



# The CENTRE ISLANDER



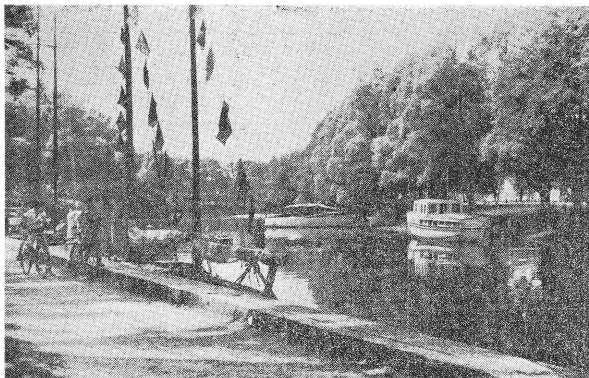
Vol. IX

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1944

No. 15

## DON'T MISS THE STREET FAIR LABOR DAY

MID-SUMMER ON THE LAGOON



By GRESHAM STUDIO

### National Day Of Prayer At St. Andrews Church

In accordance with the request of "His Majesty the King Sunday September 3rd is to be observed as a National Day of Prayer. It is indeed fitting that on this fifth anniversary of the Declaration of War we should publicly acknowledge our gratefulness to Almighty God for the victories that are now attending our Arms. And for the gradual deliverance from the shadow of our enemies. On this occasion we are fortunate as our guest speakers; in the morning at 11:00 a.m. Rev. A. Harding Priest, who for some years past has been Western Field Secretary of the General Board of Religious Education. In this position Dr. Priest has had a great deal to do with the development of the West in this important phase of Church Work.

In the Evening we are being favoured by a visit from our good friend in "The Provosts" as he is affectionately known to his many friends. Dr. Cosgrave is an outstanding leader in the realm of education. It is our sincere hope that many Islanders and their friends will share in these services of worship.

### Cowboys Invitation

In the Centre Islander Newshox this week — on the back of a cigarette package was written the following:

"Invite a few cowboys over here and make it more livelier — Adelaide 4528".

Well girls does anyone want a real live cowboy, if so answer the challenge.

### Bridge At Englishes

A fine bridge party was held at the home of Mrs. English last Tuesday when all the clan foregathered and provided eleven tables in support of the Red Cross and the Centre Island Assn. Just one more indication of the splendid support to our joint efforts given by the hard working Englishes. A good time was had by all.

### Fire At Ga-Ka-Dina

Last Sunday afternoon what might have been a very serious fire started at Ga-Ka-Dina, the Harris establishment at the corner of Claudeboye and Gboba. Capt. Duoc Florence was quickly on the scene with the fire truck and the Island lads turned in and gave very able assistance.

The fire was never given a chance to spread and soon the all-clear was sounded. It is very regrettable that this unfortunate incident should have occurred, following so closely on the storm damage and we hope for plain sailing for the new proprietors of Ga-Ka-Dina in the future.

### Street Fair News

One of the biggest events of the season will take place on Labour Day, September 4th. The place—Manitou Road, Centre Island; the time—from 10 o'clock in the morning on, and it will be sponsored jointly by the Island Red Cross and the Centre Island Association. It is hoped the proceeds will go a long way toward the season's objective of these organizations.

The day will start with the "Mile of Money", which is expected to exceed similar events held in the past. A trail of money stretching up the main street will make a substantial contribution toward the day's success.

Later, a bevy of the Island's most charming girls will tag for the Red Cross, and few will be able to resist the wiles of these young ladies as they approach with packet of tags and coin-bottle extended.

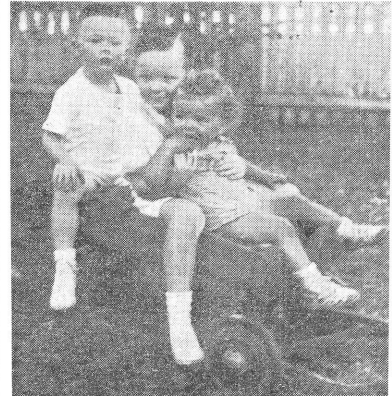
A mammoth Bingo Game is among the many street games scheduled, and every fun-seeker will acknowledge the appeal of the barker as he calls the familiar letters and numbers.

The Association Club Room will be converted into a tea-room for the day and the Red Cross Teen-Age Girls will provide much-needed refreshments for all who care

### More About Raffles

The time is getting short. The draws for the Bicycle, Fiat Silver Ware, Chest of Silver, Silver Tray, Oil and Water paintings, Petitepoint picture, Coal, Pedigree Manchester Terrier, and the Patchwork Quilt made by the Island Ladies will take place at the Theatre Night Tuesday September 12th. An earnest request is made for all those people who are selling raffle tickets to get busy and make their returns just as quickly as they possibly can. Those of you who have not bought tickets on these very valuable articles can not possibly hope to win. To these people therefore we suggest they contact any member of the Red Cross or Centre Island Association and do their purchasing while there is yet time. Be on the look out for the raffle ticket sales people at the Street Fair Labor Day.

### TRIO OF SMALL "HIRDS"



JOHN, DOUGLAS AND JUDY

John and Doug are the small sons of Bill and Thelma Hird. The little Gal is Judy their cousin and sprightly daughter of Sergeant Ted and Betty Hird. All three of 'em get in as many visits to Grandmaw Hird, on Hooper Avenue as possible during the summer months.

### Rueth Whiting's Cherokettes To Be Featured At Hard Time Dance

By BILL NICHOLLS

As a dash of colour, rhythm, and beauty at the floor-show of the big hard times dance to be staged on Friday September 8, at the Casino, Rueth Whiting and her "Cherokettes" will make their first public appearance in the "Island Review of 1944".

All through the heat waves and counter-attractions of July and August some sixteen Island girls have been rehearsing dance routines. Perhaps you have been one of the puzzled crowd in front of Wetzel's Tea Room on Wednesday nights? Rueth plans to take the girls on tour to entertain the forces during the winter months—Christie Street Hospital, canteens and other service centres will be reached. It is only fitting that the Island girls should display their talent at this dance, as in Entertainment it will be the climax of the season.

While a final program has not been arranged Rueth expects there will be a Military routine, a Collegiate solo, Dutch, Scotch and Navy dances—Top Hat and Tails and a Hula dance. An outstanding feature of the show will be Shirley Potts singing, "I'm In Love With Vienna"—to this, Helen Opperman and Rueth Whiting, both of the Academy of Ballet, will dance a ballet accompaniment. Much work is being done now to get costumes ready, and to whip the dance steps into perfection. Rueth Whiting who has been instructing the Cherokettes is studying for her ballet degree. She has danced in many large centers in the United States and has been associated with the skating carnivals of Montreal, Winnipeg, and Toronto.

The girls you will be excited to see in the Cherokettes are Cathy Renwick, Mary Anne Parsons, Toni Cox, Catherine Aitken, Ruth Farrelly, Marilyn Crane, June Stevens and Fern MacFarlane. The senior group include, Charlotte Anderson, Terry Peters, Pat McCance, Marion Jenkins, Shirley Wilson, Mary Roddy, Pat Phelan and Eleanor Tait.

### Unfortunate Accident

We are sorry to hear that Don Russell left fielder for the Wards football Club, fractured his wrist in Tuesday's game at Hanlans. This is a tough break for both Don and his team as he has been playing fine ball all season.

### Junior Red Cross Show Saturday

Well Boys and Girls Saturday is the "Big Day" that every kid on the Island has been waiting for. "A Special Movie for children only", is being put on by the Junior Red Cross to raise money for the Red Cross and Island Association.

The movie featuring Abbott and Costello promises to be one of their best. In addition there will be a comedy cartoon and a special showing of the Mardi Gras film.

For further particulars regarding time and place see advertisement in this issue.

### This Week On The Island

See inside pages for details

- SEPT. 1**  
7 p.m.—Movies for Children, Club House.
- SUNDAY**  
Church Services—  
St. Rita's Catholic  
St. Andrew's Anglican  
2.30 p.m. Paddling practice — Seniors and Juniors.  
Community Club Tennis  
5 p.m. Dress rehearsal, Sunday concert.  
7.45 p.m. Sing-song and movie — Casino.
- MONDAY**  
STREET FAIR  
MANITOU ROAD  
Community Club Tennis  
7.30 p.m. Paddling Practice — Seniors.
- TUESDAY**  
7.30 p.m. Paddling Practice — Juniors.  
Community Club Tennis  
7.30 p.m. Audition At Wetzel's For Sunday concerts.  
8.15 p.m. Euchre and Bridge — Clubroom.  
8.30 p.m. Teen age Girls at Mrs. Nesbitt's.  
9.00 p.m. Deadline for news at clubhouse.
- WEDNESDAY**  
10.30 a.m. Junior Red Cross Picnic, 11 a.m. at Mrs. Roddy's or clubhouse.  
Community Club Tennis  
7.30 p.m. Paddling practice — Seniors.  
Free Dance Young People, Clubroom.  
11 p.m. Deadline for news on Wednesday events in newshox.
- THURSDAY**  
10.30 a.m. Senior Red Cross Unit — Clubroom.  
7.30 p.m. Paddling practice — Juniors.  
Community Club Tennis  
8.30 p.m. Bingo — clubroom.
- FRIDAY**  
7.30 p.m. Paddling practice — Seniors.

(Continued on Page 8)

## Another Successful Sunday Concert

By Bill Nichols

Again last Sunday evening, a fine turnout of some 750 took in the regular entertainment at the Casino, contributing \$91.66 to the joint undertaking of the R.C. Cross and Island Association.

The Planned Events Committee who have planned this season and been responsible for the entertainment are holding two more Sunday evening concerts and a huge Theatre night Tuesday Sept. 12. The latter event promises to be a climax to the best season ever held on the Island. It will be then that the draws will be made for the raffish among the stars of silver, the little black dog, the bicycle, four tons of coal, and the Sheffield plate,—in addition there will be a draw on the ticket numbers. Tickets will be on sale shortly and the Committee hopes that the success of the Theatre night held last year at the Yacht Club will be repeated.

Doing double duty as M.C. and sing song leader Alan Howard not only ably conducted the community singing, but added his long list of accomplishments by singing a duet with Ted Adams in "I Can't Give Anything But Love, Baby". Vera Murray in her usual spot in front of the keyboard guided the voices of the crowd as well as being in enthusiastic singing. Ted Adams, introduced as the man who tunes pianos entertained with a humorous little interlude.

When it comes to really first-class singing L.A.C. Dick Brownlee of No. 1 Manning Depot fills the bill. This was the second time this season that Dick has contributed to the entertainment and concert-goers are undividually grateful for his appearances. Accompanied by his sister, Miss Ruth Brownlee he sang first, "A Bachelor Guy" from the Fraser Simpson opera, "The Maid of the Mist" a great favourite during the last war. This was followed by a hit song from Oklahoma, "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning". His final encore was "Duna", by Joseph E. McGill.

The film, "Eagle Squadron" with plenty of action, aeroplanes, commandos and breathless hair-raising episodes drew sympathetic gasps from more of the children as the reels flashed on the screen. Another excellent show is planned for the coming week—plan to be there, bring your friends and enjoy a good evening with your neighbours.

## Britons Go Back To Bathing Beaches

"We shall fight on the beaches . . ." said Winston Churchill in the black hours of early June, 1940, in one of the greatest speeches of our day.

In little things as well as big the whole order of the war has been reversed in four years. One of the former is the report that public bathing will be resumed on England's east and south coast beaches as soon as they can be cleared of mines and barbed-wire defenses. After that the lights will go on again and Britain will know her long night of horror is ended.

## D'You Know Much? Try Out This Test

By Brandt Johnston

Between 80 and 100—genius.  
Between 70 and 80—good.  
Between 60 and 70—fair.  
Between 50 and 60—average.  
Below 50—a dummy.

1. In "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", which personality was the evil one?
2. When was money first mentioned in the Bible?
3. Name three musical instruments beginning with the letter "T".
4. For what is the house of Rothschild known?
5. What baby was hidden in a basket of rushes?
6. What is the capital of Alaska?
7. What common word has three sets of double letters in succession?
8. There are eight edible grains. Name six of them.
9. Is this true or false: Four score and seven years ago equals sixty-seven years?
10. What time was it when the mouse ran up the clock?

(Answers on Page 8)

## Who Borrowed My Card Tables

Would the person who borrowed two card tables for mth club room sometime in July please return to Mary Madgeson 5 Iroquois Ave. It beats all the way things disappear, says Mary.

## Cadger Catches Capt. Cadwell

Capt. J. R. Cadwell who lives on Iroquois Avenue, bought a car last week. There is nothing exceptional about this except he didn't know he bought one. It happened this way: Over the weekend Cadwell was visiting some friends at Uxbridge and while there he was invited to a local auction sale. There was the usual crowd of people that attend such gatherings and Cadwell was enjoying the opportunity of meeting old friends. However, he learned to his sorrow that to nod to an acquaintance at an auction sale is not always the wisest thing to do.

While the bidding on a dilapidated old flivver was going on, Cadwell saw a friend whom he had not seen for some time. The auctioneer was all the fervor that is typical of such gentlemen, was looking desperately for offers. "Who will bid fifty dollars?" Will anyone give me fifty dollars? he pleaded. Then he saw Cadwell nod. Before our local captain could correct the error, the auctioneer brought his hammer down. "Sold to the officer in the Medical Corps Uniform," he shouted. "That's how Cadwell 'bought' the car. Fortunately for him, however, he was able to transfer it to a friend in the city who wanted such a vehicle for wrecking purposes. Next time, however, Cadwell has decided that before nodding to anyone at auction sale, he is going to look at the auctioneer first—and then he is going to look the other way, quickly.

## St. Andrew Avenue Side Lights

First, we want to say "Welcome" to Herbert Frisk, who has returned home for a month's leave after serving three years overseas and is now living at No. 1. We feel very honoured to have him with us and hope that the peace of the Island will offset the noise of battle. Then we would like to give honourable mention to two groups of ladies on the street who are making blood rings. They have worked very faithfully every Wednesday evening during the summer, one group at Miss Weston's and the other at Mrs. Fraser's or the home of some other member of the group. This week they are meeting at Mrs. Howard's. They are always glad to welcome any other ladies who would care to join them to help in this very important work.

We are certainly going to miss our little friend Mary Ellen, who has been visiting the Parsons and has now gone to her own home. However, a little bird has whispered that she may become a permanent resident of the Island and she would certainly be a welcome one.

Mabel Henderson spent last week-end at Port Bolster attending an Executive meeting of the Soroptimist Club of which she is a very active member.

As we turned the corner Sunday morning we noticed a very interesting family group being photographed. How about a copy for the Islander folks?

## WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

### Suits From Seaweed

The Scottish Seaweed Research Association has been formed by industrialists and chemists to explore the practicability of making use of the seaweed that is collected around the rocks of parts of the western coast of Scotland, says The St. Thomas Time-Journal. High hopes are entertained for success. Although seaweed is about 85 per cent salt water, the rest is rich in a product named algin.

From this algin it has been found possible to produce a material from which a sturdy textile is made. Not only that, but algin seems to have some of the qualities of plastics, and from it there can also be made material suitable for dental plates, transparent paper, varnishes and a host of other things, another product that is mentioned being poultry feed. Factories for producing the seaweed to algin and its products are to be established in the areas where this type of seaweed is found, and it is believed that when one or two chemical problems have been solved, a valuable new industry will be created for the crofters of Scotland.

## Have You Heard?

Selectee: "They can't make me fight."

Draft Board Chairman: "Maybe not, but they can take you where the fighting is, and you can use your own judgment."

Stout Lady (to little boy): "Can you tell me if I can get through this gate to the park?" Little Boy: "I guess so. A load of hay just went through."

"I'm sorry that I haven't a nickel," said the lady as she handed the car conductor a ten dollar bill.

"Don't worry, lady, you're going to have 199 of 'em in a couple of minutes."

"Say," said the woman customer over the telephone, "next time I order chicken, don't send me any more airplane fowl!"

"What do you mean — airplane fowl?" said the butcher.

"You know, what I mean; all wings and machinery and no body."

## Dribblings By Drip - - I Have Wrote A Poem

Greetings Gates! A dismal night to you all, may the powers that be put holes in your socks and said in your hair. People have complained to us about the lack of dirt. However their barbed digs bounced off us as bullets off Super Man. We actually floated in it. Strange people have accosted us and asked some very leading questions. e. g. Did Monty have on Suggies the night of August 27th . . . . . What black haired beauty won't give Eddie Day a tumble? . . . . . Who has the "I'd rather hunt skunks attitude?" . . . . . Who takes Ernie Bec's lunch to him? . . . . . What has Paul Lawless got on Barb Carter and vice versa or knife who has got the knife? . . . . . What is the only way Gord Day can put on wait? . . . . . How did F. A.'s suit climb the lamp post? . . . . . Hows your battling average soaks. Have you hit them on the nerverbal nose? . . . . . Who receives Joe Plunkett's attentions on leaves? . . . . . The same may be said for Joe Robinson.

Why was Barb Boaks so overjoyed Monday night. Could it be a set of wings and sub-loose's stripes. Puzzle them out friend reader, puzzle them out. Ordinarily our sporting activities consist of: (a) Being beaten at fish by our young brothers (b) the odd game of galloping dominoes (c) attending the first base ball game (d) wading in the lake (e) sitting on a bench on the Main Drive. However to these great triumphs I have added another achievement to become the all-Canadian anemic of the year. I have entered the badminton hall of oblivion. I have skunked Chub. This victory caused me much joy and is very dear to my heart for Chub had cast aspersions of duck's and my form.

We are pleased to note that Daybauchery is clean (DRY). And so we leave you friends reader, but wait we have a poem:

## GREEN PANTS AND BLUE SHIRT

My pants were dirty, paint-stained torn. It was quite evident they had been worn.

For years — the tears . . . . . were gasps rent for yards, objects of scorn.

I searched the closet high and wide

When lo pants colored green I spied

So green —  
So clean —  
In my elation I laughed and cried.

Then realized I my shirt was blue  
However, says I, I will have to do  
Such clash —  
No flash . . . . .  
at all — The girls said you're through.

I dived for drawer, pulled out a sweater  
Twill do the job to the letter  
The blue —  
Tis true  
Still sowed — but twas much better.

Watch my column next week, folks, when I shall write a sonnet to one val McNutt that tall blonde heart throb of mine.

## Geo. Ward Finds Old Wm and Wigor

Readers are asked to take special note of one of the best advertisements for the Island as a health resort. Thrown back on our shores a broken man, this spring, Geo. Ward, though putting in tough hours at a man's work all summer is looking and (he says) feeling better than ever.

## FREE CONCERT

Every Sunday  
8.00 P.M. to 11.00 P.M.  
Hanlan's Point

## .. DANCING ..

Wednesdays—Fridays  
Saturdays

## Paul Firman's Band

## Inter-Island Lunch

Centre Island - Hanlan's Point  
Every Evening 7.00 to 12 Midnight

## Roselawn Farms Limited

Dairy Products  
CITY PHONE ME. 3666 ISLAND PHONE WA. 1211  
DAILY ISLAND DELIVERY

ACCURATE PRESCRIPTIONS  
**MARSHALL'S**  
TR. 1987  
Try The DRUG Store First

## Simpson's Delivers To Centre Island Every Day

PHONE ORDERS — TRINITY 8111

YOU'LL ENJOY SHOPPING AT

Simpson's

## It's Handy At Home As Well As At The Island

THE

# 4-WAY

CLOTHES DRIER

SOLD ON THE ISLAND BY PERC MILLAR

Manufactured By I. Johnson &amp; Son

315 Queen St. West, Toronto

## PERSONALITIES

By Joan Honnoney

Last Friday night's howling match between Pierson's and Hanlan's marked the end of the friendly competition that has been going on all summer. The home team were very happy to report came out on top in all three games. It was nice to see Messrs. Ellison, Robb and Huggill come back from the city for the evening and help swing the tide in our favour. The highlight of the match was the game skipped by Mr. Rimmer of Hanlan's and Mr. White of Pierson's and once more Mr. White proved himself the hero of the occasion by breaking up a tie game and going on to win. It's sad to see so many of the bowlers returning to the city and none will be missed more than Mr. Mothersill who was such a tower of strength on his team. An orchid also to the bowler's wives who wrapped in coats and blankets, cheered the boys on to the last bowl.

## OLIVE GRIFFITHS

Tuesday, Aug. 15—Have spent 2 weeks-end in Tonglidge with some people John Rutledge knew when he was over here. They sure are good people and give you a good time. Last week was the week nearly everyone in the part of the country takes their holidays and the trams were terribly crowded, but it only takes about an hour to get there so it's not too bad. Tell John he is very well remembered by the whole gang, and whenever I go up there and use a particularly Canadian expression they say "My doesn't she sound like John". Also my singing "I Am A Weaver".

I've had three copies of the Islander so far and very welcome they are indeed, quite a poetic effort on A's part that was to the tune of "It Was Sad When That Great Ship Went Down" no doubt. He must be very busy these days with the Association. It's really immense we walked for miles and didn't see one quarter of it.

To-day at noon I walked down to the Strand to do some shopping. It was a lovely day so wandered as far as the waterfront. First time I've been able to find it.

St. Andrew's  
BY-THE-LAKE

— At Cherokee —  
National Day of Prayer  
by Request of His Majesty The King  
SUNDAY SEPT. 3rd  
8 a.m. Holy Communion  
11 a.m. Rev. A. Harding, Priest  
B.A., D.D.  
11 a.m. Junior Congregation  
7 p.m. Rev. P. J. McGrave,  
M.A., D.D., D.C.L.

## JACKSON'S DIAMONDS

"THE FINEST MONEY CAN BUY"

Flawless diamonds of marvelous brilliance, exquisitely mounted and insured against loss.

1/5 Ct \$40 3/4 Ct \$40 1 Ct \$80

Flawless Blue White Flawless Blue White Flawless

THESE RINGS AVAILABLE ONLY FOR CASH.

JACKSON'S "DELUXE" ENGAGEMENT RINGS

89 Young St. (Diamond Jack's) Below Adelaide

OUTSTANDING FOR CASH DIAMOND VALUES

## Lonely Soldier

By ROBIN TEMPLE

Miss Phipps stood in the doorway of her cottage at the end of Butterworth High Street and stared at the young soldier who had just lifted the brass knocker. He gazed back at Miss Phipps rather weather-beaten face and tried not to stagger.

"It's I, I mean, I'm Tom Gregory and I expect Martha's spoken to you about me. I'm the soldier she wrote letters to in hospital, and I wrote back." He smiled with shy blue eyes, and then gulped, because Miss Phipps, as though suddenly scared of him, seemed to yawn to close the door. "I expect you're her Aunt Priscilla," she mentioned you quite a lot. Is she in, please?"

"Miss Phipps answered slowly, more slowly still she opened the door, revealing the prim little hall and the polished little living-room beyond."

"No. She's out of Butterworth for a few days, seeing a cousin. But come inside, Tom Gregory. I've heard of you, of course, but I'm not going to have tea. And don't look so disappointed."

Tom looked round the room where tea was set for one. Miss Phipps saw that his heart had fallen into his shoes because there was no sign of Martha. He was evidently a dogged young man who believed in fighting for himself. Her hand was slightly tremulous as she buttered more toast, a minute or two later, but she said, grimly: "So she mentioned her old aunt?" Called me a dragon, that sentimental at heart I expect?"

Aunt Priscilla  
Tom Gregory flushed, because that was exactly what Martha had said about Aunt Priscilla in her letters. He looked unhappily across the table, and she smiled and he smiled back in relief.

"And now," said Miss Phipps, gripping the teapot hard in the shadow of the window-curtains. "You fancy you're in love with her without ever having seen her, I suppose. But what if Martha never expected or intended to see you in the flesh, Tom Gregory?"

Tom Gregory lifted a chin like the toe of a boot. Miss Phipps, a little pale, thought to herself: "He's as natural as daylight and as honest. You've done it."

"That's as may be, he answered, simply. "If she sends me away, I'll go. But I must see her. Those letters of hers — you'd hardly understand. They weren't love letters, she isn't that silly kind, is she? But they were sweet and good and kind of old-fashioned, and I liked them. He was lonely. Then after I asked her several times, she sent me her photograph."

"You're telling me a lot, young man. Have one of my cigarettes," said Miss Phipps, rather huskily. Tom Gregory grinned shyly. He was feeling more comfortable.

"You're a bit like her. Though, of course —"

"I'm older and a lot uglier," put in Miss Phipps, rather huskily. "Never mind. I did my bit for you. I sent

those terrible rock cakes and the 'Butterworth Herald', with all that sentimental poetry that —" she swallowed because when she came home to roost in a flock they make a big mouthful, "that I wrote in it every week. I wanted to be in with you, as well as I could."

"I liked it," said Tom. The canary in the gilt cage above the window began to chirp in the slanting beams of the sun which rested on the only photograph in the room, that of a young lieutenant in the last war. It lit up red gleams in Tom Gregory's crisp hair though it did not disguise a certain pallor and thinness in his face which his excitement had concealed until then. The slight caused Miss Phipps to take him gently and press him into the chair again.

"You didn't tell Martha you were coming out of hospital, did you?" she asked. "And much too soon, in my opinion."

"She dogged grin came, "I'm leaving the Army. I kept it as a surprise. That's why I must see Martha."

She drew a long breath. "Then you'd better stay here until Martha comes back," she said. "Thanks," said Tom, gratefully. Ten minutes later, when Miss Phipps tipped into the other room, leaving him asleep with a cushion at his back. She stood with her hands clasped, like one completely cornered, then took from her drawer a pamphlet headed "Parish Church of St. Francis. Will you write to a Lonely Soldier?" She set a match to it in the fire, and then she used to hold a small casket covered with sea shells and looked at its contents; an engagement ring, a bundle of old letters returned to Miss Phipps, and a blurred newspaper photograph cut from the 'Butterworth Herald', of May 19th, 1918, 'Roll of Honour, Local Officer Dies of Wounds.' She locked the casket.

In A Country Lane

Tom Gregory, peering on a bank of green grass in the narrow lane four days later, read that week's poem by "Priscilla" in the 'Butterworth Herald', and smiled it. He put down the paper, looked up at the blue sky and thought of Martha. She hadn't come home yet. It was queer, but there was no sign of her belongings in the room. Phipps would answer no questions. A series of explosions sounded round the bend of the lane and he pulled in his feet sharply as a motor-bike shot round, tied with a vision of slacks, blue jumper, cerise scarf and tousled golden head, and then motor-bike and rider landed with a thump.

Hastily, but with dignity, the rider dismounted herself. "They looked bigger than they really are," she said, glancing at his feet. "Do you always go to sleep in the road?"

"I wasn't asleep," answered Tom. "And I thought it was only horses that shied like that. Are you hurt?"

"The Shaker," she said, sitting down. She had small features, wideawake eyes and freckles. "You're staying with Miss Phipps, aren't you? I know everything that happens in Butterworth, because I'm Celia Barlow, of the 'Herald', which means that I can behave like brass and talk to anybody I like without being introduced. I see you've been reading our paper."

"I was reading some poetry," Tom told her. He was wondering, rather stupidly, if other people beside himself would ever notice the green leaves of a June afternoon.

"Oh, the Priscilla stuff? Bilge, isn't it," she said, with what looked like a faint blush, holding out a cigarette-case.

"I wouldn't know," he answered. "I like it. I know the author."

She was striking a match, but paused with her mouth open. "Do you?"

"Miss Phipps, of course. I suppose you know, if you're on the staff."

Tom's Mind Made Up

She lit the cigarette and, though she was only about nineteen, looked so very at Tom out of clear grey eyes which had grown thoughtful. It seemed to him that the whole

lazy afternoon stood still about them and that, somewhere in the willow thickets behind them, the birds left off singing to watch them. After a long time he spoke again as though he had known her all his life.

"She isn't a dragon — Miss Phipps, I mean. She's one of the best." He paused. "I think, even if there was no Martha — that's her niece — she'd like me to stay for just as long as I wished. And now, I suppose you want to know all about Martha and me. Romance of local girl and wounded soldier. Nothing doing."

She asked gently. "You've seen Martha?"

"No. Only letters when I was in hospital. They were — well, they were beautiful. But I ought never to have come to find her."

Miserably, he made the confession, feeling that he ought to get away from Celia Barlow. But she had left her motor-bike in the lodge and was now walking with him back to Butterworth. He tried to ignore her light step and straight back by his side. His mind was away. He would leave a last letter for Martha and go away that day.

Miss Phipps' Story

It was Celia who lifted the brass knocker. In a flash he felt terribly glad that she stayed with him, and he knew the news of his going to Miss Phipps. Something strange happened when Miss Phipps opened the door, in the black silk dress and high lace collar she always wore in the afternoon. She stood silently looking from one to the other where they stood, two vital young people, against the sunshine of the street. Her eyes filled with tears and then she laughed, and wiped them away.

"Bring him inside, Miss Barlow. I'm glad it's you."

Miss Phipps led the way into the kitchen, which was very cool and quiet.

"Sit down, both of you. Together. On the couch there, where I can look at you. Have you told him anything, Celia?"

Celia shook her head. Miss Phipps' hands trembled where they lay in her lap, but her chin was up.

"I'll tell him. I copied some letters that I wrote to a soldier in hospital twenty-six years ago. Later, I was engaged to him, but he died. I was lonely, and it all came rushing back to me, and I thought it might interest you, if nothing else. Then you wrote back and I kept on and put something about myself as I am now. But I don't want to talk that, too, and say that I wrote poetry when all the time the poems were by somebody on the paper. Miss Barlow knows who it is, I expect."

"Yes," Celia spoke rather hastily. "But go on."

"You liked the photograph, Tom?"

Tom Gregory said simply: "I shall always keep it."

"It's me, all right—twenty-six years ago. It was only head and shoulders, you'll recollect. It's the only Martha I ever knew, except the little remnant of her."

Tom Gregory held her trembling hands. When he looked at Celia Barlow her lips were unsteady, but she was smiling and oddly enough, though she was young, her arms went about both of them for an instant.

Miss Martha Phipps sat down again and smiled, too. —Tit-Bits.

Plaster of Paris  
Mixed With Vinegar

When papering a room, it is often found that plaster walls need patching in spots. We have found a way to mix the plaster of Paris which retards hardening — ordinarily almost instantaneous. Simply mix the powder with vinegar instead of water. The resultant mass will be much like putty and will not harden for 20 to 30 minutes, obviating the necessity for such rapid action on the part of the painter.

Push the plaster well into the spots that need patching and smooth off with a taping knife.

## Claude-Whoppers

By Miss Deeds

This week even the mild bit of gossip we put in this column was mighty hard to scare up, with the unfavourable weather keeping so many Clardians in town. However, we expect the whole gang back for the week-end, all set to take part in the Labour Day doings and lend a helping hand to the Committee in charge. This being the last holiday week-end of the season, let's everybody go on an all-out effort, and push the Red Cross and the Centre Island Association hand-wagon right over the top. Sounds like a lot of fun, too.

We're certainly having a time around here with the triplets. Of course, we're all greatly concerned with the welfare of the newly arrived cat family, but those in the annex apartments are most vitally interested, inasmuch as the proud possessor, Vy Dryburgh, had to send out an S.O.S. to neighbouring apartments for aid and advice on the care and feeding of sick kittens. It seems two were born hale and hearty, but the third one just didn't give a darn whether he lived to dodge shoes on a back fence or not. But thanks to the long haul and attention of Vy and her three, volunteer nurses, armed with heated eye-droppers and special formulas on a twenty-four hour round, the patient is progressing favourably. We only hope Doc Howard hears of this and gets those nurses enrolled on his registry for future service to the community. Last week Charlie and Mrs. Smart returned to their nitty home, but plan on being back for a few more weeks. We understand Charlie is anxious to play at least a more game of horse-shoes with his club opponent, Dick Murray, before the end of the season. Our league may not be A-1 in ability, but in enthusiasm it certainly rates top ranking.

On vacation this week is Lilly Heather, the girl who wields a mean racket on the badminton court. Lilly has deserted the island in favour of the Laurentians. We happened to notice that Lilly packed a ski-suit along with her beach toys — so we figure she's prepared for any kind of weather. Georgie Galloway is also on holidays and sticking with the island, even if the weather is mostly only fit for nodding in front of open fireplace. Georgie's apartment was the scene of much frenzied ironing and pressing one night last week, when city mail dumped him out of a canoe into the cold waters of the lagoon. No damage done, except a thorough and unpleasant ducking, and a good deal of work getting dried out to go back home.

In the dog-house this week was little Bonnie Matheson, who decided to do a spot of cooking and surprise mother. We doubt if surprise was quite the proper way to describe Dorothy's emotions when she arrived on the scene to find that after having invaded the cupboard, her two-year-old daughter had emptied out the contents of all available paper bags and jars and tins, and was gaily stirring them up in the middle of the floor. (Our Mama spooked.)

Wanted — A young player, female; must be young and attractive, preferably blonde. Apply Apartment No. 10, knock twice and ring for Hans. From there on, Hank's it's up to you — we've done the best we can.

Highly...  
OPEN AIR DANCING  
on the DECK  
CENTRE ISLAND TOWN

LET'S EAT AND MEET  
DICK'S GRILL  
EXCELLENT FOOD

CANADA  
BLEND  
Island Deliveries  
DAILY JUST AS USUAL

## 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.

Publications Board—Alan Cox, Harold Aitken, Ed. Day, Joe Entwistle, A. W. Whiskin, Chairman.

Editor — A. W. Whiskin.

Advertising Manager — Alan Cox.

Circulation—Ed. Day.

Editorial and Publication Office, Room 701, 69 Yonge St., Toronto.

Advertising rates on application. Published April 28, May 12, 19, June 2, 16, 30, July 7, 14, 21, 28, August 4, 11, 18, 25, September 1, 8, 15, 29.

Circulation—Guaranteed 2,500 to Centre Island consumers.

### "Change and Decay In All Around I See"

In the hurly-burly of our everyday world we are apt to view life as through a narrow window. A boat to catch at a set time, a run for the street car to save the minute that seems too precious to waste. The daily grind and intrigues of our working days—The reading of this world's ghastly happenings on our way home—The rush through dinner to enjoy an hour's recreation—To bed so that we'll be able to do it all over again tomorrow, next week, next month and forever.

Our pattern of life goes relentlessly on, changing only to suit the needs of existence, interspersed with our daily duties to family, church, community and state. Loves and hates, joys and sorrows, sunshine and rain—all passing inexorably through our lives. We lose our perspective as, jostling our fellows, we make the journey from portal to exit of our earthly life.

But, blessed respite! Comes vacation! Sitting at the base of a pine which leans from the west winds of a century—looking out over a vista of lake, rock and forest it is possible to take stock of life at this safe distance from the everyday world. The lake has seen a thousand storms, its surface ruffled by the turbulence of winds it could not control, yet always the peace of a thousand calms has followed. For ages past its waves have lapped the rocks along its shore with the Biblical thought: "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" On yonder hill the crumbling stones of the churchyard—"Sacred to the memory of Martha and John, 1848", the words hardly readable through the moss of years. Theirs, and other generations gone, their home a fallen ruin owned by strangers. What of their deeds and thoughts? What remains?

The old steamer that met the wood-burning engines of the railway whistles for the lift bridge. The creak of the pump handle and later tonight the glow of oil lamps will lead us back to our rustic home. At the dock the massive rock which was here before man and will be when man has gone. How little effect on God's Creation is the span of a man's lifetime! How much happier our few years would be were we to stop to evaluate their worth. How little we add to our daily pace of mind with the rude jostlings of our narrow lives in the struggle for what we think is eternity. We come, we go, every atom of this world today will be owned by strangers in years to come. Its millions, its lands, its factories, its navies, everything to be held by us for so short a time.

Thank heaven for vacations—for a short stop by the wayside—for the remembrance of "Lord, thou Who changeest not, abide with me."

### Letter To The Editor

August 28th

Editor,  
The Centre Islander

Dear Sir:

I think Controller Robert Saunders is to be commended for his interest in delivery of fresh food to the Islands, and for the improvements he obtained by bringing the matter to the attention of civic officials.

Both meat and milk are now available to Islanders several hours earlier than before Controller Saunders brought the matter up.

While meat doesn't spoil quite so quickly now that the weather has cooled off, last week there was a noticeable improvement in the freshness of meat.

H. C. Patten, the general manager of the T.T.C. wrote to the Board of Control that perishable goods were delivered to the Island by special boat or ferry if a consignment missed the usual freight boats. This was certainly true of milk and ice cream to be delivered to picnics. However, many mornings I have seen packers' trucks delivering meat to the docks on the city side, well after the departure of the regular 8:00 a.m. freight boat.

The worst example of this I saw one day about a week before Controller Saunders brought the matter before the Board of Control. I saw three separate packers' trucks unloading meat on the city side about ten to nine in the morning. Later that day, I saw the same baskets of meat sitting on the Aymer, which was towing a scow. And the scow had been nudged in to the shore on Algonquin Island, while the crew unloading building supplies. The Aymer and the scow were there when I went out

rowing, and were still there an hour later when I came back. Meanwhile, of course, our meat and vegetables were sitting there in the sun, rapidly being turned into carrion fit only for crows.

It took only the simplest kind of co-operation between the T.T.C. and the suppliers of food, and apparently that has been accomplished.

While the weather is cooler now, and will affect milk and meat much less for the remainder of this season, it is to be hoped that Controller Saunders' good work will be remembered next season when the sun gets high.

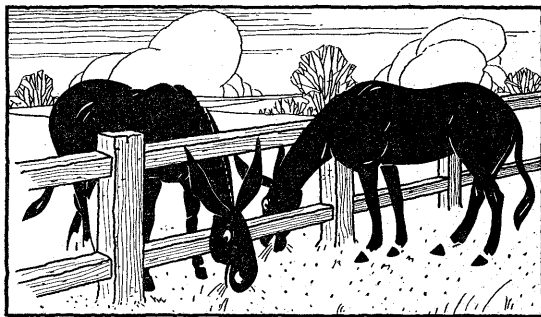
Yours,  
Stuart Brownlee.

### Pres. Whiskin And Family Back

Welcome home! W. are glad to see you about again Whiskins. No doubt Ruth and Al needed a rest from the hurly-burly of this first summer of the C.I.A. and there is nothing like Muskoka when you are choosing a vacation site.

### Europe Is Isolated From British Isles!

There is the old story about the British weather report which is supposed to sum up British complacency. It said: "High gales in Channel. Continent isolated." To the self-sufficient British mind 4,000,000 square miles of Europe are isolated from 125,000 square miles of British islands, and not 40,000,000 Britons is isolated from 400,000,000 Europeans. Only it happens that the amusing British way of putting it has turned out to be true. We are not only isolated.



THE OTHER FELLOW'S GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER

### Junior Red Cross Wind Up Season With Bang-up Season

Races, Games and a Treasure Hunt featured the Picnic at the final meeting of the Junior Red Cross held in Mrs. Roddy's garden last evening. Red Cross buttons were presented to all present by Mrs. Burton, honorary President of the Senior group and the prizes were presented by Mrs. Roddy to the lucky winners.

Miss Dorothy Pratt of Red Cross Headquarters was a welcome guest and remarked on the work accomplished by the children during their holidays.

During the course of the season 116 children were enrolled with an average attendance of approximately 75.

The final standing of the teams according to points earned is: Red, Orange, White, Yellow, Blue, Green.

The individual members are listed below in order of merit:

Jerry Collins, Peter Jones, Clayton Carroll, Ruth Farrelly, Jimmy Earle, Ronnie Curtis, Gail Jarvis, Toni Cox, Tommy Sherman, Wendy Cox, Jack Shaw, Betty Cutting, Calbie Kenwick, Bert Punnett, Gloria Wilson, Catherine Aitken, Skippy Lennox, Bobby Stewart, Larry Collins, Garry Ferrier, Janno Whiskin, Judy Whiskin, Ross McFarlane, Brian Hoover, Dennis Redican, Jerome Relican, Marilyn Crane, Jackie Slade, Tony Watt, Fridie Raymond, Matt, George McNeill Allan Rae, Bobby LaFrance, Gail Hoover, Michael Lennox, Peter Whiskin, Teddy Ridgway, Jack Dierden, Garry Rose, Rod Hainey, Donnie Waddell, Jerry Hughes, Carol McPhail, Don McKeown, Jack Johnson, Marianne Parsons, Audrey Marshall, James LaFrance, Judy Watt, June Stevens, John White, Jimmy Home, Carol Fraser, Irene Robair, Joanne Rennie, Joseph Robair, Lynda Nelson, Graham Stewart, John Farrelly, Marie Ecome, Dougie Fenton, Jane Medland, Diane Harrison, Beulah Hawthorne, Carol Marshall, Sally Adams, Bill McCance, Bruce Finlayson, Marjori Turpin, Shirley McKelvey, Joan Pypher, Patsy Hobson, Sharon Murray, Avril Light, Diane Martin, Sylvia Strickland, Ronnie Nixon, Bobby Fowler, Helen Walker, Barbara McKelvey, Nancy McKelvey, Judy Scott-Wood, Johnny Peat, Marilyn Nixon, Godfrey Beher, Patsy Lyle, Barry Fraser, Anne Williams, Patsy Clements, Allan Gray, John McCullough, Arthur Dierden, Alister McIvor, Matt Lawless, Guy Redard, Brent McKeown, John Clark, Patsy Boyce, Bobbie Carpenter, Betty Dixon, Marie Rush, Joan Bush, Lloyd Hughes, Rosemary Kelly, Carol McKinnon, Peggy Rutledge, Suzette Steele, Lynda Crozier, Willard Thompson, Betty Lou Eastman, Lynda Trudeau, Dana Scott-Wood, Roger Ballock, Teddy Chadwick.

A special prize went to Betty Cutting for her splendid work in knitting the most blocks for the Vighan.

The Red Cross Committee wish

to thank the many ladies and two husky young stalwarts who turned out to help make the picnic such a success. The committee also wish to extend their appreciation to the following for their donations of money or prizes which enabled them to provide Ice Cream, Chocolate milk and prizes for every child: The Centre Island Community Tennis Club, The Centre Island Association. And the following members of the Senior Red Cross group: Mesdames Cartwright, Roddy, Raven, Ferrier, Utijohn, McFarlane, Wadson, Rothblatt, Seigner, English, E. Morgan, Stevens and Murray.

A special word of thanks to Mr. Joe Entwistle for the selection and purchase of prizes.

It is hoped that there will be a full attendance of children for the special SHOW of MOVIES on Saturday at the Club Rooms at which time the members will turn in their Red Cross banks, to enable us to go over the top in our objective for the Season.

### Lunch With Queen On 'Initiative' Task

Recently two British Army airborne sergeants were ordered to go to a country house and obtain the signature of the owner. The owner was out, but a woman's voice invited them in to lunch. They had lunch and left afterwards with a note which read: "This is to certify, that Sergeants — and — came here to obtain the signature of. Unfortunately he was out." The note was signed by Queen Mary.

The order given to the two sergeants was an "initiative task" given to British Army personnel to test their resourcefulness and initiative in carrying out unusual orders. The men receive no suggestions on how to arrive at their destinations — they are merely told the time limits for their jobs.

### Good Publicity For The Island

The merchants of Centre Island have been trying for some time to get some favourable publicity in Toronto, to attract the better class of visitors to come over and appreciate our Islands. These efforts are bearing fruit and a good step has been taken in moving the big sign inviting the public to visit the beach and lakefront at Centre Island. This sign was at the Island dock for years and has recently been moved over to the city docks, inside the pen.

A large sign reading "Visit Toronto Islands" is to be erected soon near the Humber Bridge at the westerly approach to Toronto. The merchants are bearing the entire cost of this.

### Sign Says 'Dive' If Doodle Dallies

One anti-aircraft battery in Southern England has a sign with this alliterative advice:

"If doodle dallies don't dawdle, Dive!"

"Doodle" is the British nickname for the Germans rocket-bombs.

### BICYCLES

Overhauled And Stored For Winter

Enquire At English Stand

### ROOM and BOARD

MRS. JOHNSON

9 Clandeboye

## HARD TIMES DANCE CASINO, SEPT. 8

Dancing 9 to 1

BILL THOMPSON AND HIS RED JACKETS

Novelties — Entertainment — Prizes

Rueth Whiting and Her

"CHEROKETTES"



MORE WIND DAMAGE

## Say You Islanders!

Take your raffle books to your city offices and bring back the stubs. Its easy — you try it. If you are short of books see Norm Fraser, 1 St. Andrews or Mrs. Chris Brandfield, 270 Lake Shore.

## White Elephant Sale

Have you any objects round your establishment which might be junk to you (ed. note — such as your wife) but treasure to some one else. Anyone having "Treasures" please leave them with Mrs. English on Manitou Road as soon as possible.

## BALLERINA

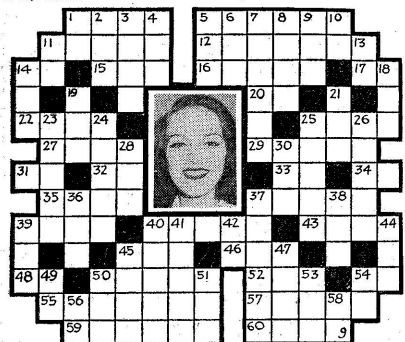
### HORIZONTAL

- 15 Pictured ballerina.
- 17 Guide.
- 12 Physical emptiness.
- 14 Toward.
- 15 Upright shaft.
- 16 Danger.
- 17 Half an em.
- 20 Each (abbr.).
- 22 Melt.
- 23 Black bird.
- 27 Verbal.
- 29 Youthful.
- 31 Erbium (symbol).
- 32 Compass point substance.
- 33 Doctor (abbr.).
- 34 Him.
- 35 Local position.
- 37 The earth.
- 39 Nonaspirate.
- 40 Strong thread.
- 43 Vegetables.
- 45 Courtesy title.
- 46 Aged.
- 48 Perform.
- 50 Crystallized.

### Answer to Previous Puzzle

ANDREW CARNEGIE  
NEARLY LEADS  
STY LO SILVIA HAT  
WIL ROMANCERS NA  
ELM INTERESTS AIT  
RE AND MBERASE  
PILLARD DRAPIDS  
ARA PSES MAR  
GO UPSTARTS  
ONE EANE  
ARRESTED OF

- 19 Footed paddle.
- 21 Footed vase.
- 23 Animal.
- 24 Desolate.
- 25 Spiced sauce.
- 26 Character of ancient Celtic alphabet.
- 28 Sheltered side.
- 30 Lyric poem.
- 36 Writing fluid.
- 37 Bank clerk.
- 38 Uncooked.
- 39 Cover.
- 40 Pertaining to the tides.
- 41 Hat inscribed.
- 43 Sharp hissing sound.
- 44 Male child.
- 45 Dirt.
- 47 Numbered cubes.
- 49 Either.
- 50 Girl's name.
- 51 Allow.
- 53 Cloth measure.
- 54 That one.
- 56 Bachelor of Arts (abbr.).
- 14 Child.
- 18 At present.



## Salvage Brings In Real Money

Your waste paper and rags can bring in cash to the Red Cross. Tuesday, September 12th has been set as SALVAGE DAY in Toronto and we have confirmed that Mr. Dibble will be on hand to see that collections are properly made and a cheque for the proceeds sent to the Island Red Cross. The procedure is simple enough. All that is requested of the residents is that they save and the paper in bundles, placing on the street for pickup on the morning of TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th. Rags should be kept separate from paper and tied up for convenient handling. Your co-operation will guarantee the success of Salvage Day. Start making a concerted effort NOW.

OH! OH!  
Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said—  
—Not so bad!

## Back To School September 5th

All good things come to a an end and Labor Day will spell finis for another summer holiday for the Public School kids. By the look of your tanned faces and sun bleached hair you are all as fit as a fiddle. . . . Work hard kids and it will soon be Christmas.

## Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. If one has unintentionally done something discourteous towards another person, would it be correct to say "excuse me"?
2. If an usher is at the entrance of the aisle when a woman and her escort are entering a theatre, which one should be first to follow the usher?
3. What would be a good method for indicating to the waiter that you have finished a course?
4. What would be a good way to cultivate taste in the choice of words and the phrasing of expressions, in order to become a good conversationalist?
5. Is it permissible to refuse some certain dish at a luncheon?
6. If a man is writing a friendly letter to some woman acquaintance or friend, what would be an appropriate closing?

### ANSWERS

1. No; not if one desires to ask another's pardon. "Excuse me" should be used only when one is asking permission to leave the room, or go somewhere.
2. The usher goes first, then the woman, and last her escort. If there is no usher, the man should go first.
3. Place the knife on the plate, blade in, alongside the fork. 4. The best method of acquiring a pleasing vocabulary is the reading of good books of established literary standing.
5. No; as a luncheon usually consist of just a few dishes, it would not be considerate to refuse any. It can be done occasionally at a large dinner where there is a great variety of dishes.
6. "Faithfully yours," or, "Sincerely yours."

## Formerly Useless Cattails Go To War

Cattails, which grow by the thousands in marshlands, once were looked upon as decorative but useless plants. Now, however, they are doing their part in the war.

The floss has been found to be more buoyant than kapok and 90 per cent as warm as wool. It is used as filling for cushions of Army ordnance amphibious jeeps, and can serve as life preservers.

## Post-War Homes

Prefabricated houses will play a big part in the British Government's scheme for providing temporary post-war homes. It is expected that when full production is attained, some three months after the jig and tools are prepared, these houses will be manufactured at the rate of nearly 2,500 per week.

## Deaf Society Hold Convention

The Ontario Society for the Deaf are holding their annual convention in Toronto on September 2nd, 3rd and 4th. Their members are spending much of the three days on Centre Island.

On Sunday evening there will be a dinner and service in the rotunda of the Manitou Hotel, and on Monday they are holding a sports day in Island Park.

On Saturday evening the society is holding a banquet and putting on a theatrical play in the Royal York Hotel.

## Britons Get More And Better Food

Almost unnoticed in the excitement of other events, a complete change has lately taken place in the social life of Britain in wartime.

Food queues have almost entirely disappeared, and where loiterers still continue to form them, curiosity is the chief cause of their existence.

Everyone is being better fed, and with better variety of food, than at any other time since the early days of the war.

There is much more in the butchers' shops "free of ration." The fishmongers often have more fresh fish than they can sell. The grocers, shelves are piled with commendable comestibles.

And the greengrocers, though short of fresh fruits, have vegetables and salad stuffs in abundance.

It is apparent, too, that in the provision of other commonly needed commodities, such as clothing, boots and shoes, and household furnishings, the position is steadily improving.

There is certainly not yet nearly enough of these to provide for all who really need them. But controllers are not talking any more about further restrictions.

## Help Needed For Street Fair

All girls who can spare some time on the afternoon of Labour Day are asked to report to Mrs. Duggan at the Club Rooms about 2 p.m. Taggers at the Mardi-Gras raised \$100.00 for the Red Cross and the Association Building Fund. Plenty of assistants at the Street Fair will mean a great deal to the final drive for the Island objectives.

A long white line down the centre of Manitou will be the operating zone of the Mile of Money. A large number of enthusiastic young people will be needed to make this a success—this will be held in the morning and afternoon. Report to the Club Rooms either morning at 10 to 12.30, or in the afternoon at 2 p.m.

## WINTER SWIMMING

There has been many inquiries from Islanders to know whether the Canoe Club is going to have a weekly swimming night during the winter. It has been our expressed opinion that if sufficient Islanders are interested in getting together one evening a week at some central pool like Jarvis or Harbord Collegiate and express their willingness to attend regularly, that we would try to rent a swimming pool one night a week, and supply the necessary organization to handle it.

An early hour could be arranged for the children and later hours for adults. A reasonable fee would have to be charged to cover the rental of pool, etc.

Remember we cannot take the risk of leasing a pool from the Board of Education for the winter unless sufficient people definitely hand in their names as supporters.

HOW ABOUT IT?  
If you are interested, give your name and address to L. B. Johnson, Gerry Malone or Art Johnson.

## BUILDING FUND

\$4,000

3500

3000

2500

2000

1500

1000

500

The following donations are gratefully acknowledged by the Centre Island Association.

Previously acknowledged \$2030.25

Mrs. Harris (17 Clandebaye) .....	5.00
J. Y. Entwistle .....	5.00
H. B. Aitken .....	10.00
Miss H. M. Johnson (115 Cherokee) .....	5.00
A. Kelso Roberts .....	10.00
Mrs. Grace Lillian Merry .....	10.00
H. A. Henderson .....	5.00
Molson's Ontario Limited .....	20.00
Mr. and Mrs. Art Arnold .....	12.50
Mr. and Mrs. McCreary .....	12.50
Miss Dorothy Walter .....	7.00
"Derek" R.A.F. .....	2.00
"Eric" (The Walters) .....	1.00

TOTAL .....\$2135.25

Total To Tuesday Aug. 29 \$2135.25



# The CENTRE ISLANDER

## SPORT NEWS and VIEWS

## Islanders Finish On Top Hanlans Take Second Spot

By ED DAY

Bruce, the son of Len Staughton, well-known in Senior Football Circles, has proved himself one of the up and coming athletes of our Island. Bruce starred in the Junior Softball League this Season and looks promising as a paddler, track man and football player. Many of you will recognize him as having hauled your baggage from the boat, as he seems to always be about when most needed. All in all, he is one swell guy and one of the best liked youngsters about today.

The junior tournament has been under way all week and the Boys "A" group championship has already been decided. Tom McMillan defeated Jack Young in two sets with scores of 6-2, 6-1, and took on Mike Sullivan in one of the semi-finals and <sup>lost</sup> <sup>lost</sup> him.

The oldest examples of glass work were found in the Egyptian tombs 4,000 years ago.

Tuesday night on Olympic the Islanders blanked the Manitou 11-0 in the first game of the semifinal play-offs. A bad attack dropby by the Manitou accounts for most of the 11 runs. Surphill for the Islanders gave up only 3 hits, 1 walk and fanned 7. Ward who started for the Manitou 3 hits, 3 walks and 3 strike outs. Enwright relieved Ward in the third and gave up 4 hits, 5 walks and struck out 5. The Islanders picked up

While on our favorite bench in front of Sutherland's Deck one night this week, Don Parsons passed. Young lady next to me says "Boy, hasn't he grown in a year." As this could hardly be denied, rather lengthy silence followed, broken by a voice from the shadows, saying, "Such feet, Hi!" mother must have taken in a lot of Greta Garbo movies when he was young". Another silence ensued. "I would certainly like to know how they did it, after all, folks, they ain't so big!"

**All - Ways Reliable**  
**Quality Clothes Shop**  
MEN'S, LADIES', MILITARY TAILOR  
106 YONGE ST.

# CENTRE ISLANDERS ON ACTIVE SERVICE

THERE ARE SCORES OF ISLAND LADS IN UNIFORM IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD, AND NEWS OF THEM INTERESTS EVERYONE WHO KNEW THEM ON THE ISLAND. FOR THIS PAGE WE WANT SKETCHES OF THE LADS AND THEIR ACTIVITIES BEFORE ENLISTING AND AFTER, A GOOD PICTURE, AND — BUT NOT LEAST — LETTERS

FROM BOYS OVERSEAS. LETTERS FROM HOME ARE ALWAYS WELCOME OVERSEAS, AND A NOTE ON THIS PAGE ABOUT YOUR MAN IN UNIFORM WILL LET DOZENS OF HIS FRIENDS KNOW HIS WHEREABOUTS AND WHAT HE IS DOING. IT WILL GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO WRITE A FEW LINES. GET IN TOUCH WITH MARY HODGSON, 35 IRROQUOIS AVE. OR BY PHONE AT WA. 2054.

## NEWS FROM TOMMY HODGSON

Our talented cartoonist—the accomplished artist—son of Dinny and Mary Hodgson, 35 Irroquois Avenue is stationed currently at Bella Bella, B.C. and writes, in part, as follows:

"This station is really in the bush. They don't have milk (just the canned stuff, except twice a week, when the boat comes in—then it is for sale in the Centen) so I wonder if you could send me some Cocoa or Vi-Tone or something to drown the taste of this stuff. We live in a tent and work like blazes. I am a painter with a spray gun painting barracks. (Ed. note—Glad you are keeping in practice Tom). The rest of the new guys are on the road gang."

It rains up here nearly all the time and the lads on the road gang have to take advantage of all the good weather they get, so on a nice day they work from 8.00 a.m. to about 6.00 p.m. Sundays and all.

I saw Mister Goldhammer here the other day. He was forming a Hobby Club or something (that is his job). I was talking to him and he introduced me to a Link Sergeant. A very nice guy. The Serg. is supposed to be running this Hobby Club and it is going to be my job to help him. We are already at start when the supplies are received. In the mean time the Serg. and I go out into the bush and do some drawing when the weather permits. The joint is over-loaded with material for drawing and this makes up for the isolation and bad weather.

A lot of the officers have their families out here. They live about two miles from camp in log cabins and things resembling log cabins. You get there along a board walk about one and a half feet wide made of logs and going up and down over small hills and over marshes. The houses are scattered around small bays (called the slews) and along the water front for about two miles. At the end is a General store and a dock for the boat. There is even a Public School. It seems strange to walk through a forest and come out on the shore of a small bay to find it ringed with houses. Some on logs some on piles, and others on the steep hills near the shore. The little kids are running all around or playing in boats. It is surprising the number of families here and how "homey" the homes look. It reminds me a bit of the "Sevens". The houses make ideal material for sketching, then the for-

ests, hills, and air craft make this place "the nuts" as far as art is concerned.

The food isn't like High River of course, it couldn't be like that and there are no women for miles—hundreds of miles. The cartoons reproduced in the Centre Islander okay, eh? I sent Al another one. How do you spell Shiwassie. (Ed. note—A hundred percent correct, move to the head of the class please.)

The trip up here was really perfect. We had one bright day out of three—stopped off at every joint on the way. They were all either Indian Villages, Fish Canneries or Pulp Mills. The largest village was entirely owned by a pulp and paper company and was only accessible by boat. There was a ring of mountains around it. The roads were made of wood and the town was perched on the side of a mountain. It had a swimming pool, show hotel, etc.—quite a nice place—and no unemployment.

We get mail only twice a week and that is how often we go out. Tommy.

### "Sir Muscles"



P/O LEWIS MCCARTNEY

P/O Lewis McCartney is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jim McCartney who have lived on Cherokee Avenue for 18 summers and 2 winters. Pop Jim McCartney was a fireman at the local station on Manitou Road for eighteen years before becoming a fire pensioner. Lewis was one month old when brought to the island. He attended the Island School and then Riverdale Collegiate. He was first in his class when he got his matric. He worked one day at the Chartered Trust and Executive Company before enlisting as a Navigator in the RCAF. His training took place in Toronto and Edmonton and he received his commission in the West. He was in Maitland, N. S. for a month and then went overseas.

Lewis (vaguely known to the younger Islanders as Muscles) and since his commission as Sir Muscles) says that he likes England and the English folk but Mrs. Steaks and Books. The English beaches, he says, are being used for Military Personnel and he hopes to have his first salt water swim soon. He is feeling fine and likes his work very well.

We will be glad to have him back on the island. The paddlers miss him particularly as he was always an asset in that department.

### Your Membership Book

It is most important that all membership receipt books be turned in this week end to either Norm Fraser at 1 St. Andrews Avenue or Fred Tripp 3 Clarendon.



PAT — JACK — MARY

A charming group picture of two of Centre Island's popular young ladies Pat McCance and Mary Roddy posing with Jack Taylor a returned Irish Regiment boy from Overseas. Jack went overseas with Bob Robson and Jack Roddy and unfortunately had a serious accident which invalided him home. He was sorry to leave his friends but glad to get back to see his folks in Port Hope and has taken a position in Toronto and we find him very often on our island which he claims is a little bit of Paradise after being overseas.

### About P-O Roy Howe

We hope that most of you saw the pictures of Roy's Mother and Brothers in the Telegram recently and only wish we had the pictures to reproduce on our Active Service Page. However, Roy Howe wrote Dinny and Mary Hodgson recently and this is what he said:

"Hello Dinny and Mary: Just a word to say Hello. I was lucky enough to have posted to me, over here, a copy of the successor, May 19th issue (am I right) to the old 'Islander'. And it sure did me heart good to read the newsy paper once more. I sure as blazes wished I was back home for a week-end at Centre again."

Have run into a few Islanders since coming over here, will try and give the names of them to you. Flight Lieutenant Marsh Jennings and I have had a few drinks together at the last station I was on. He hasn't changed any since I last saw him at the island. Marg Roddy is now a Lieutenant in the Canadian Red Cross and is stationed in London, where the Doodle bugs seem to have a particular craving for (what a sentence). Sergeant Betty Pyper is at RCAF Headquarters and I would not have known her but for the fact that on leave, I went there to enquire about my young brother Norman (he is the one who was a Typhoon Pilot) and she introduced herself as an old Islander.

Incidentally young Norm left for Canada the day I sailed for England and he is now stationed at Boundary Bay, B.C., instructing Fighter Pilots on Hurricanes. Haven't seen or heard from Cliff Tomlinson since I came over. But Marg Roddy says he may now be in the Normandy do. Just what he is on, I do not know. But will try and find out at a later date. The young brother Jack is now on a bomber squadron laying eggs (I hope indiscriminately) all over German Territory.

As for myself I have just completed Advanced Flying and now on Operational Training.

Maybe you could let me know whether there is any more news of Colin Blavier since that one little note about a year or so ago. Also would appreciate any news of the Island (especially the old Cherokee gang) that you may have at hand.

How is young Tommy doing and where is he stationed now?

Give my regards to Fere Miller, Bob Laird, Mrs. Roddy, Art Arnold and Virginia, Bob McVerry, The Wilsons, the Cox's, Pat and Wally, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Ryan, in fact all those good people over at Centre. If you have any old issues of the 'Islander' maybe you could find an envelope in which

they would fit. All the best to yourself and Dinny.

Roy Howe.

### Aviation Lingo

Railroad and steamship companies have their pet words and phrases such as "high-balling", "frogs" and "dropping the hook", but they're not alone in having a language of their own, according to United Air Lines. Aviation long, though not as old as rail and sea-faring talk, is distinctive to the airlines and still takes "a bit of doing" to understand. For proof, witness the following dictionary revealed by some of United's Stewards, pilots, mechanics, radio operators and passenger agents.

Bird cage—Directional gyrocompass. Blue room—Airliner washroom. Brake juice—Propeller de-icer fluid.

Bushel of Revs—Same as "sky hooks".

Cato—Consolidated airlines ticket office.

Cave—Ceiling and visibility unlimited.

Cleared—"Plane is authorized to proceed".

Clothes-line—Radio antennae. Coffee Grinder—Radio direction finder tuning device.

Folding—Propellers. Holding—When used by operations: "Plane maintaining certain altitude over a certain area."

When used by reservations: "Reserving space."

Iron Mike—Automatic pilot. Over—"Your turn to transmit." (radio).

P. A.—Passenger agent. Pour on the coal—Apply more power.

Prop Pitch—Hypothetical bucket of something-or-other which "acrophobic" mechanics are sent to find.

Prop Wash and Hangar Talk—Gossip or rumor.

Res—Reservation department. Roger—"Your message has been received." (radio).

Sky hooks—Same idea as "prop pitch".

Willco—"Will comply with your request" (radio).

## F/O Bill Hill Visits Island

On annual leave from his post on Vancouver Island F/O Bill Hill made a short hop to the Island with wife Ann and daughter Susie. Looks like a million bucks does our Willie and all hands are looking forward to the day when you'll be back for keeps.



Jack Barker Wounded

We were very sorry to hear as the publication went to press that Sgt. Jack Barker of The Argyle and Sutherland Regiment had been wounded in France. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Barker at Hanlans received the word this week and report that he is now in a base hospital in England.

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## Classified Ads

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## GIRL PADDLERS FEATURE AT BEACH REGATTA

By LEN JOHNSON

Last Saturday's regatta at Balmy Beach winds up the competitive paddling for 1944, a season that has been just a shade of former years from a racing standpoint. However, the results of this summer's work will be far reaching and will, beyond a doubt, be the foundation on which future success can be built. About 35 to 40 youngsters have been taught the rudiments of paddling and are the most enthusiastic embryo paddlers anyone could find anywhere. They are going back to school next week with the idea in mind that next summer they will work out for the juvenile crews.

To get back to the Balmy Beach regatta. We were favoured with a fine day and fairly calm water, and it proved to be a very successful day from the Island standpoint for we won every race but one.

Ron Slade and Dick Duggan were easily the best in the juvenile singles. My work last week to watch Duggan and Reilly in Beach waters was well founded for they won the juvenile tandem event quite handily. Many complimentary comments were made to me on behalf of the juvenile four of Slade, Denroche, Reilly and Duggan on the smoothness of their stroke and the power that brought them across the line winners by a large margin.

Norm Lane got his revenge for his defeat at the Island regatta by taking the open singles from Art and Chuck Johnson.

Just before the end of the regatta some Balmy Beach girls approached Commodore Cecil Webster and myself with a request for a mixed tandem race. Partners were quickly arranged and one of the most interesting and closest races of the day resulted. The race was won by Chuck Johnson and his Beach partner with only a slight margin over the all-Beach crew of Norm Lane and partner.

The results of the regatta were:

**Juvenile Singles—**  
1. Ron Slade, I.C.C.  
2. Dick Duggan, I.C.C.

**Juvenile Tandem—**  
1. Duggan & Reilly, I.C.C.  
2. Farintosh & Powell, B.C.C.

**Juvenile Four—**  
1. Duggan, Reilly, Slade, Denroche, I.C.C.

2. Balmy Beach No. 1 Crew.

**Senior Singles—**  
1. Norm Lane, B.C.C.  
2. Art Johnson, I.C.C.

**Mixed Tandem—**  
1. Church Johnson and Partner  
2. Norm Lane and Miss Roach.

## — ATTENTION — BOYS and GIRLS

**SPECIAL MOVIES**  
Saturday, September 2,  
At 7.15 P.M.  
FEATURING  
ABBOTT and COSTELLO  
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## LAST MINUTE FLASH

The honour of becoming our first GIRE'S "A" champion went to Joan Stewart as she defeated Francis Johnson in the final of this event in two straight sets with scores of 6-0, 7-3. I didn't get a look at this match, evidently Francis was a m.o.f.-form in the first but got awfully stubborn in the second and deciding set. Congratulations to you Joan. I guess you won't be able to claim junior status? Very much longer. HUH???

! The (B) station, Toni Co advanced to the semi finals by defeating Bill McCanse.

## How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I resize an A-minister rug?

A. Stretch the rug tight and tack face down on a floor, or some flat surface. Sprinkle with a solution made by soaking and dissolving ¼ pound of alkali glue in ½ gallon of water. Let the rug dry at least one day. Care should be taken not to put on so much glue that it will show on the right side.

Q. How can I remove starch from the iron?

A. If the iron has become coated with a film of starch, run it over a sheet of fine sandpaper and the iron will be perfectly smooth again.

Q. How can I keep a cake from falling apart when cutting it?

A. When baking two-layer cakes try placing the two bottoms together. The bottom will be crusty, and the cake is not so likely to fall apart when it is cut.

Q. How can I relieve indigestion?

A. Nothing is better to relieve indigestion, or that full feeling after eating, than to chew a few springs of mint. Chew the mint thoroughly and swallow stems and all. It is nice to have a bed of mint growing in a corner of the yard.

Q. How can I remove coffee stains?

A. If cold brown stain is put on coffee and chocolate stains it will remove them. Milkew can be removed from a garment by soaking the article in buttermilk.

## STOP FOR A Tasty Snack At WETZEL'S

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## D'You Know

(Continued from Page 2)

- (10) Mr. Hyde.
- (5) When the dove brought the green back to Noah.
- (10) Trombone, trumpet, tuba, triangle.
- (10) Banking and finance.
- (10) Moses.
- (15) Juneau.
- (10) Bookkeeper.
- (10) Oats, rye, millet, corn, wheat, rice, barley, and buckwheat.
- (10) False—it equals at years.
- (10) One o'clock.

## Street Fair News

(Continued from Page 1)

to patronize them while strolling on the Drag.

There will be a Raffle-Booth where the many beautiful objects to be raffled will be on display. Among them are a lady's bicycle, a pedigreed Manchester terrier (worth \$100), a chest of silver, a piece of Sheffield plate, a ton of coal, an oil painting, a water colour, a black and white portrait, and drawings by famous artists.

It is hoped to have a White Elephant Booth where everyone will find some article he has always wanted to own.

Manitou Road will be greatly decorated for the occasion and loudspeakers will inform everyone of what is going on. The Committee is sparing no effort to provide a variety of attractions which will insure a grand day for all. See you Labour Day on the Main Drag!

## Theatre Night

Watch for the announcement of the feature picture to be shown at the big Theatre Night to be held in the Casino on September 12th.

Mr. Ginn has kindly consented to keep the hall open for the concluding event of the season. There will be an advance ticket sale and admission will be 50 cents per person. Selected short films and the draws for the various raffles will round out the evening.

## Frank Oldfield To Sing

The Entertainment Committee is happy to announce that the guest star at the next Sunday Evening Show in the Casino, on Sept. 3rd, will be Mr. Frank Oldfield famous bass-baritone of the concert stage.

Mr. Oldfield is perhaps best known for his spirited rendition of those salty British ballads and marching songs, such as, "The Road to Mandalay" and "Soldiers of the King". He has made many appearances across Canada, having toured for the Dominion Government and he has sung countless times for the Armed Forces.

The Committee appreciates Mr. Oldfield's generosity in coming to the Island to sing for us and anticipates a delightful evening this Sunday at the Casino.

## It's Bargain Day In Desert Brides

In the Sudan, in the heart of the "Dark Continent," as the up-to-date world likes to call it, the natives by thousands last month were holding a tribal dance and a feast of celebration, says the New York Times. The expulsion of the Axis from North Africa, the surrender of Italy and the other victories of the United Nations had nothing to do with the case.

What prompted the joyful demonstration, we are told by an Exchange Telegraph Agency dispatch, was the official announcement in Khartoum that the price of brides in the territory had been reduced to £6 for the first wife and £3 for the second.

## YOUR ISLAND GARDENS

By F. J. WALTER

Well, folks, what a welcome rain, this will benefit our gardens far more than anything we can do with the hose, it has been so nice and steady. What about that grass seed you promised yourself you would sow after the first good soaking? Well, now is your chance, and while at it what about seeding right out to the side walk and so help to beautify the street. In a good many instances the front lawns need this seeding, so why not spare a little seed and sow a few feet further out, you will not regret it, but do from now on, get the seed planting done.

The Garden is a very interesting spot now, and if we look around we can often find some plants producing flowers, which we had forgotten. Keep all spent blooms down, for by so doing you help not only the remaining blossoms forming, but also keep the plants free from insects, and this is of course one of the greatest advantages.

Pegging roses down right now is another very interesting procedure. Select at strong shoot of this years growth, and carefully bring it down close to the ground. To further help the rooting cut between the joints, taking part of the bark and the new wood. Be sure your knife is sharp, so as to secure a clean cut. I repeat that this cut should be in between the joints to allow of your being able to put at least two inches underground. Having made the cut put a match stick in between the cut to keep the gap open, you will find this helps the rooting process. Press the earth down tightly, and keep moist.

Cover during the winter and by Spring you can separate a new growth from the parent tree, and there you have another rose tree to help in decorating your trellis, or your rose bed as the case may be.

There are some bulbs to be had now, which are well worth attention. In passing casually along King Street E. today, I stopped in front of the English Pedigree seed house of W. J. By chance I noticed in the window the blooms of the Autumn Crocus, a very delicate mauve. These bulbs are very unusual, the foliage being produced in the Spring, and then eventually turning yellow. You think the bulb has not bloomed and forget about it, when suddenly in the Fall you find the beautiful delicate blossoms. These bulbs purchased now will give you flowers in a few weeks. Plant them about 2 inches deep; they are hardy, so will not be winter killed, but they do need covering with leaves.

Upon entering the Store I found some very fine Madonna Lilies, extra large in size, and well worth purchasing a clump of, say a dozen or so. They would provide a very fine setting, to say nothing of the perfume. I was informed that other bulbs would be in, in the near future, so my advice to those of you who desire to experiment with them, is to get your orders in so as not to be disappointed this year.

Take a look at your compost heap, and if possible turn it over. You may be needing this a little later on to build up your flower beds, or even to scatter it on your lawns. This is always useful as it becomes very expensive to bring from the City.

Sometime ago I approached the Parks Department at the City Hall to see if we Islanders could procure a Snow load of loam to help build up our gardens, and in turn help beautify the City properties.

I received a reply to the effect that just now there was not any loam or earth suitable, to be had, but there were possibilities of there being some at a future date. If we are able to get some later on I feel sure the majority of the Islanders who have gardens, would be willing to help with the wheelbarrows, to bring the precious mould from the Lagoon, to their respective residences. I will repeat the request for this again, to the proper quarters, a little later in the Fall and hope for results in the Spring.

Seed gathering time will soon be here. Select a good bloom (not particularly the largest), but one that shows signs of ripening. A small paper bag covering the bloom will catch the seeds, but a still better way is to take a spent blossom, cut it and place it in a small box, and put this into the direct rays of the sun. This will allow the bloom to dry out, and when the seed is ripening, pack into envelope, paper them down tightly and marking carefully the particular variety.

DON'T FORGET THE GRASS SEED, PLEASE.

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