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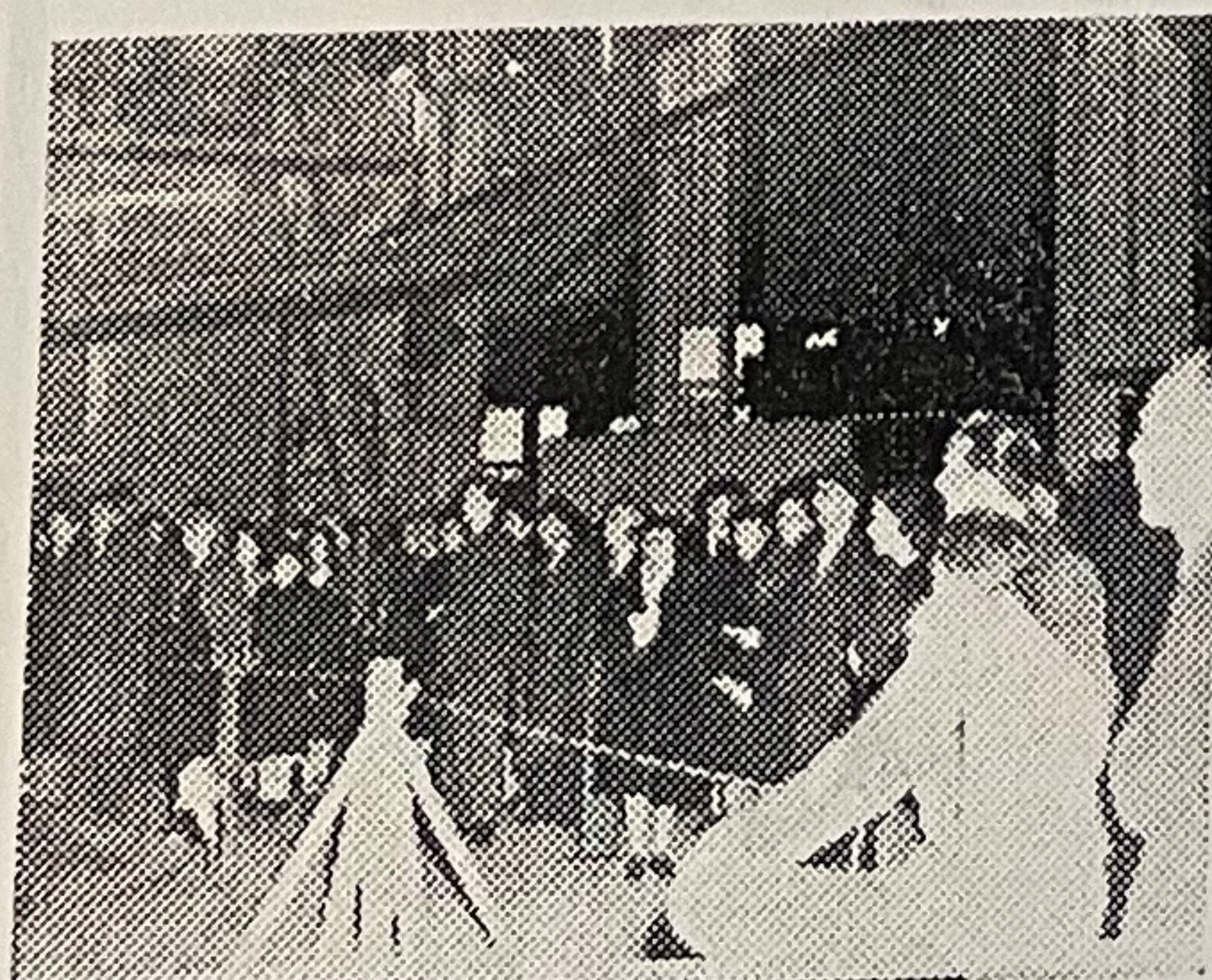
FAMILY DAY OUTSTANDING EVENT



Mrs. T. McLaughlin, President of the Ladies' Auxiliary to Canadian Legion, pauses on the ramp with her party. Mrs. McLaughlin was deeply impressed with the display and voiced her appreciation of the efforts put forth by the management and employees of the Can-Car towards Canada's war effort.



Not only seeing but actually hearing the testing of 20-mm. cannon on the Curtiss-Wright Helldiver proved novel feature during Can-Car's Family Day. Young and old alike thrilled to the staccato bursts of the guns, realizing that these same guns would soon be used against the Japs, while kiddies tenaciously clutched as souvenirs the empty shell casings.



The employee in the foreground explains the working of the wings, flaps, landing gear, and bomb doors to the visitors by means of a P.A. system.

Employees Play Host to Relatives

A crowd of approximately 18,000 people composed for the most part of relatives of plant employees, visited the plant on Sunday, November 19, to inaugurate Can-Car's first "Family Day." When the plant was opened for this purpose from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., besides the immediate families of employees, special invitations had also been sent to civic bodies and service clubs of both cities.

Entering by the main gate, employees escorted their groups through the foundry building, where they witnessed the huge drop hammers, spar millers, robot spray painting machine, kirksite dies, anodizing baths, and heat treat furnaces. From there they crossed over to Building 8 getting a glimpse on the way of part of Stores Department and Inspection View room, through Building 8 where they saw the various department displays of small parts used in the fabrication of the Curtiss-Wright Helldiver for the U.S. Navy. Returning down the main aisle of Building 8 to the commencement of the Assembly Line, here the visitors witnessed the initial stages of the assembling of the plane, following it all the way through to the end of the line where a completed aircraft was mounted on a corvette. This part of the floor was roped off and an employee operated the landing gear, bomb doors, flaps and wings, while the entire proceedings were explained to the crowd over a P.A. system by an employee using a microphone. On moving around the plane, the visitors got an opportunity of hearing a test pilot flying a Helldiver overhead talking to the operator in the control tower at the airport.

From here the visitors went through the huge spray paint booth and saw how the air was washed while the spray painting booth was in operation. Directly outside the building at this point, two completed aircraft were set up on the ground with the cabins removed. Wooden ramps were built up and over the wings permitting the visitors to see the various instruments and equipment, both in the rear gunner's seat and the pilot's seat.

Another plane was set up on the gun butts, and periodically throughout the day the guns were fired, permitting the visitors an excellent view of the fire power of the Helldiver.

It was the unanimous opinion of those who visited the plant this day



W. O. Will, Works Manager, explains some of the details of the Helldiver to O.M. Gunderson, Port Arthur Shipbuilding, Mrs. Mayer of Port Arthur and Capt. G. L. Roome of the Royal Canadian Navy. Capt. Roome is superintendent of R.C.N. contract-built ships, and was at the Head of the Lakes for the christening of the "New Liskeard," built by PASCOL for the R.C.N.

that the entire proceedings were so splendidly handled, without congestion of traffic tie-ups, while at the same time permitting the visitors to miss nothing of interest on their tour, indicating that only the closest co-operation and splendid organizing must have prevailed.

To assist visitors in making the most of their trip through the plant, the regular plant police and guards were augmented by 125 volunteers from Lodge 719 and Office Employees 23302, these men being stationed at various points throughout the plant where they were ready to answer questions or assist the visitors in any way; besides this, department foremen were in attendance at their own department to further assist in answering the many questions the visitors had to ask, regarding the fabrication of the various parts used in the building of the Helldiver.

A million and a half tons of equipment landed in the Philippines along with MacArthur's 150,000 men. Twelve hundred ships will be needed to keep supplies flowing. Our return to the Philippines is sweet revenge not only for our fighting men but for you men and women on production lines. It was you who felt the sting of the Bataan dirge "too little and too late." It is you who have changed the picture into a saga of plenty and a song of triumph.

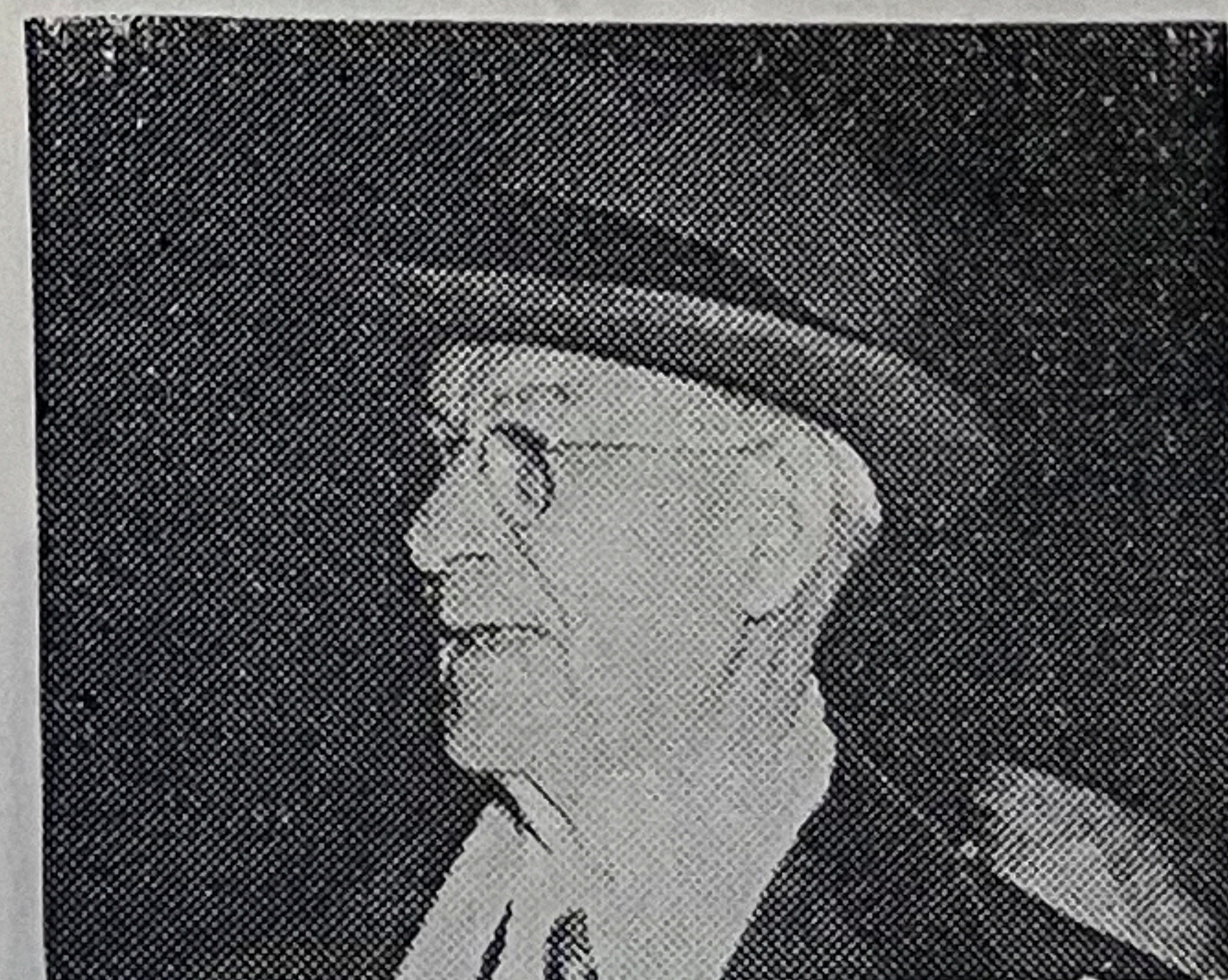
Canada has produced more than 13,000 warplanes since the beginning of the war.

PRISONER'S PARCELS

Relatives of prisoners of war in German prison camps are strongly urged by the Canadian Prisoners of War Relatives Association to keep on sending their parcels in spite of any personal conviction that the war may soon be over. Mail and parcels are of the utmost importance to prisoners of war and we at home must do our best to see that our prisoner receives his share until he is freed.

Bitterness is an admission of defeat.

FORT WILLIAM CITY CLERK VISITS PLANT



Alex. McNaughton, pioneer city clerk, visited the plant on Family Day. Mr. McNaughton was struck with the preparations which had been made, permitting the visitors to tour practically the entire plant without confusion.

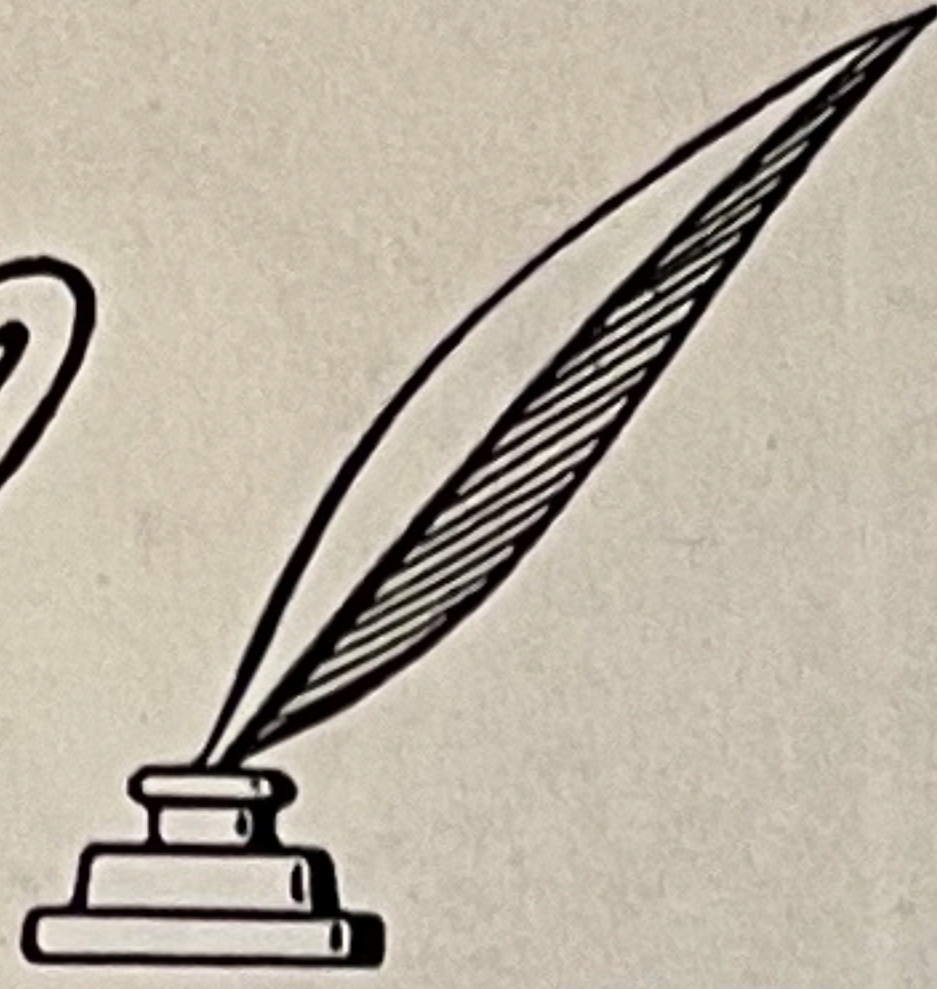
Directory

W. O. WILL, Managing Editor

R. M. WALKER, Editor

J. McCORMACK, Sports Editor

Editorial



VISITORS' DAY

Visitors' Day will long be remembered as a day when the family joined with the war worker in a tour of "their" plant. It was a day when we were mindful that the backing of our families, whether near or far, has been a determining factor in the success of our present Helldiver program. It was a day when a new spirit of friendship pervaded.

It is felt that Visitors' Day marks an historic event in the industrial life of this community. Its outstanding success is due to the combined co-operation of Management, Unions, Street Railway system, foremen and the hundreds of workers in the shop who so painstakingly arranged the minutest detail involved. The manner in which components were displayed evidenced the desire on the part of all to make these as informative and attractive as possible, and high commendation is due to all those who were responsible for this educative feature.

As visitors perused the various dies, drop hammers, hydraulic presses, sheet metalling and sub-contracted parts, it provided an increasing source of amazement at the multitude of detail involved in plane building. Arriving at the completed product one readily saw the relation of exactitude with each bolt, nut, rivet, etc., to the safety of the pilot and operation of the plane. The fact our Helldivers have received such commendable reports from the U.S. Navy is proof of the conscientious efforts put forth by Can-Car workers, and as we put our shoulders to the wheel in the final phase of our contract, we are in the fortunate position of improving our past record.

We have seen that industry exists to supply the material needs of the nation. In order that it may fulfil its true destiny we must all give ourselves whole-heartedly to our task—there is responsibility attached to each job, whether large or small, and to each is given the privilege of making his or her contribution a maximum one.

With the exhilarating experience of Visitors' Day as a treasured memory, let us go forth with renewed determination to be our best and do our most each day.—(Contributed by an employee).



RED CROSS
BLOOD
BANK



"WE'RE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THIS ONE"

JERKING TO WORK

Didn't someone say—"To live, you must suffer. To suffer promotes understanding." If so, I can write this article with feeling!

I've lived!

To get up these cold frosty mornings is bad enough, but if your turn over for just one more cosy forty winks—its costs you your breakfast with a race to the corner thrown in, just as that bouncing, lurching horror, which haunts you in your sleep grinds and skids to a stop.

As you push your way in, weaving and ducking, with your over-sized bag, stuffed with lunch, and all the junk males sneer at; do you get a sympathetic smile of understanding from the seated whossits?

Your stomach begins to roll, you smile weakly—a voice breaks through the humming and screeching—"Let me hold your bag for you." With a warm grateful feeling, you release the load and wildly grab the back of the seat as the "overstuffed jeep" swings around the corner, only to hit another bump and dark oblivion!

Crawling on all fours, you grab a pair of legs and gasping, pull yourself to a perpendicular position once more. "God give me sufficient strength to endure the jerking and jolting until the plant is reached!" you pray.

The front gate looms into sight and with your pompadour askew, tumble down the steps only to have a smart jerk with a W.I.T. holler out as passes: "Hi, chick, have a tough night? Why don't you go to bed early once in a while?"

With murder in your eye, you grab your card and give the time clock an extra ring! There's fight left in the old body yet. You mumble to yourself, "I'll show them. Victory must be won!"

That's what the man said, well, didn't he?

Men who are bent on serving their nation keep their sense of values straight.

Airport Mixed Bowling League got off to a good start Wednesday night, bouquets going to Charlie Skinner for high average. Nice work, Charlie, but watch out, we expect to give you some stiff competition in future when we get these kinks out.

73 for now, folks.

TO CAN-CAR GIRLS

Here's to the gals
In the Canadian Car;
To them we will drink
In any old bar.
They work all the long day,
Till the whistle has gone,
And go out in the evening,
For their wine, fun and song.
Yes, they work all day,
In a sweater and slacks,
But when out in the evening
They're in dresses, less backs.
Their clothes hide their beauty,
During all working hours,
But away from the matrons,
They shine bright as stars.
Now a lot of them dream,
They are being run down,
By stories pure fiction,
Writ by this clown.
Yell, that's kind of silly,
I think you'll agree;
Why should I run down,
Those I like to see?
So listen closely, little gal,
To what I'm going to say:
Digest the humor in the print,
And toss the rest away.
To all who are offended,
Those I might have smitten,
Offence was not intended,
Or the stuff would not be written.

So please accept this verse,
The way it's meant to be,
Do not think it's humor,
It's a sincere apology.
Now the verse is over,
I hope your wrath will flee,
And you'll never, ever, ever,
Sic your collie dog on me.

—The Black Cat.

"A SOUPY LAMENT"

We hear that Martha took a loop
Over the price of canteen soup,
"It's not quite fair," said Martha
so meek,

"To the caterer I must speak.
Why should we pay for our isolation
In the cost of price fixation."

So she called the Can-Car shop
To put somebody on the spot
To find out why we had to pay
A five-cent tax most every day
The wires hummed in aggravation
While Martha threatened of inflation,

And so we add our final scoop
It's still ten cents for canteen soup.



ACCIDENT PREVENTION

"Use your head to save your eyes."
By John A. Ganas, Safety Engineer

Part of a Helldiver pilot's personal equipment is a pair of flying goggles. They are issued to him for protection to his eyes and he is expected to wear them when he is air-borne. No pilot can afford to have anything go wrong with his vision during an attack just when he is ready to dive-bomb a Jap warship. He needs his eyes to do his job.

Protect Your Eyes Also

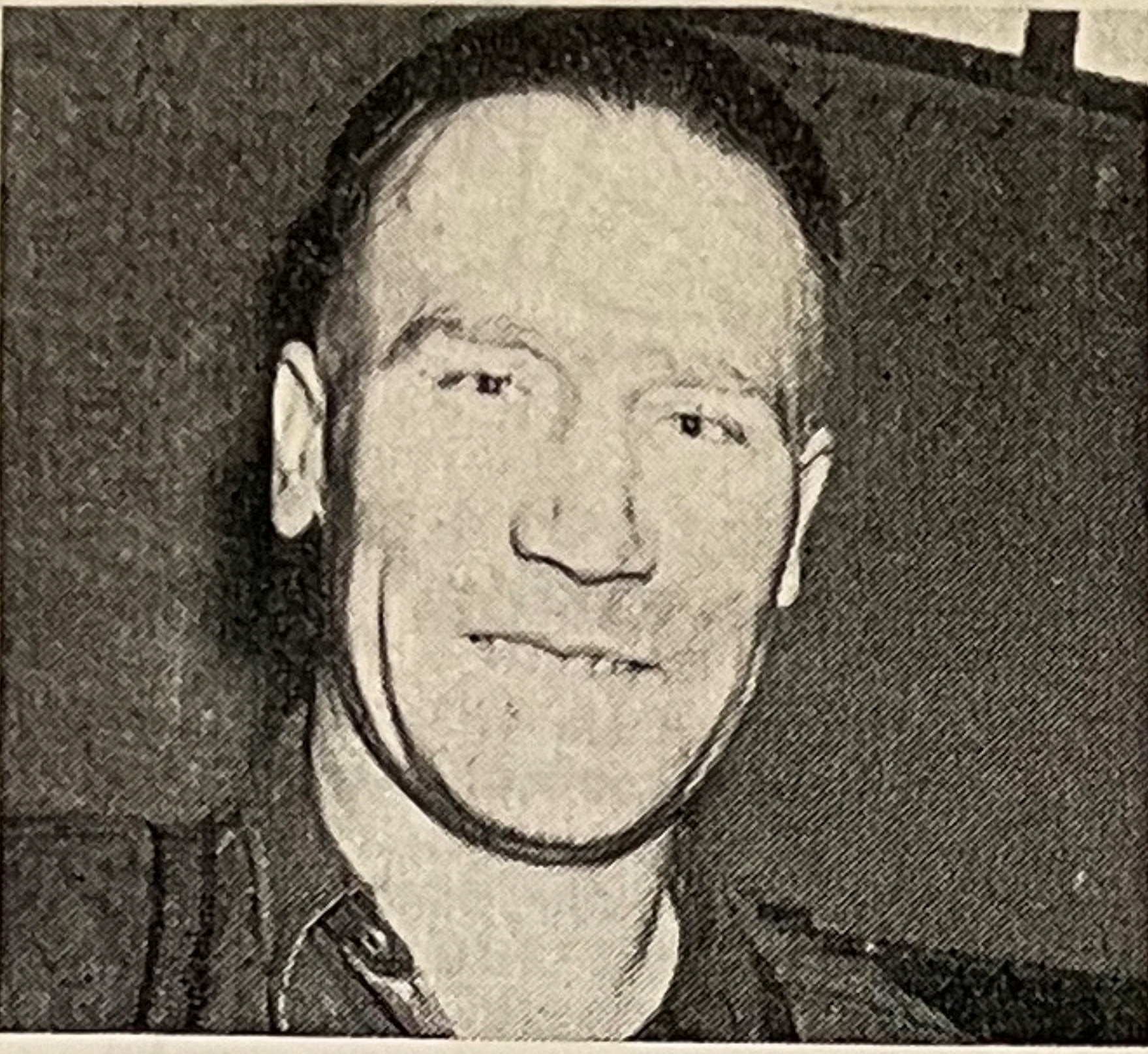
In the same way, we all need our eyes to do our work. Without them we would be unable in most cases to do the job we are now doing. A smart worker doesn't take chances with his eyes—he protects them before anything may happen to them.

"He Wears His Goggles—DO YOU?"



NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE COLOR?



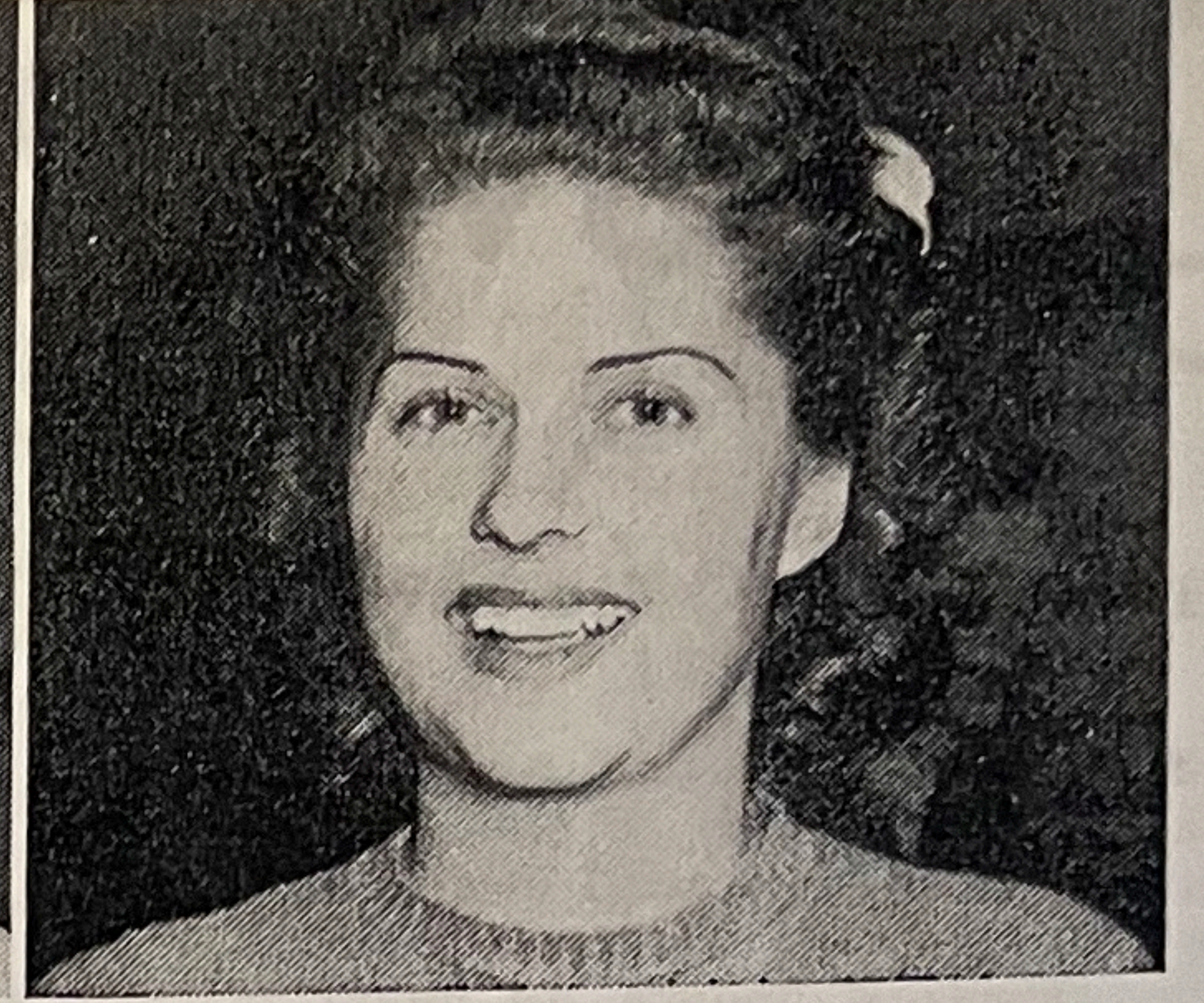
FRANK LEADER, Final Assembly:
"I don't like bright colors, and a quiet blue is, I think, a good-looking color."



JESSIE GRANT, Dept. 70:
"Any soft color is my choice. A baby blue or white are ones I especially like."



BERT FULTON, Inspection Records
"Friends always tell me brown suits me, so naturally I'm partial to that color."



JUNE BEERMAN, Engineering:
"Blue. My fiancée likes me best in blue. Reason enough?"

102nd TRAINING CENTRE Dept. 28 (S. and O. Stores)

Good news comes our way from the bowling fraternity. Lorne Ohlgren's team has shown it's heels to rivals in "E" Section by winning the first series to the tune of 13 won, 3 lost. Nice bowling, kids!

Many happy returns of the day to Jack Madore of the sheet gang who celebrates his birthday this week.

Dorothy Sutton of Aircraft Sales was on loan to us for a few days recently to help list the Curtis inventory. There must be something to this Good Neighbor policy after all!

The staff of the 102nd held their first get-together party at the Ukrainian hall, Gore street, last Wednesday evening. Music was supplied in the Wilkinson manner by a record-player (rented for the night) and the evening was made interesting by alternate dancing upstairs and visiting downstairs, where refreshments were being served by "cut-off" men Fred Trapp and Len Wagner. After several trips back and forth, the gang decided to concentrate on the basement, which spot seemed to have gained tremendously in popularity. After a few rounds of that well-known game called "elbow bending," the need for self-expression had risen to such a point that there was nothing for it but to indulge in a merry old sing-song. After rolling a few authors over in their graves by rendering (or should I say "renting") of such songs as "Aloette," "Clementine," and "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," the gang

check only their own checks and in

kas reels and swing music. Gordon fell in love with a

car after the party and rode it to the way to Current River. That's a damn! P.S., Gordon lives in V.

One thing we did clear up; Len Wagner is definitely married. He brought along his wife to prove it. That dance Gordon and Len were doing is called the "Wrestler's N."

Morning after the party question: "What happened to Flo?" "How did Jack have on the way home?" "Where's there any pop left?" "Did Gordon's sister's name was J."

! Were you locked out again? The Stores basketball team

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

Unfortunately as to last week, I have not been able to find an account of our Department news. Although I'm back again and hoping that we keep our Department column up to date.

I have a correction to make as for November 11 issue. It should have been Mr. and Mrs. Ed Vick who celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary, Nov. 2, 1944. My apologies, please.

There are a few newcomers in our Department. Steve Hnatiw, former time checker for Department 88, is now time checking for us. He's good-looking, girls. There's Frenchie Goulet, very friendly, and a very 'heart' worker; and J. Leduc. We welcome you all, boys.

Wilf Gammond and Red Marsnet are back with us again after working the summer months at the Airport. Neil Lofts is back with us, also, after taking a few months' leave.

Huey McNally received slight injuries and was admitted to hospital for a few days. Best wishes for a speedy recovery, Huey. We hope to have you back soon. Oh! By the way, we saw "Huey" walking down Victoria Avenue the other day. Now let's see. I keep wondering how a fellow can get "sea legs" just after getting out from a hospital.

Horseshoe season is just about at an end, but not in our Department. One from Zentil's gang struck a brain-wave so now you see them pitching during lunch hour right in the Department. They really bounce too. Ask B. Parsons.

Mel Carlson, unaccompanied because of Mike Rygus' illness, left for St. Laurent plant on business for a few weeks. Best of luck, Mel. We wish Mike a speedy recovery and we hope to see you join Mel also. How about letting me in on some of that, Mike?

Why don't you get in on horseshoe pitching, Sammy? It's a better gamble.

Some of our boys are taking up mathematics at night school. It's a good place to spend an evening, eh, Mike?

How is your gas situation Earle? Don't be blue, Elva, don't be blue; in a month or two, he'll come back to you.

Who is the guy who gets a thrill when a cute number passes our Department? Oh, oh, don't all speak at once.

We believe McKenzie Inn is getting to be quite a popular place, eh, Miss Gage.

Say, Lorne, where do you get all the drag?

Oh, Sammy, could I be a member of your club? "Scarlet Waters," you know.

DEPT. 20—PURCHASING

Folks, meet Christine Gardner — otherwise known as "Lil Abner" or Glamor Puss. At some time, are you minus pencils, erasers or other knick-knacks but you remember seeing them just a moment ago. Don't make an appointment with an optometrist. Ponder for a moment—'taint your eyes. Just glance at our little friend. Do her eyes shine? Does she look the picture of innocence? Well, start looking in the wastepaper baskets, under your cushion, in the desk, if not there, look in someone else's desk. Don't worry, you'll get it back. How and when is the mystery. "What the h— is the mater with the telephone?" you sez. It's just been taped up. By whom? Guess. Despite all these mischievous undertakings, she's a "swell" gal with a cheerful disposition, an abundance of witty remarks and her effervescent smile makes her well-liked by the office staff. A good worker, Chrissie handles the ordering of aluminum. She prefers anything pertaining to sheet and extrusions. Ouch, who kicked me? Likes to bowl, ski, skate, dance occasionally and she knits socks for the boy friend. So sorry to disappoint the wolves. A very nice boy friend she has too. At present, he's stationed over in Italy, fighting hard to make a better world for all of us over here.

An ardent Bingo enthusiast, Lois walked off with fifteen bucks last week. Next time we hope you hit the jackpot.

I wonder who put the "tag on the bag".

The gals gasped with delight when Georgie came up to see us (?) A corner of the desk (where he sat): the back of the chair (where his hand rested): the telephone and the piece of paper he wrote on have been set aside as sacred property. Another appearance and we'll have to move the First Aid to the Main Office.

Eleanor's fiancée was so anxious to see her again so he mad a two-day stop-over in Port Arthur on his way to the east coast. For days she'll be in a daze.

Who were the three females who did a fast job of getting back to work in time one lunch hour from Westfort. While one of them was paying the bill, the second ran out to stop the street car and the third followed with a cup of coffee in her hand.

That's all for this week but next week, there'll be more. In the meantime, let's start striving for the Gold Star, not only for the prize but for the self-satisfaction it brings knowing that you are doing your utmost to bring this war to an end in the very near future.

DEPT. 41, 42, 53

We are pleased to have Geo. Renaud back at his machine again. George had quite a spell of sickness.

R. Blanchette has had quite a sick spell having been in hospital for some time. He is home now recuperating. We all hope to see him back at work again soon.

The Yank of the Week. Eddy had two teeth extracted.

P. MacDougall is back at work after recuperating from his operation.

That was a good idea giving all gallon donors a gold star. It will sure give some of them that have six or seven donations to their credit something to look forward to. Come on gang get in there and let's see a lot more gold stars. Nice going.

Talking to Jack Hale the other night. He was telling me that his chum got a leg blown off at the battle-front and had to have four blood transfusions. "Well", says Jack, "I have given five donations and I hope it may help him or some other unfortunate lad who needs it. I only wish I could have done more." Now have you a chum, a brother, son or a husband over there? Just think of him. He may need that blood plasma someday and will you deny it to him. I hope not. Sign on the dotted line right away and we will see that they get it. See Len or Jock about a card.

Jean Presinger received a reward from the Labour Management committee for a suggestion she sent in. Nice going Jean! How about a few more from some of the gang.

Results of the checker tournaments, Series No. 4: Mike Stokluk beat J. Ekroos for the championship; while Merkley took the consolation by winning against G. McLaughlin. Series No. 3: Margaret Scalzo beat Lil Bulgaris for the girls' championship, while Eleanor Berglund won the girls' consolation.

In the C.C.A.A. Bowling League, G Division, the first series has been won by the Machine Shop team, captained by Elsie Bearham. The writer while not seeing the games understands that there was some wonderful playing during the series and asks the gang to go out and see them and also give them your support for they sure deserve it. The team is comprised of: Lil Roy, Cis Dusfresne, Kay Kozak, Myrtle Lainge, Jim Lainge, Pete Holt, and Joe Perrault. The score at the finish of the series was 16 won and five lost, so I think you will agree that this is a pretty good average.

The following employees of Department 41 have perfect attendance records: T. H. Pickering, F. Joblin, J. Brown, F. E. Marsh, H. J. Hill, and D. Bloom.



WHEN THE LUNCH BOX COMES HOME

It is usually sticky and odorous and should be thoroughly washed and left open to air while it is not in use. Special care must be given to the thermos bottle. Frequently washing with soda water will keep it free of odours.

To prevent foods from becoming crushed and unappetizing, place fruits like oranges and apples and heavy containers on the bottom. Sandwiches, small fruits, pies and cakes should go on the top.

Meat fillings for sandwiches may be left-overs from the main dish for the family dinner, and are much less expensive than small amounts of cold sliced cooked meats bought just for sandwiches. Individual meat pies, fish loaves, and cold caked beans, provide a change from the usual lunch of sandwiches. Season these with chili sauce or mayonnaise.

Hot foods such as thick soups, bean, split pea, potato, corn chowder, meat stock and vegetable soups go well in your thermos, and have you tried hot tomato juice? It's good!

Semi-solid desserts can also be carried in covered containers. Good choices are: rice, tapioca, chocolate and lemon pudding, baked custard, prune whip and ginger pudding.

Raw vegetables add food value and crispness to any lunch, try turnip strips, cauliflower buds, carrot circles, stuffed celery (cheese does it), cole slaw and lettuce.

Remember, appetizing lunches cannot be hastily thrown together a few minutes before the worker leaves home. Food should be planned at least one day before so that supplies will be on hand and the lunch will supplement the meals eaten at home, have variety and appetite appeal.

"I'm tired, very tired, let me sleep." These were the words of a dying Navy gunner as he lay mortally wounded on the deck of his ship. All of us, you and I both, are tired of this war. But we haven't any right to lie down on our war jobs as long as men like that are lying dead on theirs.

BREEZY BITS

"Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue."
—Emerson

DRY HAIR—

Dry hair, dry skin, brittle nails! What to do about it? Well, dry anything needs lubricating once in a while! Hot air in houses and offices during the winter months promotes this condition and sends us searching for a remedy.

Brush your hair vigorously every night for at least ten minutes. Use an oil shampoo with oil treatments occasionally. Remember metal curlers tend to break the ends of your hair—better to use pin curls.

DRY SKIN—

Avoid strong soaps, hot water and astringents. Use cold cream during the day to remove make-up and a rich lubricating cream at night. Do this regularly for results—not just once in a while! Paste rough is better than cake; less drying.

GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Have you seen little china animals intended to hold small flowers or plants, in the dime store? As a gift suggestion stuff the hollow place with a tiny pin cushion. Dainty for your dresser, useful too. A useful pen-wiper can be made by cutting the lengths of black wool to reach from the tip of the head to the lowest part of the feet. Tie up the body first, they slip through the chest the hank of wool serving for the arms. Tie the head, legs, etc., and sew on black boot buttons for the eyes. Make the mouth of white wool. Everyone needs 'em.

Useful fancy cases can be made for pocket cases and book covers, with odd pieces of material such as are found in almost every home. For sticking the materials, any thick paste or tube glue is advised.

BRITTLE NAILS—

If your nails are brittle, check your diet—something lacking there! Do not "soak" your hands in hot water, but rub in a good cuticle oil often.

DRY THROAT—

?—I'll duck and run on this one. There is only one remedy I know of—and it's rationed!

Doddammit, all over my new tie! OK, relax; the spot will come out sponged with a cloth dipped in cold water—never hot water, which will set the stains.

Did you ever wander around with a piece of string tied to your finger as a reminder, only to forget what it was for? This one is for you. Wrap a piece of adhesive tape around your finger with the notation printed on it. It's a pretty sure thing you won't forget how to read!

And then there is the one about the gal, they call her "Steam Shovel" because she's always picking up dirt!

SOME HELP FOR "THE BLACK CAT"

For some time we have been reading the plaintive meowlings of the Black Cat, who appears to be having a very bad time. It seems the poor boy cannot keep the female of the species from hounding him from pillar to post.

As in the case of Adam and Eve, women, the root of all evil, will probably be his downfall unless someone comes to his rescue. So, our sympathies being aroused, we have decided to try to help him out of this dilemma.

Ever since the days of Adam and Eve, men have been weak-minded and inclined to blame it all on women. The alibi about Eve and the apple has worked so well for so long they think it still works.

So, with this falling in mind, our advice to the Black Cat is that he could try digging a nice comfortable cave in some remote, far distant spot, beyond the extent of civilization, where he could hibernate for the rest of his natural life.

If this plan is not practical, how about camouflaging himself as an armoured tank and acquiring an armed guard about 50 strong. That should keep all the designing females at arm's length.

If all this fails, he may as well give up and stop struggling.

Incidentally, we would like to see this Black Cat and find out for ourselves if he's worth the trouble of chasing.

Signed, Some more Wolverines.

Will the party signing herself "Joan" kindly contact the Editor, P.A.X. 227.

The average load for each railway freight car loaded at stations in Canada has risen since the beginning of the war from 27.1 tons to 30.6, and the average number of passengers per train from 48.3 to 115.9.

WHAT'S NEWS FROM THE LIBRARY

Twice as many women are employed today as in 1939. Even if half of them retire from the labor market, at least 20 thousand post-war jobs must be found for women workers.

The woman war-worker in slacks and bandana has become a familiar figure in wartime Canada, and something of a national heroine too. She is frequently assured that her energy, ability and perseverance have made Canada's production miracle possible. But with the rapid approach of victory, the future of the girl in overalls has come to be an important national problem. There is one school of thought which foresees no difficulties, and cheerfully predicts that the woman war-worker will quietly return to her "domestic duties." There are others who see the national heroine of today as the national menace of tomorrow, a selfish woman grabbing at the job that rightfully belongs to a returned veteran. Janet A. Keith attacks this problem in "Business Week".

R.A.F. personnel in France are being issued khaki uniforms because a dusty air force uniform bears a marked similarity to the German field grey.—"Canadian Aviation"

Just how the war has affected Canada's farmers, industrialists, fishermen, property owners and the average citizen can best be appreciated by reading the latest edition of that hardy perennial, the "Canada Year Book."

A coordinated system of indicating electrical circuits and equipment on engineering drawings has been worked out by the American Standards Association and is now available to industries.—"Aviation News"

Russel L. Gibson, president, Cub Aircraft of Canada, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont., has disclosed plans to build 300 airstrips in Canadian municipalities with population over 2,000 as post-war employment measure. Towns are being urged to plan sites for strips 2,000-3,000 ft. long, and 200 ft. wide. The strips will be arranged in a checker-board pattern.—"Aviation News"

Aviation News

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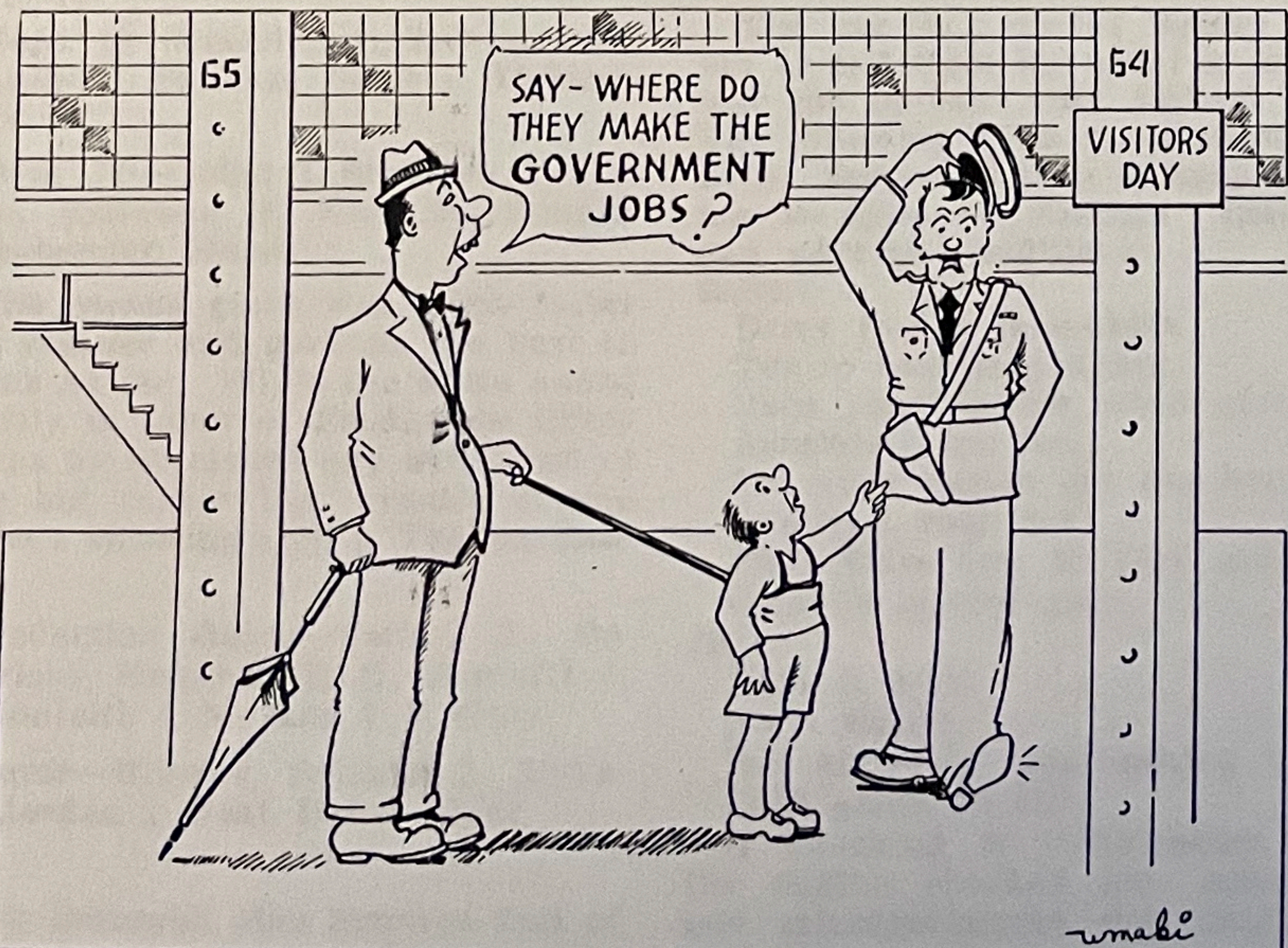
Aviation News

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Aviation News

Aviation News



Word has been received that the woman pictured above, has been employed in action while serving with the Canadian Army overseas. She was employed with Wings Department, and was a leadman under Frank Padgett, who enlisted in 1942.

OCT 24/1944



BASKETBALL

Girls' Shop League

League standing as of Nov. 17:

	W.	L.	Pts.
Time Office	4	0	8
Department 40	3	1	6
Production Office	2	2	4
Department 71	1	3	2
Stores	1	3	2
Engineering	1	3	2

Results of Week Ending Nov. 17:

Wednesday, Nov. 15 (F.W.C.I.): Time Office 13 Engineering 6; Stores 13, Dept. 71 12.

Friday, Nov. 17 (Y.M.C.A.): Dept. 40 15, Dept. 71 11; Prod. Office 25, Stores 10.

AT F.W.C.I.

Engineering held the powerful Time Office quintette down to their smallest score of the season. This was quite a shock to the league leaders and proves the statement made some time ago that before the season goes much farther they will be handed a defeat.

Time Office—E. MacDonald 2, Anne Gillies 5, D. Caruso 2, E. Pappas, B. Wilson, M. Purcell, Agnes Gillies, L. Goodman 4.

Engineering—M. Green 2, T. Marak, K. Andros, I. Hendon 4, A. Wallster, M. Nixon, J. Beerman.

Referees: S. Robb and R. Nutt.

In the second game of the night Betty Jordan led the Stores team to a surprise victory over Department 71. This win may also be partly credited to the super-strategy employed by Coach Robb when he shifted Jordan from guard to centre. Once again Sylvester starred for Department 71.

Stores—Salonen, Geretto, Mykulak 3, Baird, Blunt, Jordan 10.

Department 71—Gollat, Strabov 2, Sylvester 10, Meady, Keel, Wienbender.

AT Y.M.C.A.

The first game between Departments 40 and 71 was quite rough and did not show many signs of basketball. The players should learn to check only their own checks and in that way speed up play. Thibaudeau of 40 and Sylvester of 71, were the chief scorers. Department 40 won by 15 to 11.

Dept. 40—McCullough, Lewko, Cole, Loiselle 2, Saidoch, Boldt 4, Thibaudeau 9.

Dept. 71—Gollat 3, Strabov 2, Broman, Sylvester 6, Kiel, MacDonald, Wienbender, Meady.

The second game was much faster and cleaner and perhaps the best to watch so far. While the score ended heavily in favor of Production Office it was by no means any indication of play but rather the results of one player's shooting ability, Thelma Habkirk.

Production Office—Telford 2, Dobrowsky, Habkirk 12, M. Monteith 4, G. Monteith 4, M. Lem 3, F. Gray.

Stores—Browne, Salonen 2, Mykulak, Jordan 8, Heal, Baird, Blunt.

Two thousand nine hundred feet of small rope and approximately 300 feet of heavy rope was used to mark off the route on Can-Car's Family Day.

BOWLING

There will be no bowling on Thursday, Dec. 28, Christmas week. In the event of a series ending in a tie, the winner will be determined the night of the following series. Teams involved in dead-heat will bowl against scheduled opponent, and scores made will be used to determine winners—that is, total pins for three games plus the handicap. At the end of the first series five divisions produced winners, while the other two wound up in dead-heats. Standout performance was Time Office, with Nels Scavarelli's 832 triple, the top score for the season. Following are the divisional winners and standings:

H, Hendricks; D, R.C.A.F.; E, Ohlgren; F, Fell; G, Bearham; B, Adamson and Gammond; C, Carrick and McGonigle.

BRIDGE

The two "Bills,"—Williams and McGowan—were the jackpot winners Monday. Who's going to take it next week? Some close keen games last night with very small margins dominating the play. Bennett and Hutchins won by 60 points through teams from 400 to 700 points; Whiteway and Rhind by 2940; Morrison and Blacken 3380, and the jackpot winners had a 3,510 margin.

Team standing:	W.	L.
Williams and Muldoon.....	4	0
Houston and Segalowitz	3	1
Bates and Hackland	3	1
Muldoon and Liddiard	3	1
Whitehead and Kozak	3	1
Hallson and Holz	3	1
Hambly and Taylor	3	1
Asgiersen and Coghlan	3	1
Whiteway and Rhind	2	2
Quackenbush and Farley	2	2
Grieve and Pantalone	2	2
Bennett and Hutchins	2	2
Morrison and Blacken.....	2	2
Skoropad and Januba	2	2
Mault and Wilson	1	3
Gallagher and Peterson.....	1	3
Cory and Neil	1	3
Armstrong and Meault	1	3
Currie and Mouthe	0	4
Arnold and Perdue	0	4
Boyes and Barr	0	4

TWELVE WAYS TO SAVE YOUR CAR

The car that carries factory workers to and from the plant is doing a war job of the very highest order. The following hints recommended by Ethyl News will help to keep it rolling in spite of wartime shortages and adverse conditions:

DON'T . . .

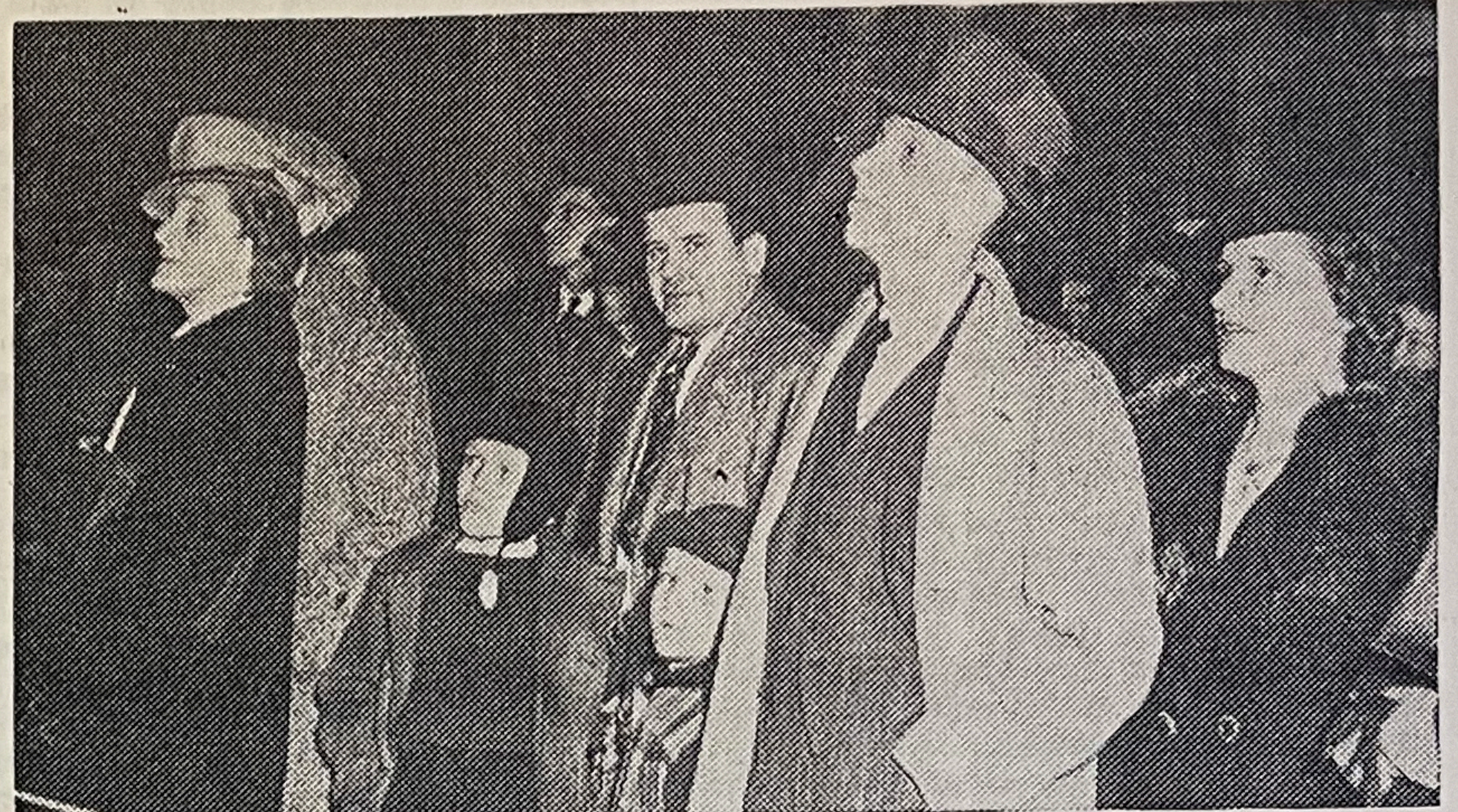
Drive like a jackrabbit.
Try to beat stop lights.
Race your engine when starting.
Accelerate too fast.
Let your engine get too hot.
Overload your car.
Shift from first to high gear.
Start in second gear.

DO . . .

Take it easy.
Start slowly.
Get up speed approaching a hill.
Shift gears on hills.
If knocking is troublesome, have the engine checked for conditions and misadjustments that contribute to knock.

And always remember, gasoline powers the attack—don't waste a drop.

INTEREST OF EXHIBITS SHOWN ON FACES OF VISITORS



Keen interest depicted on the faces of a group of visitors as they watch with amazement the operation of the various moveable parts of the Helldiver.

Assist in Can-Car's Family Day



St. John's Ambulance Brigade in attendance at Can-Car's Family Day. Reading from left to right (front row): Ambulance Officer, T. Love; Port Arthur Superintendent, C. Melrup; Fort William Superintendent, G. G. Miller; Corporal H. Sorlie. Back row: Private C. Rippen, Private D. Burnside.

YOUNGSTERS HAVE FIELD DAY AT CANCAR'S FAMILY DAY



Little Julien Salano, whose father is employed in Welding Dept. catches the cameraman's eye as he proudly goes through the plant watching with interest the maze of intricate machinery and equipment.

DEPARTMENT NEWS

TOOL CRIBS

(By The Cribeteer)

Department 12 is the tool cribs, and last week some sad soul made a sad attempt to finally introduce the cribs into the spotlight of the public eye. But that spotlight merely turned out to be a dim little glimmer. Of course, it was their method of approach that was all wrong—it should have had sparkle, giddiness and gaiety. It should have been something like this (And I quote) Once upon a time long ago and far away, there was built a little aeroplane factory called the Can-Car, and in this little factory they had to put up because nobody would trust the workers, imagine!—they put up the cutest little cubby holes, lined them all around with chicken wire, (to keep the chickens in and the wolves out) filled them all up with bins, guns, motors, lights, hose, drills, taps, dies, etc., etc., etc. and etc. (The latter are the nicest.) And then they shyly introduced one lonely little lead man to the crib girls. Ah! The Crib Girls! Everybody knows the Crib Girl. She's the cute little thing in slacks and sweater, and mass of curls, who slinks up to the crib window, leans enticingly close, (there's a helluva racket going on outside,) smiles sweetly into your eyes, and says, "Well, and whadda you want, you with the face between the ears, and even then I'm speaking loosely." This flabbergasts you for a minute, but you recover your poise and manage to spit it out. Of course she always gives you the wrong thing, but then that provides you with a very good excuse to come back again and get acquainted. If she's the acquainting type. After all she is a "wicket" girl. (Oh, you corn-cracker you!)

And so, Family Day at the Can-Car has come and gone. And did you, who work in one of the cribs numbering one to fifteen—did you proudly march your fond parents up to the chicken wire, wave your hand vaguely in the general direction and say, "Mom, Pop, —this is where I work."—And then completely disregard their looks of amazement and contempt. Or did you sort of try to hurry past with a "This-is-crib-so-and-so-where-I-work" introduction when Mom exclaims, "But it's just like a cage!" You smile weakly and say, "Yea, they thought I looked kinda squirrely so they put me in there." At which Mom blows her top, "Why, my poor lambie pie, I'm going to complain to the manager about this. Why, the very idea . . ." and so you hustle her off to look at the nice aeroplanes, thanking your lucky stars that you have a nice soft spot to park yourself all day long while the rest of the poor souls work their hearts out. Who said that?)

But this wasn't supposed to be a fairy story, it was supposed to tell you something of the "poisonalities" who go to make up Department 12—the ones with the shapes and the ones with the tool crib curves. But not being acquainted with them all, the Cribeteer will just lightly skip over some of them.

Now, Crib 5 is really the only place to meet Nellie and Nancy. Whatta pair! Just ask Department 88, they'll tell you. But make sure you ask the right shift 'cause the other one will only be able to tell you about Carol. Ah, sweet little Carol! ('Nough said.) And then there's the story about the time "L for Lanky," otherwise known as "O for Olga" got "oiled". Ah, brother, that's a story. And poor George, who has to take it week in and week out with all those females. But he's better off than Mr. Smart in Crib 3 who seems to be losing all his chickens lately. Hilda has been hustled over to Crib 6; our cherubic little Alice has literally been thrown to Leo, the "Lion" (?) in Crib 12;

MODIFICATION AND RE-WORK DEPT. 45

(By Don Freisting)

Here's a flash from Inspection 45: A blooming romance has been discovered since a new male inspector has come in. Our little Jeanie with the dark brown hair seems to have become the attraction. We wonder if that favorite song of hers is still "A Boy In Khaki".

HeHe is a few words from the rivetters: We also have a new romance blooming. Who is the new heart throb Keller? It must be those brown eyes.

We see our new bride is all smiles over a letter she just received.

We all send our very best wishes to May for a speedy recovery from her operation.

Johnny, what's the big attraction in 83? As if we didn't know.

Do all leadhands carry oranges in the back seat of their cars or is it only the rivetters leadhands?

Swift of foot was Hiawatha, He could shoot an arrow from him And run forward with such swiftness, That the arrow fell behind him.

Which all means that Hiawatha was a mighty hunter. Now we don't suggest that our Bill Shabot is that good, not nearly that good, in fact, but like Hiawatha he is a mighty hunter, but definitely. On his latest venture into the woods in quest of deer, the story has it that Bill flushed a couple of five pointers and ran them to earth, all the while blazing away like a commando storming a hostile beach. Finally after a hot chase he stumbled on to a pair (cold in death). Bill naturally supposed it was his game until another nimrod put in his appearance and pointed out that these deer had been shot not scared to death, so Bill acknowledged this obvious truth and reluctantly gave up his claim to the meat, he knew he wasn't that good. However, Messrs. Scott and Danard have offered to take the lad out into the Can-Car enclosure to see the deer in the hope he can overcome the buck fever.

Of the vets in 45, James Shanks has been visiting Detroit on his holidays. We hope he gets back in one piece as there's certain people that are looking forward to his return.

Art Winslow has been handling Progress very well in Jimmy's place and he's still our vampire, always urging everyone to donate blood, which is certainly a fine thing.

Our salvage is announcing that Ann is engaged to be married to the fellow with the chicken farm. She won't have to buy any more eggs.

Frank Revell has transferred to Toll Control.

Here's what took place at a restaurant to one of our blue print girls: A sailor took her out to lunch, and ordered pie, at the same time asking her if she wanted some. She said no, as she had to watch her figure. The sailor said, "you eat the pie, and I'll watch your figure."

Our foreman informs us that the Can-Car "family day" was a success, and seemed to be enjoyed by all. To many it was a thrill of a life-time.

Eadie has been scooted way down to Crib 4, and Olga and Kay have long since become inmates at Crib 5. But then there'll always be Ruthie left to keep Crib 3 going.

And by the way, did you know they had a menagerie in Crib 12? Sure thing—what with mice on the floor, birds in the air, wolverines in the crib and wolves outside, just ask Bill Johnson—he'll tell you that's right.

ENGINEERING DEPT.

Our beaming supervisors, Bill Laughton and Jack Henderson, have now returned from a lengthy business trip to Amherst. Rumors are they had scarcely landed before they wanted to return to old Fort Bill. Collecting themselves and their belongings after a long trip through stormy weather, Bill and Jack trudged to the Amherst hotel where reservation had been made for the bridal suite and thereafter Bill was "Honey". Comments were made that huge colonial houses made an historic setting, besides the delivery of mail by horse and buggy methods. As a sidelight they tell us of an experience in Moncton when they almost missed their mode of transportation. Missing the familiar home call of getting up in the mornings, they slept on until a TCA bus honked at their boudoir window 15 minutes before scheduled flight. They made it with five minutes to spare, so in any language we figure it's fast work, though we guarantee the strokes of the razor were few that morning. Stopping off at Montreal, they enjoyed a reunion with Fred Mitchell and Jim Lundy, both formerly of Engineering. Another tid-bit is a whisper of Jack and Graham Baker putting a jig-saw puzzle together, so they came back with their wits well sharpened.

Home on embarkation leave and visiting our charming miss in the Office Staff, Leila Horppu, was her sailor boy "Johnnie". He's a lucky fellow.

Dolores Pungente has left to enjoy a much-needed rest from her chores in the Blueprint Room and on the occasion of her leaving was presented with a purse of money from the Department, Mr. Stokes making the presentation. The evening shift, with Millie Millard steering the function, had a little "do" in lamentation the last evening Dolores worked, and they all look forward to having her back before too long.

News from Polly Sternberg, former Drawing Supply supervisor, tell us she sadly misses "the gang and is really homesick for little ol' Fort William". We told you so!

Our friend "Casey" who is lying low in hospital is slowly but surely improving. We send our best for continued improvement.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Dorothy McLennan and family in the loss of their very dear mother.

Yesterday, Sunday, November 19th, was guest day as we all know and its effects were felt in even the most remote and thinly populated section of the Engineering Office, mainly D. C. On Saturday the first rumblings of unrest were characterized by a series of furtive visits, later to be explained, between our four "stalwarts", Dick, Jim, Mike and Paul. (Much more distinctive than Tom, Dick and Harry, don't you think?) Such manifestations were nearly forgotten when Jack, Paul Revere in fashion, rushed madly through the section followed by a sudden and hectic exodus of drawings, drafting sets and instruments usually wielded by our noble pen-pushers. All such paraphernalia finally found refuge in the inner reaches of the vault—to Helen's horror. By this time the pen-pushers had also disappeared and D. C. would have put to shame Goldsmith's "Deserted Village".

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, well it dawned anyway, and there, welcoming hand extended, all washed and scrubbed for the occasion, stood our four aforementioned stalwarts, waiting to guide amazed and expectant parents—I mean eager and excited parents and friends—through the sacred portals of Can Car. Today, somewhat weary, they report, that the guests enjoyed the tour of inspection and that everything went over very smoothly. Bouquets to the committee in charge of the occasion.

AIRPORT

Concerning our mascot "Pal," we have received a very nice letter from the owner, Geo. W. Allen, of Oswego, N.Y. Mr. Allen was sincerely pleased to hear of his dog's whereabouts and gave us some interesting information.

He informed us that Pal has been more or less of a tramp for the past four years, although he has always accompanied Mr. Allen on his yearly hunting trip up to the present year. On the arrival of Mr. Allen's second daughter, Pal became somewhat jealous and refused to stay home despite methods of persuasion. He became very friendly with one of the crew of the "Fontana" which draws coal from Oswego to Canada, and he figures it possible that Pal arrived via coal carrier. At that, it is some distance out to the airport and we wonder how he directed himself out so far, unless he has a hidden Radar set-up, but so far he seems to be quite happy to stay. He formerly adopted a hotel and an army post, but now seems strictly air-minded.

Pal has quite a pedigree and is a dog of some quality and character. His grandfather was "Blue Dan," owned by Dr. Mitten of Philadelphia, who a few years ago was not only a grand champion in his class but being declared best of breed and also best dog in the show in Madison Square Garden. Pal is a direct descendent also of "Eugene Ghost" and "Eugene Sureset," also champions. Pal was born in 1931 and is getting along in years and the owner seemed so pleased he was in good hands and requests that we keep him here for the present as it is inconvenient for him to come up for him. Mr. Allen informed us on the care of the dog's eye with drops of argyrol. Now if we can just persuade the good ladies to give him another scrubbing, wouldn't we all appreciate it?

Bob Faithful and Ed. Paige returned from their hunting expedition out Silver Islet way after snagging a deer each. Walter Hunter also shot one and Murray Mossman's party got one.

November 11th two minutes' silence was observed. When the first siren went, this conversation was overheard:

Nell: "What's the siren ringing for, a fire?"

Mary: "No, it can't be, nobody's running. Gosh, my watch is an hour slow (so she immediately sets her watch an hour fast).

Nell: "Hey, what's the matter with you fellows? Gosh Mary, it's suddenly awfully quiet around here." (Quite an occasion at the airport).

The second siren went and light dawned on two very crimson faces. There was a sudden flutter of folding wings and two young ladies quickly flew out of the picture.

Saturday night an airport party was held at Birch Beach with the U.S. Navy boys as guests. Dancing to radio and recordings was enjoyed by all, followed by hot dogs, doughnuts and coffee. Mickey Carey found that a fire could be lit only when the chimney block was removed; however, for a while clouds of smoke rolled around the cabin. Who walked off with Ena's car key, and wasn't she lucky Art Shatford knew his cars. Why does someone always bring a camera for candid shots? Anyway, the party was quite a success and heartily enjoyed by all.

The boys are sporting new coveralls with parkas, but if you really want to stump them, ask one of them to try tying his shoe lace.

Now that plans are under way for a bowling league, let's get in there pitching.

The hope of the future lies not in better human inventions but in better human relations.

DEPARTMENT NEWS

DEPT. 15—INVOICING

Mr. George Northern of Accounting is now with the Invoicing staff. Hope he get to like it among all the girls.

Owing to illness Mr. Nightingale has been compelled to take a leave of absence from his duties. The dept. wishes him a speedy comeback.

Slim took time off for something important. We wonder if the big day is approaching.

Mr. Rhind has celebrated his birthday and received a shaving set from his staff. Mrs. Thornes baked a delicious cake and had twenty-one candles on it. Judging from his looks he seems to be a very young man.

Have you had your future told or your present revealed? See Edith Alston by appointment to have your tea cup read for a small charge.

Margaret Kelly, our teletype operator, could be very stubborn at times. When the C.P. mechanic telegraphed her and asked her to take him through the plant she refused coldly and gave him a pep talk about letting his old grandfather work for a living. Very evasive, aren't you Marg?

Stub your toe. Meet your beau. Kiss your thumb. He's sure to come. But that doesn't apply to Ollie because she got two slivers of fine birch wood in her toe when she stubbed it. I guess she won't be going to those barn dances for a while.

The Dept. had their regular dinner party at the Avenue Hotel on Thursday. The table was centered with a vase of Autumn flowers. We had a tasty steak with all trimmings, but Margaret just had to have chicken. The only catastrophe took place when Myra darted after her peas as they rolled on the rug. Music was supplied by the jute box. After dinner we were invited to Anne Allan's home where she served a variety of cakes and sandwiches with tea.

There was a couple of wolves out the other nite in the shape of R.C.A.F. boys. They stood in front of Strachan's diamond window when they nearly proposed to Esther and Grace.

DEPT. 12

A cheerful "hello" to all you boys and girls.

Saw our handsome leadman from Crib 12 out with a brunette one night last week. Believe in the old adage, "Variety is the spice of life," eh, Leo?

What was all that screaming and commotion in one of the Cribs last week? Guess? You're right! A little teensy-weensy mouse.

The airforce is home from overseas eh, Nancy? Our reporter saw them one evening and they certainly didn't act like the kids that used to sling mud at each other in the good old school days.

Cribbage is to be the leading game on cold winter nights by what our reporter gathers. First Hec and now Tony, but that cribbage board of Hec's has it all over Tony's.

Family visiting day will have come and gone before this edition goes to press, but I'm sure everybody will have had an interesting and educational day in going through the plant viewing the various departments that lead to the completion of the ships. Thanks to the management for making this day possible.

And heres' a little slogan which we should bear in mind:

"The Lord gave us two ends to use,
One to think with, one to sit with;
The war depends on which we
choose,
Heads we win, tails we lose."

Pal Becomes Air-Minded and Makes Home at Airport



Travelling by devious methods and routes all the way from Oswego, N.Y., Pal, pictured above with Mrs. Mulhern, radio control tower operator at the Airport, has made his home there. After some nice investigation work on the part of the airport employees, Mr. Allen, the owner of the dog, has written to Mrs. Mulhern telling her interesting facts regarding Pal, all of which is included in the Airport News for this week.

DEPT. 13—STORES

FLASH—To Jim, Detroit, Michigan. Come home at once. Your basketball team lost to Stores 13 to 12, Wednesday. Archibald and Gracie are getting away with murder. Hurry.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bithrey, a bouncing baby boy.

Did you see the brand new sweater-boy in Stores? Slim's competing with you Davie.

To Norma, McKellar Hospital—Sorry they had to cut you up, "Blondie," but we'll get you another part of you enclose your ration book. We miss you. The Gang.

We are all glad to have our dark-haired Evelyn back with us. You came just in time to help pull the basketball team out of the mud. We hope. After the small lead, in a close game over Dept. 71 on Wednesday, we hated like heck to have our team get the shorts licked off them by Production Office on Friday. However, with a few new players and our stars, Mickey and Betty, and some Wheaties for the rest of us, maybe we'll do better at the end of the season.

Apologies to the Black Cat—

We thought you had a keen sense of humor, Perhaps 'twas only an idle rumor. We didn't think our verse so bad, But it seemed to upset one, Rosie lad. We even heard from your fellow creditor, A reply was sent in to the Editor. But as he couldn't stay up at night with a fan, From the warmth of your reply, the printer's ink ran. But even if we've got your goat and tied it to a tree, Please don't me so terribly mad at me.

—Stores Kitten

In England and Wales there are now 1,500 wartime day nurseries where babies are cared for while their mothers are doing war work.

DEPT. 07—TOOL CONTROL

Mrs. Vivian Walton has been notified that her daughter, Marjorie Walton, with the C.W.A.C. at Camp Shilo, Man., has been promoted to corporal.

Graham Baker has returned to work after being at Amherst, N.S., on a business trip.

Bill Gavin, Dept. 40, and Martin Mignault, Dept. 84, have been transferred to Method's Department.

In honor of Miss Muriel Clayton, a bride-elect of next month, a social evening was held at the home of Mrs. Polly Kincaid, 2 Glenavon Apartments, recently. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess, and a most pleasant evening spent. Among those present were the Misses Muriel Clayton, Eda Mae Allard, Verlene Corrigan and Bobby Muir, and the Mesdames Jessie Flanagan, Irene Goodfellow, Marguerite Lacey, Nellie Stewart, Elsie Mork, Kay Dewar and Polly Kincaid.

A. D. Norton, head of Tool Control, returned from Montreal in time to present Eric Liden with a beautiful scroll and a 32-piece Rogers silverware on behalf of the department staff. In his remarks, Mr. Norton expressed the best wishes of all to Eric and Mrs. Liden.

FOUNDRY

Congratulations are in order for Nellie and Paul, the shear gang. They "dood" it. The main event will follow shortly. Line forms in the right folks.

Everybody in Department 48 is glad to see Dottie back and looking just the same.

There are some people who are finding it hard to stay away from the United States. We are all wondering what the attraction is. Let some of us in on it, eh, Frank.

We hear that Mr. Farrow is home and feeling a lot better now. We will be seeing him soon. We all wish to be hearing the same about Mr. Fidoe soon too.

MATERIAL CONTROL

Material Control is really a busy corner now, everyone taking their share in the big doings including George, who keeps jumping from desk to desk to make sure everyone has enough work on hand . . . or is that the reason?

The first series of bowling is over. The Louses have proven once more that they really get into anyone's head. As usual, Haley's Halfwits kept shoving the balls in the gutter, so they came out last, but they admit it, it was their best. Better luck next time, kids.

Dick Harvey and Johnnie are in the race as to who can sport the loudest tie. So far Dick is in the lead. Good show, boys, keep it up.

It seems that Ruth has ignored her promise to teach the cats better manners, we expect to see her around collecting money for the kitten's milk.

We all have been asking Jean Holgate why she looks so happy these days. Her big day is set for Nov. 24th. You've got to admit it, Jean, you are a bit nervous, but we all wish you the best of luck and hope you will be very happy.

DEPT. 92—ELECTRICAL

Shall we begin by thanking the management, on behalf of our families for the very nice display of Aircraft Production shown on Family Day. Also orchids to each and every girl of Department 92 for their co-operation in making our departmental display a success.

Now, for the news! Edna Williams has finally succumbed to a very bad case of homesickness and has taken the cure by returning to her parental fireside in Edmonton. Emma Geib has also returned to her home in Moose Jaw, due to the illness of her mother. Gladys Johnson has also returned to her home in Nova Scotia. Best wishes to you girls and the best of luck.

A very hearty hurrah goes to the department's youngest leadlady, Anita Leger, who, through keenness and interest in her work, gave to the company a very excellent time-saving device.

Well, folks, this soldering iron is getting plenty hot so I'll call it thirty for to-day.

See you later.

DEPT. 17—TIME OFFICE

It's a sure thing, folks, we are back in the news column again. What happened, Lloyd, why all the rush to leave the office. What was cooking.

When a guy leaves as fast as to forget what coat he owns and takes someone else's by mistake, it sure must be hot.

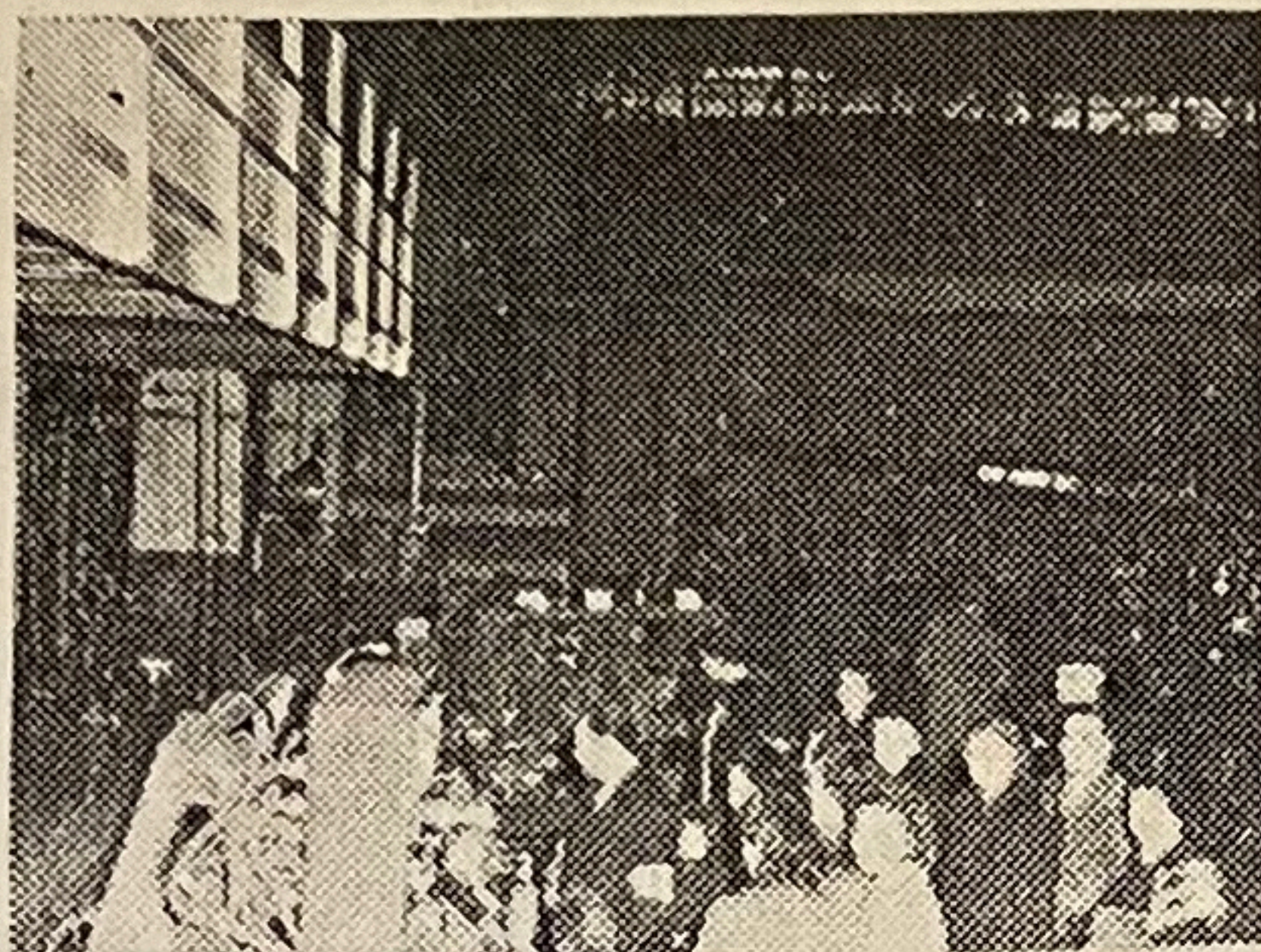
Miss G. Spearman has returned back to work after a short period of illness. We sure hope you are feeling a whole lot better.

What's wrong, Betty, having a little trouble in trying to select your boy friend's gift for Christmas? He is a good sailor. He understands the saying "any old port in a storm," so don't be too alarmed if you should get him something that he already has. Don't forget, folks, only 23 more shopping days left until Christmas.

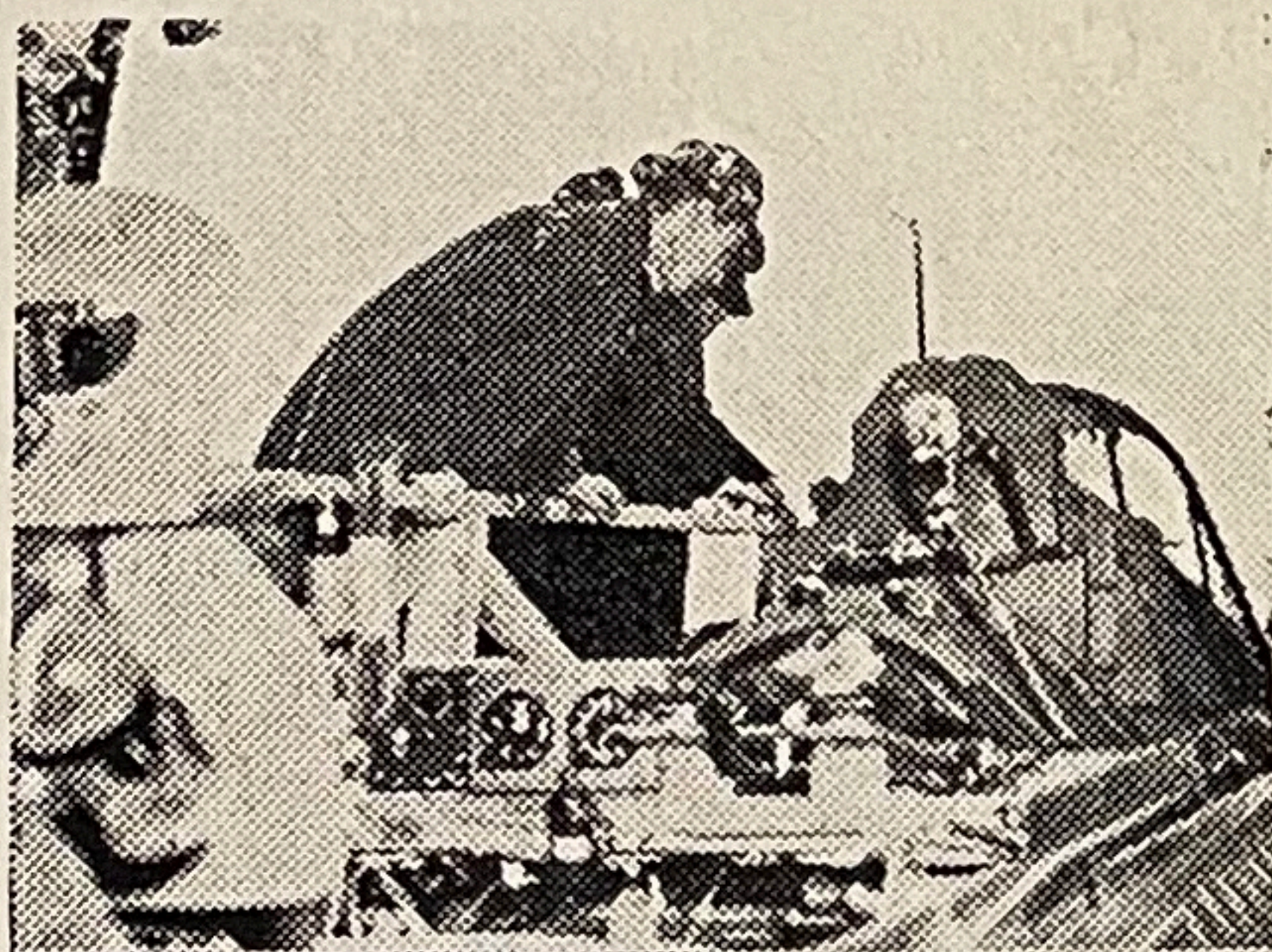
Birthday greetings go to Miss N. Anderson and Mrs. A. Bembin. The Time Office pool was won by A. Gibb. Lucky man.

Don't forget, folks, attention means prevention.

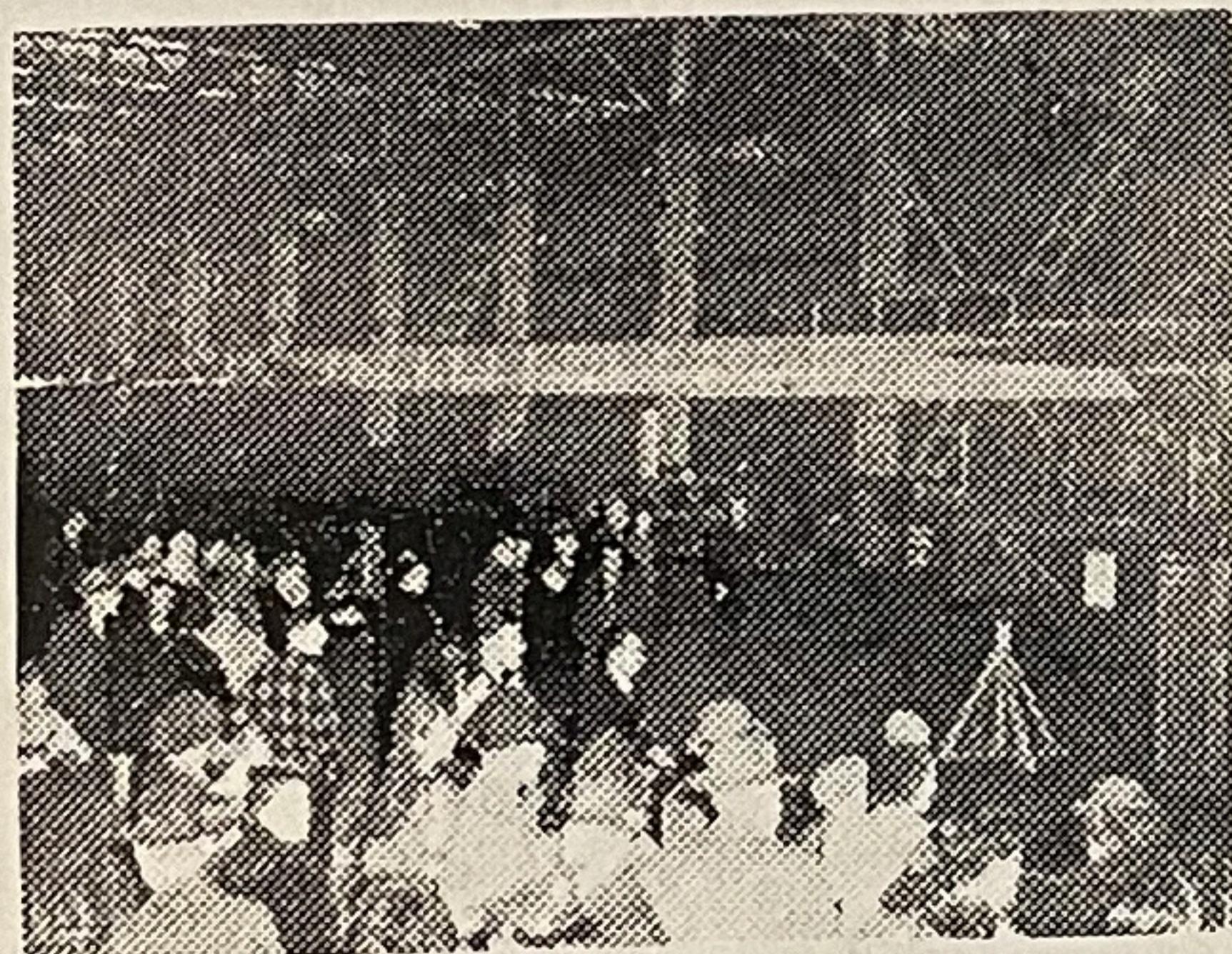
Camera Glimpses



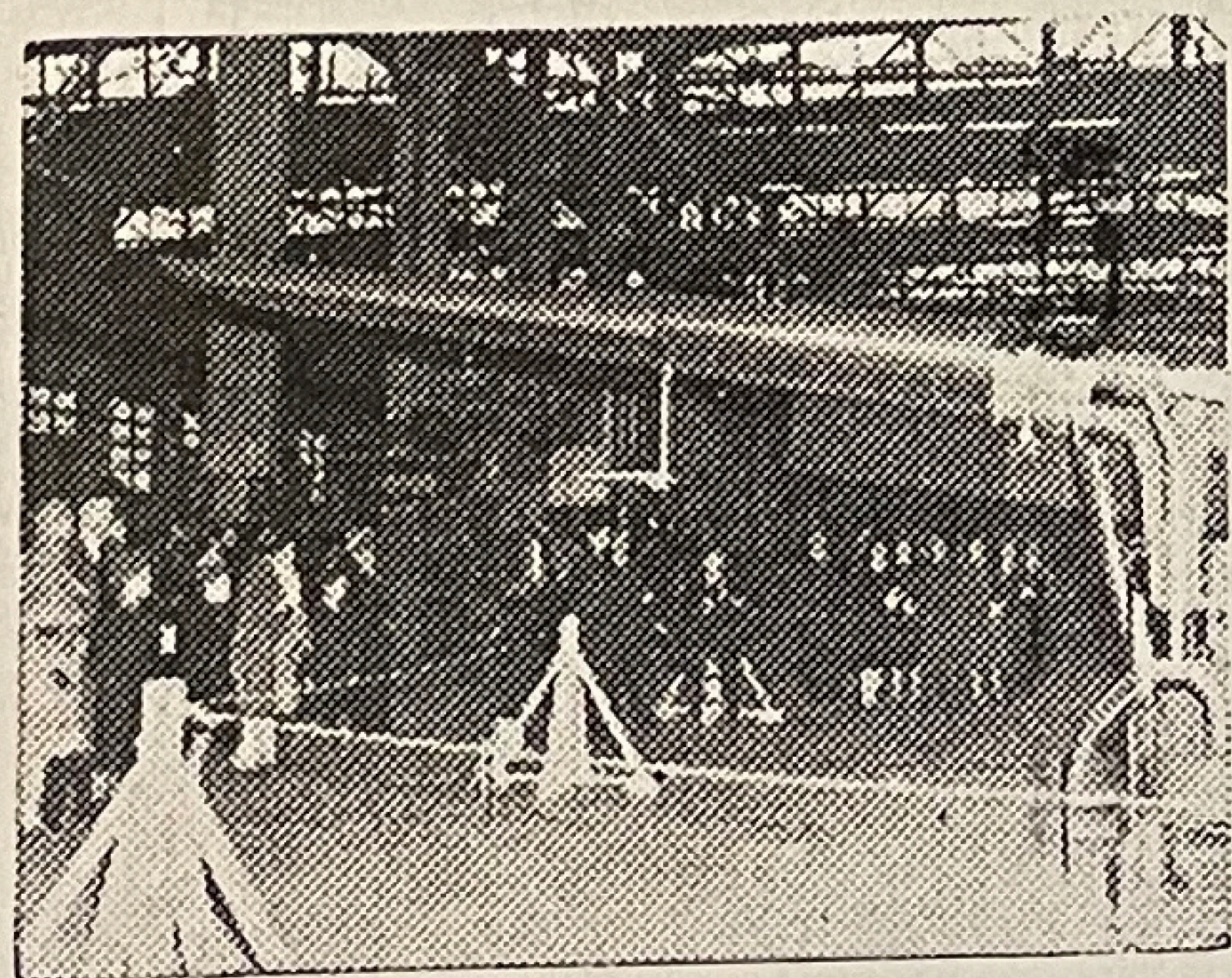
Of particular interest to the visitors was the electrical display which showed many of the delicate instruments used for testing equipment prior to installation on the aircraft.



Visitors looking into the cockpit of the Helldiver were amazed at the mass of intricate equipment.



Another view of the floor showing the crowd about to leave the plant proper.



Part of the crowd as they watch the moveable parts of the plane being operated.



Another view of the crowd as they went through the plant on Family Day.

DENTAL PARADE -- by THE BLACK CAT

A group of airmen were arranged and taken to the dentist for semi-yearly inspection of their food mutilators. They weren't a very happy collection you can bet. What with visions of the old plier and drill pusher licking his lips in anticipation of their arrival.

They were all herded into the molar remover's outer office and told to make themselves comfortable until their turn came. In went the first man with the dentist right behind him—he looked scared skinny and maybe you think the rest of us weren't.

We sat out there in the ante-room consoling each other that it was only an inspection. This illusion we were suffering under came to an abrupt halt as an agonized scream rent the air.

The first man in was either being slowly crushed to death or having his lower jaw pulled off. When he finally came out of the torture chamber he was pale and shaking and looked like something the cat dragged over the back steps on a rainy night. (Couldn't have happened in Fort William—it doesn't rain here).

"Who's next?" yelled the executioner, and everybody looked at the guy next to him. Being on the end of the line, I looked at the man next to me—yes, you guessed it, the dentist. Being a man of very little patience, he grabbed my collar and practically carried me into his office and plunked me into the chair so hard he nearly shook my teeth loose. He turned to his workbench for some tools, and seeing my chance, I tried to pull a quarterback sneeze, but was tossed for a four-yard loss back into the chair. Taking no more chances on my escaping, he strapped my arms and legs to the chair. For a minute I thought it was the electric chair and later I was wishing it had of been. He missed the thing most needed and that was the blindfold.

The first thing I knew my jaw was grabbed in a vice-like grip and my mouth yanked open about a foot. I visioned myself walking around the rest of my life with my jaw in my pocket. Then I found him hovering over me with a drill in one hand that seemed to be about the same size as the crankshaft from the motor of a MK 4 tank.

Now I knew why he pulled my jaw down so far. It was to get that portable machine shop in to grind my molars. All of a sudden there was a noise like a Helldiver with its throttle wide open—that was the drill, but it seemed to me like a cement mixer working in my mouth. Pretty soon he was finished and I was sitting in a puddle of sweat.

I heaved a sigh of relief and slipped weakly against the cushions like a wet dish rag.

My relief was very short-lived, for he turned around and put a hunk of something or other into the hole he had drilled. He then took a drift punch and a hammer and commenced to drive the stuff into the cavity with short powerful strokes of the hammer. If the punch had of slipped my stomach would have received ten years iron rations in one quick dose.

"There," he said, in a quiet, sinister voice, "that one's finished, so just relax for a minute and I'll be right with you." He was right with me alright, the no-good son of a purple puppy dog's unwanted sister of unknown heritage, with a hypodermic needle a foot long.

This needle he jabbed into my mouth a few times. How many to be exact I don't know, as I was too busy keeping my eyes closed and trying to grind my teeth with my mouth propped open.

After this the big cowardly bully kept slapping me in the face and say-

ing "Can you feel it?" If I could have got my hands untied for about ten seconds I know who would have felt it.

Then he slapped me again and I didn't feel it but my mouth had a very funny and swollen feeling. Out came a pair of pliers, and teeth started to hit the wastepaper basket like machine gun bullets. After he stopped my mouth didn't have any more teeth than a toothless termite, but the next time I go to him I won't be afraid—the laugh will be on him—I'll just plunk my crunchers into his hand and call back for them the next day.

Well, I better go get myself a nice tough bowl of soup to chew on so—

DID YOU SEE . . .

The lady who didn't listen to the warning prior to the gun testing and dropped her coffee in the excitement.

The little kitten oblivious to all that went on around, fast asleep in the Final Assembly. The little fellow who wanted his daddy to take him out in front of the plane so he could see the guns as they were fired.

The look of wonder on many of the visitor's faces when they had explained to them the intricate instruments and equipment used on the Helldiver.

The proud daddy waving his arm and telling his little boy, "This is where I work."

The lady who took her little boy in to see the First Aid room and said: "This is where your daddy comes when he gets hurt."

MAYOR EXPRESSES APPRECIATION

Fort William, Nov. 21
144 E. Frederica St.

Mr. W. O. Will, Works Manager,
Can. Car and Foundry Co.,
Fort William.

Dear Mr. Will:

On behalf of myself and members of the City Council I want to thank the management for the opportunity afforded us to view this Great War Industry.

I was impressed with the efficient manner in which the tour of the plant was carried through, also the displays arranged for this special occasion.

The planes being produced with precision instruments and electrical wiring demonstrates the skill of the men and women who work in this important war industry.

Yours truly,

GARFIELD ANDERSON

Do you think the Pacific war is going to be an easy war? Listen to this and THINK! . . . Japan's army is not yet at its full strength . . . four million are under arms and two million more are available . . . and remember, Japan's normal replacement of men is 200,000 a year, more than are being eliminated in battle right now.

It's all right to take people for what they are—if you don't go off and leave them that way.

A.I.R.C. REPRESENTATIVE VISITS PLANT



Stewart E. Pineo, A.I.R.C. representative discusses Can-Car's Family Day with W. O. Will, Works Manager. Looking on are W. R. Brander, in charge of Training School, and Mrs. Brander.



John A. Dyke, B.A., K.C., with Mrs. Dyke, expresses his opinion of Can-Car Family Day to J. T. Russell: "I was impressed with the stupendous undertaking and the thought struck me that the Can-Car's Family Day was a commentary on the present times we live in wherein everyone is striving to defeat the Axis powers."