

PUBLISHED FOR AND BY EMPLOYEES OF CANADIAN CAR AND FOUNDRY CO. LIMITED, FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO

VOLUME 1

SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1944

NUMBER 20

## WRITE THAT CHEERY LETTER

The \$64 question of the week: "Would you spend four cents to spread happiness to our boys overseas?" We are sure the answer would be unanimously in the affirmative. That's just what you are being asked to do. Join in the Canadian Car "Send a Cheery Letter Week" which commences September 24 through to September 30. During this period all employees are asked to write a cheery letter to some boy or girl in the services. This does not necessarily have to be a relative or personal friend. Just obtain the address of any serviceman and write him a cheery newsy letter. Remember, one of Hitler's secret weapons at the beginning of the war was the breaking down of people's morale. To these men who are so far away from home particularly at the time when we are approaching our Christmas season, letters from home help to keep up morale. The management have arranged for Department Time Checkers to pick up all mail during this week's campaign. They will turn it into a central point where it will be checked for proper mailing address and a sticker applied to the envelope in order that it can be identified as an employee's gesture to our fighting men. The appeal to get behind this worthwhile endeavor applies equally to both male and female employees—so come on, gang, let's all get busy and write those gallant guys and gals in uniform, particularly those overseas, a cheery, pally letter. You can send V-mail, Airmail, ordinary mail—you can even send a post card or greeting card—but by all means send it.

Here is all you have to do:

1. Write your letter.
2. See it is properly stamped and addressed.
3. Hand it to your Department Time-checker.

Simple, isn't it? And think what joy, happiness and peace of mind it will bring to that boy over there to know that we here on the Home Front are right behind him, physically, spiritually and morally.

## SHORT SNORTS

### Open Toe Shoes

Mortimer: "Hey Charlie, did ya see what I saw?"

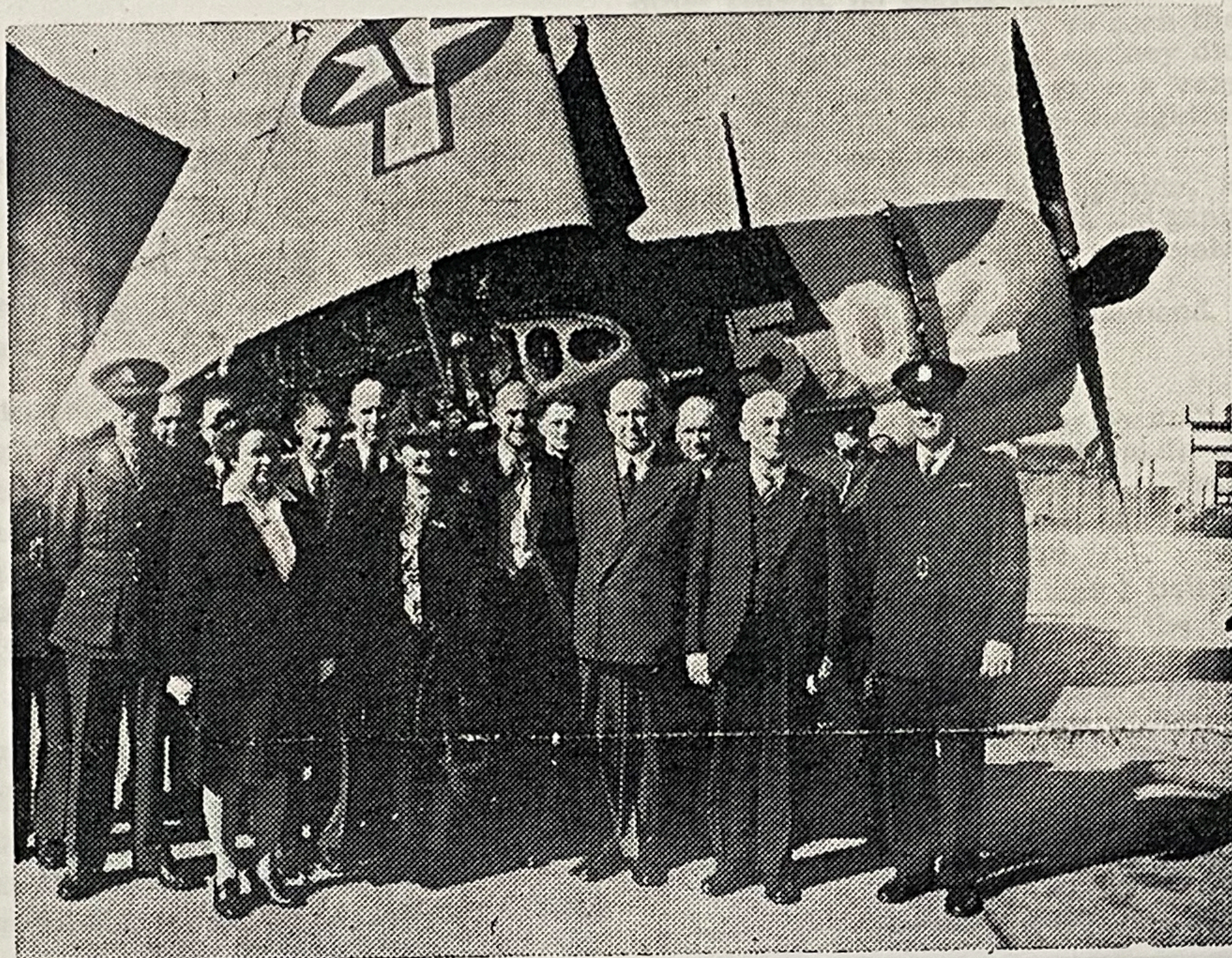
Charlie: "You betcha. She used to paint her toe nails red, they sure looked nice."

Mortimer: "Yeh, but they are not red now."

Charlie: "I know—she's using iodine now."

We send the older brother overseas to fight for Christian principles. There must be something phony where laws forbid us to teach the kid brother these same principles in school.

## LIEUT.-GOV. AND PARTY SEE HELLDIVERS IN PRODUCTION



Accompanied by Mr. W. O. Wills, Acting General Works Manager, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the Hon. Albert Matthews, above with Mrs. Matthews and Major Bruce Young, O.D.C., were thrilled by a tour through the local plant where they showed keen interest in the manufacturing of Curtiss-Wright Helldivers for the U.S. Navy. Stopping here and there throughout the Plant the Vice Regal party asked many questions and offered words of encouragement to the employees. Completing the tour of the plant the party continued on to the Airport where they saw the ships being serviced on the ground and taking off and landing during flight test.

Pictured above are the Lieutenant-Governor's party seen as they completed a tour of the Plant accompanied by civic and plant officials. Reading left to right: Constable R. Beckett, Provincial Police, Port Arthur; Major Bruce Young, A.D.C.; Alderman Frank Cunningham; Mr. S. A. Childerhose; Mrs. Laura Anderson; Mr. V. O. Hattan; Mr. Donald Martin, Assistant City Clerk; Mrs. Matthews; Mr. W. O. Will, Acting General Works Manager; Alderman John Currie; Hon. Albert Matthews; Alderman B. C. Hardiman; Mayor Garfield Anderson; Sergeant Renton, R.C.M.P.; Chief Watkins, City Police.

## GOOD NEWS FOR THE JIVERS

A new dance band has been formed in the plant composed entirely of employees, under the able direction of Mr. Val Albertini and Mr. Bill Graham. Composed of some 17 pieces, this band will have five saxophones, three trumpets, three violins, two trombones, piano, drums, guitar and string bass. It is also intended that a singer and entertainer be included in this aggregation. While several good practices have already been held, this band has not yet appeared before the public, and it is hoped that some time in the near future some form of entertainment may be arranged whereby employees may hear "The sweetest music from the biggest band in town," as this galaxy of musicians have already been referred to. Mr. Charlie Bimbin, well known in dance band circles at the Head of the Lakes, will wave the baton, which would indicate that the social activities of the plant during the coming fall and winter months should swing into line with renewed vigor.

## U.S. NAVY CREDITS LOCAL EMPLOYEES WITH GOOD WORK ON HELLDIVERS

Relayed through Lt. Purcell in charge of the N.A.F. station at the Fort William Airport, the following wire was received by the local management from U.S. Navy officials:

"The SBW's are arriving here in much better condition. They still have more crabs than the SB2C but of course more of these are traceable to the check in flight. One particularly encouraging report is that once the SBW's are through engineering test finds them to be a much better flying airplane. The controls are smoother, the rigging better and they seem to average a bit faster."

This is encouraging news to all employees in the local plant who can well be proud that the quality of workmanship has been a determining factor in this very satisfactory report from the U.S. Navy, and a decided credit to all those engaged in the manufacture of this aircraft

## C.C.&F. GLEE CLUB

At our meeting on Wednesday, September 13, at Community Hall, we had an enjoyable time consisting of a good practice, a short meeting, refreshments, etc. During the meeting Mr. J. Scully announced his desire to resign owing to the pressure and time required for his own Church Choir. We accepted with regret. Mr. McNeil then outlined the duties of the Club, which is to assist and encourage anything in the musical life of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company and staff. We have a list of members, 100 names, and we are aiming for a mass choir for a concert in the near future. Something that all will enjoy.

He also stressed the necessity of doing everything possible to boost the grand program being prepared by the Theatrical Club, and wishing them the best of luck, and would also welcome any suggestions they may offer by which the Glee Club could benefit and prosper.

A new slate of officers was elected as follows: Vice-President, G. Rubie, Dept. 21; Chairman, C. Whittaker, Dept. 72; Librarian, W. Jones, Dept. 76; Secretary, A. Hansen, Dept. 64.

## Stay Alive

A live man pays a few cents for a shave.

A dead one pays \$5.

A woollen overcoat may cost only \$35.

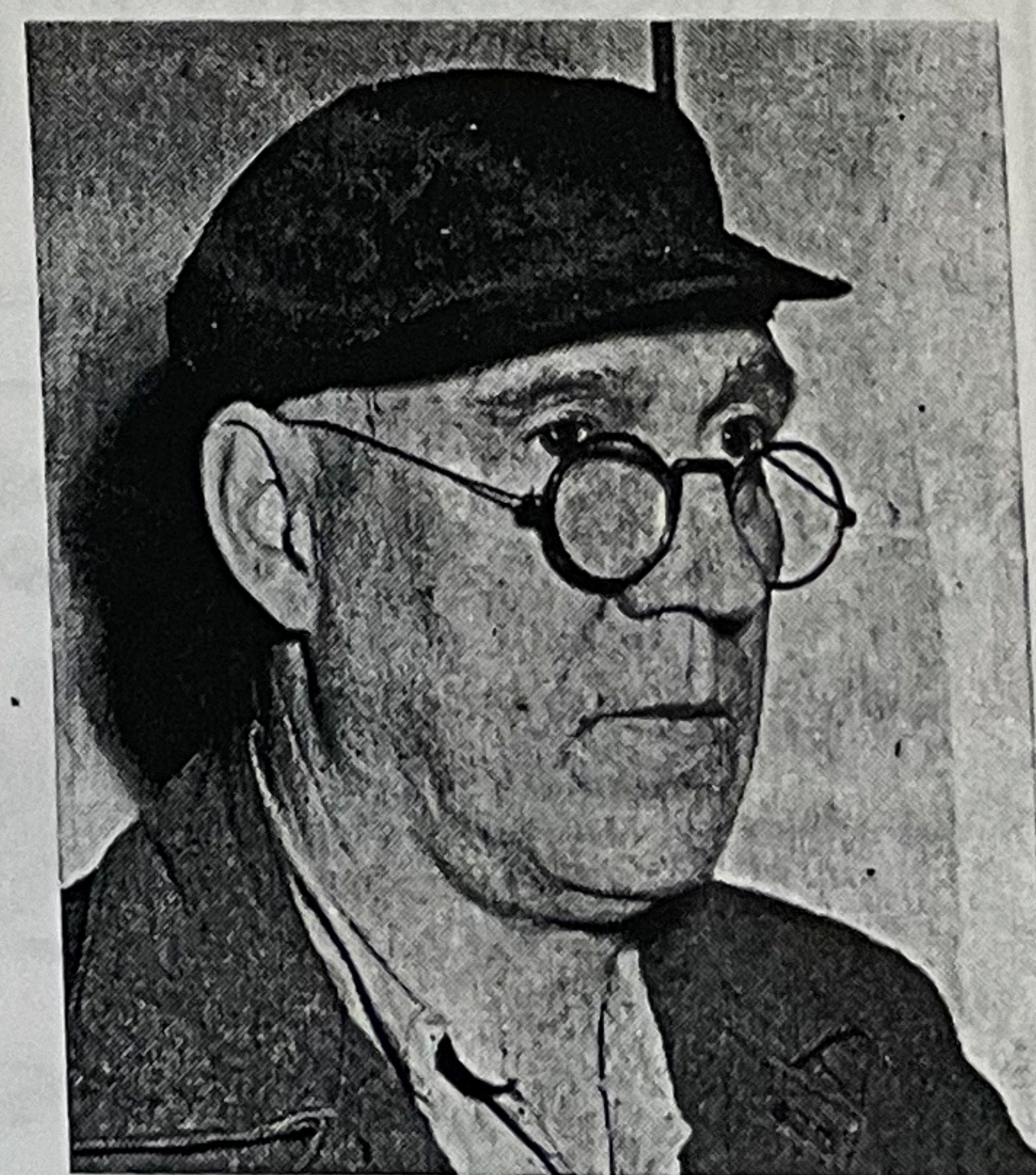
A wooden one can cost \$300.

A taxi to the theater may cost only \$1.

But to the cemetery it can be \$10.

Stay alive and save your money. It's easy—Work SAFELY.

## HIGHEST AWARD WINNER FOR MONTH



Pictured above is Mr. R. J. Brownlee of Department 54, who was the highest award winner for last month. Mr. Brownlee's suggestion regarding a new method of handling material for sand blasting netted him \$74 in Victory Bonds and War Saving Certificates.



## Directory

J. J. RUSSELL, Managing Editor; R. M. WALKER, Editor;  
J. McCORMACK, Sports Editor

# Editorial



In the past week three great world figures—Churchill, Roosevelt and King—met to plan the mopping up of Germany and the early defeat of Japan. In the heart of every Canadian, American and Britisner lies the dream of the new world of the future—one that the boys overseas will be proud to return to and happy to live in—one that is free from hate and greed, lust and fear.

Out of disastrous defeat in 1870, France rose stronger than before, winner of the next Great War. Out of heroic victory in 1918 she fell, two decades later, soft, discontent, divided—an easy prey to the nation she had just defeated.

Our own victory in 1918 proved none too healthy. We too went soft. We are still suffering a hangover from this last success—a poor start with which to face another victory.

It is not victory that weakens nations. It is incomplete victory—a semi-victory which tricks us into thinking that, because we have won against forces threatening from without, we have also won against the forces threatening from within. We have a long, untravelled road ahead—and we know we cannot go this distance unless we pull together. We must see that where chiselling fights honesty, where ambition fights patriotism, where individualism fights teamwork, there lie the seeds which build for mass disorder.

These three leaders, in whom we have great faith, are linked together as co-builders of a better world which will make the wealth of the world available for all and for the exploitation of none. But their planning is useless unless they have the willingness of the ordinary fellow to dig in and do something concrete to make it different than the pre-war era.

This time let's make up for past mistakes. There's the fight to build new homes—not just the new houses we will need after the war, but families in them who are different—who care enough to check and turn back our galloping divorce and delinquency rates.

There's a fight to build up industry—not just to give us all the automobiles and refrigerators we want, but to mass-produce the character to pull together and arrest the trend towards class conflict that may end in civic strife.

Only victory in areas like these at home can complete our victory abroad. There is a long way still to go. But that is just the spur we need to call out everything we have and keep us in the forefront of the fight.—Contributed by M.W.

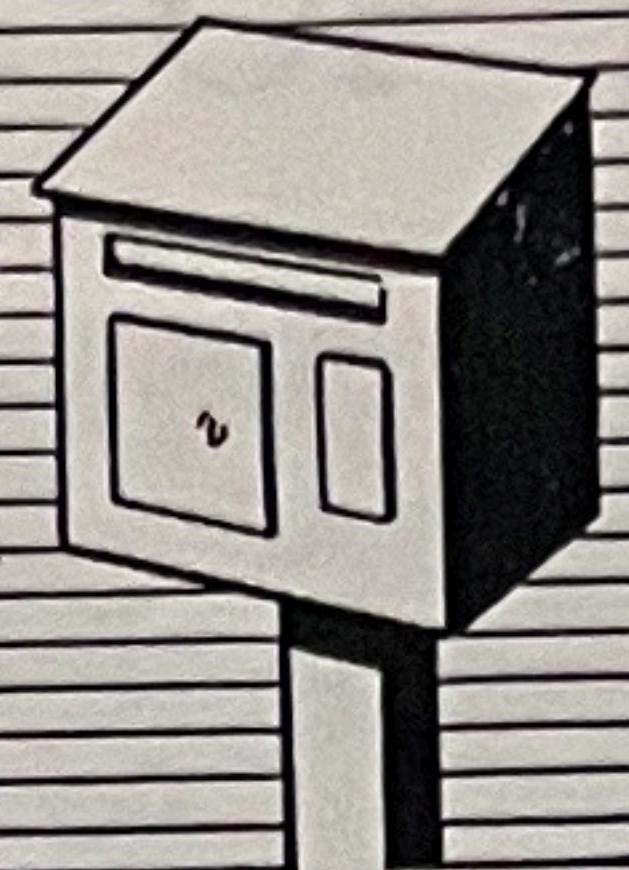
**SUPPORT CANCAR'S  
CHEERY MAIL  
WEEK  
TO OUR BOY OVER  
THERE!**

Here's all you have to do:

- Write a letter.
- Properly address it and stamp it.
- Hand it to your department Time Checker.



## THE Mail BOX



To the Editor:

Dear Sir,—I would like to take this means of thanking the personnel of Sub-Contracting for the lovely Waterman pen they gave me today. Although I came here with the stated intention of only working for the summer months, now that I am leaving to go back to University, I realize that I'm going to miss very much working with such a swell bunch as they. In the short time I've been here I've seen the work that they've done—and done together—I've seen the fun they all have together, and when one of them has left the department to get married, to be transferred to another, or for any other reason, no matter how short the time they had been here, I've seen the kids all gather around, just as they did today, while one of them gave a very sincere farewell, and some thoughtful gift as a remembrance.

Sub-Contracting, in my opinion, is one swell department, and it's the gang, each and every one of them, that make it so.

—Naomi Diamond.

Dear Sir:

Recently I heard of the formation of an 18-piece dance band made up of Canadian Car employees. From what I heard of this band it's above anything at the Lakehead.

If these facts are true and I believe they are, when are we to get the opportunity to hear it?

Is it to play at any of our Athletic or Union dances? Are we to hear it at the next Victory Loan Rally? I hope so.

Thank you for the use of this space in our paper.

ALLAN AIRNS

## DEPT 07—TOOL CONTROL

(by K. Dewar)

Mrs. Vivian Walton, who spent her holidays at camp in Floral Beach, Nipigon Highway, had her daughter, Marjory, as her guest. Marjorie has been in the Canadian Women's Army Corps for two years, and is a documentation clerk at Camp Shilo, Man.

Dorothy Hendrickson has given her sixth blood donation at the Red Cross clinic in Port Arthur and has been presented with the silver button emblematic of that service, by the Red Cross.

### Tool Design Report

Wally Mackay, our Alberta farm hand, has returned with part of the prairie soil in his "beard." Welcome back, Wally.

We are sorry to lose Walter Lemski who is returning to his studies at Queen's University, Kingston.

Henry Smith has lost his voice and doesn't know where to look for it. Where did you leave it, Smitty?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who ne'er has glanced around and said, Mmmm . . . not bad!"—Apologies to Sir Walter.

Mr. R. M. Walker,  
The Editor, "Aircrafter,"  
Dear Sir:

I have been reading with great interest the issues of the "Aircrafter" and thank you for keeping me on the mailing list.

It is very evident from the news in your magazine and from first hand accounts I have had from recent visitors from Fort William that there has been great expansion and changes since my time. I have very happy recollections of my period of duty at Fort William and hope I may see the plant again. I just had news from Tom Walker that his son, Ft. Lieut. C. Walker, who was listed as missing 5½ months ago is now safe in England. Both Cliff and his brother, FO. J. Walker, worked at the plant and if it is of interest, his mother has an excellent photo of the both together.

Best wishes for the continued success of your magazine.

BILL GREEN



"THEY'RE REALLY FINDING IT TOUGH AT HOME, JOE!  
POP CAN'T GET GOLF BALLS, MOM CAN'T GET ANY  
KLEENEX, THE KID BROTHER CAN'T GET OFF  
THE NIGHT SHIFT AND SIS CAN'T GET A BOY FRIEND!"



# WHICH IS YOUR FAVORITE MEAL OF THE DAY?



Bill McQuistin, Dept. 77:

"Breakfast is my dish (and that's no pun). It's about the biggest meal I eat, and I really dig in and enjoy it."



Peggy Jarrett, First Aid Room:

"Any meal suits me as long as the food is good, and there is plenty of it; and as long as I'm with good company."



Mae Stanhope, Material Control:

"I enjoy dinner in the evening, when I'm home with the family. It seems homier, and nicer, somehow."



Ronald Nutt, Dept. 40:

"I eat most at supper time. I guess that's why I like it best."

## DEPT. 87

Perched high up in an enclosed box overlooking the Canadian Car Stadium in Building 8, I bring you a blow-by-blow description of the fights held nightly here during this week.

The boys and girls are all in their corners and all seem to be in pretty good shape—especially the girls. The crowd is not as large as last night, but nevertheless they are all wildly cheering, banging hammers and shooting off rivet guns in anticipation of the outcome of tonight's events. A hush descends over the crowd. Here comes Moorehouse, the referee, and with him is the manager, Charlie Westerman. They step into the ring—inform the crowd to cheat fair and come out fighting. And there goes the bell.

Here comes Charlie Gay. He's up—nope, he's down. He forgot what he came up for. Here he's up again—delivering a smashing Rejection—but there he goes—hes' down again. Now Muriel leads with a Right Slide to the Centre Panel. Boy! What a honey. Now Schrader and Bergkuist, like a couple of Nuts—Bolt and Spar around a bit, but are Washered out. Here comes Muriel back again with a left made to Order. By the way, this up and coming little girl is pinch-hitting for Cass Ledner, who is suffering from an injury received by a telegram. Rumors have it that he'll be back by first of the week. There's Kay now (better known as Pistol-Packin' Mama) gunning her head off and shooting the bull as usual. Yes, he's here too. Oh, oh, what's this? There's a huddle in the corner. Yep, folks, it's Lottie and Johnny. She's battered down all his defences—now she's got him where she wants him. Boy, what a struggle! what a shake-down! There goes the bell, and also Belanger, who staggers, blind drunk, for the nearest exit, and home where awaits him the remainder of a case of b—. The crowd disperses to partake of refreshments, and I don't mean they went home with Belanger.

Well, folks, the crowd is filling back to their places just in time for the next exciting round. There's the bell. They come out like a flash. Ted Souther-sinks a mean Drill to the Front Spar and Phillips is sticking right with him. Hey! What goes on here? I hear foot-steps approaching on horse-back. It's O.K. fellows. It's only Art's girl-friend trotting up to him to give him a gentle love-peck on the left ear. Moorehouse breaks it up. Cecile takes a poke at a rivet and Peggy pushes right back. Louis and Doris say they're getting Stiffener every minute, and I guess the whole crowd is getting pretty tired of this brawl and can hardly wait till its' over. Cecil and Florence say they Gusset will be all Right with them. There goes the final bell and Parky wins by a nose at the clock.

If you live entirely for yourself, your lifework is entirely too small.

## SAFETY NOTES

This column in future will be dedicated to one of the most important but least ostentatious forms of conducting our daily lives "Safety". Personal safety, safety for your fellow workers, safety for your fellow men. We all love to read or see movies of those dashing heroes and heroines who live "dangerously" and maybe we are just a bit envious. However, when we come to live our own happy, comfortable lives, maybe it wouldn't be such a good idea to take so many chances, and maybe those things only happen in books or on the screen. What are we fighting this war for and why? What are our brothers, sons and friends risking their lives and limbs for all over this globe? What are the United Nations spending billions of dollars for? Those are only a few of the questions we might ask. And the answer—Safety. Safety from oppression by a horrible enemy. Safety for freedom from fear, hunger and slavery.

If we as a nation can fight so hard to preserve ourselves and make ourselves safe from fear, slavery and hunger, why can't we as individuals work and fight just as hard to preserve our lives and our way of life by becoming Safety conscious, by thinking and working always with the thought, "Am I doing my work so that I or my fellow workers are not in danger of being injured?" If by a moment's thoughtfulness we can save a disabling accident, a limb or a precious life, we will be thankful for the rest of our lives.

Mr. Carl R. Guay, president of the Union Pacific Railroad, in summarizing the results of Safety Consciousness has stated, "What could be nobler than to save a life? Have you ever stood beside one who had been killed as the result of an avoidable accident? I have. Have you ever had the widow and children come to you and tell you of the grief and heartache, poverty and misery that followed in the wake of the father's careless or thoughtless act? I have. And it was to prevent these dreadful conditions that the Safety movement was established. Lives saved, limbs saved, homes saved. These are the dividends of Safety."

## MATERIAL CONTROL

Our "Smooch" is the proud mother of five kittens. Too bad Ruthie is on her holidays, but never mind Ruthie, they are all being fed.

Did you ever find your hat that you lost at the Stores Party Bill?

I wonder how Webb is making out with his sax players, maybe he would like to give some of us a try.

Jean Holgate is quite happy with her sailor home on leave.

We notice Mae Stanhope just had her picture taken for the Aircrafter. Lucky girl!

## PURCHASING DEPT.

(by Betty Arthur)

Miss Ruth Seargeant, who has been a member of Purchasing for over two years, leaves on Saturday to attend Bible School in Winnipeg. We are sorry to see you go, Ruth, but wish you every happiness and success in your chosen very worthy work.

For a great while subscriptions of money were taken about the office each time a member left our midst, but a short time ago a much better system was introduced and seems to be meeting with much favor. Now each of us pays a fee of twenty-five cents every pay-day to Miss Ida Haggart, and she keeps the money which will be used to buy the necessary gifts when the occasions arise. We are asked to try to remember our fees and to pay them to Ida as promptly as possible.

## MACHINE SHOP

Horse-shoe final: J. Beaupre and E. Bearham vs. B. Merkely and H. Hill. Score 30.

Mrs. M. Goddard is having a well-earned holiday.

A former member of our Department, E. Donaldson, visited the plant last Friday. He is now a pilot officer in the R.C.A.F.

Congratulations to Jack Natchuk and Edna Louselle on their birthdays, September 15.

Martha Stasiuk returned to work after a very enjoyable two weeks' vacation.

The checker tournament is still continuing with Steve Charbonic holding the lead. Nice going, Lefty, but don't lay away nights thinking up new plays.

Our new chaser is also our pin-up boy. He's so small you could hang him up with a thumb-tack.

# THE POET'S CORNER

## DEMOCRACY

From here and there,  
From everywhere,  
To this war plant they come;  
Not knowing what  
Will be their lot  
Or form of service be.  
But come they do,  
Like me and you,  
Intent to do their share.  
Some clerk, some file,  
All with a smile,  
Doing the best they can.  
What e'er the task,  
'Tis all they ask  
To let them play their part;  
So that their toil  
Will Help to foil  
This awful think called War!

## ODE TO OUR EDITOR

A compliment the other day  
Did come into my ear,  
It was about our Aircrafter  
In whose pages we do peer.  
It said it was the best they'd seen  
Of a paper of its kind;  
It's articles were good and true,  
It's columns read so fine.  
So let's give a great big cheer  
To our editor and crew,  
And let's promise him more helping hands

For future issues, too.  
Let's sleuth around for news each day  
And work in greater measure,  
To make our paper one that brings  
Its readers increased pleasure.  
Let's make Can-Car a family circle,  
With friendships that will last,  
The kind that makes a better world  
When this grim war is past.

## REGRET TO INFORM YOU

It seems like only yesterday  
I picked up scattered toys,  
Wooden soldiers, guns and trains  
That fascinate small boys.  
I heard your baby prayers each night,  
Then tucked you into bed,  
"God bless Mum, and Daddy too,  
Make me a good boy," you said.  
I watched you bravely start to school,  
A wee determined chap,  
Your curly head now closely cropped  
Beneath your woolly cap.  
Swimming, fishing, each in turn  
Brought trophies to your wall,  
But even they were cast aside  
When you heard your country's call.  
Today it came, concise and clear,  
With tear-dimmed eyes I read:  
"Regret to inform you," I couldn't see  
What else the message said.  
"Dear God," I pray, "when victory's  
ours,  
May peace and freedom reign  
In every heart," then the price you  
paid  
Will not have been in vain.  
—Isa Barr.

The sergeant came into the mess hall, took one look at the table and made for the nearest K.P. pusher.

Sergeant: Whose bright idea was it to put these flowers on the mess table?

K.P. (innocently): The Colonel's.

Sergeant: Really? Purty, ain't they?

## WRITE THAT CHEERY LETTER

It's just a piece of paper plus some ink and a little effort, but oh boy! how they appreciate it. Do it now—write a letter overseas.



# THE Feminine Touch

## What's News From The Library

Only a few people today know that the co-inventor of the airplane and the first man to fly it, Orville Wright, had a part in a robot bomb development project in the world war. The flying aerial torpedoes were powered by 40 horsepower motors and carried biplane wings. The armistice in 1918 stopped the development and radio-controlled devices since obsoleted the project.—“Aviation News.”

The ability of Boeings B-29 Superfortress to operate at extreme altitudes is due in large part to the pressurized cabin, until now one of the closely guarded secrets of the bomber now making periodic raids on Japan's industrial centers. Compressed air from the turbosuperchargers is introduced inside the cabin while the airplane is flying in the thin air of high altitudes at the same time that a certain amount of air is released from the cabin, thus maintaining near-normal air pressure.—“Aviation News.”

Alberta is one of the two provinces of Canada which produces four types of fuel in great enough quantities to be used as boiler fuel and the only province where natural gas can compete successfully with coal oil and wood.—“Modern Power and Engineering.”

A new high heat-resistant thermoplastic valuable in manufacture of aircraft instruments and radio equipment for planes, has been revealed by Monsanto Chemical Co.

Anyone can learn to fly in 5 hours Parks' Tests with Ercope. Average student can pilot plane alone in less time, record of 109 beginners reveals. The expense of operating craft put at less than that of light automobile.—“Aviation News.”

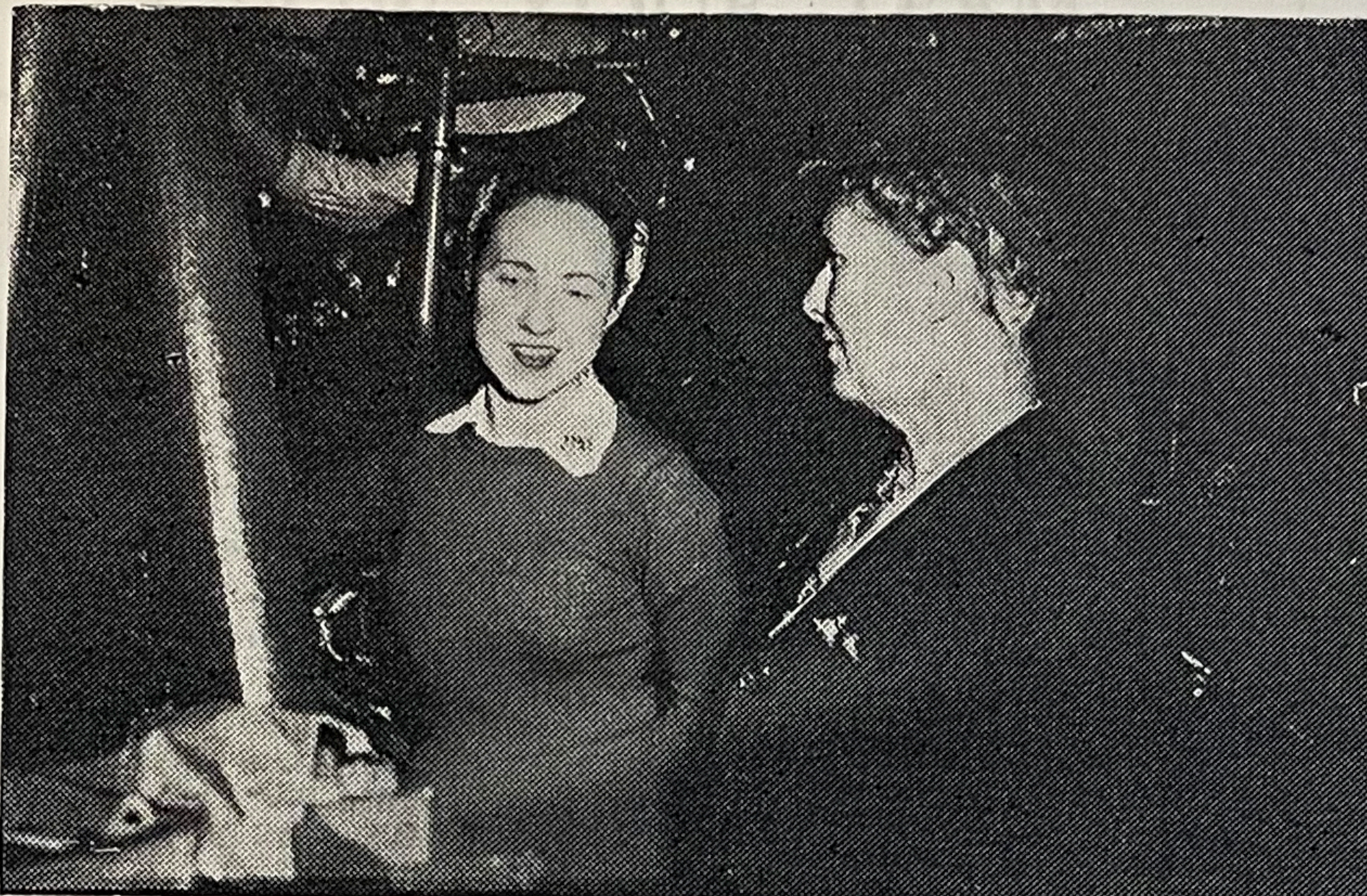
The efficiency of fighter aircraft has been doubled as a result of the introduction of the new British gyro gunsight. This gunsight has brought about a revolutionary change in aerial fighting. Fighter pilots may now open effective fire on their opponents with the speeds of each aircraft upward of 400 miles per hour at ranges of over 400 yds. and angles of deflection which were considered to be impracticable only a few months ago.—“Canadian Aviation.”

“Aviation-minded Wayne University in Detroit,” says National Aeronautics, “stole a march last month on the rest of the nation's colleges with the announcement that it will offer a course in jet-propulsion at the next term in September.” The course is to be given under the direction of Mr. Arthur A. Locke, head of the aeronautics engineering department at the university, which has been gathering material on the subject since May, 1943.—“Flight.”

De Havilland's are inviting suggestions for a name for their forthcoming civil air-liner, and offering a small prize to the sender of the one ultimately adopted. Aspirants for the honor of naming the new D.H. aircraft should send their inspirations direct to the firm.—“Flight.”

Fighting for their rights usually divides men. Fighting for what's right unites them.

## MRS. MATTHEWS SHOWS INTEREST IN FEMALE EMPLOYEES



Mrs. Matthews showed keen interest in the female workers throughout her tour of the Plant, and can be seen above as she chats with Miss N. Robbins of Department 91—Engines.

## CLEAN-UP TIME HAS COME

### Tidy Up Workplaces

Now that the Autumn is here is the signal for all of us to get busy and do a little clean-up around our work benches. Give the regular sweepers a break by avoiding throwing discarded objects on the floor and under the benches. Get rid of those orange peels and pieces of paper that you threw under the bench thinking that it wouldn't be seen. Such sly little actions remind one of those people who, at home, sweep around the living room rug and hide the pile of dust under one corner of the rug.

Let's not kid ourselves in doing such foolish things—keep your area clean and help everybody including yourself. A clean place is a safe place to work. Don't be a “Fibber McGee” and pile all your rubbish into a mythical closet. It may sound funny on the radio, but “it ain't funny, McGee” if one of those piled up objects would fall and strike you on the foot and break a toe.

Spend a few minutes each day keeping your workplace tidy and you will notice how nice it feels to be working in a neat place.

“A place for everything  
And everything in its place.”

## ADDITIONAL AWARDS FOR EMPLOYEES' SUGGESTIONS

The Labor-Management Suggestion Plan Committee is pleased to announce that additional awards, with letter enclosed from Mr. W. O. Will, Acting Works Manager, have been mailed to the following persons. Payments of awards were made in form of Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates.

|                 | Dept. | Sug. | Value   |
|-----------------|-------|------|---------|
| N. W. Domanko   | 88    | 1280 | \$28.00 |
| J. H. Henderson | 40    | 2888 | 32.00   |
| Roy Faubert     | 84    | 3586 | 74.00   |
| S. E. Radcliffe | 32    | 3571 | 2.00    |
| D. C. Marsh     | 92    | 3612 | 50.00   |
| T. Fonseca      | 40    | 3631 | 8.00    |
| N. Mittler      | 92    | 3672 | 28.00   |
| J. McKinstry    | 40    | 3730 | 4.00    |
| A. McMillan     | 71    | 3743 | 20.00   |
| S. Hicks        | 84    | 3754 | 12.00   |
| O. LaFleur      | 77    | 3772 | 24.00   |
| R. A. Pollock   | 48    | 3870 | 32.00   |
| G. R. Whan      | 40    | 3875 | 4.00    |
| H. B. Tyart     | 76    | 3907 | 4.00    |
| C. E. Squires   | 77    | 3908 | 12.00   |

Total ..... \$ 334.00  
Total previously paid ..... 5,007.35

Total paid for 162 Suggest'ns \$5,341.35

It will soon be time for the Aircraft Industry Relations Committee to select the winners of awards in Dominion-wide competition for the Director-General's Merit Award. If you have a suggestion in mind, please submit same at once to make it eligible for these awards.

## DEPT. 70

Jack Bell is away on his holidays. Hope you have a swell time, Jack.

What is this we hear about Dave Gibb? Well, folks, Dave's car is at the bottom of the Kam River. It got tired waiting for Dave to go home, so it struck off by itself. After all, you can't blame the car. It won't go up the road if there is nobody there to drive it. So now Dave is busy fishing his car out of thirty feet of water. He is looking for good fishermen and divers. Good luck to you, Dave.

## BREEZY BITS

When washing your hands rinse them off with cold water. It closes the pores and prevents them from chapping.

Do you get soap in your eyes when washing your hair? Put cold cream on eyelids and brows and the soapy water will detour.

Choose thread a shade darker than the fabric you are mending. The result will be a better match to the eye than if the thread were exactly the same shade.

A sudden tug and pop goes a button! But not if it's backed with a small circle of material on the wrong side.

Are you troubled with bubbles on the top of your hot jelly? Let the jelly stand a few minutes, then remove bubbles with a spoon dipped in hot water.

Rub the surface of your felt hat with a very fine sand paper to remove dust and dirt which may seem hopelessly imbedded.

Keep your clothes in circulation, don't play favorites, they will last longer and look better. Take time out for mending, sewing on buttons and adjusting hems. With a few things back in circulation with no buttons missing you won't fret for the new dress you can't have.

To make bacon curls—remove the rind from sliced bacon. Cook over slow heat, in a cold pan, until the bacon is crisp and brown. During cooking shape in curls, using fork. Fine for garnishing.

To remove oil spots from rugs or furniture apply lime water.

When preparing turnips, peel them, then cut just as if there were a core in the center. Discard this part and the turnips will not have that strong unpleasant taste.

To save time polishing uniform buttons, apply a thin coat of colorless nail polish. Keep them bright and shiny!

Always wipe up lemon or orange juice, milk or vinegar or any other acid juices and foods as soon as the surface has cooled. Acids spoil the porcelain finish of stove and sink.

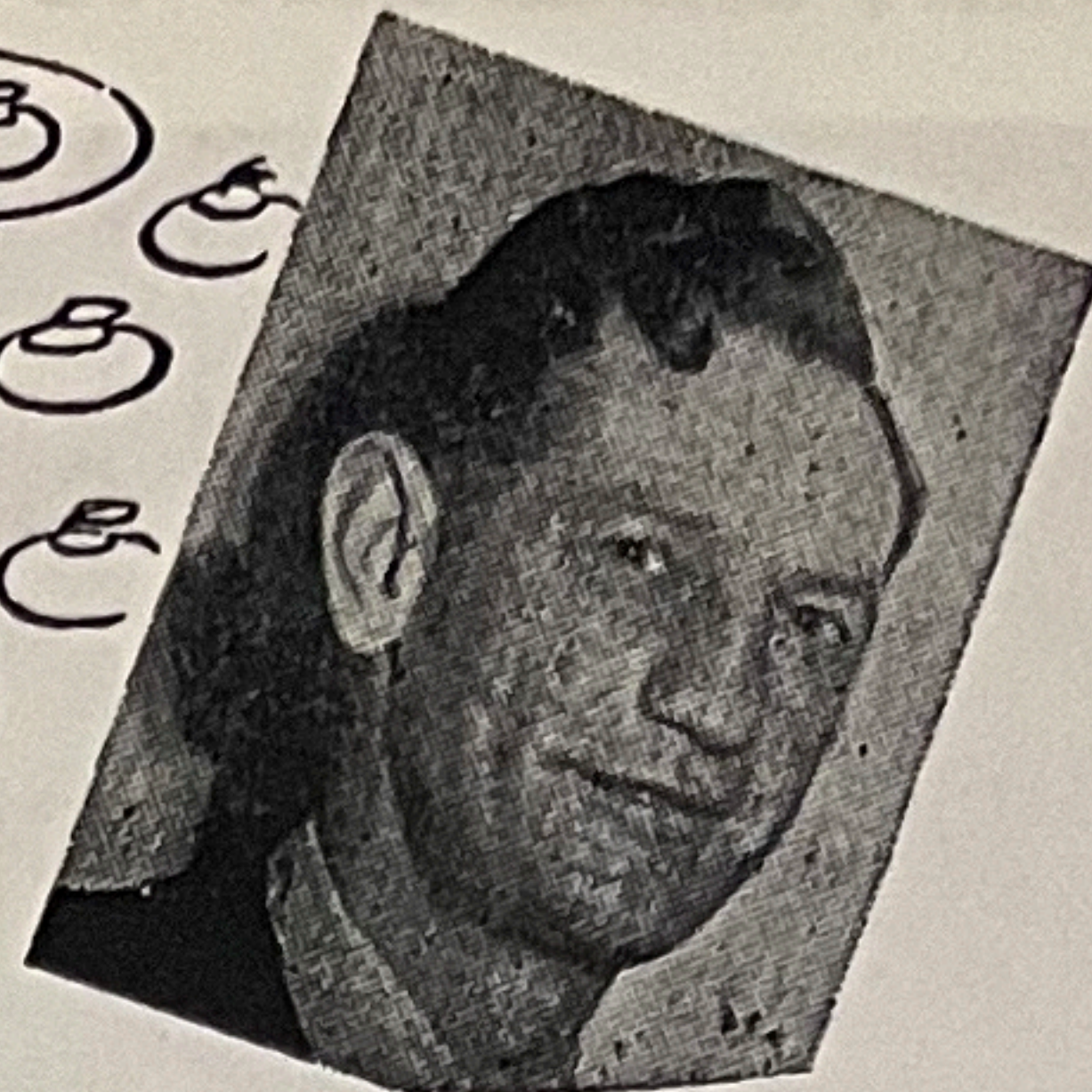
A lost knob on a pot lid is enough to make you lose your temper. Use a cork and put the screw through the lid from underside and twist cork on sharp end of the screw.

## HOW TO MAKE A QUILT

Take a medium-sized old sheet or flannelette blanket, patches and all; then hunt up your woollies—sock legs are fine—cut up into even-sized pieces. Cut off the foot and slit up the leg and lay them flat on your sheets and tack loosely with flour bag string or coarse thread. Cover the whole sheet with woollen pieces, keeping them close together, almost to overlapping so there are no thin places. It is surprising how much area one sock leg will cover when opened out. Cut off any thick joins if you are using any bought socks. Knitted materials are best, as they are light, yet warm and allow for air spaces. You can make the cover out of eight our bags, four each side. Dye them any color you desire. Iron them smooth and join up in the form of a bag the required size. Slip your wool covered sheet into the casing and sew up the end. To keep the filling in place you can either quilt it or tuft it with colored wool. A simple pattern for either can be made by overlapping circles drawn round a saucer or dinner plate. Cretonne or chintz make an effective covering, too. This is a lightweight quilt and can be washed whole as it is not too heavy for the machine or the wringer. Two packets of dye will dye the eight bags, and besides that there is only the cost of the thread or wool.



# SPORTS



## TEE TO GREEN

By G. P. Thierman

It was surprising to read the other day, in the report of the result of a golf competition, that the event had been decided by "Scotch" foursomes.

This column, being interested in the development of the golf game, and ignorant of the type of foursome mentioned in the report, enquired from several golfers of experience for enlightenment on the subject. Not one of them denied knowledge, while one and all endeavored to explain the mysteries of this new type of foursome.

The large percentage of those interviewed were emphatic — that the "Scotch" foursome was that game where two on a side play with one ball, taking alternate strokes.

A couple more answers were to the effect that it was the foursome where all four players drove from the tee and the longest ball, or the ball in the beset position, was chosen to finish out the hole.

Both of these replies were, of course, incorrect as there is definitely no such thing as a "Scotch" foursome.

There is, however, a standard "foursome" in which two players engage two others, each side playing one ball. If such a match happened to involve four Scots, you might term it a Scotch foursome, but not under any other circumstances.

The Scots developed golf and, being a leisurely race, came to enjoy the foursome as a relaxing kind of game for the second round on a busy day. It became a recognized form of golf enjoyment and is very popular all over Britain; in fact, on several courses this form of game is compulsory on certain days, mainly to relieve congestion. The international matches between Britain and the U.S.A.—both amateur and professional—are decided by 36 holes of foursomes and 36 holes singles.

On this side of the Atlantic, where golf has grown so quickly that almost everyone with leisure plays a game over the weekend, it became more popular to play one's own ball and the "four ball match" was developed. This, without doubt, has proved the best form of any golf match, proving that teachers can always learn from their pupils.

The "four-ball" match was developed here and in the States to such extent that the "foursome" was almost forgotten, so that when it was played at all, golfing scribes were at a loss as to how to describe it. Without looking at the rule book, they trusted to memory which told them that the two-ball foursome originated in Scotland so that here it was dubbed the "Scotch" foursome forever.

To save readers the time of digging into the rule book, here are a few definitions:

A side consists of either one or two players.

One player against another is a "single".

Two against two, each side playing one ball, is a "foursome".

One playing against two, these playing one ball, is a "threesome".

Three playing each other, all playing their own ball, is a "three-ball match".

One player playing his ball against

## KNOW YOUR TEAM



DEPT. 83 (Semi-Finalist)

Margaret Limerick—Single, native of Saskatchewan, sports golfing and bowling. Played for the C.C.A.A. two years ago.

Phyllia Jason—"Phil," single, hails from Pinewood, Ont., sports dancing and softball, played with Pinewood Whiz-Bangs and won many a prize. Says of course she likes the sailors too.

Doris Caruso—"Doddie," short-stop, single, ready and willing, from Fort William, student at Vocational, completed commercial course. Played basketball in Senior League for four years, softball in City League for three years and bowled in the Canada Car League. Also plays tennis, skates and skis. An all-round sports enthusiast.

Victoria Holgerson—"Vickie," married, hails from Fort William, sports swimming, dancing and bowling, but best of all she would like to have this war over soon.

Anne Nykorchuk—Single, native of Brooksby, Sask., sports bowling, softball and car riding. Won medals for running (not saying for what).

Ethel Johnson — Single, native of Ogema, Sask., sports basketball, softball and bowling.

Anne Wukovich—Single, native of Port Arthur. Sports skating and riding. She's the little girl with the southern drawl, ah-h-h?, Oh-h-h?

Rita Pratt—Married, born in Fort William, sports bowling, dancing and skating.

Francis Bednaz—"Frankie," single,

the best ball of the two or more players, is a "best ball match".

Two players playing their own ball against a similar combination is a "four-ball match".

There you have it. The Scots have a foursome but there is no "Scotch" foursome.

That's all for now—see you on the fairways.

from Brooksby, Sask., sports hunting, softball and bowling. Frankie says she has no claims to fame, not even in a bottle line-up, for give her one and that's enough.

Nettie Grychowski—Single, native of a little jerk town in Sask., sports roller skating, ice skating and swimming, but best of all smooching.

Marion Swanson—"Swany," hails from Melville, Sask., sports riding, bowling. Captain of the team.

Johnnie Guay—"J.B." coach, married, native of Quebec, P.Q. Sports fishing and softball. Hobbies, women. Thinks Dept. 83 have a good team, considering their late start, but says that next year he intends to have the Canada Car employees know that 83 will be right in there pitching.

## LEADING ANGLER



Rooney Ostling, who takes high honors in the annual C.C.A.A. fishing competition. Mr. Ostling, an ardent follower of Izaak Walton, hooked the largest speckled trout of the season to take the silver from Can. Car anglers.

## One For The Book

The Lakehead recent softball finals between the Pascol's and the C.C.A.A. crew is reminiscent of a championship fight that took place back in the roaring twenties. The principals were Mike McTigue, the light-heavy king, and W. L. Young Stribbling, the pride and joy of Georgia. The bout taking place in Willie's home town, Atlanta. It was a tough fight and the Georgia mob had Willie out in front a mile. The referee, who happened to be a New Yorker, received the judges' slips declaring McTigue the winner. Not wishing to become exhibit "A" in the bone orchard, he hopped the ropes and boarded the first train for New York, wiring back the judge's decision, McTigue the winner. So if you see a plank in the sport's rehabilitation program supplying softball manager's with A.V.O. pads you can bet your October butter ration coupons Fred Page, the C.C.A.A. pilot, put it there. Because during the final game with a man on first he gave a bunt signal to the batter who tried to lay a high one down and the ball glanced off the bat, striking the batter on the cheek—the catcher catching the ball in fair territory tossed to first to match the runner trying to return to the bag for a double play. The C.C.A.A. crew then asked the Umpire-in-Chief why he called the batter out, he answered for interference. According to Rule 47 when a player is called out for interference base runners are exempt from any play being made on them until the pitcher has possession of the ball in his legal position. OK. then if the batter is out under this rule, why was the man at first the victim of a double play? At the hot stove session following the game the C.C.A.A. nine found they missed the boat during the heated battle and formally entered a protest on the Umpire's decision of interference. A meeting was called to rule on the protest, but the Umpire-in-Chief had failed to report on the game. Six days later the League told the protesters that the Ump had ruled the man out on a pop fly. We salute Leo Lanahan's Pascols as worthy champs of this year's Senior Softball circuit and to the players of the Carmen and East End teams, if you fellows enjoyed playing as much as we enjoyed watching, then everybody's happy.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE TAVERNITIS

The American League resembles a beer tavern on pay day. Four drunks—the Yanks, Browns, Tigers and Red Sox—are staggering around the first division, all slightly tipsy. They have about seventeen steps to go before they get to the door marked "American League Pennant—Private" but their legs won't take them where they want to go. First one advances a couple of steps, then he slips and staggers until the rest catch up, and so on in the night.

Probably when the barkeeper hangs out the sign "Quota sold out until next season," the four drunks will go out the door together, trip on each other and pile up on the stairway. The big bad cop from the National League, Billy Southworth, will pick up the groggy drunk on top of the heap and hand him over to his Cardinals for final reckoning.



# DEPARTMENT NEWS

## ENGINEERING DEPT.

(by Mildred Walberg)

Highlights of this past week was the Engineering 1944 corn roast held last Wednesday at Black Bay Bridge. The setting was perfect—a beautiful evening, thanks to the co-operation of the weather man who allowed the sun to shine through the clouds from four o'clock on—the eats were superb, with handshakes going to F. Creighton, Cafeteria manager, and the staff for the delicious coffee, doughnuts and equipment they made up for us, not to say supplying equipment with which to conduct this outing—and cheers to our boys from Drawing Change: Dick Tuyl, Ted Vescio, Jim Simpson, Paul Zest and Mike Repuska, who were indispensable the whole evening round and catered to every whim and fancy of the 60-odd in attendance. While the femmes husked the dozens of ears of corn, these noble knights built a grand fire from wood which they had collected. Not satisfied with the supply in the immediate vicinity, they forded the river and hunted through the forest, in the latter episode assisted by Blanche, Claire, Freda and Nellie. If you doubt our word, just ask Ted to show you what remains of his feet—we think all these boys can vie with the circus performer who walks on glass. Transportation was by means of street car, any who wanted could "hoof" it, while others were taxied to and from the scene of activity by the generous services of Miss H. Kohar and Mr. H. I. Stokes. Participants were noted to have tickets pinned to their lapels, the artistic work of B. Allen. The corn was the product of Alex. McRae of Neebing, and we're just waiting until next fall rolls around to sink our teeth into more of these "can't be beat" cobs. While the corn was cooking in relays, Marie Demeo from the Blueprint Room supplied music for a sing-song on a piano accordion. She certainly tickled our vocal chords, as well as some people's toes who tried to dance on the rocks. We hope to hear more from you, Marie—where have you been all this time? After the corn, coffee and doughnuts had been demolished, there was more music and singing and the evening wound up by the old familiar circle and "Auld Lang Syne." Everyone did their bit so it was a swell time—our eligibles in Project supplied the ration tickets for the "rationables", and an arresting sign was the colorful contribution of Frank Kucera. The committee in charge of this successful event was headed by Miss P. Sternberg, our genial supervisor from Drawing Supply Section, with Ev. Kerney, Paul, Frank, Dick, H. I. Stokes and your reporter assisting.

Ruth Peterson is back in Drawing Distribution from her holiday of "loafing" in Kenora—and an addition to this section is a loss from Blueprint, Olive Syryduk. Welcome, both.

This week we particularize our good Samaritan, Frank Mason, who gave a valuable contribution of blood to Dorothy McYennan's mother, Mrs. Storey, who underwent a serious operation last week. She is now well on the road to recovery, and grateful appreciation is your due, Frank. Something on which a lot of us can ponder, aye?

A special flash from the Staff House tells us that Betty Gorse is chair-lady of the Girls' Council there. Good luck, Betty—we are sure you will be a good one judging from your ability in organizing as seen in the local branch of the Riding Club. We wonder, though, what would happen if your fellow inmates had seen you and June Beerman one morning recently standing in the middle of a mountain of waste paper looking for some drawings. The site was the incinerator, which gives you an idea of how they looked when they returned—they had the appear-

## 102nd TRAINING CENTRE

The men and girls from MacDonald Bros. finished up the inventory last week and left on Sunday for Winnipeg. Some of them may be returning to work here at the plant. The gang did a good job and we enjoyed having their company. To them all we say, "So long, and good luck."

The staff of the 102nd is to be congratulated on the splendid response made to the recent appeal for blood donors. Keep up the good work, gang!

Everyone's been asking "Where is Mary?" The shortage of housekeepers was responsible for Mary's leaving to keep house for her father and two brothers. Sorry you had to go, Mary. You'll always be welcome back.

Norman Addley is right at the top of the attendance records. He hasn't missed a day since starting last March. A commendable showing, Norman.

The stores section looks much brighter these days, thanks to the electricians who were busily engaged for two weeks installing an enlarged and more practical lighting system and in the bins. The boys can take home their flashlights now.

Tom Harvey of Inspection made a real killing out at Cedar Creek last week. Tom and a couple of fellow fishermen reeled in 60 trout in one day's fighting, all good size. That's what I call a good catch! Mine you can always count on one hand and range anywhere from 3 to 6 inches.

We have two new employees with us. Betty Barzaghi hails from Murillo and is a cousin of Marj Barzaghi, a former stores employee. Gordon Wilkinson is from the west. We hear Gordon is very susceptible to blondes. Better watch out, girls!

Horseshoe pitching is still very popular over here. The most recent converts to the game are Betty Dawson, Sid Lloyd and Al Joyce. Steady customers include "Spanky" Robb, "Big Bill" Gagliardi, Lorne Ohlgren and Al Greig. What's happened to George Simmons? Is the competition getting too stiff, George?

Bowling starts on October 5 and Lorne Ohlgren is busily rounding up players for a team from the 102nd. Anyone interested? Get in touch with Lorne.

ance of candidates for the Chimney Sweepers' Convention.

Bob McIntosh is back with the Maintenance Breakdown again after an enjoyable visit to his home town, Souris. Aileen Wallster of the same section, is a sad woman these days—Clarence has gone back to camp we hear. Sadie Kinney, our C-2 report holder, is back from a few days spent in her hometown, Chisleau. Embarking to resume chemistry studies at Queen's, is Phyl Jones—every success, Phyl, and thanks for your contribution this summer.

Presentation of a beautiful chenille bedspread was made to bride-elect, Miss Lee Zentil, soon to become Mrs. J. P. Lassam, by Mr. Jim Carmichael. Many of the Aircraft readers will remember our likeable J.P., former BAC representative at this plant. Heartiest congratulations, Jim, and the best of wishes for years of wedded bliss. Their home will be Akron, Ohio, folks, where hubby-to-be is Resident Technical Officer.

Our conclusion spotlights Muriel Duffield and June Beerman, who it seems, have decided to bring about a new wartime economy known as the Wimpy Plan—the fundamental principle being, if entertaining friends to a chicken dinner, be sure to have them supply the chicken. Jim McKillop and Gib Heath were the guests and fulfilled their share of the bargain and were royally feasted. June says its very economical too—sort of a Dutch treat.

Je Suis Finis for this week.

## CHAMPION BLOOD DONOR GREETED BY VICE-REGAL PARTY



Champion blood donor of the district, L. Addouno is seen above being congratulated by the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Matthews during their visit to the Red Cross Blood Clinic. Addouno, who is employed in Tool and Jig Department has 21 donations to his credit.

## AMATEUR NIGHT

They journeyed from near and far for an occasion rare;

It was the grand old amateur night at the hall upon the square.

The first upon the program to entertain the crowd,

Was James McNutt, the baritone, with a voice both harsh and loud.

He was a scraggly-looking gink, this gawky big palooka,

With a voice that sounded somethink like a rusty old bazooka.

He started in to murder poor old "Danny Boy,"

And then he massacred the sailors on the "Larboard Watch Ahoy."

The audience for the first part was keeping kind of mum,

Though the look upon their faces was certainly quite glum.

But there are limits of endurance, so found this noisy geezer,

For a juicy ripe tomato landed square upon his sneezer.

But, he sure could take it, this goofy great big lug,

And he sure enough was getting it mostly on his mug.

He seemed to be set forever, at least for an age,

Until they got the hook, and yanked him from the stage.

The next infliction on the crowd was Maria Anna Stilletto,

She looked like the last rose of summer plucked from out the Ghetto.

She warbled of La Paloma, this stringly, scrawny dope,

In a voice like the eight o'clock whistle or a wheezy calliope.

But her stay was short and sweet, she had to close her throttle,

For somebody threw her a drink of pop and forgot to remove the bottle.

The next was a recitation from James Gerolomon Pender,

He was still a little groggy as the result of his latest bender.

They said he drank fixed bayonets and sometimes leopard sweat,

Mixed with lemon essence or anything he could get.

He proceeded to bury Caesar, then switched to Ghunga Din;

But the patience of that suffering crowd was wearing rather thin.

They started in to boo and then to jeer and howl,

Bombarded him with rotten eggs and smote him cheek and jowl.

I don't suppose you're interested But if for news of him you're gunning,

Last heard of him he'd travelled far And still was strongly running.

The next to grace the scene was Rosalinda Raikes,

By the look of her graceful curves She could sure inhale her steaks.

She was a novelty dancer, a pupil of Montaygue,

Every time she did her stuff she was like jello with the ague.

She did a lovely pirouette and as she

## DEPT. 15 — ACCOUNTING

Here we are back again after a short spell of silence. However, the only silence from the Accounting Dept. in the past 3 weeks has been in the Aircraft. The lights on the top floor of the Main Office have been burning many long hours after five o'clock the past while, but some time in the near future we hope to wind up all these hours of overtime with a super party and then get back to our regular routine.

We all join in wishing Sybil a speedy recovery and hope to see her back soon.

Congratulations are in order for Ruth Shinoff who passed her examinations successfully and is embarking on a Post Graduate course.

Since a certain young Navy man was transferred to Halifax, Wynne Dille has been back in our midst.

Charlotte has that certain gleam in her eyes these days. We all hope along with you that he gets home soon.

Nora has us all guessing now. When are the wedding bells going to ring, Nora?

"Help Wanted"—capable young lady to cook meals for Bob Sinclair and the pups for the next three weeks.

Here's a message we just received for Mr. James—Mary is having a wonderful time on her holidays.

That's all.

## TABULATING DEPT.

Betty has returned to work after spending her holidays with her parents at Laclu. Welcome back Betty. We're glad that you had a nice time.

Lou is back from vacationing in Duluth. Nice bus drivers headed that way, eh, Lou? Sorry you were sick.

Gee, Peter, Regina must be quite a place. You weren't nearly so romantic before you left. Why the big change, or don't you like to tell?

Who is the blonde number in our office that B.G. always whistles at. Better watch that!

## Famous Last Words

"Aw, it's only a scratch."

circled round

She slipped on a banana skin and ruined her background.

The crowd was just delighted and demanded an encore,

She would gladly have obliged but her arrears were much too sore.

And as proceedings ended,

Each spectator loudly swore

That he'd enjoyed the evening

And was coming back for more.

It was quite plain to see, a good time

had been had by all,

At least that was the feeling, at the

curtain's gentle fall.



# DEPARTMENT NEWS

## SHOP RECONNAISSANCE

(by The Black Cat)

I spent today strolling through different departments asking workers at random what their work consisted of.

The first worker I approached was a Frenchman who was making nose ribs for wings. I asked him what he was making and where it belonged. He looked up at me, smiled and said: "She's funny ting theese tin', I'm bend up hese cornair lak the blue print hese tells me, but where shes go on the hair-plane damned if I know."

I walked on and asked another fellow what he was doing. "Making a buck an hour," was his reply, "why?" I ignored him and moved on. "What are you doing?" I asked. She told me that she was stringing a line to convey electricity from a junction box to a switch box to put in an aircraft that was top-notch. So I figured she was too smart to try and date up.

At my next stop after asking the usual question, I was told something that went like this: "I'm making a bracket of 24st alum. alloy which holds a pulley through which runs a cable to the centre bomb rack which is located 6.11 inches behind the centre of gravity directly in the plane of symmetry; the reason it's in the plane of symmetry is so when a bomb is in place lateral stability will not be jeopardized." This disrupted my equilibrium so I moved on.

While still in a daze I saw a beautiful piece of femininity pushing a bicycle, so I pulled a traffic cop act and stopped her. "What is your job?" I asked. She said: "I'm strictly a rivet chaser but off duty I'm not so particular." So I asked her for a date, found out she was particular, and moved sadly along.

After seeing several people making things some little doodads and some larger assemblies, I walked up the assembly lines from beginning to end. Assembly after assembly was put together all made from these little no account looking bits of metal, rubber, wood, etc., until I reached the end of the line where the complete aircraft stood naked waiting for the dope shop.

This trip up the line reminded me of a woman. First the little dainty things, you know, panties and all those little thingamajigs go on first; then a slip covers these. Stockings and shoes just like wheel fairings and tires.

Now all the outer stuff, and last but by no means least, the paint job. Known on our aircraft as camouflage. This is very important as it hides the aircraft from enemy eyes just as powder hides the woman from all eyes, but I suppose washing takes longer than powering.

The whole thing boils down to the fact that no matter how small or how big your job may be, how little it seems to you to be a part in victory, remember the smallest, most insignificant part is often one of the most vital links in sound construction, the failure of which may cause a loss of life. So if you do your job and do it right, not only will you have a clear conscience but you will save the lives of our airmen from so-called gremlins, some of which are due to carelessness.

So let's give the war effort a push and the fliers a break, and don't forget, gang, the Blood Bank is still accepting deposits.

Here is something that should be of value to the girls. Miss Blanche Perrier from Spares Shipping, claims she has heard rumors of the mahi shortage, but so far it hasn't hit her. How many girls would like to know what charm Blanche uses and how to operate the gadget. When you find out let me know too, it might work on females as well as males.

Some time ago I mentioned a smock in my column. You remember! Well,

## DEPT. 72

Hi gang! Let's go to press.

Last week we said good-bye to little Rita Norman who is leaving for the west coast. Rita has worked in the plant for four years, and we're certainly going to miss her.

Angie Ohlolutucky suffered a loss a couple of weeks ago. She had her tonsils out. Hope you are feeling better now, Angie.

Department 72 had an "amazing" stag recently. The amazing part was that the boys managed to get to work the next day.

We have a newcomer in the department—Miss Maxine Holler. Want to know a secret, boys? Maxine has a twin sister as lovely as Maxine herself.

Who's the little gal that keeps humming "When My Dream Boat Comes Home"?

On your mark, get ready, set—go! And so the race was on. What race, you ask me? Well, it all took place at the Blood Bank last week to decide who could give the most C.C.S. Gilhooly and yours truly were tied for first place, with Chisamore coming in for a close second. Dome on Dept. 72, let's all get in the race. Blood donors are more urgently needed now than ever before.

Overheard. Mary: I met the most marvelous man. He'd be wonderful for you.

Peggy: Is he my type?

Mary: Sure, he's alive and breathing.

In concluding our column in this edition, here's a reminder for us gals. The girl who thinks no man is good enough for her may be right—and then again, she may be left. Bye now.

the owner came to me just lately voicing her indignation over my comments. She had on a nice clean garment and when I said "My column must have some value as the smock you're wearing now looks new and clean." Brother, did she hit the ceiling! At the same time letting me know that was no smock—it was her raincoat. Is my face red! O.K. Jerry, that evens the score.

Funny how things come to light. I found out what was drawing Red over to that cage on B line. We both go now. All I have to do is get Red to find another cage and lock him in it. Hell-o-o-o-o!

Who was the girl that jumped from one box car to another and not leaving well enough alone, tried again but missed. Never mind, Mabel, you bruise easy but heal quick. Must have been a good party.

Look out, Florence, Willie the Wolf still has his eye on you.

That's all. Bye now!

## DEPT. 13—STORES

Hi Folks:

Here's lucky 13 sneaking in with our views in the news, from the party held by Stores last Wednesday, at the Masonic Hall, Westfort. The party was well attended by 100 and more outsiders and "insiders" from Stores and Plant. An accordion, in the skilled hands of Doreen Broman, started the dancing with a fair crowd, and with the coming of Tony—self-styled "Mayor of Fort William"—among a bevy of beautiful girls, Jenny, Anne, Mabel and Mathilde, things really started to hum. When threatened with a fine, for being wall flowers and "sitting one out," most of the men tripped the light fantastic, with their lady loves (or someone else's); and if they suffered from callouses later, at least they were on their feet and not on a place sometimes developed by private stenographers. With the entrance of the Pepsi-Cola bottles, the dancers deserted the hall for the basement and consumed the same, served by Davie, Bob and Slim, to loosen up limbs and tongues for a hearty sing-song later. If it made the cooks—Mrs. Gatherum, Ba'rd and Monteith—feel badly to see pickles, intended for the midnight snack, disappearing down guzzlers' throats; at least they were ladies about the sad situation. We don't know whether you'd call it after effects or not, to see Florence using babies' methods for getting down stairs, and losing a heel in the bargain; but, really Gracie, you and Jim didn't have to sit on the stairs and howl. It was Flo's shoe.

Sandwiches, coffee and cakes, donated by some gals, were served in "two shifts" by the cooks and a few helpers, and no china was thrown either. By the way, if some of you single chaps are looking for a good "cooker of cakes" we might even recommend Grace or Marj.

Sporting around again was that ever present "Boggie" with the candid and flash bulbs. How much blackmail money can you collect now, Jerry?

Thanks for the pleasant evening to committee and friends, from us all.

Our sympathies are extended to Margaret Drabit, former fellow-worker, in her sad loss of husband and baby son in an accident Sunday, September 17th. May the same light which shone in London, for so many, during the blacked out years of this war, guide and comfort you and your loved ones, in the darkest hours, Margaret.

## BUILDING 8—INSPECTION

Betty is back from her holidays and is sporting a lovely cold. Too bad, Betty, we hope you get rid of it soon. By the way, has Frank a cold too?

We haven't heard much news from the Inspectors in Spotwelding, but I can assure you they are there alright and doing a good job. Maybe we can ferret some news from there next week.

Stores had a party the other night and it seems that a few Inspectors were there—one at least. Things were pretty tame and time was dragging until the Blonde Bomber from 73 Inspection arrived with Norton Nash. She took those steps three at a time and made such a clatter she attracted everyone's attention.

Why does Nick in Inspection 77 come to work so peeved after a bingo game? What's the matter, Nick? No more \$50 prizes?

It seems that while Dotty from Inspection 77 was mountain climbing the other day, a small boy fell and was rather badly hurt. Dotty promptly steps in and cares for the little fellow till the ambulance arrives. But that isn't the end of the incident. That little boy had a big brother and according to Dotty, he is pretty nice. Try mountain climbing for romance, Dotty says. You can never tell what will happen.

Andy is a happy man at last. He has an Inspection set-up now that he has always wanted. Pretty nice, eh Andy?

Pat Elliott is back at work after two months' leave of absence. We sure are glad to have you back with us, Pat.

Jimmie Peterson is bidding his friends adieu for another year. Jimmie has given up the idea of wearing a moustache to out-do Clark Gable and shaved it off. He is leaving in the very near future to resume his studies at Queen's. Good luck to you, Jimmie.

Could anyone tell us the name and address of the tall good-looking dark girl Pat was dancing so much with at Stores party?

Oryst is wearing a big smile these last few days. Is there any particular reason, Oryst?

Quite a romance is blooming in 73 Inspection.

## DEPT. 45

### Modification and Re-Work

This week we have been asked to give to those in need through the "Home Front Appeal". As far as 45 is in concerned, the appeal will not be in vain.

Just a wish to help another  
Get along some way or other;  
Just a kindly hand extended  
Out to one who's unbefriended;  
Just the will to give or lend—  
This will make you someone's friend.

—Guest

We wonder if Messers Phillips, Jones and Bettex have taken flight yet. Let's hope the boys return to "terra firma" with less delay than they left it. What! What!

Who said the corn roast was a fizzle? If you think so, ask Betty Boop and her pals. We understand the girls formed themselves into a volunteer working party the next day to tidy up, and according to Bob, they made the Gold Dust Twins look like rank amateurs. That's the stuff girls, maybe we will let you have our house next time.

Last week Freddie McMillan, formerly of Dept. 45 and now in His Majesty's services, returned to Fort William to be married, with Tommy Smallwood pinch-hitting as best man for Jimmy Phillips who had taken flight. The bride was from Dept. 40. The happy couple left for Kenora for their honeymoon.



Amidst rustic setting at the Cave, Chippewa Park, Stores and Material Control held their weiner roast. Pictured above are a happy group who after the sumptuous repast had sufficient energy to pose for the photographer.



## U S. Leaders Express Opinions On Pacific Theatre Of World War II

With a population of more than seven million housed in some million buildings, Tokyo stretches out over 217 square miles. The centre of the city, rebuilt after the 1923 earthquake, is like a western metropolis with its great steel and concrete buildings and broad streets built as a firebreak against conflagrations in the outlying, flimsier districts. The people of Tokyo, long anticipating another great earthquake and fire, have specially built their industrial and business sections to withstand flames, shock and concussion. True, the homes will generally burn easily, but fire fighters have been intensively trained against just such a catastrophe, and, in any case, houses will be far easier to replace than they are in Berlin, so people will not long remain bombed out. Since the targets of the Air Forces will be factories and military objectives, the inflammability of private dwellings is of minor concern to us, except insofar as these house family factories, those small home workshops feeding the munitions industry.

The great industrial belt of Tokyo is strung out some 18 miles from the centre of the city, with factories, naval bases, shipyards, piers, warehouses, and arsenals reaching down the Bay of Tokyo to Yokohama. Yokohama itself has some 4,500 factories and it is the great shipping port for Tokyo, its wharves capable of accommodating scores of 10,000-ton merchant ships at one time. So far as bombing is concerned, Yokohama with its population of 866,000, will have to be considered as part of Tokyo, and the destruction of the industrial and military power of these twin cities may require a long, tough campaign by air.

### Pacific War as Seen by High-Ranking Officials

"Jap resistance will become fiercer than ever as we approach their homeland. The farther we drive into the enemy's perimeter, the better cover he will have from land-based aircraft. We are apt to assume that the Japs will succumb to intellectual argument and crumble when the Germans are beaten. But with the Japs we're dealing with fanatics, not rational men. They'll fight with greater savagery the closer we come to the heart of their empire."—Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal.

"The Japanese will not be defeated easily. Defeat them we shall, but only when every American understands the magnitude of the task. I have no wish to overestimate a people who are our enemies, but I must in the interests of our very survival list a few of their formidable characteristics. They are united. There is a unity of solidarity. Foolish and criminally responsible as their war government is, they support it. They believe in the divinity of their Emperor, and through him, in the rightness of their war leaders. They are trained. They have submitted to years of enforced discipline.

"The Japanese rely on their belief in American unwillingness to sacrifice. They have put great store in what they think to be our softness. They look upon us as weaklings, demanding our daily comforts and unwilling to make the sacrifices demanded for victory. Japan is counting on each of us, individually, to hold back and hold up the American war effort long enough for Japan to consolidate her conquests. It is up to every American at home to prove Japan wrong."—Joseph C. Grew, former Ambassador to Japan.

"Japan will not be directly under attack as Germany is now, until the citadel area of that empire, island and continental, is under our threat or control. . . . In the Pacific, a long road still lies ahead."—Admiral Ernest J. King, Commander in Chief, United States Fleet and Chief of Naval Operations.

"In two years of war against Japan

the United Nations had not taken as much territory from Japan as the Japanese seized from them in the first two weeks of war. The United States invaded an integral part of the Japanese empire for the first time in the Marshall Islands, not merely territory which Japan had conquered from the United Nations during this war.

"We know that the Japanese will defend with fanatical zeal against our assaults. That fanaticism, that willingness to die fighting, is attested to by the small number of Japanese prisoners we have taken. During the first two years of war our American forces captured more than 170,000 Italians and more than 110,000 Germans. Although we have killed thousands of Japanese, in two years of war we have captured less than 400. I know of no single fact which so clearly indicates the size of our job in the Pacific."—Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson.

"As we approach nearer and nearer Japan, the necessity for more and more supplies available at the proper place and time will become more and more vital to our success. We therefore call upon all workers, regardless of peace talk and developments in Europe, to stick on their jobs—back up the Navy—and prepare it to pour on the Japanese the cumulative power of our fleet and our production lines—so that the fleet will be effective and our soldiers and sailors will have the necessary arms and ammunition to take an instant advantage of the opportunities which will be presented to shorten this war."—Under Secretary of the Navy Ralph A. Bard.

"Those persons who think that after the costly and time-consuming defeat of Germany, we can by a simple order fly our planes to China, bomb Tokyo, and bring Japan to her knees, do not yet understand the need for vast supply-lines, well-equipped bases and planes built to fight under entirely different conditions from those that prevail in Europe."—General H. H. Arnold, Commanding General, U.S. Army Air Forces.

"The Japs are a people to whom treachery comes naturally. Their internal history is punctuated with assassinations and underhand dealings to which Americans could not descend. The Tokyo mutiny of February, 1936, wherein the army only missed murdering the prime minister because they got his cousin who closely resembled him, and did murder a number of officials and at least one leading industrialist, was never followed by any proper punishment. The Black Dragon Society would not permit it. I state with all seriousness that I shall not feel safe for my grandsons unless the fire-eating, sword-rattling elements of Japan are completely liquidated upon the conclusion of this war."—Rear Admiral Thomas L. Gatch, Judge Advocate of the Navy, who commanded the famous battleship South Dakota in the Battle of Santa Cruz.

"Some people would like to believe there is some mysterious shortcut by which we can pour troops and ships and planes into Japan overnight. That is a very pleasant dream indeed. Unfortunately, however, it vanishes the moment the dreamer awakes to the reality of the cold facts. The Allied forces will close on Japan over roads as direct as possible; but if there are any shortcuts, we have a long way to go to get to them."—Lt. General Alexander A. Vandegrift, Commandant of the Marine Corps.

"Admiral Nimitz has said that our principal obstacle in the Pacific is not the Japanese, but geography. Our battle lines there extend nearly a third of the distance around the globe. The

## EMPLOYEE LEAVES TO ENTER MINISTRY

Archie McLachlan, one of the most popular members of the department, will leave this month for United College, Winnipeg, to study for the ministry of the United Church of Canada.

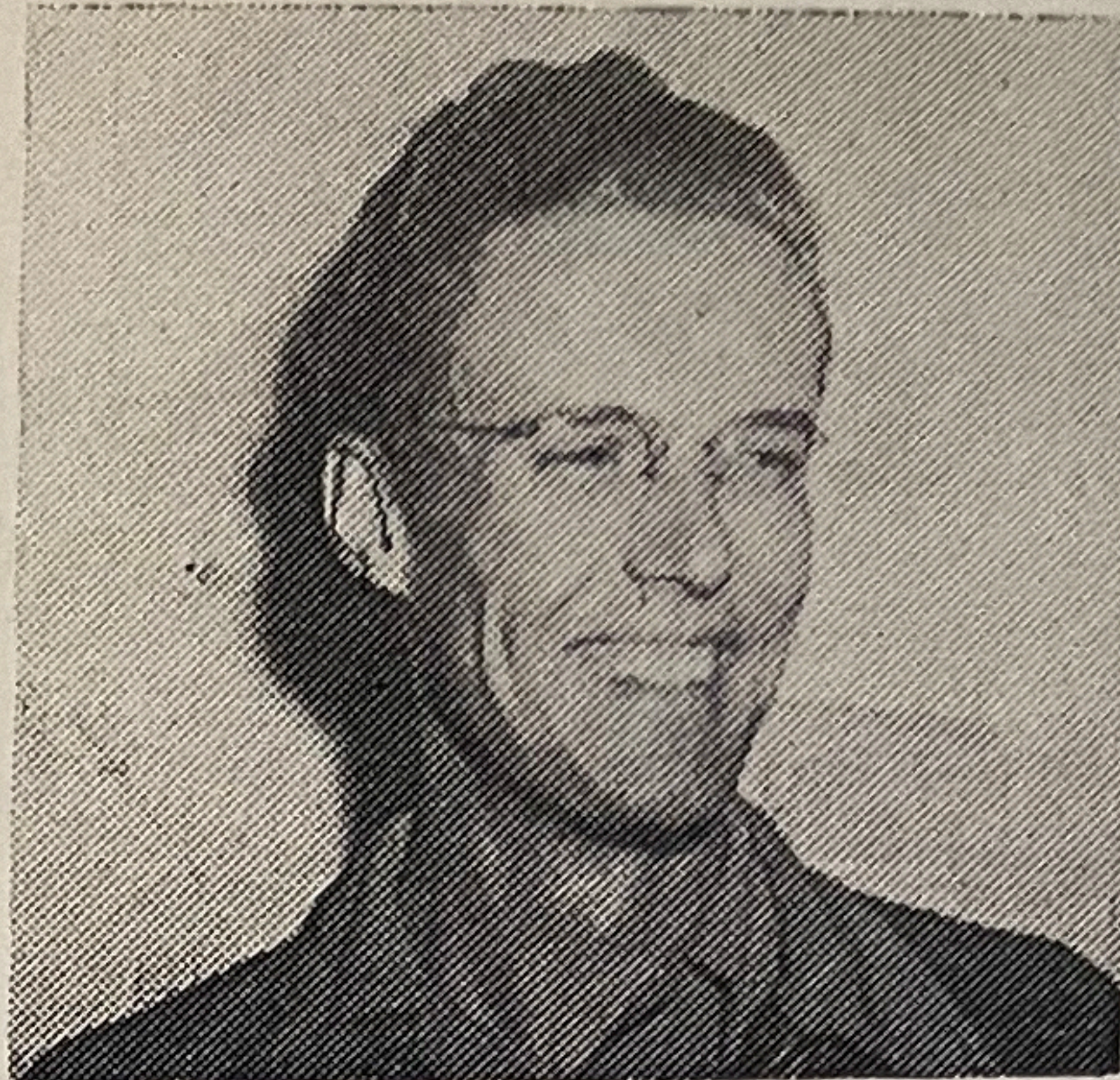
One of the "old-timers" in the plant, Archie joined the staff four and one-half years ago, on May 7, 1940. For two years he was with Hawker Wings, Department 15. In May, 1942, he transferred to Tool Control and has been with the methods department ever since.

Archie has accepted the call to be a student assistant minister in Crescent Fort Rouge United Church, Winnipeg, from the coming year. He is the son of the Rev. and Mrs. J. McLachlan, of Newtonville, Ont.

The decision he had to make was a big one, for Archie faces six years of study at United College. The staff all admire him for his stand and our best wishes and fervent hopes go with him.

A small token of this esteem and admiration was the presentation to Archie McLachlan of two gifts from the staff by Alan D. Norton, department head. In the presentation address Mr. Norton said he hoped Archie would be very happy in his new vocation and looked forward to hearing him in the pulpit. He added that Archie had been a most conscientious employee and everyone would miss him greatly. He presented Archie with two lovely gifts on behalf of the staff. One was a leather brief case, with his initials engraved thereon. The other was two albums of musical

land areas already occupied by our forces in that theatre have absorbed vast quantities of material. If we are to maintain the naval offensive at the present accelerated tempo, it is obvious that as we move to the westward and drive the enemy back to his inmost lines of defence, still greater quantities of material will be required."—Rear Admiral Dewitt C. Ramsey, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics.



Archie McLachlan—Tool Control

recordings, Ferde Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite, and selections by Raymond Paige and his orchestra.

Replying to the address and gifts, Archie expressed his deep appreciation for the kind words, generosity and thoughtfulness of the staff. He said he had greatly enjoyed working in the department and would miss his associates very much. Mrs. McLachlan and young son will follow him to Winnipeg in the near future.

### DEPT. 17

Come all ye war workers! Hear ye our news from the Time Office.

To start the ball rolling—Betty arrived back to work wearing an engagement ring. The Department extends you the best of luck, Betty.

We seem to have quite a number of visitors from the Navy these days. Was it you who wore the happy smile when the train rolled into the station on Saturday morning Bertha? Nice to have George back after being in "D" Day.

We are pleased to welcome Margaret Anderson into the Department. Margaret hails from Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

Well folks, due to rare happenings we wish to bid you farewell until next time.

