growing stems, as sometimes the weight of the flower causes the stem to give way and then it has to be cut, instead of supplying beauty to the garden for as long as the blooms last.

If you are the possessor of a light roller give the lawns a careful rolling. Take the full length of the lawn, first rolling it evenly, and taking care at the turn not to bruise the young shoots. Having finished it lengthwise proceed to roll the grass crosswise. This will even the surface up. The springing of a good fertilizer will help at this time, but do not cut the grass until it is at least 1½ inches tall. This will give the new growth a chance to get established.

The Toronto Horticultural Society is a great help to gardeners and I would like to appeal to you to join us. I should be very glad to introduce you as a member. Fee \$1.00 per year. Phone WA. 6077. Next Week—Annals.

### FOR NO ONE ELSE

Poor Don Parsons—our local pipe-smoking six-footer—tries his utmost to leave a beautiful (but mostly) package of Old Burley on the boat the other day—at least six people found it and tried to return it to him. Wouldn't surprise us if something turns up in our classified ad section under the heading "Folk seem bound to have Don smoke it—those we're told he's practicing on stogies for a chance.

### Kids Celebrate End of Holidays

Fearing the then threatened application of the nine o'clock curfew law Ken Bradfield decided to celebrate the finish of the Easter school holidays by gathering a bunch of the Island's youngsters at his house for a party. Just imagined the kids so anxious to get back to school that they celebrate and how do they celebrate? By taking a last fling at what they thought was freedom. Of course there were games, dancing and refreshments—among those enjoying them being Norma Hughes, Evelyn Dierdon, Ian Stewart, Larry McPhail, Nancy Wilde, Joan Whiskin and Maureen (Mike) Farrelly. What a shame! Curfew didn't ring after all.

### New Ladies' Guild Does Valuable Work

Winter residents formed a Ladies' Guild in connection with the church services that have been held at the Island school during the past few months and at their semi-monthly meeting at the home of members have done some valuable work in carrying on winter Red Cross activities, including the sewing of thousands of slings required for blood plasma transfusions. Among the active members were Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Whiskin, Mrs. Ham, Mrs. Cutting, Mrs. Trudeau, Mrs. Aitken and Mrs. Hawthorne.

### Was Island Diver, Bill Swalwell Dies

W. J. (Bill) Swalwell, passed away in his sleep early on the morning of Monday, April 24. One of the Island's most colorful and best loved old timers, Bill will be sorely missed. A veteran of the last war, he was in the first chlorine gas attack. As soon as demobilized he returned to the Island. Before assuming his post as city diver, he was employed in the same capacity by the Roger-Miller Construction Co. He was an ardent sailor and fisherman. We extend sincere sympathy to Mrs. Swalwell, daughter Cleone and son Tommy.

### Veteran Of This War Makes Permanent Home At Centre

John Rutledge has become very popular among the winter residents and looks forward to seeing the community spirit of Centre Island increase.

He joined the 48th Highlanders at the very outbreak of the war (Sept. 8th, 1939) arrived in England December 29th, 1939 and was with that brave small band of Canadians in France in June 1940. We are all familiar with the hairbreadth escape the 48th (including John) had when France fell.

In July, 1942 he was a motorcyclist with the 48th in England, but unfortunately lost an argument a Bren gun carrier, which seemed to take exceptional dislike for his leg. He was invalided home to Canada around Christmas, 1942 and spent the following year at Christie Street hospital. Most of 1943, he paid daily visits to Centre Island to see his wife Mary, and three-and-a-half year old daughter Peggy.

What we thought was a permanent walking cane gave him no little difficulty in negotiating the steep steps and down from the inky depths of the men's cabins on the winter tug—so aptly named by Bus Ward "Headache Hall" or "Haddock Hollow". To behold it was only shortly there after that he tossed the cane away—sets the pace for everybody as he strides around the Island and it is with

thankfulness that we remark about his recovery.

Long may you be with us John yours is one of the families that makes Centre Island a grand place to live. His address — 4 Ongaria Ave.

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### Where D'You Live This Year—Moved?

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