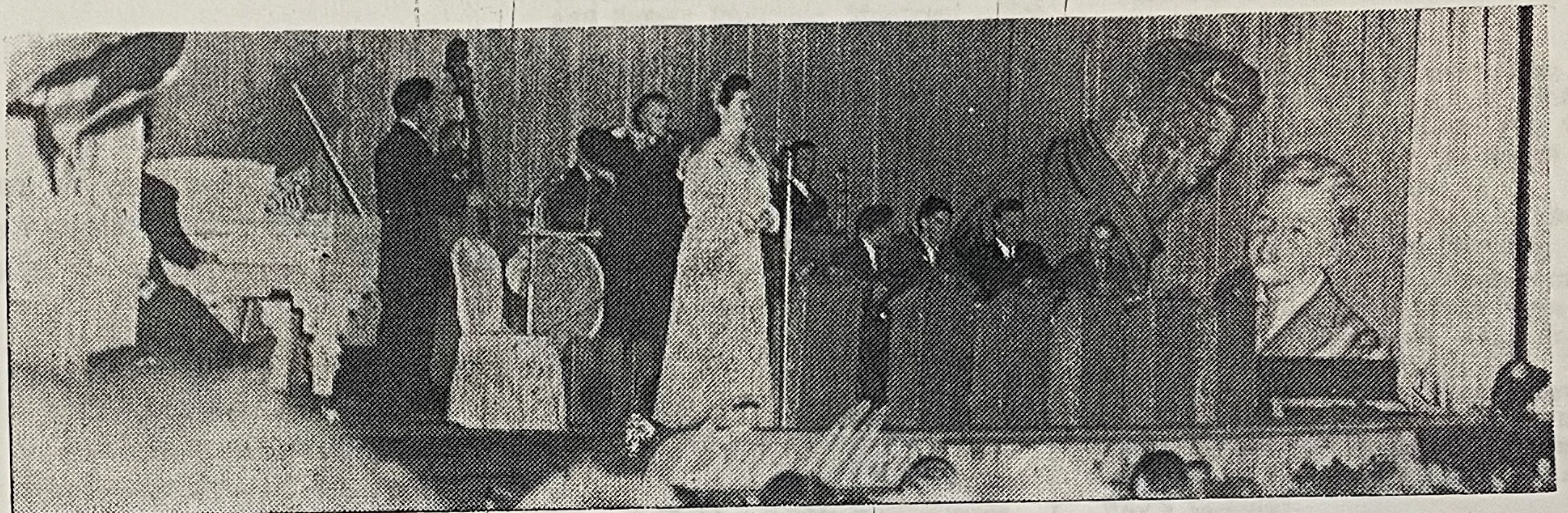


LOAN DRIVE BREAKS ALL RECORDS

Officially closing at one million one hundred thousand dollars, Canadian Car and Foundry's 7th Victory Loan drive created a record in local industries both from the standpoint of amount of money subscribed and in the time taken to reach this amount. The original quota which had been set at \$800,000 was passed before the second day of the drive, and the committee under the chairmanship of Earl Kettridge, set their own objective of one million, again passing this figure. Never before in the history of the Canadian Car and Foundry has a loan drive been so successful and credit for the success must go to the activities of the committee, together with the enthusiasm of the salesmen who have worked hard in order to attain this figure. A telegram was received from the President of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company, Mr. V. M. Drury, congratulating the employees and the committee on their splendid effort. With their own drive closed, the Special Events committee, of the Central committee has enlisted the aid of Canadian Car orchestra, string quintet and vocalists who have been appearing at the various theatres in the city to assist the city wide drive for bonds.



With the plant bond drive successfully over the top to the tune of one million, one hundred thousand dollars in the short space of ten days, employees of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company have been assisting in the city-wide bond drive. Under the direction of the Special Events Committee of which Mr. M. Procup of the plant is a member, the plant orchestra, together with vocalists, have been entertaining the public at the various theatres throughout the city. Pictured above is a scene from the Orpheum Theatre showing the orchestra under the leadership of Charlie Bimbin, with Miss Betty Marwick at the microphone. Also on the program was Mr. George Theirman, whose pleasing voice won the approval of the audience.

NOTICE TO ALL CAN-CAR GIRLS

The facilities of the Y.M.C.A. are open for another season of swimming, gymnastics, folk dancing, etc., etc., for the enjoyment of all Can-Car girls at the Y.M.C.A. every FRIDAY night.

The Gym class begins at 8 p.m. under the direction of Phyllis Chicoine with Mary Slater at the piano.

To those who do not wish to take gymnastics, the Swimming Pool is available till 10 p.m.

Come on, girls, and enjoy some real fun this coming season, and make it a habit by going to the Y.M.C.A. every FRIDAY NIGHT.

POST-WAR JOBS

When Canadian armament makers begin turning their swords back into plow shares they will probably have a big market for their product. According to the chief of the Russian trade mission to Canada, the U.S.S.R. will need not only all the plow shares but all other farm implements Canada can spare. "There are enormous post-war trade possibilities between Canada and my country," he said.

CAN-CAR JOURNAL TO INAUGURATE NEW FEATURE

Advice has been received from the editor of the Canadian Car Journal that in the near future pictures of employees' sons and daughters in the armed forces will be included in a new feature. Fort William employees who have sons and daughters in the armed services, and who wish to have their pictures included, should contact the editor of the Aircrafter for full particulars.

Sgt. (Rosy) Rosenberg Plays Trumpet Solo at Concert

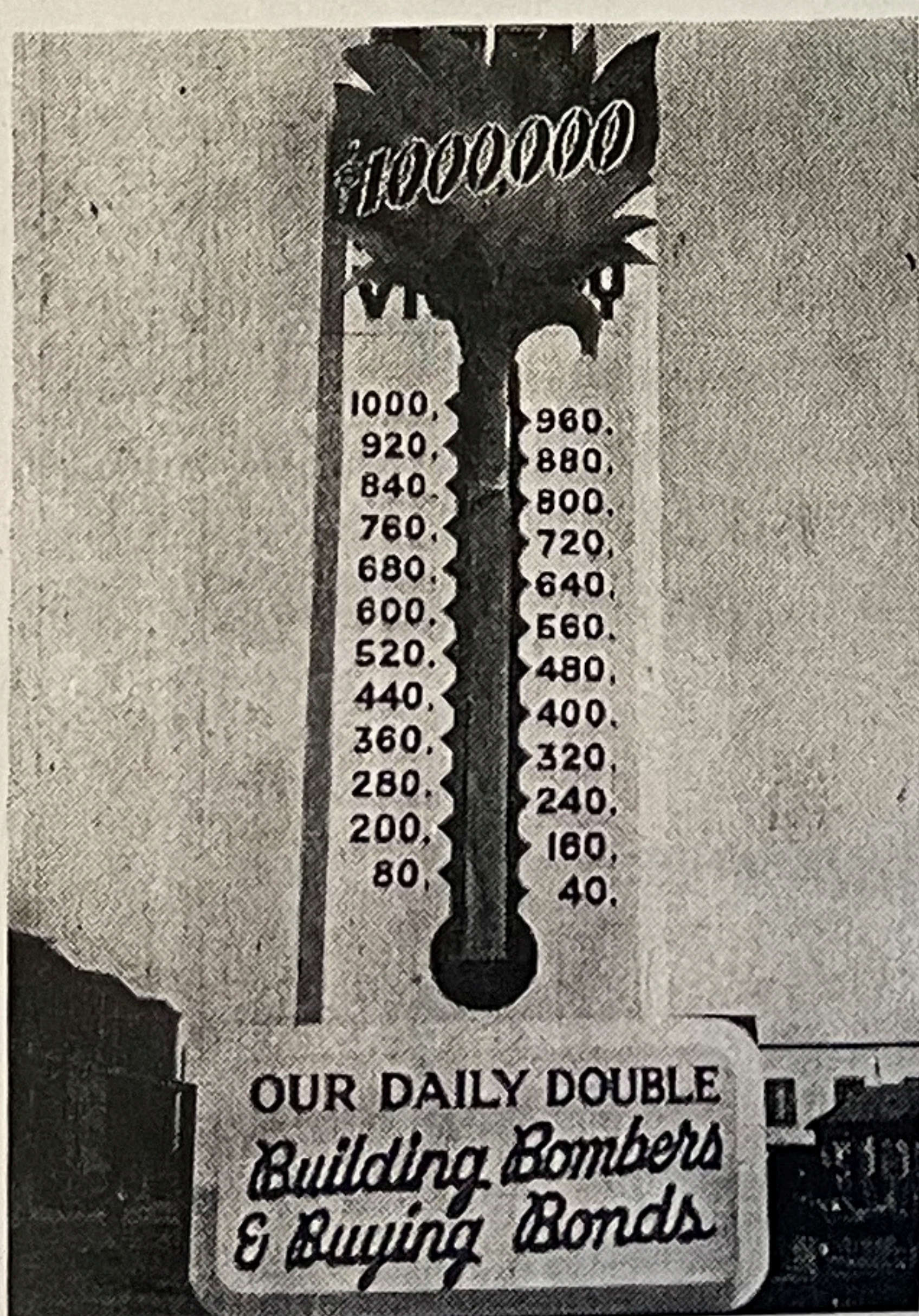


As part of the entertainment at the Orpheum Theatre on behalf of the Seventh Victory Loan drive in the city, Sgt. (Rosy) Rosenberg, R.C.A.F. Inspection, gives out with a hot trumpet solo.



NOVEMBER 11TH. POPPY DAY

Commemorating the 26th anniversary of the signing of the Armistice in World War I, Poppy Day will be held on November 11th. The money derived from the sale of these poppies is administered locally by a committee of the Canadian Legion. Poppies will not be sold inside the plant, however, taggers will be at all gates on Saturday, November 11th.



Pictured above is the huge thermometer as it burst the mercury on reaching the million dollars subscribed to the 7th Victory Loan in the plant. This was accomplished in less than one week, and has created a record for this plant both in subscriptions and time taken in which this grand gesture on behalf of the employees towards Canada's war effort was accomplished.

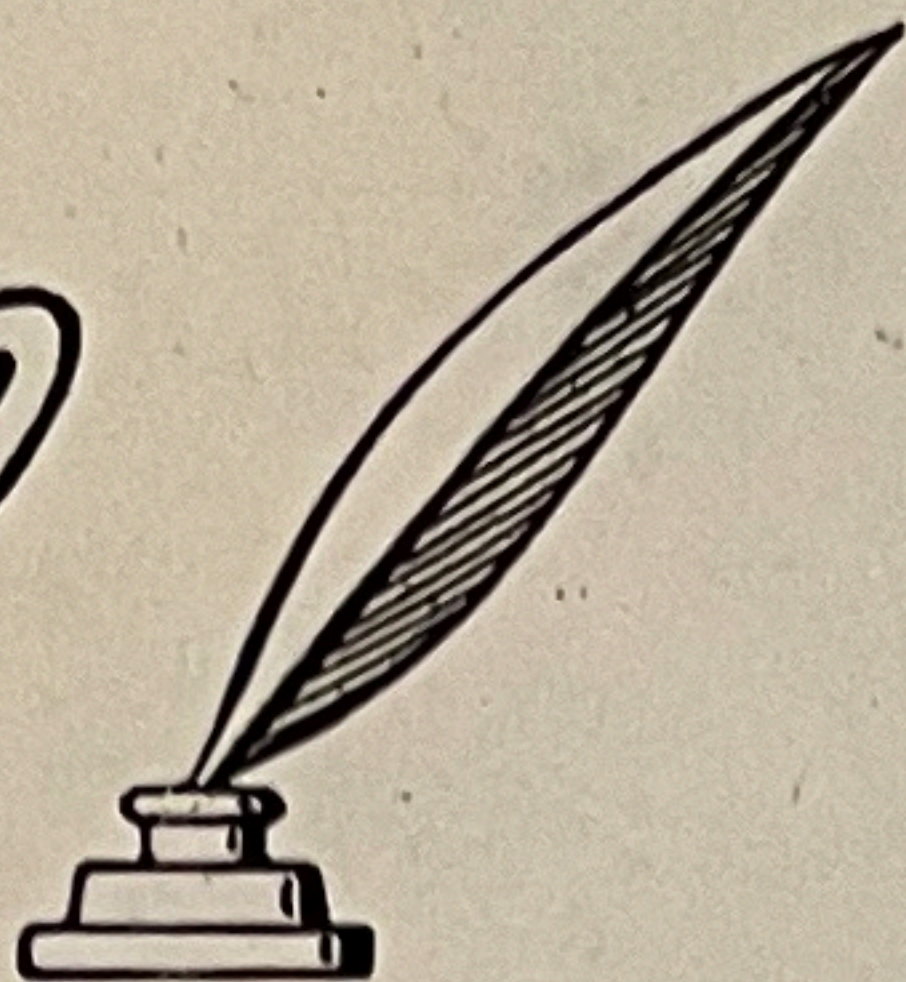
Directory

W. O. WILL, Managing Editor

R. M. WALKER, Editor

J. McCORMACK, Sports Editor

Editorial



This war has called out the greatest expenditure of energy history has ever known. What will happen to all that energy AFTER the war? Will it stand in stagnant pools of unemployment? Will it be stored up in giant pressure tanks of discontent that finally burst out in some sort of civil war? Or will it dribble out in thin trickles of competitive effort—every man for himself again and nobody united for the whole?

There is another use for energy. Everybody can pitch in behind a fighting purpose to wage peace, just as we pitched in unitedly to fight the war.

What purpose? Everybody knows we can't build a new world on broken homes, broken hearts or broken trusts. Then what about a fight to build sound homes, a sound family in the nation and a sound family of nations?

War weddings have jumped our marriage rate to a new high. But there are also sections of the country where divorces now exceed the marriages. If we can't live together in our homes, what hope is there that we can live together with the other members of the family of nations?

It all may start with as trivial a matter as the family car. Are we going to fight to see who gets it after supper or put our heads together to see where it is really needed most?

The way we live at home is a testing ground for how we act in larger situations. There is a dispute down at the factory. Will the other fellows get away with it? Will we get ours? Or will we fight to see that all the men and all the country get what is most needed—just as the boys fought in their planes, or tanks, or foxholes overseas?

In a still larger situation there may be disagreement between nations. Will we fight to see how much each of us can get out of the settlement or how much each can give to it? One is energy misused. The other, energy applied to build a decent kind of world.

All this, of course, is quite opposite to the things we used to do in peace. That is what makes it a fight. That is how we can carry on with a fighting purpose in peace long after the guns stop firing. That is how we can enlist the energies of our demobilized millions and rally our civilians to. Fight on, Canada!—(contributed).



YOU CAN'T SPELL VICTORY WITH
AN ABSENT "T"

Do Your Part — be on the Job!



ACCIDENT PREVENTION

GET FIRST AID PROMPTLY

(by JOHN A. GANAS,
Safety Engineer)

You will probably never see an infected hand as large as the one depicted in the adjoining cartoon, but to the person who has suffered such an infection the hand feels about that size.

"A considerable amount of time is steadily lost through employees who have suffered what seems to them a trivial cut or injury and fail to report for dressing. Infection or complications set in with frequently serious loss of time."

The above is an excerpt from a recent letter on the subject of getting First Aid treatment promptly, by Mr. Geo. H. Greenfield, Fire Prevention and Safety Engineer, Montreal office.

Open for Infection

Any little cut that is not treated for First Aid is inviting trouble. In most cases any infection resulting from an untreated injury is a sign of carelessness on the part of the person injured. The Company provides every facility for expert treatment by experienced doctors and nurses and expects all employees to avail themselves of the opportunity to get their injuries dressed promptly and effectively so that there is no danger of infection.

"GET FIRST AID PROMPTLY"

TABULATING DEPARTMENT

Hello again.

We are a little late in welcoming Ellen Reid to our department, but better late than never. We hope you will enjoy working with us as much as we are glad to have you.

Norman Coulman is back to work after taking a course in Toronto.

Now for last week's bowling scores. The girls' three game totals were as follows: Lou Blanchard, 425; Irene Stokes, 392; Berna Black, 170. The men's two game totals were: Barney Liddiard, 286; Ray Grice, 278; Norman Coulman, 270. Come on, how about boosting up the scores a little. (Look who's talking).

The Victory Loan drive has again made the usual hit that it makes in our department. We are well over our quota. Nice going, gang.

Say, Gammond, won't you let us in on your tall, handsome secret or are they 'either too young or too old'?

So long for now.



NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

UNITED NATIONS FACTS



GHETTO HERO!

MICHAEL KLEPFISZ, YOUNG POLISH ENGINEER, PLANNED AND LED THE DEFENSE OF THE WARSAW GHETTO IN WHICH 1000 GERMANS WERE KILLED!

THE LONG DRIVE!

WHEN NORTHWEST AUSTRALIA WAS THREATENED WITH JAPANESE INVASION, AUSTRALIANS BEGAN TO HERD 10,000 HEAD OF CATTLE IN A 15 MONTH'S DRIVE TO QUEENSLAND.

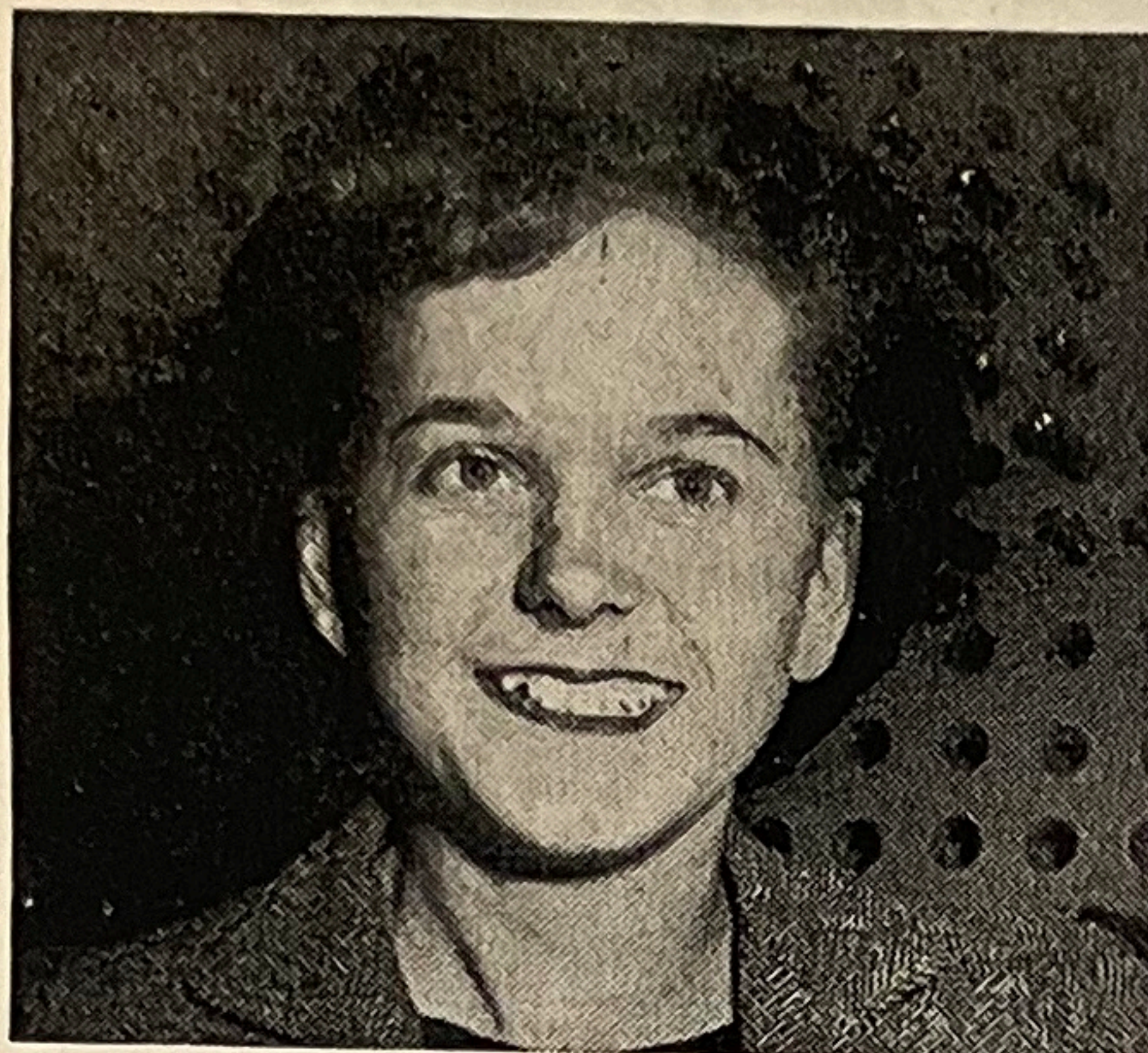
FLYING for FREEDOM!

A R.A.F. BOMBER SQUADRON IN ENGLAND IS FORMED BY MEN FROM:
AUSTRALIA, BELGIUM, CANADA, CEYLON, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, ENGLAND, FRANCE, INDIA, IRELAND, JAMAICA, NORWAY, NEW ZEALAND, SCOTLAND, WEST AFRICA, WALES!



UNITED NATIONS INFORMATION OFFICE • 610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE BAND LEADER



Eleanor Berglund, Tool Crib 8:

"Harry James and his trumpet really sends me. I like it most when he plays sweet and hot, but anything tumbling from his trumpet is wonderful."



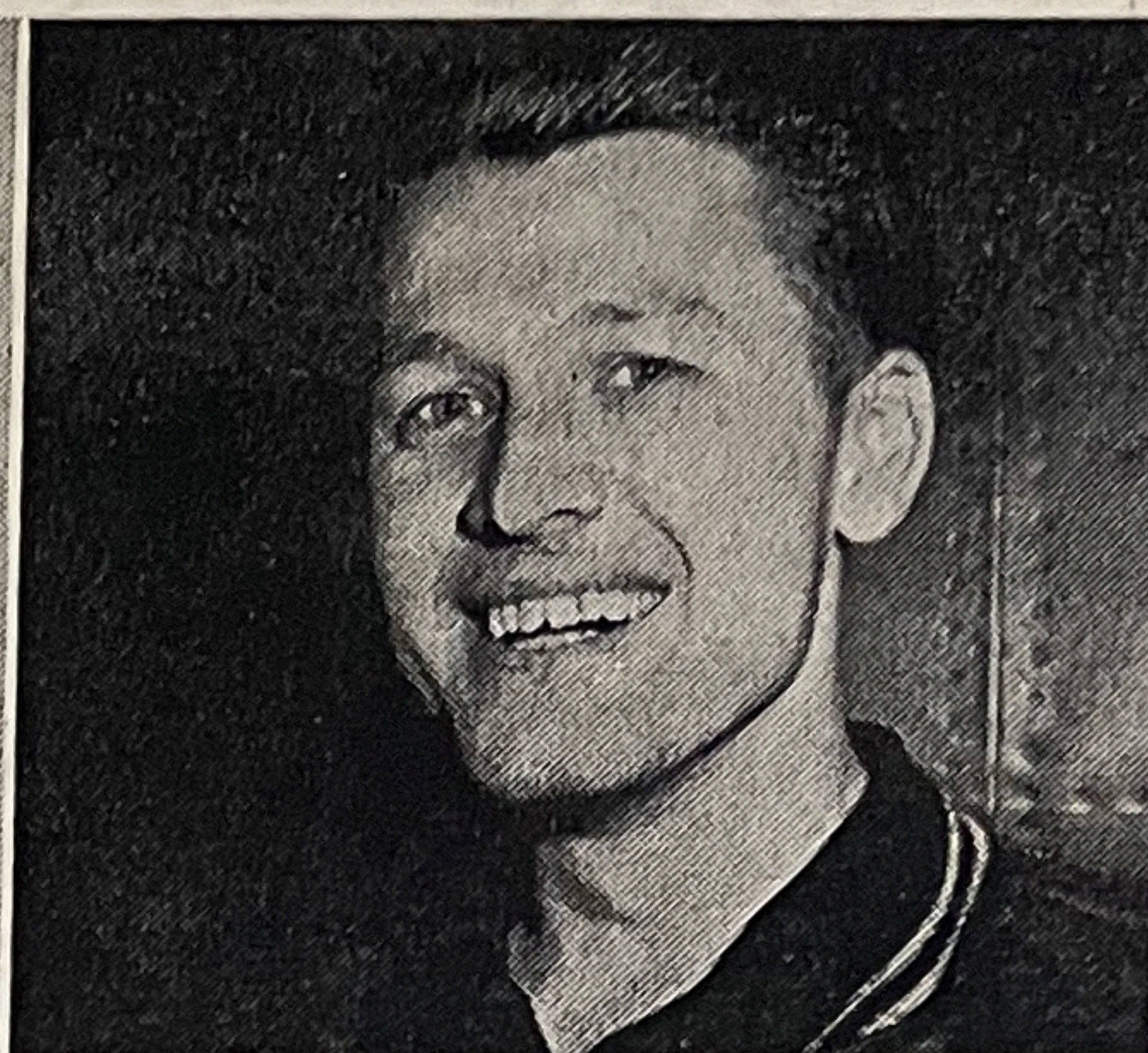
Bill Trylinski, Dept. 40:

"I like Harry James and his band. It supports him well in his trumpet solos, and their general playing ability and good music make him my favorite."



Ann Gille, Time Office:

"Harry James, by all means. I like jitterbugging and jive music, and he suits me to a 'T'."



Paul Placktis, Dept. 88:

"Glen Miller's smooth music's my dish. His tempo and tunes and the coordination of his orchestra's playing are really the thing."

IGNATZ WRITES A LETTER

Saturday, Nov. 4, 1944.

Dear Mom:

No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me on account of I don't get much time to write letters these days. Last night I went to the big Can-Car Victory Loan dance which was held in the local hotel. Me and Rosie Glutz went together on account of me and Rosie has been having breakfast together every A.M. in Pete's hamburger place, and Rosie thought it would be nice if we made up like we was being presented at the Governor General's Ball so Rosie gets all dolled up in her sister's evening gown and I go into Moe's Emporium and rent myself one of these monkey suits which people get married in. Moe fixes me a fast deal on account of the regular price for the whole outfit is \$3.00 per night, he will give me same for half price if I agree to wear a sign on the back which says "Costume by Moe." Well I figure a buck and a half is a buck and a half and if I keep my back to everybody nobody won't see the sign much and anyway its all good fun so I get the outfit for a buck fifty. Honest you should a seen Rosie and me. We looked like Lord and Lady Plushbottom. I had quite a time getting into the outfit on account of Moe didn't put any instructions in with it and it don't feel any too comfortable with that hard part of the shirt sticking into my back. Finally me and Rosie arrive at the hotel and go upstairs to a room which Butch my leadman has engaged for the night, me edging along with my back to the wall so nobody will catch the sign on my back.

First thing I know somebody has inserted a glass in my hand which I figured was some kind of pop but I know it ain't pop on account of pop is too hard to get. Everybody seems to be drinking whatever it is so Rosie and me don't hesitate more than .542 seconds. Then we have another and by and by everybody is singing "Get on the Road to Victory" just like we was still in the choir back home and some are lying on the bed looking just awful and some are lying on the floor like they was asleep or dead or something. Finally Rosie and me decides to go down stairs and have a dance so we climb over the bodies and get outside in the hall. I hadn't gone very far when I notice the wall is leaning over a bit so I point this out to Rosie and she helps me push it back in place on account of it is dangerous to have walls that won't stay up. We just get the wall

up when the ceiling falls down and smacks Rosie on the head and down she goes right on top of Moe's sign. So I picks Rosie up and then she picks me up and we both pick the wall up and we get everything in place except the ceiling which we can't find when everything falls down again including me and Rosie so I says to h-l with it, if they can't keep their hotel in better shape its their own fault so me and Rosie crawl along the hall on our hands and knees and finally we come to another room where the door is open so we go in. There is a nice looking girl standing at the door all dressed up like a policeman with brass buttons and she keeps opening the door and people keep coming in and nobody says nothing not even have a drink. Finally the girls says Main Floor and everybody gets out so Rosie and me follows like we didn't know any different and start wandering around looking for the ballroom. Finally I get tired and sit down on a couch. I can't get comfortable because the couch keeps moving and finally I discover it isn't a couch at all but a woman who is scrubbing the floor so I ask her to direct me to the ballroom and she says this is the ballroom only the dance ended at two A.M. and it is now four A.M. So I gured it was time to go home on account of I go on shift at eight so I picked up Rosie and carried her home on my shoulder half way and then we switch and she carries me the other half.

The milk wagon driver lets us out at Rosie's place where I discover that I have been carrying the charwoman instead of Rosie and I don't know where Rosie is and don't much care so I go home by myself.

Well I'm late for work next morning on account of I couldn't get my suit off and had to sleep in it all night. Next morning I got everything off except the shirt and am wearing my other clothes over the top of it until I get around to Moe's so he can show me how to take it off.

Well so long for now and write soon. Your loving son,
IGNATZ.

Blueprints for helicopter aerial bus services have already been drafted in Canada. Light metal buses and street cars have been designed for speedy urban and inter-urban travel throughout the country in the post-war.

THE POET'S CORNER

D-DAY

(By Jack M. Sanderson,
Written on D-Day in France)

This was the night, the greatest night—
The night before the day,
The day that we'd be over there
And thick into the fray.
Some sat, some stood, some tried to sleep
On deck and down below.
Some tried to forget and tried to think
Of folks at home who'd weep.
The great armada sailed across
That ninety miles of foam;
We left old Blighty that great night,
Our country and our home.
The dawn of sixth of June broke through—
The sky was overcast;
The ships, and craft lay too in scones
And we were there at last.
The shore lay in front of us,
Well shell-torn and aflame;
Guns spoke out from land and sea
To smash, to kill, to maim.
Yet we went on the mighty frost
And touched the soft sand shore;
The rumps shot down into a sea we cursed—
We had to wade ashore.
Our job now lay in front of us,
A job we had to do;
Our number small and he was strong.
We had to break right through.
The Sixth Air Div. had dropped in front,
They were our rendezvous;
My brother was amongst the men—
My God, we must get through.
Our loads they dragged upon our backs,
A test for any man;
We lost some lads—some gallant lads,
But we made our rendezvous.
From then we had to carry on,
And take upon a task:
To take and hold some vital ground,
And did not stop to ask.
For days on end we fought the Hun,
And did not count the odds;
For nights and days we had no sleep,
But fought and carried on.
We held our ground and did not yield,
We fought, we bled, we died;
Our boys lay out amongst the fields,
And flowers the French provide.
These are the lads, these are my mates,
Of Britain born and made;
They did their task, they held the Hun
The first S.S. Brigade.

A Montreal plant was given a government order to supply enough copper wire to girdle the world seven times.

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

(A touching poem found on the body of an American soldier killed in action)

Look, God, I have never spoken to You,
But now I want to say, How do You do.
You see, God, they told me You didn't exist,
And like a fool, I believed all this.
Last night from a shell hole I saw Your sky,
I figured right then they had told me a lie.
Had I taken time to see things You made,
I'd have known they weren't calling a spade a spade.
I wonder, God, if You'd shake my hand,
Somehow, I feel that You will understand.
Funny I had to come to this hellish place
Before I had time to see Your face.
Well, I guess there isn't much more to say,
But I'm sure glad, God, I met You today.
I guess the "zero hour" will soon be here.
But I'm not afraid since I know You're near.
The signal! Well, God, I'll have to go,
I like You lots, this I want You to know.
Look now, this will be a horrible fight,
Who knows, I may come to Your house tonight.
Though I wasn't friendly to You before,
Look, I'm crying! Me! Shedding tears!
I wish I had known You these many years.
Well, I have to go now, God, goodbye.
Strange, since I met You, I'm not afraid to die.

—Reprinted from "Labor"

Our forefathers did without sugar until the thirteenth century, without coal fires until the fourteenth century, without buttered bread until the fifteenth century, without potatoes until the sixteenth, without coffee, tea and soap until the eighteenth, without gas, matches and electricity until the nineteenth, without canned goods until the twentieth, and we have had automobiles for only a few years . . . Now, what was it you were complaining about?

—OPA Bulletin



BREEZY BITS

To work, to help, and to be helped, to learn sympathy through suffering, to learn faith by perplexity, to reach truth through wonder—behold! this is what it is to prosper, this is what it is to live.—Phillips Brooks.

What's your favorite "beef" these days, gals? How are you getting around the shortages of bobby pins, stockings and gasoline? Chin up! Buy Bonds and plan for the future! The end's in sight, it won't be long now!

Here are a couple of real useful "Bits" for you. By the way, I like to receive yours too! White candles monogrammed with red nail polish make handsome table ornaments. It's easy to do and dries quickly. For parties, nail polish the initials of each guest on their glass. Polish remover wipes all away! Smart idea, eh?

If a little cold water is sprinkled over corn before it is popped, the corn will be flakier after popping.

To prevent marmalade from graining, do not boil it too fast and take it off the stove as soon as a little of it jellies on a cold plate. Be careful that you have pure sugar for this and all preserves.

When using an aluminum double boiler or steamer put one-half teaspoon of cream of tartar or vinegar in the lower compartment to prevent discoloration.

Moths never attack rayon fabrics, but don't store them in or near paper. Paper encourages gas fading which is caused by acid gases in the air which have a direct effect on the colors of certain kinds of rayons. Instead place clothes in old sheets, cloth garment bags, or simply store them in wooden boxes. Before putting rayons away, give them a final dip in warm water and gentle, fine-fabric suds. When rinsing, add one teaspoonful of washing soda to a quart of lukewarm rinse water.

Unless the water used in making tea is actually boiling, the full strength of the tea will not be brought out, and remember to heat your teapot first.

Milk used in coffee as a substitute for cream will taste much richer if it is scalded and poured into the cup while it is still hot.

CLASSIFIED ADS. COLUMN

SPECIAL! Have you halltosis? Do you suffer colds? Are you a drip? Do you catch athlete's foot in the spring or are you naturally crazy? If you are a victim to any of these complaints and find life unbearable, why suffer any longer? Well, why suffer any longer? What are you waiting for?

HEART-BALM! Are you happily married? If not you have our sympathy. To the single folk—do your engagements last? Or are you heart-broken most of the time? If so, ask at any drugstore for "heart balm." Guaranteed to repair anything—clocks, china, sidewalks, stoves, engagements, etc. Try a box of "heart-balm" tomorrow. Satisfaction assured, or else.

YOUR HOROSCOPE

Scorpio: Oct. 23 to Nov. 21

Persons born while the Sun is passing through Scorpio, are generally strong characters—strong for good or strong for evil. Natives of this sign are inclined to be suspicious, skeptical and secretive. Their personality is apt to express through blunt, brusque manners and speech because they disdepth to this sign, and the awakened like superficiality. There is great Scorpio can develop traits needed for the successful lawyer, chemist, occultist, magnetic healer and researcher. From this sign come many surgeons, dentists, detectives, sea-faring men and athletes. There is tremendous latent power in Scorpio, depending for its constructive and successful manifestation largely upon early training. They often feel it their special mission to call others to a sense of neglected duty or obligation and for that reason persons born in this sign are sometimes considered unsympathetic. An important part of their training is development of the social sense which implies courtesy and gracious behavior at all times. Scorpio-born have the faculty of utilizing to good advantage many things considered useless by others, and this quality added to their strength of will and determined nature, usually results in the accumulation of material substance.

Telling others they are wrong is easy. Showing others what is right is harder. Nobody can give to others what he hasn't got himself.

What's News From the Library

Late dinner in London and breakfast the next morning in New York is a distinct probability within two or three years after peace, with the use of turbine jet-propelled air transports, Geoffrey Smith, editor of the British magazine "Flight," forecast in a talk before the Wings Club of New York.—Aviation News.

It is not generally known that Canada has the highest percentage of first generation Ukrainians and Russians outside the U.S.S.R.—Monetary Times.

About 40 per cent. of all combat casualties returning from overseas are flown home by air transport command's C-54's at the rate of 4,000 a month.—Aviation News.

Reconversion of the British automobile industry will require a much shorter time than the change-over in the States. One week after the go-ahead signal is given by the government, Austin Company expects to have chassis coming off its line at the rate of 400 per week.—Iron Age.

One of the greatest misconceptions among flying men today is their thought that birds cannot fly in an overcast. Biologists, birdwise naturalists and a few pilots who have studied the habits of migratory wildfowl, on the other hand all agree that sight is secondary to a bird in maintaining flight, and that they experience no difficulty flying in clouds. If

a pilot pursues a flock of ducks they take cover in the nearest cloud. Nature omitted to equip birds with deicers, and most birds migrate by night so they can eat and rest at feeding grounds in the day time.—Air Transport.

Canada recently delivered the 10,000th propeller from Canadian Propellers Ltd.—Aviation News.

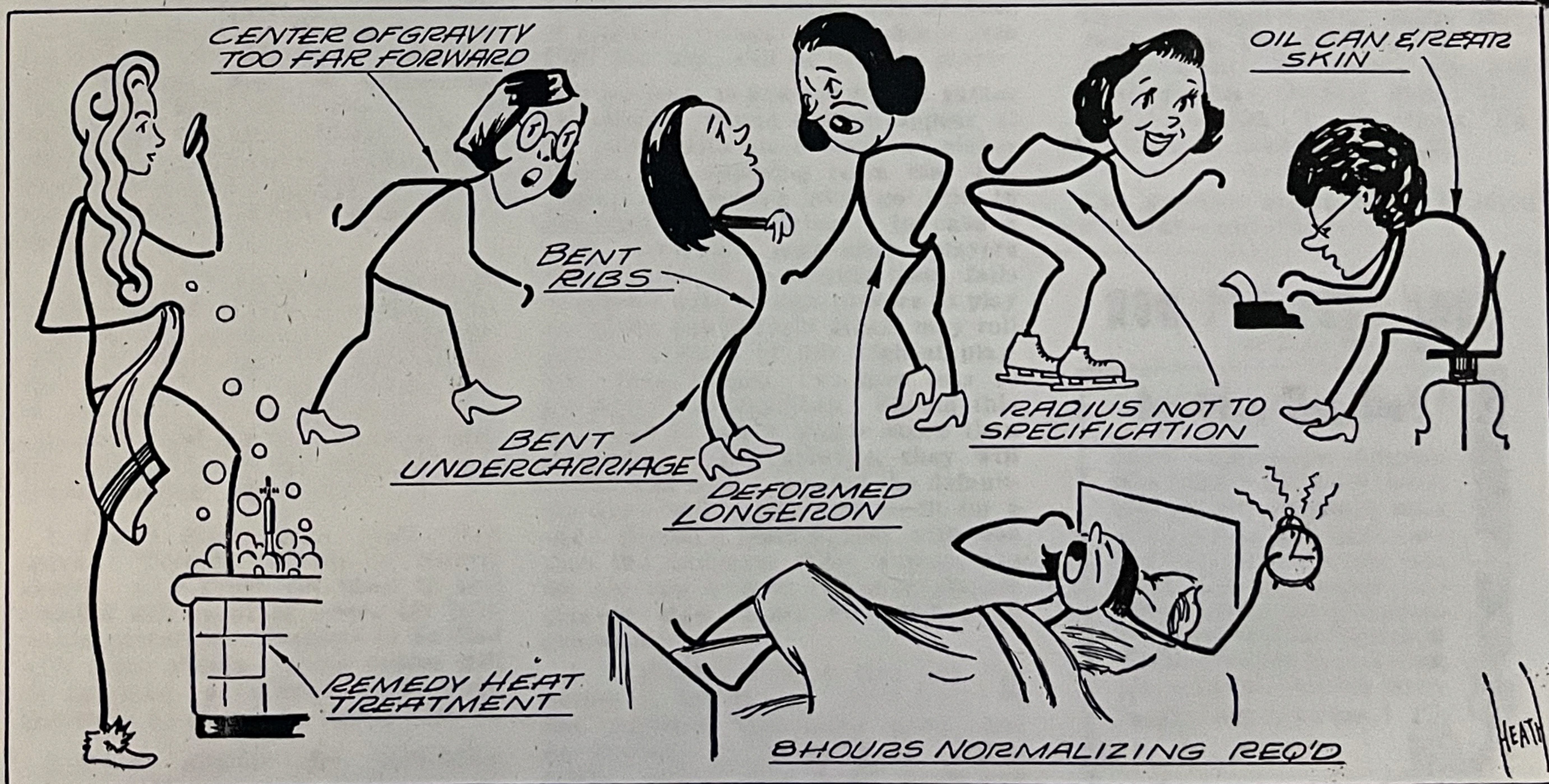
How will postwar planes be sold? To the aircraft maker that "how" is packed with importance. For when V-day brings the grand scramble to land on Start-Selling Runway, some mighty costly circling will face the manufacturer who hasn't already implemented a thorough-going customer-serving distribution plan. This article details three ways to attack the problem.—Aviation.

We suppose when Watt was working on his steam engine, cynics of the day reminded him that Hero of Alexandria had made one 17 centuries before and what did it amount to? A toy for turning spits and making fountains squirt! World progress has been retarded for centuries by those who croak "We tried it 20 years ago, and it flopped."—Iron Age.

Producing an aircraft is comparable to assembling a gigantic jigsaw puzzle, the parts for which would come in different sizes from every corner of the country.—Plant Administration.

—LIBRARIAN.

Have You Been Neglecting Your Fuselage Lately?



Let's give ours an overhaul before winter sets in. An easy trick to remember is: hold your back on a line with your spine for a youthful throat and neck thus preventing your head from pushing forward. Glance around you on your way home some night to see how pitifully close we are forming the habit of bunched shoulders walking with head down, and a masculine

swing.

If you sit at a typewriter all day, don't sag in the middle; sit up straight, your back won't be as tired and your stomach muscles will be firmer. No matter how old or young a woman is, it's the graceful carriage and poise that makes a woman stand out in a crowd. It is folly to think otherwise. Remember to relax when smiling or

speaking, keep your mouth soft and flexible; avoid nervous mannerisms, biting nails, chipping nail polish, scowling or frowning.

Never give up trying something new—hats, hair-do's and make-up—and be interested in those around you, alert and responsive, and you will remain young. That's a secret worth remembering.



C.C.A.A. BRIDGE

Those past masters in the art of developing a hand, Jim Rhind and Bus Whiteway, hit their stride on the opening night by taking their initial game from the powerful team of Marsh and McEachern. That old 'hawk,' Bill Muldoon and his partner Barney Liddiard, hit the jack-pot for the night with a margin of 4,900 over the Engineering team of Gallagher and Peterson. The other teams held a very fine average play with difference between 2100 and 3900 with only two teams with 600 to 800. There's a dollar in the "Kitty", boys, so be on the spot at 8 p.m. Monday, Nov. 6th. Results of play:

Whiteway and Rhind beat Marsh and McEachern.

Williams and McGowan beat Armstrong and Neault.

Bates and Hachlund beat Cory and Neil.

Quackenbush and Farley beat Boyes and substitute.

Muldoon and Liddiard beat Gallagher and Peterson.

Houston and Segalowitz beat Arnold and Perdue.

Whitehead and Kozak beat Morrison and Blacken.

Asgeirson and Coghlan beat Hallson and Holz.

Hambly and Taylor beat Grieve and Pantalone.

Nault and Wilson beat Bennett and Hutchins.

Skoropad and Werstuik won by default.

C.C.A.A. BASKETBALL

Men's League

Games in this league commenced last wee kat the Y.M.C.A. with two very good games being played. The powerful R.C.A.F. team took the count over Stores, while Engineering started their year's play by defeating the new Dept. 83 team at the Collegiate Institute. The rivalry between the Jig and Toolmakers and the Loftsmen took up from where it left off last year—the Jigmakers trounced the Loftsmen to the tune of 30-6 but were promised severe setbacks before the season is over. Last year the Loftsmen won six from their fellow workers.

Women's League

Play commenced in this new league last week at both the Collegiate and the Y.M.C.A. At the Collegiate, the more experienced Time Office team defeated the new Production Office quintet. The new teams in this league may have some trouble in turning back this Time Office team, but it is believed in some circles that before the season advances much further the new teams will be coming out on top. At the Y.M.C.A., Dept. 71 eked out a 10 to 6 victory over Engineering. Both these teams are made up entirely of new players and yet they put on a very fine exhibition of basketball. The second game was defaulted to Dept. 40 by the Dept. 84-Stores team because of unforeseen circumstances.

Unity is more than agreeing of what we like or whom we hate. It is a fundamental agreement on what is right.

Can-Car Bridge Club Swing Into Action



Pictured above is a scene from the Can-Car Bridge Club meeting held in the Royal Edward Hotel. Bus Whiteway, president, sits with his back to the camera, with Harold Marsh to his right, and Jim Rhind, the club secretary, facing camera. Gerry Weller, of Purchasing Department, sits at the extreme right deeply engrossed in the game.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION BOWLING

Divisional leaders in Series One are as follows: In "A", Hendricks and Hogg, 8-4; "B", Adamson, 8-4; "C", Carrick, 9-3; "D" R.C.A.F., 9-3; "E", Ohlgren, 11-1; "F" Fell, 10-1; "G", Bearham, 8-4.

Take a Look, Girls

Weaker Sex—the fesses in the bowling world? Take a peek at these scores made last Saturday in Toronto's femme league: Mabel McDowell's team had a three-game total of 3,392 pins, while individual scores for some of the gals were: O'Sutton, 853 (258, 229, 366); M. Dibble, 807 (242, 245, 320); V. Inglis 798, V. Barnes 796 (323), L. Gledhill 765, L. Narin 746, E. Lyons 744 (303). Mabel McDowell missed the selectees failing to give her 307 single near equal company.

The 1944-45 bowling executive made up of a representative from each division, is: "A" Division, C. Gereghty; "B", W. Gammond; "C", M. Carlson; "D", F. Page; "E", L. Ohlgren; "F", W. Hosgood; "G", E. Bearham. The executive held its first meeting Monday and drew up the rules for the present season, which are:

1. Teams must keep their own scores. Transfer scores to master sheets. Any sheet not filled in and totalled will count as losses for both teams concerned. Protests to be filed with these sheets. These scores will be accepted as official and final. Sheets to be signed by losing captain.

2. To be eligible for individual prizes, a player must participate in 60 per cent. of games, and six of the last twelve scheduled games, unless for good reasons executive rule otherwise.

3. All games must be finished on time. Games not completed stand as played.

4. Teams using new players, base new player's average on night's play, one, two or three games.

5. No team may bowl more than seven players in one night, four women, three men. Team's can't bowl more than three women or two men in any one game.

6. Any team having more registered players than is allowed to bowl on actual playing team appearing at the alleys with one player less than playing strength, shall add the averages of players PRESENT to average of highest average player absent to determine team's strength. The average of highest average player absent less TEN per cent. will be the Doe player.

7. No team is allowed to win games by default. Should a team appear at the alleys with more than one player absent, the opposing team may roll against the team's average less 10 per cent. plus handicap. In case a team has more registered players than is allowed on playing team, fails to appear with enough players to play the game, the opposing team may roll against average of five highest players—three women, two men less 10 per cent. plus handicap. Should this team fail to roll a higher score than defaulting team's average, they will be charged with a loss but the defaulting team will not receive credit for a win. Should a team appear with less than the minimum three women, one man nor two women, two men players present may bowl for individual averages.

8. A player arriving late has the option of bowling. If third frame is not complete, the entire game may be bowled; if game is in fourth frame, player may bowl remaining frames. No player may enter game if fourth frame is completed.

9. Team personnel: Minimum seven players; maximum 10 players.

10. In case a team is a player short any C.C.A.A. member can be used providing he or she is not bowling for some other team.

There you have the C.C.A.A. 1944-45 bowling rules, so pull up your socks, gang, and let's get cutting.

BADMINTON BIRDS YOU CAN MAKE

To make a serviceable shuttlecock, obtain a piece of close grained cork about an inch cube, and trim it with your pocket knife so that it assumes the shape of a little more than half a sphere. Then, round the flat face, make a ring of 12 to 14 holes with a knitting needle. Be careful how you do this because it is very easy to split the cork. If this happens, do not throw away the shape, but glue the broken pieces together.

Then obtain some feathers with strong quills from a plucked chicken. Take the feathers that seem most suitable and trim them with scissors so that the feathery part is a little longer than the unclothed quill. Cut off the top in a nice curve and trim away the loose feathers at the base of the quill.

Now, put a drop of glue in each of the holes in the cork and force a quill in each hole. Lap the feathers, one over the other, and make them all lean outwards. At the top, they should form a ring, much wider than at the base.

The last step is to bind the feathers together with a piece of fine string at the point where the quills commence, making a loop around each. A band of tape, glued to the cork, completes the shuttle.

C.C.A.A. SCHEDULE

Monday—Bridge, Basketball.

Tuesday—Men's Night, Y.M.C.A.

Wednesday—Curling, Basketball.

Thursday—Bowling, Chess.

Friday—Girls' Night, Y.M.C.A.

Representatives

Basketball—Men's, J. Sanks, Phone 380; Girls, T. Mathews, Phone 380.

Bowling—Anne Lewko, Phone 329.

Bridge, Jim Rhind, Phone 243.

Chess—Percy Woodiwiss, Ph. 314.

Curling—Rune Ostling, Phone 257.

Y.M.C.A.—Men, T. Mathews, Ph. 380; Girls, V. Corrigan, Ph. 273.

Our problem seems to be to shed our apathy—and vote right.

NOW I'LL TELL ONE—

BY JACK STRAUSBERG

In the Bucket!

COACH W.A. ALEXANDER OF GEORGIA TECH TELLS OF THE TEAM'S DARKY WHO INSISTED ON CARRYING WATER IN THE OLD WATER BUCKET. AND IN ONE GAME AFTER TECH LOST BALL ON ENEMY'S GOAL LINE, THE DARKY RUSHED OUT TO QUENCH THE BOYS THIRST AND WAS RETURNING TO BENCH WHEN FOE QUICKLY KICKED BALL SLICED OFF PUNTER'S FOOT DIRECTLY INTO WATER PAIL!



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DEPARTMENT NEWS

DEPT. 01

Well, folks, we have spooks in our office even before Hallowe'en. The other day Cliff put his hand into his pocket and pulled out some pieces of intimate ladies' wearing apparel; a little while later Murray pulls the same things out of his desk drawer. What's happening around here anyway? And why, oh why, did a certain young lady blush so much?

We welcome back to work, after a long vacation, Penny Segalowitz. We certainly hope you enjoyed yourself and had a swell time to boot.

Mrs. Purcell's son, according to word received, has arrived in Scotland safely. We only hope that he doesn't get mixed up with those Scotch lassies.

Bill G's wife left for a visit to the U.S., so consequently poor Bill is batching these days. Why not spare a meal for him, girls? It's a suggestion anyway.

Stan is not with us these days, mainly because he has been transferred to the Time Checking Department, checking those ambitious people of Dept. 72. But, are you keeping up with the times, Stan-

We can report satisfactorily on our department being in there pitching as we have quite a few new blood donors having given their names in for that purpose. As we went over the top in our quota in the Bond Drive, I think we can say truthfully Dept. 01 lived up to our bond rally motto: "Bonds and Blood."

Flash! Keep Friday, November 17 or 24 open for the Office Employees' Benefit Dance. Tickets will be out shortly. Support it generously.

That's all for now, folks; be seein' you shortly.

DEPT. 07—TOOL CONTROL

"Mr. Ilsley Jr.," in the person of our own Herb McAfee, is back in our office again resting his feet after a hectic vice-chairmanship of the Seventh Victory Loan campaign. According to reports he and the rest of the Office Sales Staff turned in their share of the million dollar sales obtained. As far as Tool Control is concerned, Anne Cracknell, Nestor Kusick and Henry (Hank) Smith tore the office apart to obtain 125 per cent. of their quota in the first two days. "It's our share of the million." Here's hoping that the proceeds from the next Victory Loan will be used to "BRING THE BOYS BACK" and rehabilitate them.

Our office has been getting its face lifted. What with the pounding of hammers in our ears and dodging in between scaffolds it has been a pleasure (?) working here the last two weeks, but now its beginning to look like a June bride. We want to take this opportunity of congratulating the Engineering staff on the improvements of our office. With more windows, closing in of the draughts and a new paint job, we are looking forward to a more comfortable winter, and sincerely hope that this will help to reduce absenteeism in the coming months.

A newcomer to the Methods Department is Jim Simms of Toronto, and a wounded veteran of North Africa, formerly employed at De Havilland Aircraft.

Charlie Lacey has returned from a short trip to Minneapolis.

Mrs. Marguerite Lacey is back with the Kardex Department again after a month's leave of absence spent with her husband, LAC. Patrick Lacey, in Windsor.

Mrs. Emilie Feston is back at work after spending a week's holiday at home.

DEPT. 73

This is Department 73, the Sunshine Department, calling. Have you noticed all the little sunbeams dancing around, especially on Casper's bench.

Come, come, Norma, why all the blushing? You're an old married woman now.

There has been a new addition to our time checking staff. Better be careful, Stan, there are a lot of wol-verines in our department.

We said good-bye to Alice Villerunt and Laura Gosselin last week. The girls have returned to their homes, Alice to the west, and Laura east. Best of luck, girls.

Lenna received word that her husband has landed in Canada. She has gone to Regina to meet him. Lucky girl.

Really, Dorothy, you are supposed to stand on your feet when you bowl. Could that account for the limp you had for the next couple of days.

See you next week, gang.

PURCHASING —DEPT. 20

Yes folks, it's us again!

Whee, did you see our pin-up girl? Seeing is believing!

A dazzling redhead and a green-eyed brunette have been doing a lot of swooning ever since George "Sinatra" Theirman crooned over the local airwaves. Oh, oh, there they go again.

Jennie, could it be a navy man who inspires you to take up handiwork and wearing your hair in an upsweep? Just wandering, pal.

Knit one, purl two. Is it music to your ears, George?

After an arduous task of cleaning out the vault, Elsie came across a man's cap. The news passed around the office and in a few minutes the place was beginning to look quite deserted so that led to a lot of explaining that there was no man in the vault. Disappointing, ain't it?

We were sorry to hear that you had been suffering with a nasty cold, Ceenie. Good to see you back again.

Could it be her Leon that Audrey was thinking about when she quietly slipped off her chair? Ain't love grand!

Another girl got herself hooked. Yes, Helen Reynard, our blueprint girl came to work with a beautiful sparkler on. Congrats to you and your lucky sail, Helen. Do we get an invite to the wedding Helen?

So the witches and the ghosts couldn't catch us, we had our Hallowe'en party on Saturday night. The members of Purchasing and Customs and their better halves, boy friends, and a number of airmen gathered at the Italian hall.

After everybody met everybody else, we went downstairs to have something to "pep" us up for the evening. Our capable Helen took care of that. In a little while we were upstairs tripping the light fantastic to the well-chosen music of the juke-box. Eva and Lil showed us a rendition of their "dance"—it was really good! Then Paul Jones was started. Girls danced with men and girls danced with girls—finding out that girls are better dancers than men!

When Paul Jones was finished everybody sat down panting so a suggestion went around for a sing-song. Under the capable leadership of Carol and Peter everybody sang to their hearts' content. We have some lovely monotonies. Just listen to Anne sometimes—you'll find out.

But who can sing on a empty stomach? Everybody rushed downstairs to a hearty lunch of hot-dogs and coffee—was that good! While

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

by

THE BLACK CAT



There were three fellows. For the record we'll call them the three musketeers. It appears they went out together one night, and what a night! They got plastered stinko, blotto and what have you, all rolled up into one.

Then, of course, they must go home—probably too drunk to realize the cruel, cruel fate that for them did await. One went home and the joint was spinning—he wound up in the chair. Didn't know how or why he got there and couldn't find the stairs to get out. The dog house is now doing double duty.

No. Two arrived home, zigged when he should have zagged. This directional error paid off with a cup of coffee over ye old noggin followed by a sprinkling of sugar. Result: One fairly reasonable facsimile of a sugar-coated doughnut. Which goes to show you, it is better to plot your course in advance instead of flying blind by the seat of your pants.

No. Three was getting twice as much out of life as the other two as he was seeing double. Everything went along rosy until he managed to hit the right doors and wind up in his bedroom.

Due to the queer tricks his eyes were playing, you know, the double or nothing game, he saw two wives in bed. This irked him as there was only room for two, so being very badly in need of relaxation, he grabbed one of the wives and out she goes to make room for the poor musketeer. Oh well, such is life, and without its little comedies and tragedies, it would be a hell of a monotonous way of spending ones span of mortality.

Now, Mabel, I wouldn't get so mad at Al if I were you, for after all, you must make allowance for previous occupation. Now, the reason Al's eyes wander from head to toe when he looks at you isn't because he's a wolf. The real reason is that Al used to be a judge of Yo-Yo contests and his eyes haven't stopped that continual up and down motion required in this profession. What, after me telling you that, you still think he's a wolf? Oh no, not really, come, come—you still think so? Hmmmmmm that's funny. So do I.

I walked into the C.C.F. inspection office the other day. The office has been enlarged but the same old pack of wolverines still hang out there.

There's also a new gal in Ralph Downie's harem. Pretty, too, and I mean—What are you doing tonight, Mac, are you lonely? They tell me her sister is nice too. A case of where the old saying: "If you can't come, send your sister," would be O.K. and how!

Mary doesn't spend so much time jittersbugging on the night shift since Red took her bowling. Don't teach her to throw those balls too straight, Red, she might get mad some day and throw stones. And you living in a glass house might find that expensive.

Sgt. Rosenberg, in between A.I.D. activities and tooting a mean horn in the Can-Car band, and playing the piano in the service canteen, is looking for an apartment. He wants it by the first of January, 1945. It looks to me if everything goes off as scheduled,

we were eating, Cris's sailor friends gave out with some good salty songs, nice voice, eh girls

After all the dogs were gone Mr. Cook presented Jeanne Ross with a lovely string of pearls. With a few well-chosen words Jeanne thanked everybody. As morning was on its way everybody departed for home looking pretty "fagged out."

And so am I. See you next week.

DEPT. 13—STORES

Who was the young lady who was, oh so generous, in asking Mr. E.B.K. if he would care for a sandwich? You really should stop and think first, you know, Tiny, especially when you know you never carry a lunch. What would you have done if he'd said "Yes," instead of a polite "No, thank you"? Hum!

We hear Madeline is going to play Sadie Hawkins tonight. Who's the lucky guy, Madeline? You want to make sure he knows how much money you have left after buying the dance tickets, or he may do like another "Lil Abner", if you take him out to eat, and order a 90-cent steak, when you can only afford a hamburger.

Quite a basketball practice the girls had Friday night, with all the good-looking coaches, but not one to call our own. Better luck next time, and please get some more enthusiasts out for practice, eh! as we don't want our coach leaving us holding the ball while he goes off for a shower. Thanks anyway, Jim, Ted and Jack, for your coaching. Tough work, eh boys!

Rosie should be well hitched by the time the New Year arrives.

Did you hear about the fellow who claimed he never knew what real happiness was until he got married—then it was too late.

Why doesn't Torpedo smoke anything but cigars? Couldn't be an executive complex, could it?

It's pretty rough when one sergeant comes home off the graveyard shift and kicks another sergeant out of bed because it's his turn to sleep! Sure would be tough if they got on the same shift together. Oh, well, there's always the Salvation Army hostel.

It's too bad a certain guy didn't know more about metalurgy, then he wouldn't have mixed that liquor in a turnplate still. Oh, don't feel so bad about it, fellow, bottle the stuff and sell it for roach exterminator.

I haven't heard any jokes from Bert Fulton lately. What's the matter, Bert, did the corn borers wipe out the corn crop entirely?

Well, well, what do you know—we have a swoon creator in the Can-Car. The local radio announcer heralds our Tee to the Green reporter as the "Sinatra of Canada Car." Not bad, Thierman, old boy. Second to Sinatra in vocalizing and second to FO. Reid in golf. Keep up the good work, George, you may grab both of their crowns.

I wonder if Lt. Palmer noticed the two gals in the corner when he was telling that tall, but good, story about the emergency cord on the Choo-Choo train?

I just received a letter from a former C.C.F. inspector, Bill Derry. According to Bill there are worse places to be in than Can-Car and Fort William. Bill's back in the army again. They tossed him out once for being too young, but due to patience and perseverance, he has now overcome that obstacle and joined up again. Good luck, Bill, and happy hunting.

I think I've found the meanest guy in the Can-Car. This gink goes home soused one night and his wife was slightly peeved at having to sit home alone while he was getting oiled. So the next morning rolled around and she wouldn't get up to make his breakfast and pack his lunch. So what does he do? When pay day rolled around he deducted eighty cents from her housekeeping allowance for the two meals he had to buy in the cafeteria. Don't try it, fellows, maybe your wife can swing a mean rolling pin too.

In reply to query in Dept. 72 news. Let's keep our nose clean, bub, and leave the Black Cat's identity as is—Unknown and Healthy.

Listen! I think a hear a shistol pot, I mean a soston pit, no a boston kit—Oh hell, a pistol shot. Jeepers its de cops! I gotta take it on de lam. Bye-Bye and Buy More Bonds.

DEPARTMENT NEWS

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Engineering in this issue voices regrets at losing last Friday one who has been a main-stay for many moons in the department—none other than our supervisor of drawing supply—jolly Polly Sternberg, who leaves shortly to take up residence with her mother in Toronto. In presenting the departmental gift of a beautiful lapel watch, Mr. J. I. Carmichael voiced appreciation for the co-operation and conscientious effort put forth, by Polly and credited her for her excellent organizational ability in the planning of the successful social functions which have been held by us. In replying, Polly tickled our Adams' apple by saying she would miss us a great deal, so it will be mutual. Polly started in April, 1942, as private secretary to Miss E. G. MacGill, on January 1st, 1943, she was made supervisor of drawing supply and all will agree she made a swell job of steering drawings, EOs and such-like. We wish her and her mother the best of everything as they set their stakes in new surroundings.

Mrs. M. E. Rome ("Betty" to us) has become Polly's successor and we hope she will like her new niche. Betty has been with the plant since September, 1942, started as vault clerk, lent assistance to the blueprint room, and latterly was clerk in the release section being on breakdown work since its inception. Betty came here from Peterborough, but is a former Fort William girl, whose late parents operated the well-known "Watson store on Finlayson corner." Her husband is in Italy having been with the First Canadian Division, R.C.A., since October of 1941.

Engineering is all set for the masquerade tomorrow. Details next week.

Star basketball players from engineering had their first game leading toward world fame last Friday. The game was exciting so they say, but they add Department 71 was given the game by two baskets. Better shooting next time, girls?

Petite little Audrey swooned while doing a high jump over an iron platform on entering the plant this morning. Maybe a letter from Floyd was the cause of this enthusiasm, eh Audrey?

Blueprint room extend a hand of welcome to another feminine aid in cutting, rimming, etc., Stella Woitkiw. Hope you like it with us Stella.

Burton Allen is a transferee to project staff and is engaged on engineering information requests, at present under engineering's glamour boy, Ben Peterson.

In the market for a pair of snowshoes is "Chief Rising Sun" Gallagher. Anyone having a pair for sale, kindly contact our Chief as soon as possible. He craves a winter amble around the mountain.

Carrying on the spot vacated by Mr. Faber, is Charles Choux, in charge of Turcot work. Mr. Choux came to us as a former employee of some years at Turcot, so feels quite at home on the subject. Clear sailing, Charlie.

Returning from vacation, minus his much-missed wife for a week, we find Kal boarding the street car with his lunch in one hand and his hat in the other—this for your benefit, Penny—see how he misses you.

Overheard in drawing change last week was the following confab:

Grimes: "It looks as if you people are operating on a skeleton staff these days."

Wesley: "What's a skeleton staff,

DEPT. 71

Do you feel run-down when hit by a car? Well, here's a bit of gossip that might pick you up.

We understand that Frank thought he was a Halloween ghost and tried to walk through a door without opening it. Chin up, Frank, steaks aren't hard to get any more.

Good heavens, has anyone any peroxide that we can give grandfather Les. I swear if that isn't dandruff, then he's worrying himself grey over the nosings.

Ted Lewis is bound to lose publicity since Tubby has taken to radio. Congratulations, Tubby. How about more of these broadcasts in the future.

It feels good to see the night hawks back to work since the Rose Ball and Sadie Hawkins dances. We were really worried because the men might take Daisy Mae too seriously and go in for cooking and dish washing.

Perhaps you heard us call Ted the "Champ," and wonder where he picked up this handle. He claims to be the champion of the dive and crawl. Whenever approached, on the reason of his boast, he merely comes forth with this delicate response: "You should see how many dives I crawl out of."

But enough of this for one week. Let us take our leave with trailing edge and nosing, letting you down gently for a smooth landing, we remain Station HFBM. Your nosing reporters signing off till next week when we bring you the news on a more serious line.

FOUNDRY

Here it is news time again and nobody has found anything extra to put in. What's the matter, everybody?

Welcome back, Jack McManus, we are all glad to see you around again.

We all hope to see Dottie back with us soon from her illness as the gang sure misses her.

Department 48 must have a black cloud hanging over them. Sick at home and in the hospital is all we hear. Right now we have Mr. Farrow and Mr. Fedoe away for a while. The best of luck to them from Dept. 48.

It is good to see Lillian back again even if she is limping a little. It will get better soon, Lillian.

We welcome all the newcomers into the department. Like you like your work.

Betty, of the Router Gang, is going through the matrimonial stages. Best of luck to you both.

Come on gang, don't let our department down like this with all the yellow cards in the clock.

Glad to have Frank back from his holidays in the United States. All the girls got candy and gum from the States. Frank, you must have had a good time as you're all smiles now.

Department 48 is coming up to date with an elevated office and tool crib below.

A few girls from the Router and a few boys from Spar Miller, had a good time climbing the mountain on Sunday. Some people were tired on Monday.

Progress girls had quite a time on Monday night celebrating Tony's birthday. It was quite windy that night, so she was able to blow out all 65 candles.

huh Sparkie—huh?"

Sparkie: "Oh, that's just draftsmen with the people scraped off."

That's all!

SUB-CONTRACT

Dressed in costumes both beautiful and humorous, Sub-Contract Department celebrated Halloween with a masquerade party and dance in the Italian Hall, Monday, Oct. 30. Everybody entered into the spirit of the evening, and judging from the following program, a good time was enjoyed:

Ode to Sub-Contracting: Humorous-ly compiled and sung by Dot Wray and Norah Telford.

Hawaiian Dance: The Bride of the Masquerade, Hazel Cridge.

Piano Duet: The pleasing ivories played out with Nola through the medium of Eva Sharp and Kay Armstrong.

Cheering the Sick: That personality full of good cheer, Mat Witwicki.

Acrobatic Dance: Full of poise from head to toe, little Miss Joan Roberts, to the piano accompaniment of Kay Armstrong, brought about the greatest applause for her self-acquired talent of acrobatic dancing.

Sing-Song: To the accompaniment of Eva Nelson and her violin, and Gert Ross at the piano.

Skit: The King, Mat Witwicki; the Queen, Thelma Burns; the Princess, Eva Sharp; the Duke, Isa Barr; Bell-ringer, Elvie Bruce; the Curtains, Gert Ross and Kay Armstrong; the end, Kay Armstrong and Gert Ross.

Sing-Song. Adjournment to the Punch Bowl, or to whatever was left after samples taken in by Fred and Peter while preparing same.

Apples in the tub and apples on the string. Bean and Straw game. Dancing to records. Adjournment again, this time to lunch.

After lunch, words expressed by Master of Ceremonies Peter Mazza, followed by Fred Page, Corporal Hague Burns, Miss Mat Witwicki, A. B. Albert Wray, a member of the Haida; Betty Dalgleish, Florence McLeod and Mrs. Page.

The rest of the evening was spent in dancing to the music of Gert Ross who was relieved by the ever-sober gramophone attachment.

DEPT. 72

Well, it's Aircrafter time again, so let's take a look around the Department and see what goes on.

Mary, Helen and Omer have been breezing around selling Victory Bonds, and doing a wonderful job. It didn't take long for "72" to go over the top.

Who is the happy, happy girl in our department. Looks like the love-bug has been around again. When is the big day, Wagner?

I think nearly everyone got one of Frank Huezda's buttons last week. You're canvassing for the right guy, Frank, but I think you're in the wrong country.

After an incident that happened last week, I think Judy Sedor should wear cuffless slacks. If anything gets lost in the department, just take a look in Judy's cuff, it will probably be there.

There has been a lot of curiosity aroused amongst the readers of the Aircrafter. One of the columns has become very popular, but the identity of the writer seems to be a well-kept secret. Who is the R.C.A.F. Black Cat?

Congratulations go to Peter Iwaslew on his recent marriage. Best wishes from the gang.

Well, this seems to bring to a close our visit for today, so until next week, so long, everybody.

We can be fired by our work even while we're frozen in a job.

SCENES FROM SUB-CONTRACT DEPT'S MASQUERADE PARTY



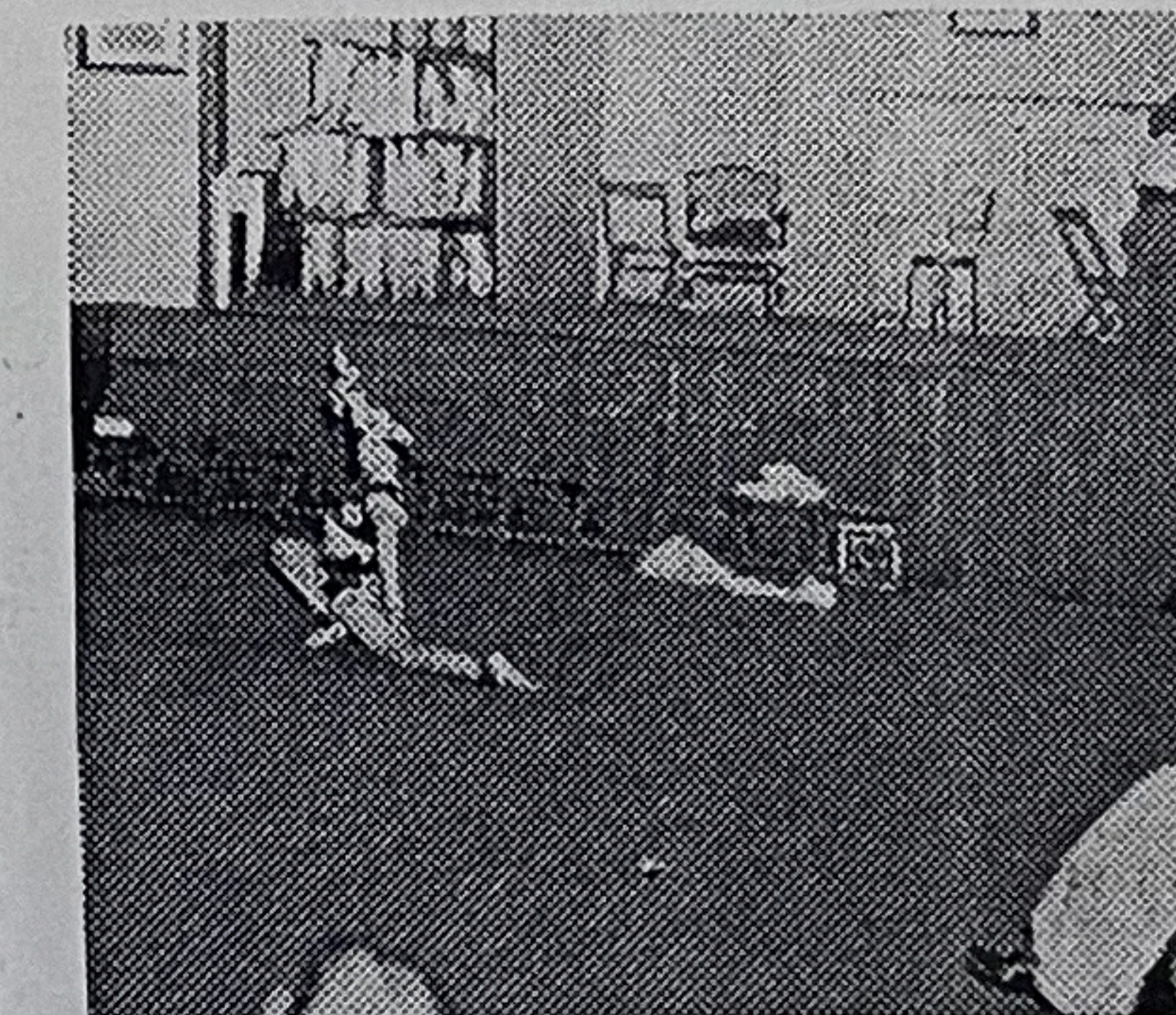
Pictured above is the happy throng as they sat down to a sumptuous lunch.



Pictured above is Gerald Bruce, Elvie Bruce and Ken McCuaig, as they take turns at laughing at each other.



Prize winners of the Comic Dressed contestants, reading from left to right: Gerald Bruce, Mrs. Elvie Bruce, Sgt. Haig Burns and Don Campbell.



Little Joan Roberts, daughter of Ed. Roberts, of Sub-Contracting Dept., who thrilled her audience with her acrobatic dances.

BONDS

B is for the bombs we're going to send them.

O means over the sea.

N is for the Nazis they're so ruthless.

D means just destruction as they'll see.

Bonds they spell when put together,

A word that means a lot toward Victory.

AIRPORT NEWS

Our sleuth department has finally found out who the stray dog belongs to that seems to have adopted the airport for his home. On tracing his 1943 dog licence, we find the owner to be George Allen, 172 W. 2nd St., Oswego, N.Y., registered as a white setter with brown markings and his name is "Pal." Pal was quite pleased to hear his name for the first time and his wagging tail and look of pleasure assured us that he recognized it. His hearing is not what it used to be, nor is his vision, however, he has endeared himself to all of us and has found a good home for his old age. How he wandered so far to establish himself is another angle for the sleuths but we hope to have further information on the subject.

Congratulations are in order for Eddie Richards, test pilot, and Charlie Murray, who are now the proud fathers of baby girls.

Stew Wilson and Mickey Carey look awfully tired these morning and we wonder when the new arrivals will get used to Cancar hours.

We wonder is Bill Brenzen knows where the heater circulator switch is after ringing a very alarming crash siren by mistake. The crash truck crew were right on the job too and all set to tear over to the runway expecting to pick up F/O. Reid, at the time doing some test flying by twilight.

The arrival of a Canso, non-stop from Goose Bay, Labrador, in 11 hours, proved of special interest to the boys and it was the first of its type to arrive at the airport.

Bing must learn to conform with Canadian regulations when he runs up to a funeral procession or you know what happens? If you don't Bing, there are plenty of officers willing to make you familiar with the traffic laws.

"How Many Hearts Have You Broken" is being sung by the girls now that Ensigns Neimo and Kilgore and Lieut. Upson have been replaced. Never mind girls there's a new crop now in.

It the U. S. Navy always as tough on its drivers as they are on their Fort William girl?

"Split Pin" definitely refuses to supply the whole airport with cigarettes for the duration, but any donations will be gratefully received.

Budgets, after the hectic bond drive, are going to be pretty tight. We congratulate the strong support given the Seventh Victory Bond Drive by the airport and we are proud of its showing though we do feel there are always a few that need not take credit for its success. Those that did support the drive, really bought generously. We have our own ideas of patriotism when bonds are refused on the grounds of not having received a raise. How would that sound to our boys who are giving their lives and losing their faculties for \$1.30 a day? Would you be able to look them in the eye and refuse to buy?

Bill, Harry and Eddie are putting good deer steaks in storage for the winter. Is that nice when he could very easily look after some without the cost of storage. Walter Hunter is away for a week trying to snag a deer while Bert Brown came back with a fine young buck.

Taxing-in with flaps open is going to cost plenty if certain pilots now indebted don't soon pay-off.

Take a good look at the Foreman in Dept. 96 boys for he won't live much longer if he doesn't learn to slow up a bit. Maybe someone should tell him that he's not sweet sixteen.

The monthly production of accepted aircraft was reached and this is good news to all concerned and was tough going for those responsible, so our weekly orchid goes to those who feel they really deserve the credit.

The following poem was written by one of our run-up men and we thought it was worth printing:

Project Co-Ordination Hold Hallowe'en Masquerade Dance



Colorful costumes were the vogue at the Hallowe'en Dance held by the Project Co-Ordination Department last Tuesday evening at the Labor Temple. So varied and excellent were the costumes that the judges pictured above had a hard time picking the winners. Judges were: Mrs. Art Burleigh, Art Burleigh, Art Moore; behind standing at microphone: Bill Graham and Harold Marsh.

DEPARTMENT 80

At this time we would like to introduce to you Miss M. Deleo, our bond sales girl. She certainly is doing a good job selling bonds in our department. o when you are asked again don't say no, for Mary will talk you into buying twice the amount you had in mind.

Oh, I must not forget to introduce to you a new singing star, Mary Salatin.

Can anyone explain why Edith Otway looks so happy lately?

We understand Walter Watson, one of our former employees has left to join the army. Best of luck Walter.

We are all sorry to hear that Paul Hryhoruk has left our department and hope that he likes his new job in Department 90.

Department 80 wishes Sophie Skuta a very happy birthday. When are we going to celebrate Sophie? We also wish Mr. Perry a sincere wish from Department 80 on your 46th wedding anniversary which was celebrated on October 28, 1944.

MATERIAL CONTROL

Those two gals with the persuasive ways finally talked everybody into buying enough Seventh Victory Loan bonds to put our department over the top. Their work and that of others in the plant is the reason for our hitting the million dollar mark. Congratulations.

That hard working Irishman is now back on the job fully recovered (we hope) from her recent illness. Next time take better care of yourself, Ruby.

Mary Meady has left for a week's well deserved holiday. It is hardly the weather for taking them, but we hope that whatever you do you enjoy it.

Newcomer to our department this week is Miss Margaret Voigt who hails from the flat lands of Saskatchewan. Hope you like being amongst our screwy bunch.

Congratulations are in order to Dave Tyson on his appointment as leadman of the Audit Group, Stores Records Section.

Our forefathers shed their blood for the right to vote.

DEPT. 67

The scene was laid at Mr. J. J. Russell's banquet which took place a short while ago. Mr. Ferguson was in attendance—but definitely! However, that floor show just seemed to do things to him and he knocked his table over (along with—contents). It sure made one "Hula" noise, didn't it Fergie?

Irene Kirstiuk has gone to visit her sister in Theodore, Sask., for a short while. It's a safe bet that the West will agree with her, and she's bound to have a wonderful time.

Mary Zubrecki never ceases to amaze us. How she can eat so much and remain so small is a constant source of wonder to 67.

Department 67 had a big celebration to welcome George Fenty back from the World Series and an extended holiday. George was able to spend a few days in his home town, Gopher Gulch.

So many of our chasers were at the last Staff House dance we're wondering if they're getting prepared for the next one on the 10th. Time will tell.

This seems to be all the dope for this week, and in closing we'd like to say that everybody in the department is very proud of "going over the top" in the bond drive. Nice going, gang!

DEPARTMENT 41, 42, 53

Our deepest sympathies go to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Hay on the recent loss of their daughter.

Punch MacDougall is in hospital undergoing an operation. The gang all wish you a speedy recovery and hope you will be back with us soon.

The Machine Shop has a bowling team in the 56 team mixed league of the Canadian Car, and are holding their own. The personnel of the team captained by Anne McArthur, are Jean Presinger, Thelma Porter, Nancy MacGregor, Mike Mandzink, William Warkentin, Jack Enstrom, Edgar Topp, Charlie Stewardson.

Departments 41 and 42 are to be congratulated on the fine showing they have made so far on the Victory Loan. Keep them coming in gang.

Dosie (Butch) Buchowsky, who formerly worked in the die department is in the sanatorium, and says it gets pretty lonely in there with so much time on his hands, so how about taking a trip out to see him, boys.

DEPT. 40—TOOL AND JIG
(by Brass Tacks)

Several weeks have elapsed since our last news column. With a big department like ours, we should have more to print. What's wrong, gang? Oh, shucks! I know, with the Seventh Victory Loan campaign under way most of our minds are on buying bonds. Well, aren't they?

Mr. Earle Kettridge, chairman of the bond drive, is really doing his part. With the quota well over the top now, Earle says: "Why, with such friendly cooperation, we'll even give them a million." Good going, Earle!

As Peter Vick and Peter Zweep proceeded on their hunting trip, they noticed the timid approach of twilight become more perceptible. The intense blue of the sky began to soften, the smaller stars like little eyes went first to "hide," or was it the "deer" boys? Oh well, better hunting next time.

Tell us, Dorothy, what keeps Ronnie up so late at nights and all of a dither all day. By the look of Tommy I would say that the Rose "Brawl" was a great success. Thank goodness

What's happening to McKay lately? He is talking to himself something like this:

Is it sound or fragrance or vision,
Vocal light wavering down from above?

Past prayer and past praise I am floating,

Down the rapids of speechless love.

DEPT. 85—PROGRESS

Hello, there! After all these months of hard work, sleepless nights and days carrying bags, I mean under your eyes (would be nice if you check them and lose the ticket). We are up to our quota and Final Assembly is now on two shifts.

Anne, we're sorry to see you leave 85. Hope you'll like 89 and steady days.

MASQUERADE CONTESTANTS



Two of the contestants in the Project Co-ordinating Department's Hallowe'en Dance, picked at random off the dance floor.



Peter Mazza and Sgt. Haig Burns doing a bit of romancing at the Sub-Contract Hallowe'en party.