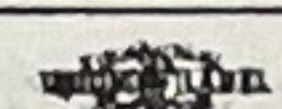
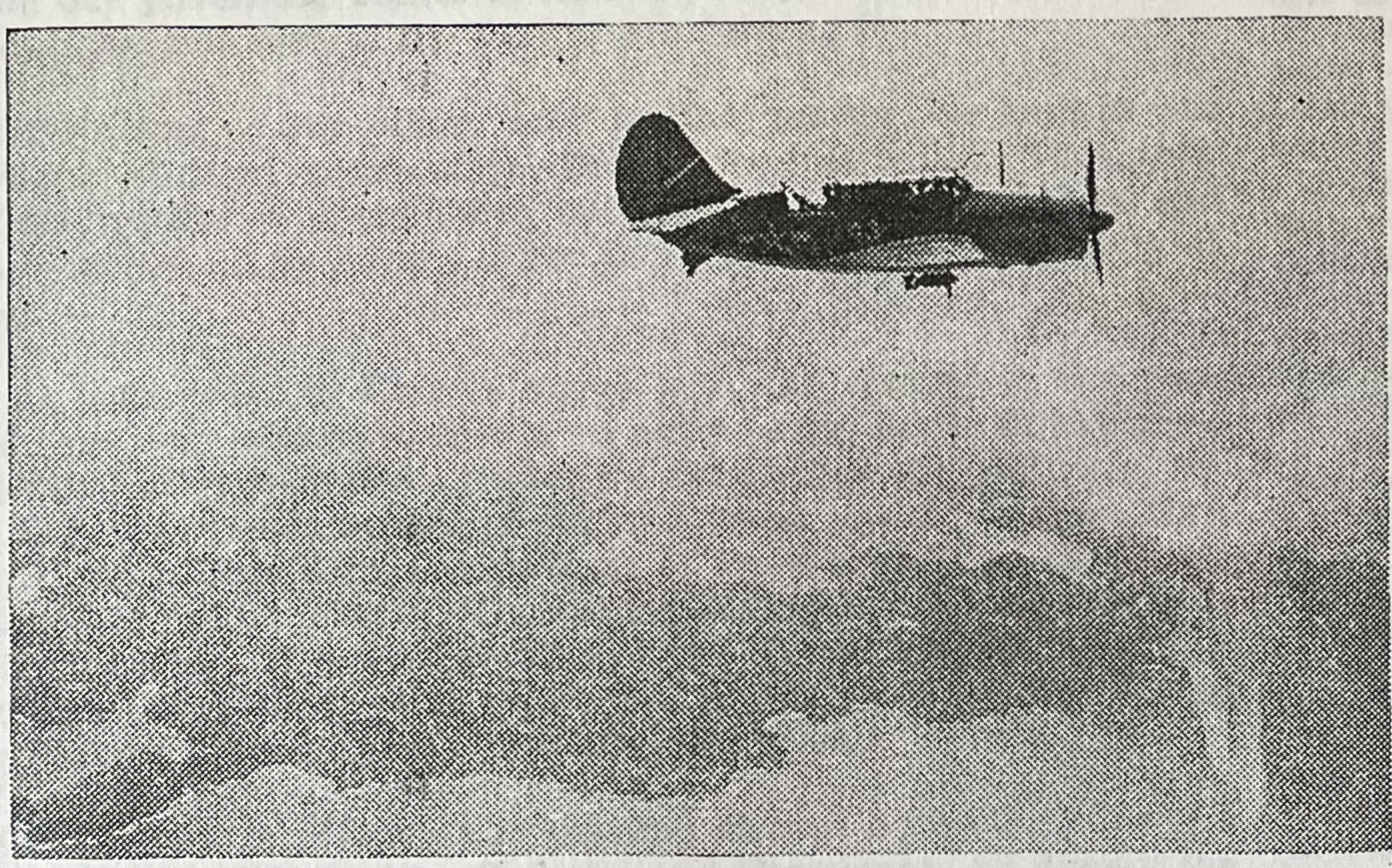


PUBLISHED FOR AND BY EMPLOYEES OF CANADIAN CAR AND FOUNDRY CO. LIMITED, FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO

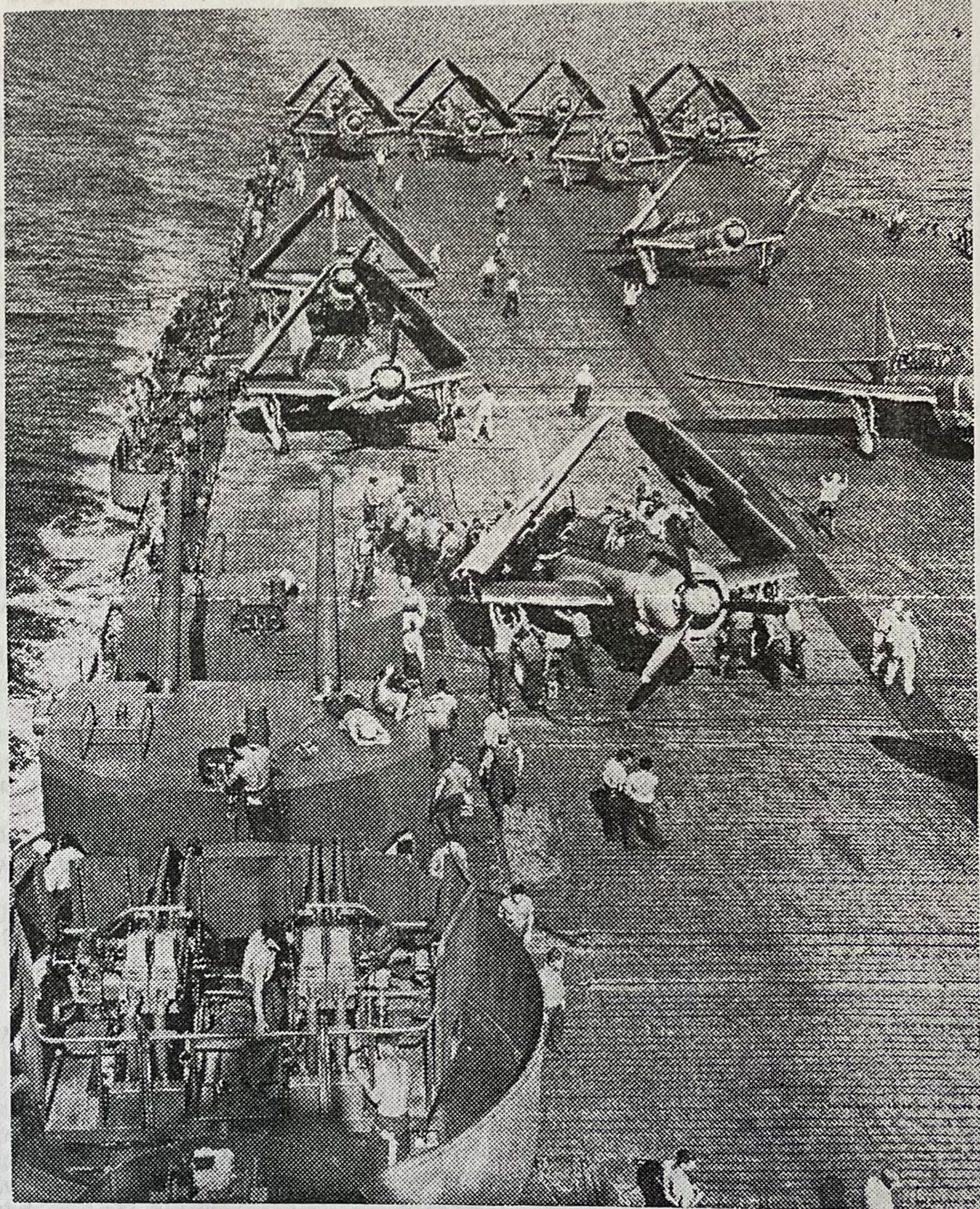
VOLUME 2  **SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1945** **NUMBER 1**

Helldivers Cover the Ground Before the Attack



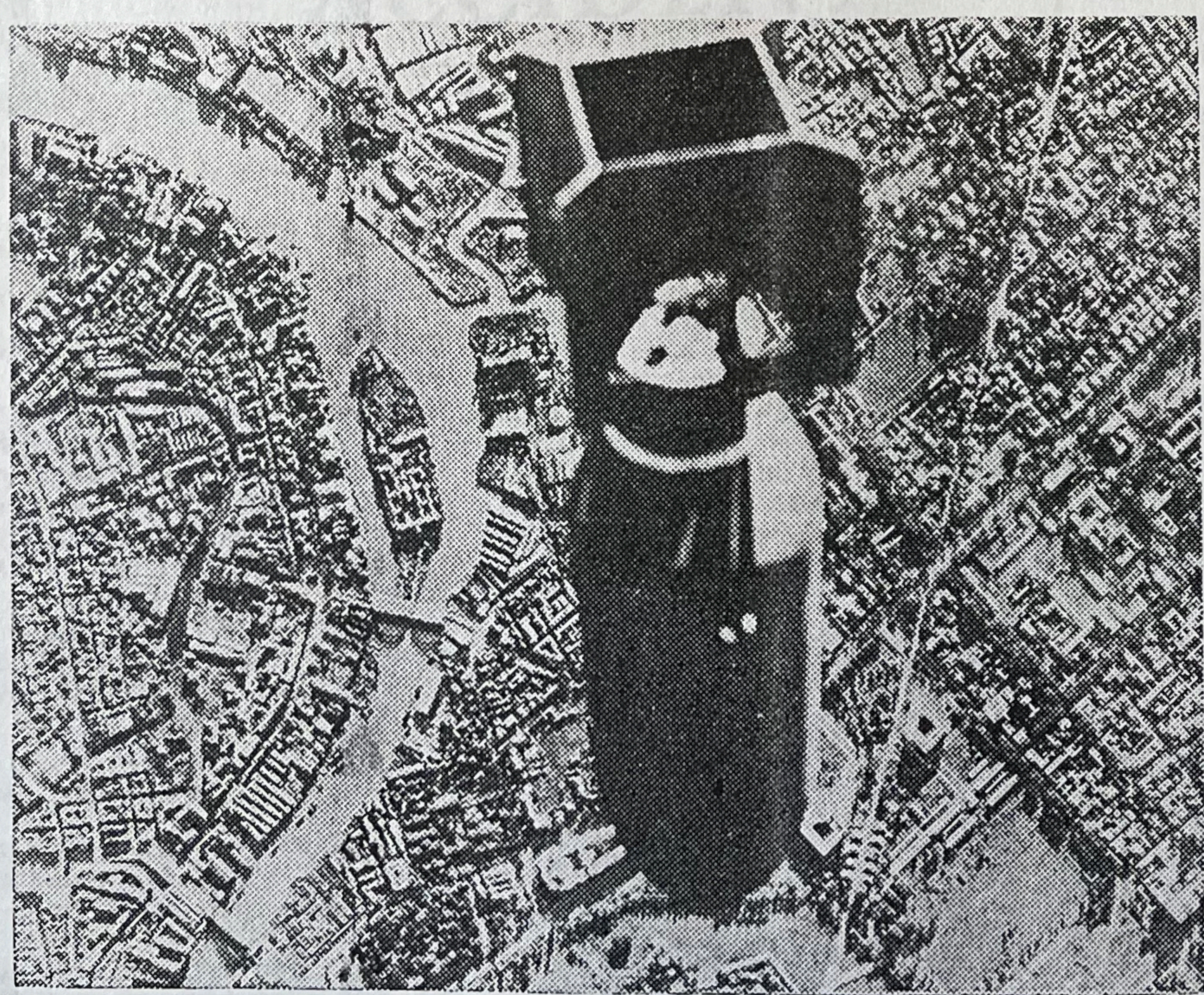
Chichi Jima, in the Benins, that stronghold of the Japs, photographed by Helldivers on reconnaissance just prior to the attack. Helldivers played an important part in the bombing of naval installations and shipping before the entry of land troops. —U.S. Navy Photo.

U.S. Carriers' Nesting Roosts for Helldivers



Pictured above Helldivers are being spotted on the deck of the carrier prior to taking off on a flight over enemy territory. In the foreground may be seen the forty millimeter guns, and directly ahead of that two five-inch gun turrets, while in the gallery off the main runway deck marines stand by with 20 millimeter guns. —U.S. Navy Photo.

A 2,000-Pound Calling Card



Helldivers in the Pacific called on the Japs and left their calling cards in the shape of 2,000-pound bombs. The above unusual picture shows one of these bombs directly after leaving the plane, and being directed to the heart of the docks at Manila harbor. —U.S. Navy Photo.

C.C.A.A. CHRISTMAS DANCE

The annual C.C.A.A. Xmas dance held Dec. 22 at the Royal Edward Hotel was enjoyed by a capacity crowd who danced to music of the "Men of Rhythm". The dance committee, headed by Peter Mazza and Wilf Gammond should feel very proud of themselves for the capable manner in which they organized and operated this most successful of all C.C.A.A. dances. Numerous door and dance prizes were given throughout the evening.

Sub-Contract's Peter Mazza, fast becoming the Lakehead's Man of the Moment for the mike department, handled the "M-Ceeing" in his usual way, much to the delight of the crowd. The C.C.A.A. extend their sincere

appreciation to everyone for their wonderful co-operation which made this event outstanding.

The C.C.A.A. "Salute to Shut-ins" program on CKPR Friday the 22nd was heartily appreciated by the number of comments received. Those who so kindly and willingly donated their services for that program were: Lieut. Rhodes Palmer, U.S.N., master of ceremonies; Betty Marwick, vocalist; Bill Graham and his "Men of Rhythm," namely: Rocky Albertini, Lorne Andrickson, Ken Spence, Al Colombe, Fred Bodnar, Sgt. Rosenberg, Stan Onski and Max Saunders.

Everyone enjoyed your program folk, and thank you sincerely—you deserve it.

ARE YOU A BLOOD DONOR?

Directory

W. O. WILL, Managing Editor

R. M. WALKER, Editor

J. McCORMACK, Sports Editor

Editorial



Fort William civic elections have come and gone, with the choice of the people taking office through the democratic system of the ballot. Each year some elections for office take place and each year it should be brought home more and more to us here in Canada that this system of electing our governing bodies is what our boys in France, the Low Countries, Italy, and even in the Pacific, are fighting for.

Under Nazism, or any other "ism" for that matter, we here in this country would be deprived of our privilege of the free ballot. True, they have ballots in these other countries, but the vote is usually coerced and ballots are backed up by bullets if you don't vote for the right party or individual.

Let us here, then, in Canada strive with the coming of the New Year to do our very utmost to ensure an early peace, never thinking for a moment that after that peace comes we must relax our vigilance, because at that time the resources of our governing bodies, whether they be City Councils, Provincial Legislatures or Federal Cabinet Ministers, will be taxed to the limit with obstacles pertaining to post-war rehabilitation, the education of our returned soldiers, the caring for the influx of new citizens, and above all a generation which has been growing up knowing nothing at all of peace, but only bloody war.

The same spirit of co-operation that has existed between Labor and Management, Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, all during the days when Canada's resources were taxed to the limit in order to supply the materials of war, must continue to prevail if we are to go forward as a leader among nations in a truly democratic fashion.



ACCIDENT PREVENTION

GOGGLES VS. GLASS EYES

(By John A. Ganas, Safety Engineer)

The objections to wearing safety glasses cited by the thoughtless or by those inclined to take chances are practically innumerable. Employees—and very frequently men, too!—complain that the safety glasses aren't any great aid to personal beauty. Maybe they aren't, but a functioning eye in a person's skull, even seen through a pair of safety glasses, looks better to most of us than that same optic seen reposing on some doctor's shelf.

Safety Glasses Heavy?.. No!

Frequently employees complain that safety glasses are heavy and inconvenient—even that they hurt. Well, to the person who has habitually gone unshod, his first pair of shoes are probably an annoyance too, but the adaptability of most humans is such that this complaint is usually no more than an indication of unwillingness by the individual to put himself to any effort whatever in the interest of his own personal safety. Actually, the average pair of safety glasses weigh LESS than two ounces—precious little more than an ordinary pair of spectacles.

Another favorite cry is that safety glasses fog up and steam over. So do plain spectacles for that matter. Safety glasses can be cleaned just like ordinary glasses. A little soap applied to the lenses plus a little brisk rubbing with a cloth will remove that objection in no time.

When working on a job where there is the hazard of getting some object in your eyes, be smart and wear your safety glasses and save your eyes.



NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

CANADA STILL NEEDS WARTIME CONTROLS

The average home front Canadian is a pretty good guy. He has pushed industrial production up to three times its pre-war level and has invested more money than ever in Victory bonds. He is patriotic to a high degree.

Just the same, occasionally wartime restrictions affect him in a personal way; a radio tube gives out and he has trouble replacing it; he has to go on wearing perpetually mended underwear; the liquor stocks give out just as his turn comes at the wicket; he tends to feel a little low and wonders if we still need all the wartime controls.

The answer is that Canada still needs all the economic controls and will need them for some time to come. These are the reasons:

1. We still have to put forward our maximum war effort. Inflation endangers it.

2. We still have to protect the interests of a large number of Canadians who live on fixed incomes such as pensions and annuities. Inflation would mean poverty and suffering for these people.

3. Stabilization is more necessary than ever to prevent sudden post-war deflation. The sharp drop in prices which invariably follows inflation spells ruin for many small businesses and farmers. The drastic curtailment of both industry and agriculture caused by deflation results in wholesale unemployment and destitution for large numbers of workers and their dependents. This reason for preventing inflation is good enough in itself.

4. Finally, economic stabilization protects the savings of the Canadian people. After the war the spending of some of these wartime savings will help to maintain employment. The Canadian government must return to its citizens dollars equal in purchasing power to those they are now saving. This can be done only if inflation is kept under control.

We avoid inflation by watching price ceilings, controlling wages and salaries, paying wartime taxes, buying Victory bonds and War Savings certificates and co-operating with the government to control the production and distribution for the consumer.

It must never be forgotten that these controls interlock in such a manner that a slip-up in the working of any one of them weakens the system of controls as a whole.

FOOD FOR CROPS

If the United Nations food crops were good last year it was partly due to the large supplies of nitrogenous fertilizer, perfected by Canadian chemists, produced in Canadian chemical plants and shipped abroad.

BULLDOZERS PLAY IMPORTANT PART IN RECONSTRUCTION

The account of how a German pillbox was put out of action by an unarmed bulldozer comes from Normandy. The story begins when this bulldozer and its sagacious driver, a member of the Royal Engineers, lumbered onto the scene of a hot engagement between a British infantry unit and a German pillbox.

The driver sneaked his machine out of the line of fire, and approaching at about half a mile an hour from one flank, banked up a ridge of earth that blocked first the Germans' view and then their fire altogether. The waiting infantry did the rest.

Not always so adventurous, but not less heroic, is the job being done on every front by this powerful brand of engineering equipment. Among the first vehicles to go ashore with landing parties, bulldozers begin immediately often under fire, to level the ground for airstrips. Advancing with the Allied forces, bulldozers clear rubble-constructed roads and keep supply lines open. In bombed cities large numbers of them are needed to clear away the remains of demolished houses. So that liberated agriculture can begin again, bulldozers work the fields over, filling bomb craters.

Although a large part of the Alleid supply of this sort of engineering equipment is made in the U.S., Canada also produces quantities of the bulldozer attachment for the Canadian armed forces.

WEAK AND SWEET

A unique feature of the Germantown Cricket Club, near Philadelphia, is its so-called White Book, which is bound in red. In this book all bets made between members are supposed to be recorded.

Many remarkable and amusing bets are made and recorded. In the early days of the New Deal, one of the backers of Roosevelt cleaned up.

A few months ago Aaron E. Carpenter, editor of the Houghton Line and president of Houghton's, bet a local brewer that his beer was more than 3/4 per cent. in alcoholic content. The brewer said he kept the strength low because the customers liked weak suds and that a test would show no more than 3/4.

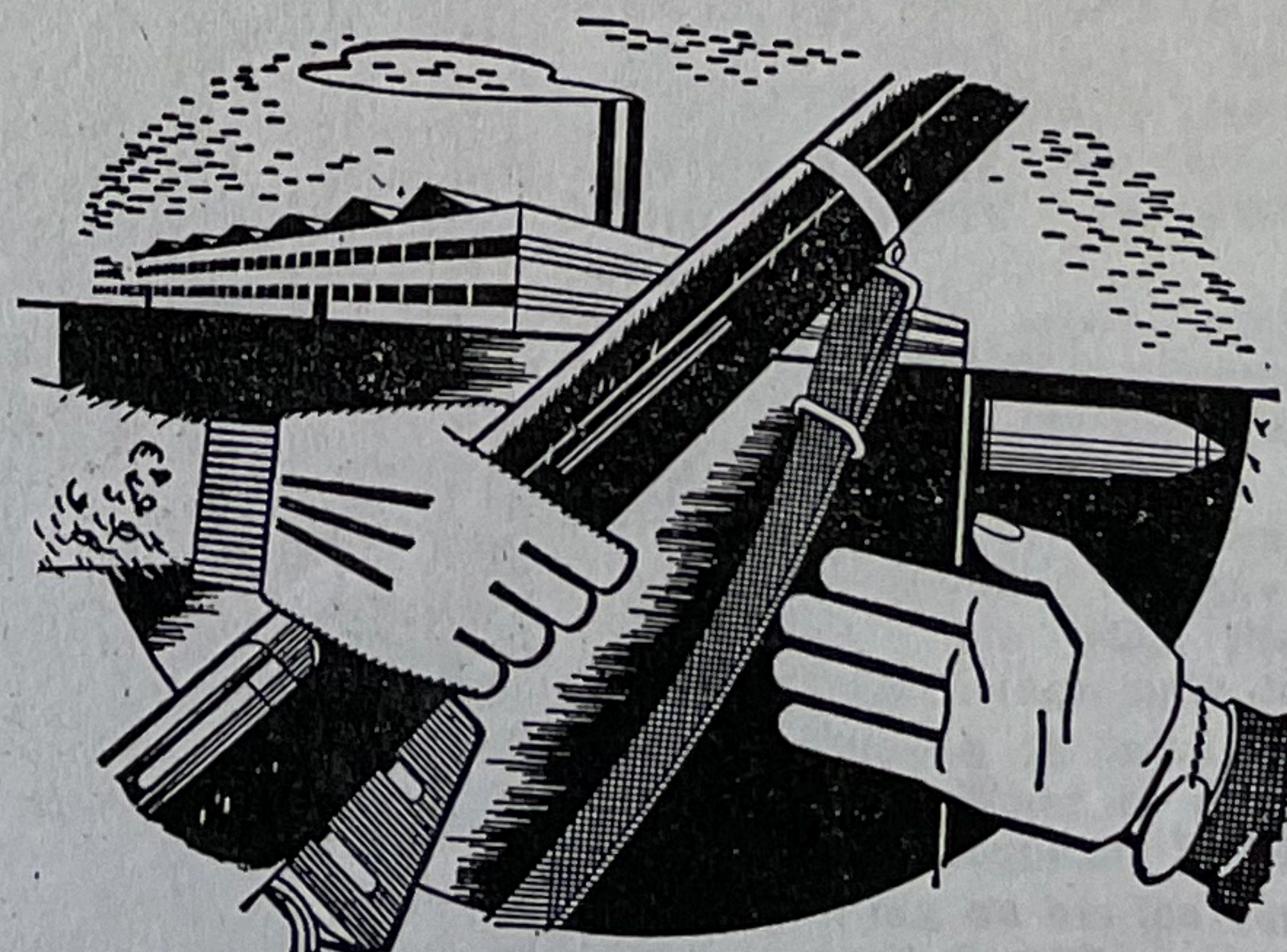
Independent experts, as they say on the radio, made the test and the beer showed 3.51 per cent. Major Carpenter won a \$10 Stetson.

I don't know where the brewers get the idea that the customers like their beer weak and sweet. Something will have to be done about this after more important matters have been concluded.

YOU
GAVE
HIM
A GUN
TO FIGHT
FOR YOU!

NOW . . .

GIVE HIM YOUR BLOOD
... THAT HE MIGHT LIVE



Do You Believe In Making New Year's Resolutions?



BILL SHANKS
Department 15, Chaser

No, frankly I haven't bothered with New Year's resolutions since I have been working, although I used to make them regularly when I went to school.



MARY DYKE

Department 66, Sewing Room

Yes, I certainly do; and feel better in striving to keep them.



GWEN SAUNDERS

Department 15, Stationery

I didn't make any New Year's resolutions this year because I couldn't keep the ones I made last year.



MRS. NETTIE KRUPA

G.F.E. Inspection

Yes, I do, although I didn't make any this year, because I'm still trying to keep the ones I made last year.

THE MAN WHO OUGHT TO HAVE DIED

William Fraser was an apprentice printer in the office of a Scottish newspaper. In 1940 he volunteered for the navy and in due course was posted to a destroyer guarding convoys to Murmansk.

One day Fraser's destroyer was on the homeward journey through very heavy weather when the boy had to leave the bridge and go aft. He was making his way there, holding tight to the life-lines, when a monstrous wave came over the ship and sent him spinning towards the stern. By all the laws of chance, Fraser should have been swept overboard, and that would have been the end of his story, but the one chance in a million turned up and he fetched up against an obstruction in the stern of the ship.

He was grievously injured, with internal bleeding on a deadly scale. One would not give much for the chances of a young man so badly hurt, especially in a small ship fighting through gale. But the surgeon-lieutenant had with him a modest supply of plasma and this he used so expertly that he delivered his patient alive to a hospital ship.

The fight for Fraser's life lasted for months and it was won eventually only because there were on hand copious supplies of other people's blood to make good the losses by internal bleeding.

In all, Fraser received forty four pints of blood, that is, five times the quantity of blood in the average human body. He is now able to live a normal life and when seen recently was playing cricket for his office team.

(Extract from an article by George Blake in "London Calling.")

Are you a blood donor?

NEWS DIGEST

Resolution—

Start the New Year with resolutions you'll be faithful to, not impossible ones you know you won't keep. Bring conservation in somewhere. It's one of the biggest little jobs you do. Make this a real rule "If you don't need it, don't buy it." We all have articles tucked away in bureau drawers that we bought because it seemed like a wonderful idea at the time—but now admit that we need about as much as a grass skirt. Just resolve to think twice before you reach for your billfold—remember it's the second think that counts.

During 1943 Canada set a new low record in forest fire losses—the least since 1918 when the recording of forest fires began.

DEPTS. 41, 42, 53

The gang from Dept. 41 and 42 wish to thank you, Mrs. Goddard, for the Christmas smokes. It sure was very nice of you and everyone appreciated your kind action. "Good luck to you always and we sure won't forget you."

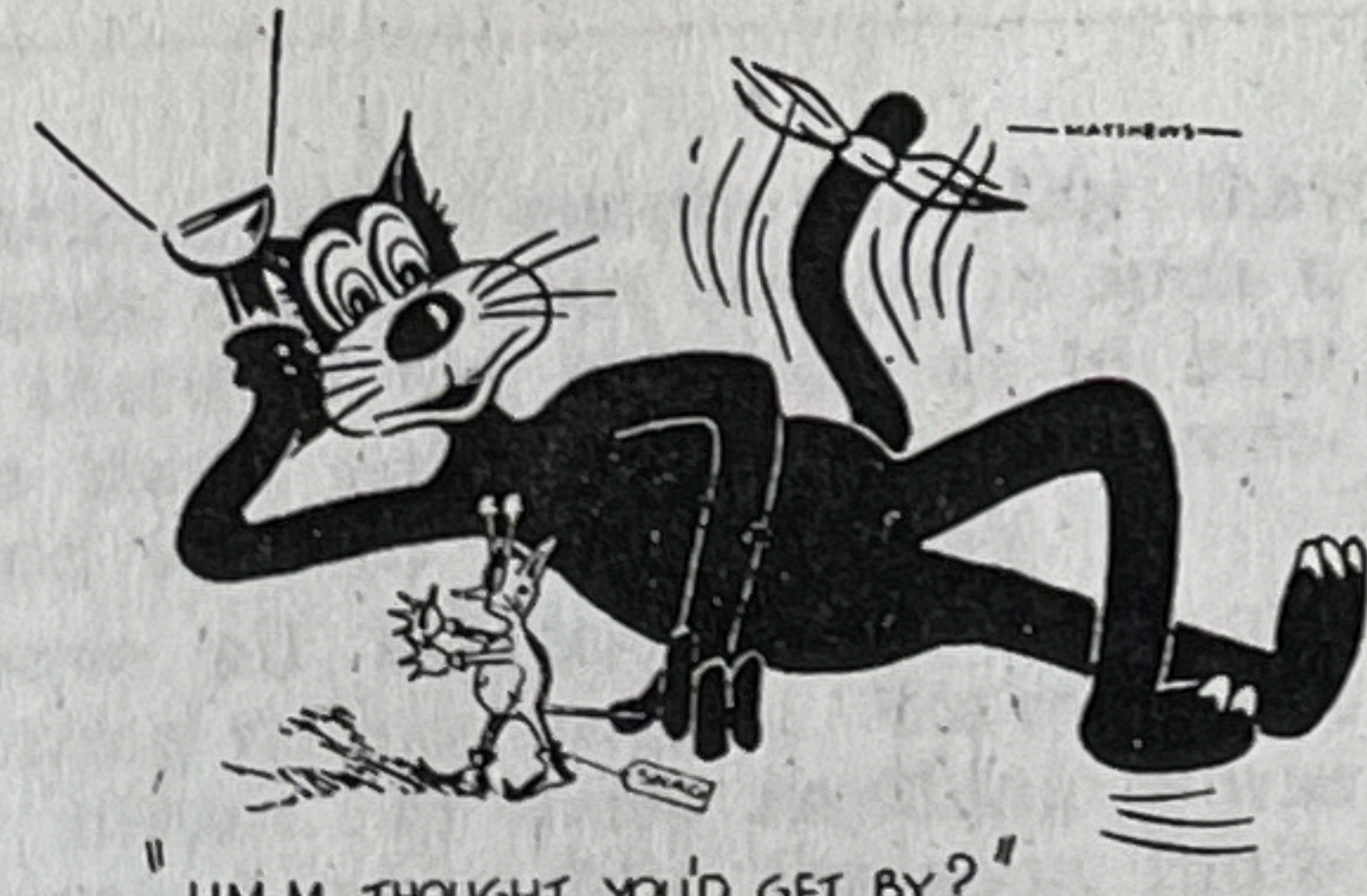
Congratulations to Isabel on her wedding anniversary, Dec. 28. We all wish you many happy returns.

And many happy returns to Marge Scalzo who celebrates a birthday on Jan. 3, 1945.

There is no news from the checker players this week as they are all resting up for a big tournament starting early in the New Year.

Have you seen Don Durston with his ice kings on? He says he hasn't skated for umpteen years and judging from the way he goes now, he has the skates fastened on the wrong place.

Well, here is wishing you all a very happy and prosperous New Year from Nancy and Jock.



"HM-M THOUGHT YOU'D GET BY?"

Pay Day

by

THE BLACK CAT

I sat down and watched the pay parade in building No. 8 last week. It is really funny—more fun than going to a show. They don't line up into anything that you could call a line. It is more like a bunch of cattle milling around. Some have a puzzled look like a farmer let loose in New York city for his first visit to town. Others look happy, some sad, and the remainder have a queer conglomeration of looks that I am unable to classify. Then along comes the disheveled outer of cheques to hand out the long green with the short future. The crowd starts to surge forward, there is a tense moment until the first cheque passes off the pile into an eager grasping hand. After the first one goes the rest file through with lightening speed. The rear ones pushing and the front ones being pushed.

Soon only a few are left, the girl can't find a cheque. This causes a look of happiness to change to a sad bewildered scowl. Too bad you are supposed to collect your cheque about a half mile down the line. In other words, Butch, you're at the wrong

wicket, so shuffle your bustle down to where you belong. Away goes the unfortunate individual with rocket speed down to where she or he is supposed to go. Along comes a few stragglers—these people are the ones that figure Ilsley took so much out of their cheques that what's left isn't worth hurrying to get hold of. They probably owe most of it anyway which is why they don't give a damn whether they get there in time or not.

You think they go back to work after getting paid, but they don't. They mill around again in small groups discussing their working so hard for so little. I heard one girl say "Gosh, after I pay my bills I'll have all of two bucks left." What she wanted any more for I don't know; it's only two weeks before she gets paid again, but I guess she can't buy the boys a beer on a deuce and buy car tickets too.

The little groups keep on moaning and groaning. Some of them check the tax form to see if they've been robbed and find they beat the government out of half a buck, so they go back and work like hell—I mean like hell they work.

WOMEN

A woman's a thing that I can't explain, Tho' from profane language I will refrain.

She is terribly silly and yet has sense, She can be bright although she's dense. She's easily frightened, and will run from a mouse,

Yet she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.

She will pull out his hair, or gouge out an eye

Then will run to a corner and have a long cry.

In an hour or so apologies start, Such pitying' whimpers that'll break a man's heart.

But give her a break as all women they are

Just a trifle or so below a man's par.

Now what is the sense of going bugs Over fickle-minded dolled up mugs? May the best man win as I'm not the best,

Hop to it men, you can have the rest.

—Bob Roberts.

HOW TO RECEIVE HIM BACK INTO CIVIL LIFE

Many Canadian workers are now preparing to welcome home the overseas part of their families. House organs will do well to commend to them the following radio series.

The problems of the war veteran in readjusting himself to civilian life when he returns will be dealt with thoroughly in a series of CBC radio programs, "The Soldier's Return." In the first broadcast, which took place on December 6th at 9.15 p.m., Major-General Brock Chisholme pointed out to what extent the soldier's psychology has changed during the years overseas, and stressed the necessity of bridging the gap between the civilian's and the soldier's point of view.

The series will feature, every week at the same time, such experts in the study of human relations as Dr. Clarence Hincks of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene; Group Captain S. N. F. Chant, former director of personnel for Navy; Col. William Line, director of personnel at Military Headquarters, Ottawa; Group Captain H. P. Low, R.C.A.F. Educational Director; Dr. S. R. Laycock, professor of psychology at the University of Saskatchewan; Col. J. D. Griffin, consultant psychiatrist for the British Army, now on tour in Canada. The returned men themselves will be well represented on the air during this series.

FOUNDRY

Here is the Foundry reporter again but this time wishing everybody a Prosperous New Year.

There were twenty workers between the two shifts in Department 48 that saved their holidays for around the holiday season. They were the lucky ones that could sleep in the morning after without worrying.

Paul, on the second shift, took his leave of absence to get married. Why not let us in on the date? Everybody is wondering.

Both shifts in Department 48 are even for transfer in the month of December. We wish them all the best of luck in their new departments.

Ray Pollock is back again after being sick. What is the big attraction in the hospital, Ray?

Andy Vass, on his leaving the plant, was presented with a shaving kit already for his first holidays. Also he was presented with a size 11 pair of slippers as they say your feet get bigger in the police force. The best of luck in your travels, Andy.



BREEZY BITS

"A wrongdoer is often a man that has left something undone, not always he that has done something."

—Marcus Aurelius

Last evening, seated in front of a cheerful fire, I began to link fact and fancy—

The coals were out upon the floor—the room was on fire—stifling smoke—firemen came, but human effort could not avail. The fire was beyond control. In the morning I beheld the smoking ruins, the chimney tall and gaunt—the blackened walls—all because the coals had gotten out upon the floor. The fire, I mused, within the bounds of the grate, gives warmth, comfort, cheerfulness and health, but, spread upon the floor, it withers and destroys the most precious handiwork of men.

So it is with our passions, our visions, our abilities. Within bounds, where we are their master, how great can be their usefulness, but unleashed, like the coals upon the floor, how savage, blind and unintelligent they may be. How they may burn in destruction our own and others' happiness and progress. A man of high spirits and temper is a leader if he is within bounds—in control of himself.

You know the old adage, "Those whom the gods would destroy they first make made," thus leading them out of the bounds of reason and self-control. If you take your troubles with bad grace, you will never play to par.

Success in business is much less likely for the individual who does not possess control over his emotions and inclinations—cannot keep them within bounds. Control of one's self is a great influence in the control and leadership of others. Self-control is built up gradually. Our civilization is complex and we are part of it. We cannot take whatever we please and ride roughshod over others.

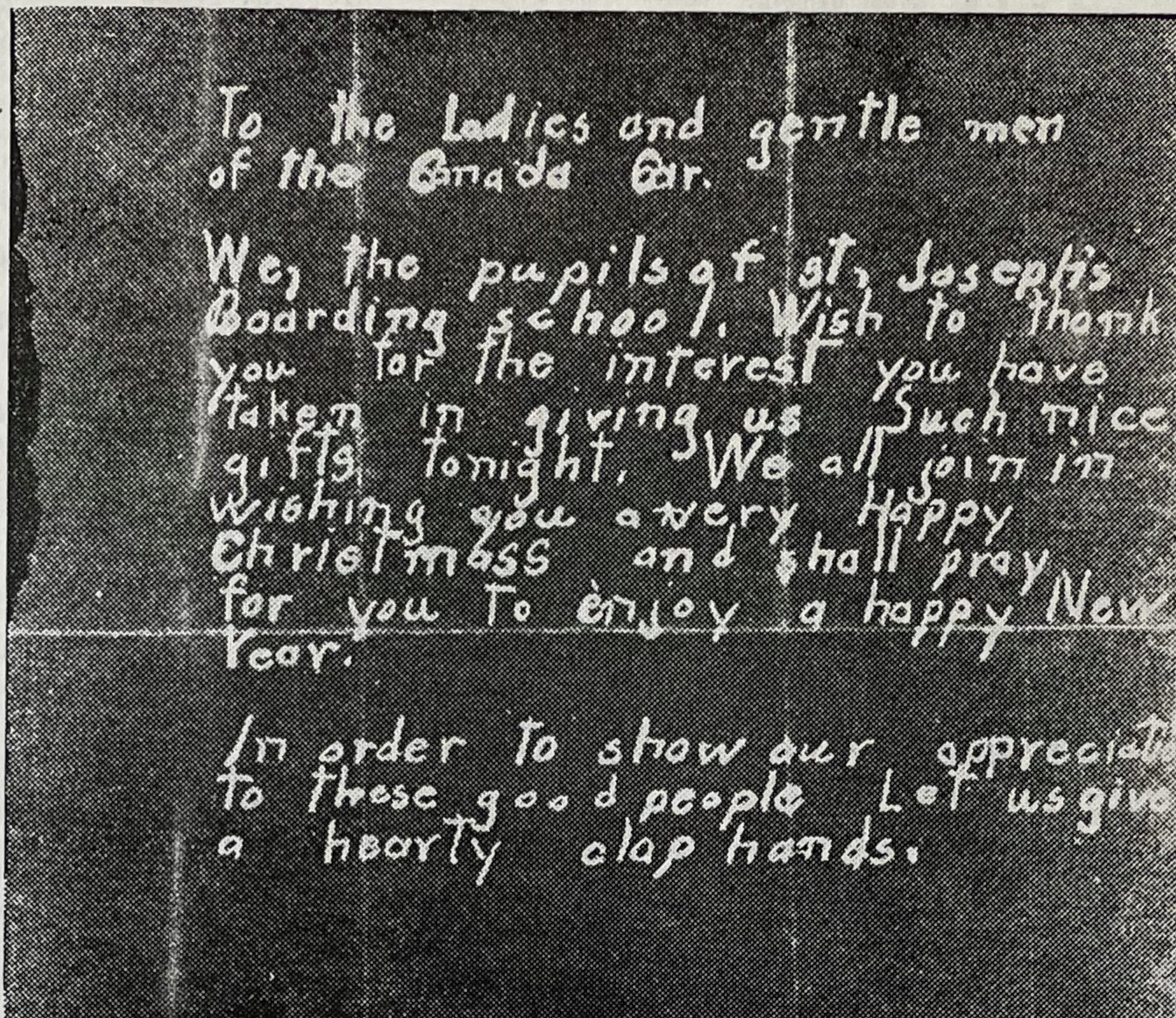
There must be adaptability. Thus a leader surrenders as well as rules. We must adjust ourselves to our environment, keeping mind and body fit. If we do not do these things, Nature and our business associates cast us out.

Lack of control shows lack of self-training, a type of ignorance not necessarily a lack of book learning. We know, of course, that people of savage tribes give vent to uncontrolled emotions, but should we imitate them?

Much has been said as to the benefit of giving vent to one's feelings and emotions. The thought is all right, provided one's feelings and emotions are the result of good mental functioning, and not the result of a chaotic, confused condition of the mind relieving itself, to the sorrow and detriment of others. Isn't there often an unexpressed and unrecognized feeling of cowardice behind the excuse of giving vent to one's feelings?

As we grow older, we grow and change mentally. Sometimes it is a mellow leadership showing a seasoned control that begets a willing following.

Children Send Thanks for Christmas Gifts



Above may be seen a photostatic copy of a letter received from the children of St. Joseph's Orphanage, thanking the employees of the Canadian Car for their gifts to them at Christmas. Under the able leadership of Mickey Crane of Department 77, and Louie Zack of the same department, assisted by Irene Gourley, Margaret Johnstone, Bert Larway and Reggie Blight, these employees worked very hard in order that Christmas cheer could be sent to the less fortunate kiddies. In its simple childish hand-writing, this letter conveys to all those who participated in this very fine gesture, a wealth of thanks.

Sometimes it is exacting ability that demands respect, but always in such a case there is the question as to how much more could have been accomplished without the harshness.

Above all things, let us keep our reasoning within bounds. We must not grow bitter. Is there anything worse or shunned more than the sour, fault-finding, bitter individual who insists that only he was marked by civilization for all its ills, who, regardless of what good has come his way, vents his ingratitude without control?

FRENCH TOAST SANDWICH

Sandwiches "eat" up the butter before you know it, especially these days with the "open house" sign on nearly every door. Here is a sandwich that doesn't need any butter, is hot and tasty too. The skiers and skaters in your house will enjoy it not to say anything about your hungry self.

12 slices bread, 1/2-inch thick.
1 cup sandwich spread, cheese, ham, egg, etc.; 2 eggs.
1 cup liquid, milk, tomato juice or leftover fruit juice.
Salt and pepper to taste.
Mild-flavored fat.

Prepare sandwiches from bread and filling, no butter is needed. Beat eggs, add liquid and salt and pepper. Melt a little fat in frying pan, dip sandwiches quickly into liquid and saute in hot fat until brown on both sides. Serve hot. Six servings.

What's News From The Library

A beautiful scenic spot and one of the objectives of all tourists visiting the district is Kakabeka Falls, situated about 18 miles from the cities on the Trans-Canada Highway, west of Fort William. The Kaministiquia River at this point leaps 128 feet into a deep gorge. Many Indian legends exist regarding this historic point, the one below is called "Maid of the Mist".

Many years before the coming of the white man this area was the scene of many battles among the Indians. The Ojibway Indians lived in this area with their stronghold established at the mouth of the Kam River, where Fort William is now situated. Far to the north lived the Sioux Indians. On this occasion they had swept everything before them in a raid and had reached Dog Lake, on the upper waters of the Kam. The Ojibway chief, Ogama Eagle, at that point sought peace and offered the hand of his daughter Green Mantle in marriage to the chief of the Sioux, Ogama Dog. The offer was not agreeable to the Sioux chief but he schemed to use Green Mantle as a guide to assist him in overcoming the Ojibways in their stronghold. His warriors captured the maiden and placed her in the leading canoe to guide them down the river. Green Mantle realized the scheme and what its success would mean to her people. The canoes were all tied together when she calmly guided them down the river until they came to the falls. Here instead of showing them the portage by which they could pass the falls safely, she led them over the brink and they were dashed to death on the rocks below.

As a memorial to her bravery, the Gods of War, who had thus preserved the Ojibways, decreed and arranged that the mist which rises from the falls should take the form of the brave maiden. If you are fortunate enough to be at Kakabeka when the conditions are just right you can observe the form of the Indian maiden in the column of mist from the falls.

—Librarian

When Leaves Extend—

Servicemen, who receive extension of their leaves, while visiting at home or with friends, can reimburse their hostesses for the extra rationed commodities consumed by applying on their return to their unit, for a ration card to cover the extension of the leave.



BOB HOPE SPEAKS TO WAR WORKERS

You know, at the air fields in this country some of the best men in America make connections with some of the best planes in the world. And they must be good connections because nobody waits here very long. I have often looked at men who in 72 hours might be looking up at enemy fighter planes spitting tracer bullets . . . looking down at red hot steel clouds of enemy flak. One thing is sure when you know that in 72 hours you'll be out there in the thick of it, you aren't wondering how to celebrate V-Day. And you aren't thinking about the post-war automobile or of buying a new home with those War Bonds. No sir, you're wondering if that South Pacific will be as tough as it's cracked up to be. You're wondering if in 72 hours you can make the change from a land where war is a kind of prosperous peace for many to a land where war is hell for all. You've heard that tired old wheeze, "Don't you know there's a war on?" Well, our airmen know there's a war on all right because instead of waiting for victory to come, they have to go out and get it. And, Mister, when a man can be in America one minute and 72 hours later on a bombing mission overseas, he's got the right to feel a little over-pessimistic about over-optimism here at home.

DEPARTMENT NEWS

TOOL CRIBS

(Excerpt from a letter by the Cribeteer by Joe)

Dear Joe:

Seeing as how I have been allowed a few brief moments of respite from my arduous labors, (you still got that dictionary I sent you?) I am now busily occupied in addressing a lengthy epistle to yourself. In other words—hang onto your hat, chum, while I sling the gossip to ya. Heaven knows, though there isn't much to be gossiped about around here. Dead as dishwater and then some. But then I should be telling you. You oughta know, having worked (using the word for want of a better one) in this here establishment until your country beckoned you to your duty. "Beckoned" meaning "hit you over the head, threw you into a sack called a uniform, gave you a gun and then said go shoot a Hun". Never mind, Joe; remember, "life can be beautiful". And speaking of beauty, you should see the one hanging up in one of the cribs. Wool! Wool! It's got all the wolves around there hanging onto the counter and drooling, while all the other crib leadmen keep coming back for a second look—and then a third—and then a fourth. Really, men are so silly about things like that; you'd almost think they'd never seen a picture of a woman before. But then I guess it's because this one doesn't leave much to the imagination.

You know, Joe, this working in a tool crib ain't all that's cracked up to be. They've got me working so hard that it now takes two to haul me back onto the stool from which I keep falling off. Guess if I didn't fall asleep I wouldn't fall off in the first place, eh? But then, you aren't around any more to keep me awake with that thing you erroneously (?) called a face. You know it took me a long time to get used to that missing ear and that off-center nose. But I'll always love your great big beautiful blue crossed eyes and that captivating grin of yours with its tooth-gapis. You never were much, Joey, but I'll still like you anyway. Don't ask me why, but the way I figger—if I'm good enough for you, then I guess you're good enough for me. That's fair enough, don't you think?

But as I was saying, it wasn't even exciting around here at Christmas and New Year. Believe it or not, everybody worked (or reasonable facsimile) right from the time they punched in until they punched out. In between there were a few hilarious parties which had to be put under control (whenever the cop was able to sneak through the dense crowd and then, too, if he was in any condition, to put any party under control) and a bit of mushy merry-making which seemed to go over very well with everybody and don't think I wasn't included. Now don't get huffy, Joe. I'm not being unfaithful to anybody. After all, Christmas is New Year's and New Year's is Christmas, and, gee whiz, I had to get in some fun somehow. And besides, I can't always be kissing your picture. It's go so much lipstick over it now that I can't remember whether you got red hair or not. Or have you got any hair at all? Please let me know when you're writing back.

Well, maybe it's this sudden relapse from holiday back to work that accounts for the fact that I can't tell you much about what's going on around in the cribs. Not that it's a military secret like what you try to write about to me and then the censor cuts it all out, but every time I ask a cribber, "Well, what's new?" the answer is always the same, "Not a darn-

DEPT. 07—TOOL CONTROL

(By Kay Dewar)

A sight to behold was the department's Christmas tree, gaily decorated, ablaze with lights and loaded with gifts for each member of the staff. Reaching to the ceiling, the tree was placed in a corner of the room where at the appropriate time Santa Claus dispensed the gifts with a lavish hand.

George Connors, in the traditional red and white costume, made a jovial and realistic Santa. He was assisted in his pleasant duties by his dwarfs, Ollie Gawryluk and Ed. Skinner. As he handed over the presents, Santa Connors also dished out humorous chatter that had the staff in a continuous ripple of merriment. But Santa was well "repaid" for his trouble. Many funny and curious gifts were received by the staff. A couple of the most surprised were George and Ray, eh girls? Say, Don, we haven't seen you sporting your new sweater yet! The last ("but by no means least"—Santa) to receive his present was A. D. Norton, department chief, who after the pleasantries of the transaction had taken place, thanked the staff for their support and co-operation during the year and wished them one and all the compliments of the season.

The party was arranged by Mrs. Mabel Bender. The Good Samaritans, Harold Danskin and Bill Gavin, with their little hatchets, cut the tree and brought it from the "big open spaces" to the office. As a final touch to the proceedings, a delicious chocolate cake with "Merry Christmas" in icing across the top, was divided up. The cake was baked by Mrs. Herb McAfee, and the lucky ones who got a slice thought it was just swell. Thanks a lot, Ruth.

Cpl. Marjorie Walton, C.W.A.C., has been spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Vivian Walton.

You can say that the girls of the Operation Sheet Department are getting up in this world, dodging the draft or looking down on their co-workers, for they have been shifted to the mezzanine floor above Kardex.

Herb McAfee is wearing the Gallon Club button from the Blood Donor Clinic of the Red Cross. Nice work, Herbert.

A number of newcomers have joined the department recently and we extend a welcome to them. They include: Mrs. E. Phillips, Mrs. Jean Sereda, Valerie Foord, Mrs. Bernice Severson, M. B. Rawluk, Bill Hakli, Bill Gavin, D. C. Evans and Gilbert Heath. We also welcome back Mrs. Margaret Wood to the Kardex Division.

Miss Marion Mather, of the Drafting Department, recently returned to her little gray home in the west. On behalf of the staff, A. D. Norton presented Marion with a beautiful handbag before she left.

As the Old Year rang out and the New Year rang in, it was in all our hearts that this year would be a victorious one—especially for Lil Stone who received a ring from her lad in airforce blue. Best of luck to you, Lil and Roy.

ed thing." So what am I supposed to write about—the weather? All I know about that is that the mercury has shot all the way down to flannel underwear degrees and it aims to stay there till Hades freezes over apparently. Poor devil!

So don't forget to write soon, Joe, and let me know all about what you're doing, censor or no censor (some day I'm going to moider that guy).

PURCHASING DEPT

A New Year resolution heard around the office: "Make mine good old aquapura. The stuff that flows under bridges." Some of the gang went to Marion's wedding and reported a very good time was had. The wedding was a double ring affair (the bride making doubly sure of her man, no doubt). Margery Donar, our "Nightingale" sang "Because" during the signing of the register. The reception was held at the Prince Arthur Hotel and Helen Kushnier caught the bride's bouquet amid the mad scramble. The bride and groom left to reside in Quebec.

On Dec. 23rd we had our Xmas tree, presided over by Geo. (Santa Claus) Corry, and to say it was a scream is putting it mildly. Firstly, we sat around and ate sandwiches and cake and drank soft drinks, so help me. Then Santa gave out presents for all and a kiss for all the girls, and when Santa kisses they stay kissed. Such technique! Not to be outdone, the Customs had their tree and their Santa in the person of Peterovsky Mazzaovitch (Pete Mazza to you) who kissed the girls with a great deal of gusto amid screams, etc., etc. In this, he was in his usual good form.

And now Mr. and Mrs. Can. Car and all street cars on and off the tracks, flash: Mrs. Arvelin (nee Helen Bacari) has returned to us after being hitched. Her hubby is in the Navy stationed at Halifax. Our Carol has returned from Toronto full of good cheer after spending Xmas with her folks. Virginia Niro spent Xmas with her folks at Kakabeka. When asked if the falls were still falling, replied she didn't know. Probably too much imbibing of good old Kakabeka. We welcome Joan Smith to our midst. A little Fort William gal. Hope you like mixing it up with the blueprints, Joan.

Dorothy Sutton's hubby is home for New Year, from Camp Shilo. Evelyn Debnam and hubby spent Xmas in good old Winnipeg. Irene Lysnes' hubby is home from the Navy. Irene is all a-twitter. And last, but not least, Sally was known to have been out with the Navy twice in one week. The following day, nautical expressions as follows, were heard: "Heave ho, me hearties," "Man overboard" and "The ship's sinking! Where's my rubbers?" And Lois Walsh, we understand, is full of gags, such as: "What we caught we threw away. What we could not catch we kept." What is it? Fleas?

TOOL AND JIG—DEPT. 40

Hello, gang! I hope you all had a swell time during the holidays.

Probably many of you have made New Year resolutions—but will you keep them? There has been quite a few that left the city to see their families for Christmas and the New year. 'Twas very thoughtful of them, indeed, because this beautiful arrangement comes but once a year and it's a gathering together of family connections and drawing closer again those bonds of kindred hearts.

Now, going back to some of our news. We saw Sammy Logozzo doing the hula-hula, and he was really doing it, because I took the same after watching him. Now Ronnie knows that Dorothy has returned, but shucks! Try again, Ronnie. There was Pete Kryluk driving back and forth maybe—who knows. Gordon Alexander wished for wide open spaces, and I almost forgot to mention Smithy. If he keeps that up I may buy him a whistle or something.

Well, folks, it's so long until next week.

ENGINEERING DEPT.

All reports and faces seem to indicate that everyone in this department ushered in the New Year in the enjoyable manner of their individual and collective tastes—especially so, Drawing Change Section, whose countenances immediately light up with the remarks "wonderful," "swell," etc. They confide they welcomed in the New Year in the right fashion and extend a wish to one and all for a year that will bring peace and our loved ones home again, thus amplifying the wish for a happy New Year.

Laura Swanbergson has returned, having spent her Christmas vacation at home and reports that old Saint Nick was generous to her.

Visiting her home at Kakabeka, Inez Larabee of Release Section reports having a super New Year. Elsie Montey also returned considerably refreshed by a delightful New Year's dinner, when a guest of Audrey Jewhurst.

Beaming from the surprise acquisition of a pair of sheer crepe hosiery, right size and right shade, Margaret Nixon relates the fantastic tale of dolefully picking out someone's name for a door prize at the New Year's Eve frolic at the Orpheum theatre. She was rewarded for this display of heroism by the coveted gift. Many were the envious glances in the dark.

Faintly we hear two weak voices from the inner sanctums of the vault whisper, "Gee, it wuz a swell dance, wuzn't it?" We discover two petite beauties discussing the New Year's Eve events—too good to last, eh girls?

Another groan of a different nature leads us to discover a deeply suffering young lady. It seems she has taken up the grand sport of ice-skating, and Monday night's results are telling on her sensitive proportions, but painfully. So bring on the liniment and let's applaud the efforts of our Mary Karachok.

Our deepest sympathies are extended to Mrs. Grace Chalmers, whose father passed away on the 22nd.

A speedy wish for her recovery is wished Mrs. Lourie at present in McKellar Hospital undergoing a serious operation. The girls all miss you, Mrs. Lourie.

Iris Lancaster has left to spend her vacation with her family, also to visit her grandfather who suffered a serious injury recently.

Blueprint Room girls report a grand party at the home of Marie McFadden during the Christmas season, with plenty of music, fun, merriment and eats.

Congratulations are extended to our "Christmas baby," Anne Yanchuk, who celebrated a birthday on Dec. 25.

And this completes our entry into the Aircrafter columns for the New Year.

POLISH WORKERS WIN TRAGIC NOTORIETY

In the compulsory labor gangs of the Reich there are more Polish working men than there are remaining at home in Poland. Of the 12 million slave laborers driven into Germany from the occupied countries, Poles rank first in number. Now, according to the latest reports from the Polish government, the whole population of Warsaw between the ages of 15 and 50 years is being rounded up and sent to labor camps in Germany as a reprisal for the 1944 uprising.

In Germany, regulations leave them completely outside of all social law. Such persons who have managed to return to Poland have come in a state of complete physical exhaustion, often as invalids.



Mr. W. O. Will,
Works Manager.

Dear Sir,—I do not know who wrote the editorial in the December 23rd issue of the *Aircrafter*, but it is certainly something of which to be deeply thankful to know that in the Canadian Car organization there is someone courageous enough, and wise enough, to supply the spiritual touch so urgently needed in these profligate times. "Perilous days" are about and ahead of us, but the reckless abandon to celebration at this and past seasons would seem to indicate, in the majority, an appalling ignorance of the tremendous significance of the times in which we live, and of the sacred character of the Saviour whose birth we celebrate.

There can be no true mental balance until the spiritual and material have, at least, equal consideration in our daily lives. I am 63 years young, and expect to be young mentally at 90 (if I live that long), just so long as I keep in close touch with magic elixir of the spiritual.

Thanks again for a very fine and timely editorial.

Yours sincerely,

W. OLDFIELD.

DEPT. 15—INVOICING

Christmas is over with all its well wishing and cheer, and all are looking forward to a happy and prosperous New Year.

Grace McNaughton went home to Regina to spend the holiday season with her parents.

Owing to ill health, Mrs. M. Cox has left our staff. We all wish her a speedy recovery. She was presented with a sterling silver cigarette lighter.

Miss Dolly Edwards from Stationery, is leaving Fort William to take up residence in the Okanagan Valley. Mr. J. Rhind wished her all the luck and happiness and on behalf of the office presented her with a brooch and a sum of money.

We are welcoming two new employees: Miss Gwen Saunders to work in Stationery, and Mrs. Marie Lorimer for Invoicing.

The decorating of the Christmas tree by Esther Mitchell was the inspiration for a joint party with the Operating Department. Down the aisle came the clitter-clatter of hoofs and Santa appeared in the shape of C. B. Devlin. The gifts were distributed and everyone enjoyed their various parcels. A buffet lunch was served of Christmas delicacies which overpowered all the appetites. Mr. W. Nightingale then wished everyone the season's greetings.

A DRUNKARD'S PRAYER

Oh Lord, do not disgrace me,
Though what a fool I've been,
Although I didn't drink so much,
Just a twenty-six of gin.
Oh Lord, I wasn't hoggish,
But just a little dry;
Then I went and helped myself
To a little snort of rye.
Now that I've repented,
Will you forgive my sins?
I promise, Lord, I'll never touch
No whiskeys, beers or gins.
And tell all other people
What have that foolish yen,
To think of how they look when
drunk
And they'll be good again.

—Bob Roberts.

DEPT. 13—STORES

We see Ernie is getting his stomach in good shape for Christmas, with three pints of milk, or maybe that's a remedy, if you've sampled your Christmas bottle already Ernie.

From Ast. Stores we hear Helen dreamed she was on her way to Heaven last week, and the gang want to know how you got there; on a white horse or the jack-ass?

Don't drink too much, Doree and Jean, while you holiday in Fort Frances. We don't mind you swinging on our lamp posts, but they might not like it in Fort Frances. That also goes for Margaret, who will holiday in Stratton, with the folks, and Anne and Jean, who will journey to Minneapolis. By the way, Margy, the gals tell me you're taking a "Mickey" with you. "Mickey" who, Marg, or is that a man catcher? If you get results, I think you should top off "Izzy" as we hear she sprained a foot last week chasing a man. Owoo!

Davie and Mae both took a few days in bed last week, catching up on sleep and getting rid of colds, to be ready to celebrate the joyous season.

A couple of other gals who are being good, so Santa won't miss 'em, are Virgie and Sophie. Virgie is expecting her soldier husband home from Winnipeg and if he hasn't lined up to get her some Christmas stockings she may send him back, so don't say we didn't warn you, Fred. Sophie's husband is coming home from an air force senter at Mountain View, and we hope you have fun together.

Norma evidently thinks the celebrating is going to be too much for her as she leaves us permanently this week. Good luck to you, Norma.

Jenny has her week of holidays due now, so with the few extra days at New Year, you should come back as sober as the rest of the gang, eh Jenny?

So, to Shippers, Receivers, Alf's gang, and Herman's and Davie's, also Slim, Blake, Cliff, Jack, Pete, Mrs. Buehrer and Vera, a very, very merry Christmas, and to the basketball teams—lots of Wheaties.

DEPT. 88

Old-Timer continues to dominate spotlight.

Immediately after the publication of last week's *Aircrafter*, the Department was deluged with requests from checker and cribbage exponents all anxious to meet the Department's self-styled champion, the Old-Timer.

Consequently, numerous engagements were run off during the week. The ex-bologna-eating champion appeared in excellent form and dealt hard blows to his opponent's title aspirations. Or as one on-looker put it, "he beat the H— out of them." The opposing players from Dept. 88 were favored with special attention from the Old-Timer who disposed of them with simple ease and dexterity, causing their shift foreman to severely reprimand them for the lack of competition they provided. Brother, he should talk!

Much criticism has been overheard by the news gathering staff of this paper about the noticeable exclusion of the various stores and cribs in this column. These subsidiary services in the department (who are composed mostly of women), are reminded that this column intends publishing informative news only. (What's informative about women?)

Sweeping out of the west with the fury of an avalanche, a violent snow-storm lashed the lakehead last week causing considerable discomfort to four members of the department who braved the rigors of winter to procure Christmas trees for their families.

Life is too short for a long face.

WOMEN

On the home front the women of Canada have made a splendid contribution to the cause of victory. More than 41,000—one woman in every 66 between the ages of 18 and 45—have joined the three women's services; almost one woman in every four who is gainfully occupied in Canada is working in war industry; hundreds of thousands are working on farms, in wartime governmental staffs, in their homes and in many volunteer war services.

Navy

More than 5,600 have enlisted in the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service since its organization in mid-1942, and 150 recruits are still being called up each month. No longer is it a novelty to find a Wren in bell bottom trousers taking over a signal bridge at a Canadian navy base or handling any other of 30 different kinds of work, most of which used to be considered solely masculine.

They act as postal clerks, sick berth attendants, writers, stenographers, supply assistants, coders, wireless telegraphers, etc.

Wrens are serving at more than 50 establishments in Canada, the United Kingdom, Newfoundland and the United States. More than 150 are in the United Kingdom and Eire, and more than 200 in Newfoundland. Overseas they serve with the Canadian Naval Mission and also 34 with the navy show.

The director of the W.R.C.N.S. has stated that there is little possibility of service in the Pacific campaign for Wrens, but there will likely be an important part for them in the period of demobilization when tremendous amounts of paper work would be handled by Wren clerks and typists in naval offices.

Army

Largest of the women's services, the Canadian Women's Army Corps, which was established in August, 1941, now has an enlistment of more than 19,000. More than 1,300 are serving overseas—approximately 1,200 in the United Kingdom, and small contingents in the France-Belgium-Netherlands area and Italian theatre. It is estimated that the C.W.A.C. has released the equivalent of one division of men for field action.

C.W.A.C. personnel work at more than 50 different types of employment, including general clerks, stenographers, cooks, transport drivers, draughtswomen, wireless operators, cipher clerks, etc. At Barriefield, Ontario, C.W.A.C. ordnance officers are receiving special ordnance training in handling the enormous equipment supplies.

Air Force

Organized in July, 1941, the Women's Division of the Royal Canadian Air Force grew from an auxiliary service to an integral part of the air force, with women replacing men in all possible ground crew duties. In November, 1944, enlistments were more than 16,800 with more than 1,300 airwomen on active service overseas.

A folder describing how to get the most out of cereals and containing many delicious recipes for their use may be had by writing the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

There are more than 7,500 precision parts in the Canadian-made Bofors gun.

Nothing is so tiring as selfishness—nor so tiresome to others.

If your morals don't amount to much, neither will you.

PIANIST AIDS SHUT-INS



Bill Graham, foreman of Department 39, whose piano playing delighted the shut-ins who heard him play.

THE STORY OF PERCIVAL KENT

This is the story of Percival Ken, Who for twenty years had been paying rent.

Each month he paid thirty-five with a smile
And owned neither a board nor yet a tile.

He had paid this rent for twenty years
And never once had been in arrears.
Figure it out, by gee or by crackers,
It set him back eighty-four hundred smackers.

When into the furnace the coal he'd slide,
He was heating half the country-side,
For the joints were sprung and the windows shook,
And the cold crept in like a graveyard spook.

One night he had a wonderful dream.
His landlord appeared, it so did seem,
And said, "See here, Percival Kent,
"You're entirely finished with paying rent."

For I have decided to give you this house
With all herein to the very last mouse.
It's your from basement to the roof,
Look, here's the deed, that should be proof."

Now Percival Kent had a very weak heart
And couldn't take it, not even a part.
He never awoke from out of his slumber.

St. Peter now has Percival's number.
—Louis Fyfe

Your merit award can't be bought



Long Boot!

DICK CRAYNE, FLASHY HALF-BACK OF UNIVERSITY OF IOWA, PUNTED A MUDDY BALL FROM BEHIND GOAL LINE AND IT CROSSED INDIANA'S GOAL FOR A 102-YARD KICK!

1934

Chicago Sun Syndicate
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10-16

PHOTOGRAPHER PHOTOGRAPHED



Photographing plant personnel for security and record purposes is a big job at Can. Car. Above may be seen the photographic outfit set up in Stores Dept. where an employee is having her picture taken.

IN APPRECIATION

Thursday, Dec. 21, 1944, with the scent of something special in the wind, Dept. 48, along with other departments at their respective times enjoyed a very highly successful dinner—turkey, plum pudding and all the trimmin's.

From the "ohs" and "ahs" which accompanied the eager expectation written on every face left no doubt that justice would be done in ample measure to the subject, and it was a decided pleasure to observe the enthusiasm which dominated the gathering.

The dining room was tastefully decorated with a Christmas tree glowing with multi-colored lights and Yuletide decorations, and the playing of Christmas carols which were enjoyed all during the dinner hour certainly gave everyone the "up-lift" thought that so many of us need around this time.

The cafeteria staff who prepared this treat are certainly to be complimented, and the generous helpings found on each plate added a note of real Christmas spirit.

All in all it was a bang-up affair, and on all sides the hope of a return-engagement found keen support.

Another example of the company's forethought—the price—an inconsequential thirty cents, gave the look of satisfaction on everyone's face when they reached the end of their dinner.

The writer, on behalf of all the employees in Dept. 48, wishes to thank the Cafeteria staff and all those responsible for such a generous Yuletide treat, and to extend to them the wishes for a very happy New Year.

E. GILL

D. WARDLE.

Foundry.

PORRIDGE MAKES
A COMEBACK

Grandfather's recipe for good health was a huge bowl of whole grain porridge daily, eaten usually with a gusto assumed for the benefit of small skeptics. According to Dr. L. B. Pett, director of the Nutrition Division, Ottawa, grandfather was right—whole grain cereals are one of the best bargains in food to be had for your money.

Although principally energy foods, cereals contain in varying amounts most of the food elements we need for health. This is particularly true of the whole grain cereals (those from which little or nothing has been removed during processing).

THE MERIT AWARD PLAN MEANS

Recognition for a Good Job Well Done

FOREMEN AND SUPERVISORS:

As a person endowed with a certain amount of responsibility, it is your duty to see that your department rates among the most efficient within the plant. Efficiency and harmonious relationship can only exist in any department if it is reflected from the top down. The Merit Award Plan will bring out the best in your department, and only the best should be the battle cry of the Canadian Car and Foundry plant.

EMPLOYEES:

No matter how small and insignificant your job may appear, efficient performance, will rate you equally as high as a trained engineer. The Merit Award Plan is like a yard stick by which the efficiency of your plant can be measured, and as an added incentive, valuable prizes will be awarded each month to those who reach a specific rating. Start now and show by this plan that you are backing "V" Day to the limit.

Remember!

Your Merit Award Can't Be Bought !!

THE LUCKIEST MAN : : : ON D-DAY

A day-long target of German batteries and machine guns in the initial Normandy landings, for a time serving as a human anchor on a line guiding assault troops through the surf under heavy fire, and with three different amphibious craft shot up under him, Coxswain Gene Oxley, of the U.S. Coast Guard, can rightfully claim the title given him by his shipmates—"the luckiest man on D-Day."

As a member of the crew of the LCI(L) 85, the 20-year-old Oxley was already a seasoned veteran of invasion when the Allied forces struck at the vaunted Atlantic Wall. His Landing Craft, Infantry, was a unit of a flotilla of 24 LCIs which left the United States in the spring of 1943 and participated in the North African, Sicilian and Salerno campaigns. Every one of the vessels came through intact, and all were ready and fit for the assault on Nazi-held France.

"We approached the coast about 8.30 on the morning of D-Day," Oxley relates. "It was pretty quiet at first, but it didn't stay long that way. Before we got our ramp down the German guns were balsting away at us. The beach was bristling with steel stakes and other obstacles the Jerries had laid down, and we hit one that had a mine attached to it. It blew a hole in our bow. We were also ripped by six big 88mm. shells. That was six more than we had taken in the entire actions at Sicily and Salerno."

The LCI(L) 85 lay some seventy yards off the beach, unable to get in closer. The ramps were therefore useless in getting the troops from ship to shore. The skipper of the vessel called for a volunteer to swim through the surf with a line and anchor, so that the soldiers could use the guide rope in struggling ashore against a heavy tide. Young Oxley was a good swimmer and had done the trick once before at Salerno. He was chosen, and he went in off the port ramp.

Bullets smacked into the water all around him as he swam, fighting the tide. But he made the beach and began hauling in the line. He saw an enemy shell tear the ramp off the LCI, and a moment later a shot blew the anchor off the line he was holding. There was nothing else to do but tie the rope around himself and make his body serve as an anchor.

He stood braced on the beach—a perfect target for the enemy machine guns stutterin gnearby. How the hail of bullets missed him, he never knew. Along the line tied to him, thirty-six men started for the beach, but only six reached it alive.

By then the LCI was badly crippled and just barely afloat, and her skipper decided it was futile to try to land the rest of the soldiers at that spot. As the craft started to pull out, Oxley ran down to the water's edge in order to swim back and get aboard, but the Germans were pumping so much steel at him that he ducked back to shore. The LCI moved off but did not go very far. She soon capsized in the channel and sank.

The young coxswain hastily dug a foxhole on the beach. He was shoeless and had lost his helmet, so he was forced to dig with his hands. But as soon as he finished, the rising tide flooded him out of the hole, and he had to dig another. In the space of an hour he completed and was washed out of half a dozen holes. But even so, he was more fortunate than other men on the beach who, when driven from one foxhole by the sea, were immediately picked off by snipers before they could scratch out another.

"From what I could see, it looked like all our amphibious tanks had

been knocked out. Only a few of our men had got ashore and dug in," Oxley recalls.

This was the beachhead concerning which General Montgomery later remarked: "The Americans hung on by their eyelids."

Finally an LCT came in about 100 yards from the beach, and Oxley made a run for it. When the Germans cut loose with a burst of fire, he fell flat and crawled. He reached the craft just as it was backing off, but he had no more than reached the conning tower when the LCT caught a direct hit from an 88mm. shell. It too went down.

A few minutes later, miraculously unhurt and once more on the beach, he saw another LCI heading in for shore. He ran, ducked, crawled and waded his way toward her. The ship was trying to evacuate wounded, and every time the litter bearers started off the ramp, the enemy blew them into the water. At length the LCI, with Oxley aboard—and apparently safe at last—pushed off, made one trip and returned with more troops. As the ship landed, a shell struck and exploded in a compartment, killing every man but Oxley.

So for the third time that day, he found himself holed in on this inferno-like beach of Normandy. This time he remained three hours, until late in the afternoon an American destroyer sent in some small boats to evacuate wounded. On their last trip they picked up the Coast Guardsman and put him on the warship.

Cold, wet and weary, but happy to have his feet on a deck again, Gene Oxley bore only minor evidence of his full day's exposure to the terrific fire of the enemy. The seat of his trousers was shot away.

CONCERTINA FENCING

While most Canadians are familiar with the barbed wire used for fencing on farms, few know what "concertina fencing" looks like. This is the barbed wire made in Canada for the army to be used in making barbed wire entanglements. Its name arises from the springy coils in which it is formed. A Canadian wire manufacturing firm was so successful in filling the requirements of our forces and of Great Britain that they were able to export 40,000 coils to the U.S.A.

POISON FUMES KILL MANY ON HOME FRONT

With the coming of winter a very real danger to human life is increased. This is the danger of poisoning by carbon monoxide gas caused by defective heating systems in the home.

"In respect to carbon monoxide poisoning, one can never be too vigilant nor too cautious," says Dr. Blackler of the Division of Industrial Hygiene, Ottawa.

The commonest sources of carbon monoxide are smoke from coal furnaces and exhaust gases from cars. The gas kills by uniting with the red corpuscles of the blood and preventing them from carrying oxygen to the cells of the body. The insidious thing about carbon monoxide is that a person can neither see nor smell it; it gives no warning until almost too late. The symptoms of headache and shortness of breath do not usually appear until the victim's blood has become 20 per cent. saturated with poison gas, and soon after that a characteristic apathy prevents him from doing anything to save himself. If not rescued by outside aid, unconsciousness and death soon follow.

A person who has been overcome by gas must be rushed into fresh air; if breathing has stopped, give artificial respiration; move carefully to a hospital where he may be placed in an oxygen tent and given blood transfusions.

The best treatment, of course, is prevention. Make your stove and furnace proof against carbon monoxide leaks. Check for cracked fire pot, defective doors, replace worn or corroded parts; check stovepipes for rust spots, loose joints, soot. Keep chimney clean.

Tend your stove and furnace correctly. The more a stove is dampered down, the higher the carbon monoxide content in the smoke. When banking the fire for the night leave it with enough draught to keep it free burning and to draw off all smoke. Be on the alert when you smell smoke in the house.

Never run your car in the garage except to drive it out the door. Do not drive it with the windows closed.

Travellers, Attention—

A ration book holder leaving the country for a period of more than 60 days must turn in the ration book to a branch of the Ration Administration. If the person returns at a later date, application can be made for return of the book.

SUGAR PLAYS GRIM ROLE DURING TIME OF WAR

Vast quantities of sugar in the form of molasses go into the manufacture of synthetic rubber and other products. Sugar has a complex personality. Besides catering to the sweet tooth of the world, it plays a grim role in war. It is no longer a military secret that sugar has a major part in operations along the whole line of battle from Murmansk to the Cape of Good Hope.

Vast quantities—in the form of molasses go into the manufacture of synthetic rubber and when you think of a blockbuster, T.N.T. and smokeless powder, you may think in terms of plain every day sugar.

For instance, the explosive to fill five 16-inch shells requires as much sugar as an acre of the finest Cuban sugar land can produce. For this year the production of industrial alcohol alone will equal Canada's import requirements for more than two years in peacetime.

When the morning newscast mentions that a certain robot base was destroyed, take a look in the sugar bowl on your breakfast table and wonder how anything so white and sweet could pack such a wallop.

Sugar adds the last kick to aerial bombs and part of the smoke and flame that rises a thousand feet in the air after a bombardment is sugar doing its meanest work.

When you vision a submarine lurking below the icy sea, waiting to pounce on a little cargo ship, you can think of sugar also. For submarine torpedoes and "ash cans" are packed with high explosives made from sugar.

According to a recent magazine article, "Today's wars are literally fought with sugar". Mars, the god of war, is an insatiable monster who likes his sugar in tremendous quantities.

With two of the largest sugar producing countries in the world, Java and the Philippines, under Jap domination, sugar is in short supply and we have to cut down on our consumption to keep the big guns blazing. Ten thousand industrial users in Canada will have their quotas reduced from 80 to 70 per cent. early in 1945. A corresponding reduction will be made in the quotas for public caterers and hotels. This applies to all restaurants, industrial cafeterias and similar places, and to manufacturers of soft drinks and candies.

Savings from these reductions will amount to about 10 million pounds of sugar a quarter.

No change will be made in the half-pound a week ration for coupon holders.

A similar industrial quota reduction has been announced in the United States, because that country shares with Canada and the United Kingdom from a world sugar "pool".

BOWLING

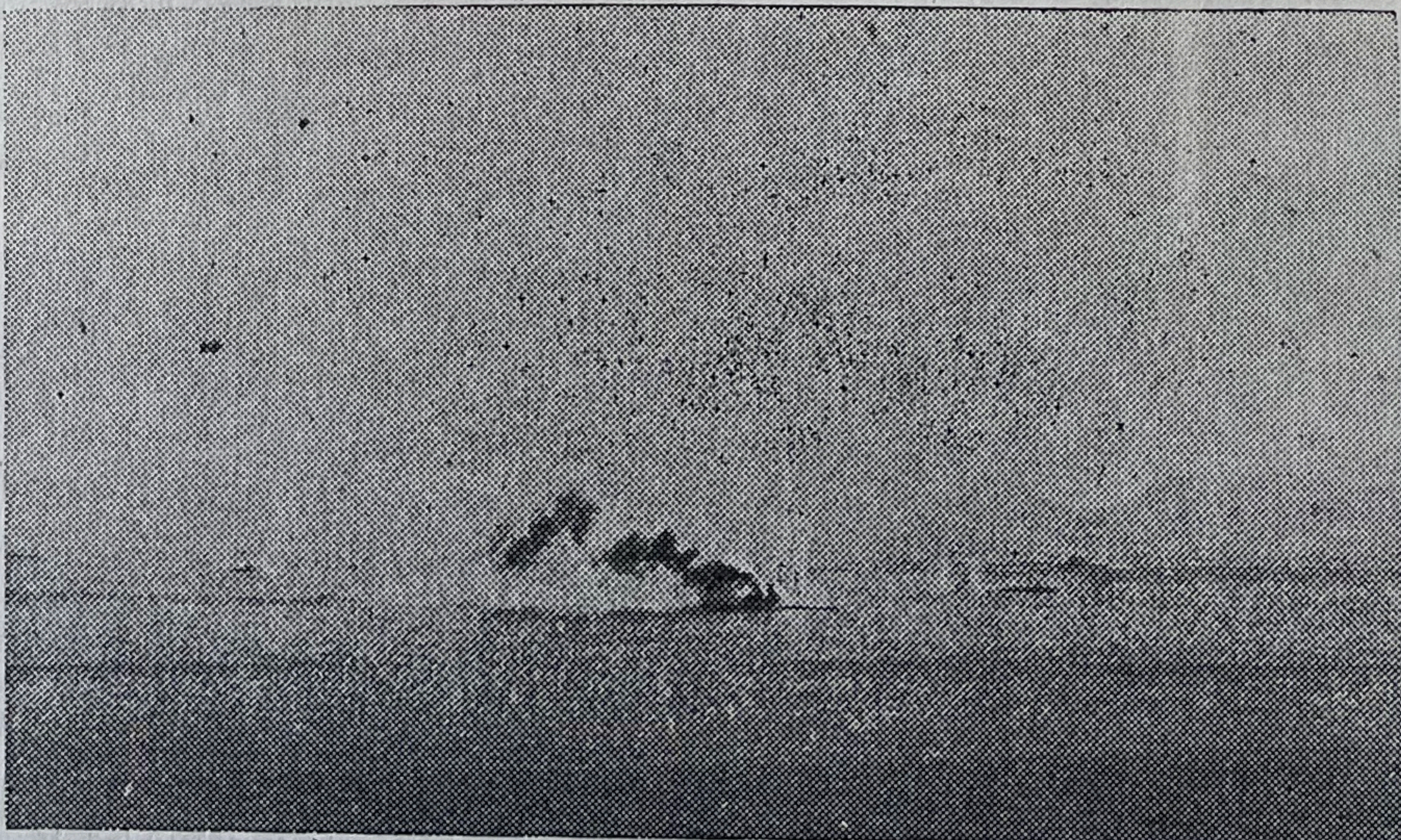
Divisional leaders as teams enter final night of second series:

	W	L
A—Hogg	11	4
B—Adamson	11	4
C—McGonigle	10	5
D—Page	11	4
E—Marzak	10	5
F—Barber and Hosgood	10	5
G—Bearham	12	3

Top efforts in league to date:

Averages—	
M—W. Gammond	217
F—A. McArthur	185
Three games—	
M—N. Scavarelli	832
F—J. Ferris	693
Singles—	
M—N. Scavarelli	331
F—M. Goodie	332
Three games, team—	
Kervanka	3,200
Singles, team—	
Kervanka	1,095

Action in the Pacific



"Death plays a waiting game" as seen in the Pacific. Pictured above is a Japanese ship which has fallen foul of a Curtiss Wright Helldiver. Note the flak in the air from the ship's guns as it tries to fight the Helldiver off.